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Harper's

MAGAZINE

Henry Ford: Success and Failure

Peter F. Drucker

On Criticism in the Arts, Especially Music

E. M. Forster

Britain's Next Big Crisis

C. Hartley Grattan

The Public Opinion Myth

Ernest Borneman

The McNear Murder

John Bartlow Martin

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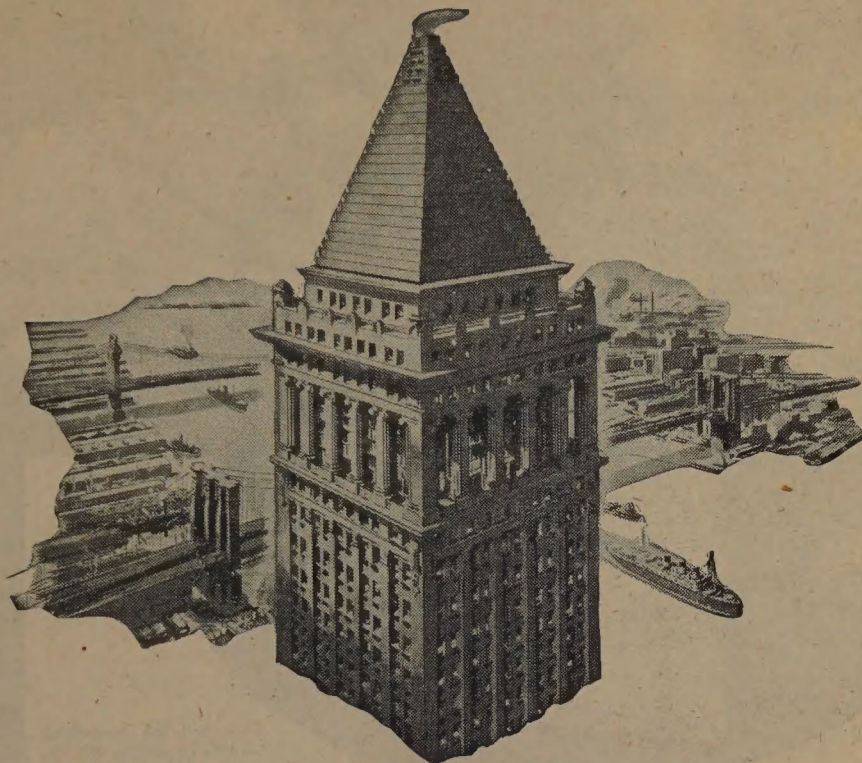
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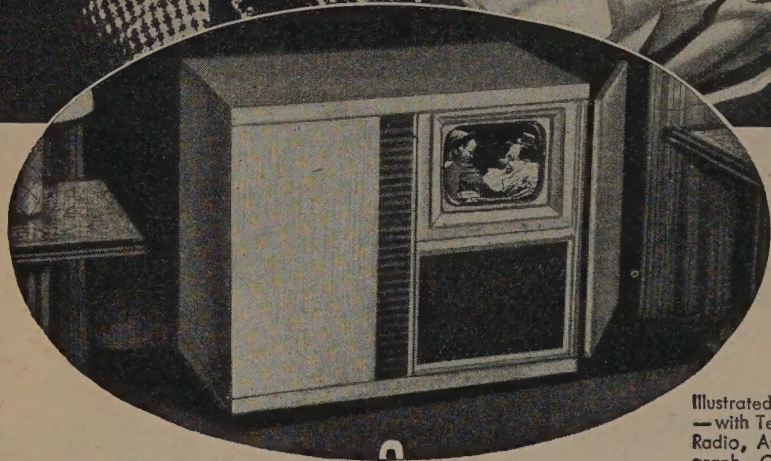
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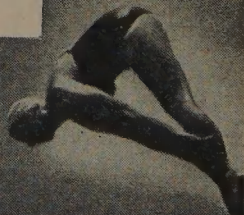
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Harper's

MAGAZINE

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HARPER & BROTHERS • PUBLISHERS

Harper's Magazine: Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 40 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year. Vol. 195. Serial No. 1166. Issue for July 1947. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as Second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

Coming next month in . . .

Harper's

MAGAZINE

- ★ We have been wondering, and probably you have, too, what it is like to negotiate with the Russians. What about all those words and phrases that mean one thing to us and something quite different in the Marxist vocabulary? What about the supposed Russian inflexibility and infallibility and shrewd bargaining? **James B. Reston**, the leading American diplomatic correspondent, takes us into the conference rooms next month in an article called "Negotiating with the Russians."
- ★ The Proper Bostonian is the subject of the first of two articles on the inhabitants of the Hub by **Cleveland Amory**, who writes with knowledge and wit about a species of American that to outsiders has always seemed distant and remarkable.
- ★ Do the antics of Argentina's slick-haired little dictator seem to you as remote and ridiculous as those of a comic opera tenor? **John Herling** knows they are not. He explains Argentina's very real challenge to the United States' influence in the Western Hemisphere: Peron's effective *peso* diplomacy, and his ambitions to make Argentina a major factor in the bargaining among the Great Powers.
- ★ Do you believe that art is pure, everlasting, and independent? Do you agree with Keats that "beauty is truth; truth beauty"? If you do, you are in for a sharp battle of wits with **W. M. Ivins, Jr.**, who rips into some commonly held ideas about art in a series of two articles called "Some Fallacies of Art Criticism."

Also a group of stories in various veins including the humorous. Eight or nine other articles, and our usual departments—*The Easy Chair*, *After Hours*, and *New Books*.

Editor in Chief: FREDERICK L. ALLEN, **Editors:** JOHN FISCHER, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, RUSSELL LYNES, ERIC LARRABEE, CATHARINE MEYER. **Contributing Editors:** C. HARTLEY GRATTAN, JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN. **Business and Advertising Manager:** WALDO W. SELLEW. **Assistant to the Publisher:** FRED M. SINGSEN. **Circulation and Promotion Manager:** JOHN JAY HUGHES.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly; 40 cents ■ copy; \$5.00 a year; two years, \$8.00; three years, \$10.00. Foreign \$1.00 a year additional. Volume 195. Serial No. 1166. Issue for July 1947. Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union labor at the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16. Copyright 1947 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to 49 East 33rd St., New York 16.

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The sergeant's a general—again

When Joe came home from Uncle Sam's army, he took command of another army which lines up twice a day in the barn. Both Joe and his army had fine war records. His is tucked away in a bureau drawer. His cows' records are in the U. S. crop reports.

But those figures reflect a war production job to equal any other. The demand for milk hit a new high during the war, when the energy and health in milk were needed more than ever. The response from America's dairy farmers was magnificent. War-time milk production was the highest in history—peacetime production continues higher than in any pre-war year.

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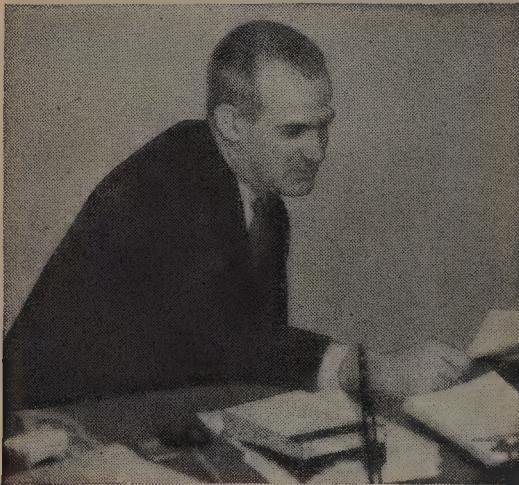


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2 New Honors for The Wall Street Journal

1. 1947 Pulitzer Prize for
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2. Commendation for "the most
readable front page in the country"



WILLIAM H. GRIMES

Mr. Grimes has served as editor of The Wall Street Journal since 1941. Before that he was The Journal's managing editor (1934-41) and chief of its Washington Bureau (1926-34).

The 1947 Pulitzer Prize for distinguished editorial writing was awarded to William H. Grimes, editor of The Wall Street Journal. The citation read:

"For distinguished editorial writing during the year, limited to the editorial page, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning and power to influence public opinion in what the writer conceives to be the right direction, due account being taken of the whole volume of the writer's editorial work during the year."

"The most readable front page in the country"

Why are some newspapers difficult to understand, while others are easy to understand?

A recent article in Time Magazine reported the findings of a "readability expert," Robert P. Gunning, who has helped 30 U. S. dailies stop talking over their readers' heads. He urges them to try the spoken-language level, where radio has operated for years—to avoid words that are too big and sentences that are too long. Speaking of The Wall Street Journal, Mr. Gunning says, "It puts out the most readable front page in the country by shunning technical jargon."

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Personal

&

Otherwise

THE newspapers were quite right in referring to Henry Ford, in the obituary notices following his death April 7, as the active ruler of a great industrial empire up to the time of his retirement in 1945 at the age of eighty-one. Yet, as *Peter Drucker* says in "Henry Ford: Success and Failure" (p. 1), he had in effect been just another automobile manufacturer for the last decade or two of his life. His real career ended in 1927 when he abandoned the Model T.

P & O is not just being sentimental, however affectionately it cherishes a 1919 edition of that famous and indestructible vehicle. The point is that abandoning Model T meant abandoning one of the essential principles of Ford's industrial philosophy: As long as Model T was his product, Ford adhered to the belief that it was his business to manufacture a dependable, inexpensive, simple, and completely utilitarian car to meet the transportation needs of "the ninety-five per cent" of the population who could not afford fancy trimmings. Writing in 1923 he put it this way:

It is considered good manufacturing practice, and not bad ethics, occasionally to change designs so that old models will become obsolete and new ones will have to be bought. . . . Our principle of business is precisely to the contrary. We cannot conceive how to serve the customer unless we make for him something that, as far as we can provide, will last forever. . . . We never make an improvement that renders any previous model obsolete. The parts of a specific model are not only interchangeable with all other cars of that model, but they are interchangeable with similar parts on all cars that we have turned out. You can take a car of ten years ago and, buying today's parts, make it with very little expense into a car of today.

It has frequently been argued that it was the challenge of the Chevrolet which, in

1927, forced Ford to abandon his "universal car" ideal and switch first to the Model A and then, five years later, to the annual models which other manufacturers had gone in for. Perhaps it was, but it would be interesting to investigate the history of the used-car market to see whether that was not an even more effective challenge. While Ford had been producing more than fifteen million Model T's, the rest of the automobile industry had produced millions of more impressive looking and more expensive cars. There were few families left in America who didn't have some sort of car, and every year, as new models appeared, second-hand cars were put on the market. By 1926 you could buy a four-year-old Chandler for the price of a new Ford—and have a Pike's Peak motor, Fisher body, and other "exclusive qualities of performance and beauty" (as the contemporary ads put it) which would make the Model T look pretty dowdy by comparison.

Whatever the reason, Ford's sales began to fall off and in the spring of 1927 he closed his plant. The new Model A which was unveiled in December was, as the advertisements announced, "a smart car with a bit of the European in its coachwork and its contour." Mr. Ford was no longer saying that any customer could have "a car painted any color that he wants so long as it is black"; there were green ones and buff ones and blue ones now. And the Ford was just another car.

Lewis Mumford's theory was that Ford had "standardized" his car too soon, and it theoretically is possible that if he had waited for a more refined design he could have kept it going longer as a "universal" model. But such speculation misses the point. It was the standardization of Model T which made possible the vast growth of the automobile business which, in turn, doomed the Model T. If

cars had remained custom-built and expensive, and had therefore been sold to relatively few people, the automobile revolution couldn't have occurred. Highways would not have been built, roads would not have been improved, a network of service stations wouldn't have been financially profitable, and the demand for cars would have remained small. Someone had to produce a car which would make cars a necessity. That was Ford's triumph.

In the process—but it was a means, not an end—he also created modern industrial production, and it is this achievement which Mr. Drucker discusses in his very interesting analysis of Ford's success and failure. Here, as in his role as creator of Model T, he emerges as a transition figure: the man who, by solving the problems of the old era, launches a new one which makes his solutions obsolete.

Mr. Drucker's present article is a sort of trial spin on a subject which he intends to pursue in greater detail. He is at work on a biography of Ford which may be ready for publication next year. To this study Mr. Drucker brings a background of broad politico-economic understanding. His most recent book, *Concept of the Corporation*, was a brilliant study of business organization. His recent series of articles for *Harper's* on "The Way to Industrial Peace" was, to our knowledge, the first comprehensive survey ever made of the vast field of industrial-relations techniques.

ANOTHER article in this issue is really about Henry Ford too, though he is not mentioned in it. It was Ford's "universal car" and the methods by which it was produced which, more than any other single achievement, established mass production as the great "equalizer" which Professor *H. Gordon Hayes* says it is in "The Narrowing Gulf Between Rich and Poor" (p. 57). Mr. Hayes has been professor of economics at Ohio State University since 1920, and has devoted considerable study to the impact of technological trends on social, political, and economic institutions. Some of the material in his present article was distilled from his most recent book, *Spending, Saving, and Employment* (1945). He believes that the development of technology is "bringing about perhaps the greatest institutional changes of all time" and that those who do not want to see America "made over" should get rid of the scientists and technicians

but need not bother about the reformers. "The tailor," he says, "should not be blamed because the growing boy has to have a different coat."

A Critical Matter

MOST people would agree with *E(dward) M(organ) Forster* that it was, as he told a *New Yorker* scribe, "an extraordinary invitation, really" which brought him from England to address a symposium at Harvard on music criticism. For Mr. Forster is neither a musician nor a music critic but the author of one of the finest novels of our century (*A Passage to India*) and a literary critic and biographer (*Aspects of the Novel*—recently reissued and reviewed by Jacques Barzun in this issue of *Harper's*—and *Virginia Woolf*). But the "Harvard people," as he refers to them, told him they had liked what he said about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in his novel *Howards End* back in 1910, and he was so grateful that he accepted the invitation at once.

The title of his address at the symposium was "The Raison d'Etre of Criticism in the Arts," and *Time* reported that it offered "words of hope to jaded music critics." To at least one of the critics, however (the *New York Times*' scholarly Olin Downes) it seemed more "curious" than hopeful, in that it asserted the existence of a "gulf between the critical and the creative state of mind." That gulf is one which critics often prefer to minimize and which creators sometimes choose to exaggerate. Mr. Forster, as both critic and creator in another art and as an appreciative layman in music, has observations on the subject which will be of interest to everyone. We are fortunate, therefore, to be able to present his essay "On Criticism in the Arts, Especially Music" (p. 9), based upon the address he made at the Harvard symposium early in May.

—But It Pours

JUST a year ago we published *C. Hartley Grattan's* analysis of "What British Socialism Is Up Against." It was the third of three articles which grew out of his observations during an extended trip to England and Scotland as *Harper's* representative, and in retrospect it stands up as a remarkably sure-

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But Is It Practical?

Standpatters in the industry are still shaking their heads. But lately more reasonable people have been asking, "How can large-scale replacement of old trains be practical?"

They point out that several of our largest systems had serious deficits in 1946. And everyone knows that the railroads are caught between rocketing costs and lagging rates. "How," they ask, "can we afford large outlays for new equipment?"

The answer is that railroads can't afford *not* to make these outlays. Here is a dollars-and-cents example:

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Last August one of the C & O lines, the Pere Marquette, installed two new daytime streamliners—the last word in passenger attractiveness.

These new trains have carried



Which will it be—modernization or continued deficits?

86% more passengers than old trains over the same route during the same period of the previous year.

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Modern equipment is not a luxury that only a few fortunate systems can afford. Even a bankrupt railroad can borrow money today to buy such equipment at 2% interest.

Which Way Do We Go?

If pessimism, old-line practices and Toonerville equipment continue to be tolerated, then, regardless of rate relief, further deficits and bankruptcies are certain.

But, if these liabilities are replaced by modern ideas and modern trains, railroads can again be a credit to our country and a bulwark of our national defense, which depends on a healthy transportation system.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Lines

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footed document. On every major domestic issue he called the turn with deadly precision—even to putting his finger on coal as the probable focal point of England's difficulties during the winter to come. The only thing he missed was the weather. But not even the weatherman foresaw the floods.

Having kept in close touch with the British domestic situation since then, Mr. Grattan is convinced that another—and worse—crisis faces her in the months ahead. In "Britain's Next Big Crisis" (p. 18) he outlines what the chief elements in the problem are. Reading the article, P & O was reminded of the last sentence of Emerson's book about the English, written ninety years ago: "If the courage of England goes with the chances of a commercial crisis, I will go back . . . and say to my countrymen, the old race are all gone, and the elasticity and hope of mankind must henceforth remain on the Alleghany ranges, or nowhere."

Mr. Grattan has been a contributing editor of *Harper's* since 1943, and a contributor for many more years than that. He is the author of *Introducing Australia* (1942), generally recognized as the most authoritative American study of that country, and of several other books which in various fields have established him as a vigorous critic and able analyst. He has recently become a householder in the Westchester village of Katonah, where he has already become so firmly rooted that we find the local newspaper announcing his election as vice-president of the Village Improvement Society.

"Capital City: Atomic Age" (p. 25), the poem which follows Mr. Grattan's article, is *Lawrence Spingarn's* second appearance in *Harper's*. "Abandoned" (August 1946) was his first.

Art by Ballot

THE genial skepticism about art-by-ballot which *Ernest Borneman* expresses in "The Public Opinion Myth" (p. 30) is turning out to be a pretty topical subject—especially his prophecy that sooner or later the movie industry itself would turn in wrath against the pollsters. We've picked up a handful of items in the past month or so that bear him out. *Variety* had a small item recently quoting Dore Schary, RKO's executive vice-president in charge of production, as protesting against pictures made with the "sure-fire box office"

psychology. Lloyd Bacon, the movie director, was reported in *Motion Picture Herald* to be convinced that "the policy of checking polls and premiers started as a good thing but has wound up as a fetish and a cult." And the idea is even spreading to radio, which is as poll-conscious as a New York governor. Joel Murcott's column in the *Hollywood Reporter* revealed the other day that a prominent radio director (anonymous, of course) believes that "new and better radio will be developed when, and only when, the Hooper ratings and all other yardsticks are eliminated from radio."

The simple fact is, of course, that polls have a certain validity—and hence usefulness—in determining what people *liked*, but practically none in determining what they *will like* if they see it. We found that out at *Harper's* long ago. Suppose we took a poll of our subscribers and found they all regarded Mr. Borneman's article in this issue as both edifying and amusing; and then suppose that we decided (as some movie producers would) that we should therefore run an article by Mr. Borneman and an article about public opinion *every month*; and suppose further that we decided that, having scientifically determined what the public wanted, we needn't bother to look out for any new contributors or new subjects. That's art-by-ballot. That, as Mr. Borneman demonstrates, is Hollywood's (and radio's) curse. It's encouraging to observe that some of the producers and directors are waking up to the danger.

Mr. Borneman knows his movie business. He originally got into it through experimental work in sound-recording on film. In 1935 he switched to scripting and became scenario editor with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s production unit for United Artists. During the war he went over to documentary films. By 1945 he had written, edited, directed, and produced some thirty pictures. Until recently he was with the National Film Board of Canada, first as producer and later as Director of Foreign Distribution—a job which gave him an excellent opportunity to learn something about public taste and how it differs in different countries. He is now working on a novel. His most recent articles for us have been about jazz, another subject which interests him. But his first *Harper's* article, in October 1946, was about the movie industry: "Rebellion in Hollywood," an account of the changes in

corporate structure in the studios and the possible effect these changes might have on the films produced.

Robert Joyce, who illustrates "The Public Opinion Myth," calls his sketches jazz drawings. "As American music is jazz," he declares, "so American graphic expression is the cartoon. . . . I like to visualize a common metaphor and make lines blue or hot." He has gone back to free-lance art work at his home in Tuckahoe, New York, after a harried stint as layout and make-up man, reporter, and consumer editor of *PM* from 1941 to 1944—when he "ate quick lunches, checked expense sheets with a bloodshot eye, planned ahead, made snap decisions, worried, kept regular hours, and saved money."

More Watson

THE Gun on the Table" (p. 41) is **John Watson's** second story in *Harper's*. His first was "Elmer," published last December. Granted a Eugene F. Saxton Fellowship to complete his novel, he is now on a year's leave of absence from Texas A & M, where he is an assistant professor of English.

A Famine Foiled

SHARP-EYED Alice Thorner of Washington, D. C., brought to *Harper's* attention the fact that the disaster predicted by Charles Lesley Ames in "The Impending Horror in India," published last July, just didn't happen! (p. 47) She is "by rights a psychologist," and first became involved with India some eight years ago when she married an economic historian involved with Indian railroad construction records. During the war she worked for the Federal Communications Commission as a radio monitor and finally got out to India in 1945, covering some 5,000 miles of hinterland by jeep.

Comment on China

Nathaniel Pepper, author of "Time to Get Out of China" (p. 49) has just returned from a six-month trip to China as a representative of the State Department's international exchange of persons program. This was his fifth—and shortest—trip; he has spent as long as five years at a time there. His itinerary included Nanking, Peiping, Chungking,

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Chengtu, Canton, Shanghai, and several cities in Manchuria. He visited the principal university centers and lectured in half a dozen of the main universities.

In March 1930 *Harper's* published his first article on China, "The Death of Chinese Civilization." His most recent one was "Deadlock in China," September 1945. He has been a frequent contributor to the magazine of articles on the Far East, and is a professor of political science at Columbia University.

Oratorical Ramblings

■ ■ ■ **William G. Carleton** says of his background material for "Why Call The South Conservative?" (p. 61), "In these parts I am probably known more as a semi-public figure than as a professor or publicist. I am known widely as an orator and public speaker. I know personally the politicians of this state and many in our neighboring states and in my oratorical ramblings over the South have come to know personally many Southern social workers and business, civic, and labor leaders."

He is professor of political science at the University of Florida, specializing in party history and party politics, but says he is "no mere academic politician." Son of an Indiana newspaper editor, he lived "in a political atmosphere at home," taught in several Indiana colleges, but he has grown to love the South in the twenty years he has spent in Florida.

Writing for scholarly and popular journals takes up an increasing amount of his time; he has had about thirty articles published in the past three years. He is now working on a book about the United States in 1899-1900.

■ ■ ■ **Peter Viereck**, author of "Well Said, Old Mole" (p. 68) is an instructor in history and literature at Harvard University. We published another poem by him in our April issue, "The Planted Poet."

■ ■ ■ **John Bartlow Martin** is a free-lance journalist who has created a new kind of crime reporting which he and we for convenience refer to as crime-in-context, where the crime itself is of less interest than the social and economic context in which it occurred. His article on "The McNear Murder" (p. 69) is an example of the technique, and we've published a number of others. (The most

recent was "Murder of a Journalist," in the September 1946 issue. One of the best was "The Ring and the Conscience," September 1945, about a sailor on shore liberty who killed a girl in Houston, Texas.)

The kind of reporting that Mr. Martin does—documentary impressionism, or whatever you want to label it—is not the kind which flatters civic pride. At one time or another he has done articles for us which dealt with communities like Muncie, Indiana, or Canton, Ohio; and indignant citizens have invariably objected to his mentioning any aspects of the town which wouldn't be advertised by the local Chamber of Commerce. It is doubtful that Peoria will see itself as Mr. Martin sees it either. We remember the way a Peoria church paper responded to a *Time* magazine story about the political cleanup in the town. "Nowhere," the paper flatly insisted, "is there more advanced social vision. . . . *Time* ought to tell the world about our Racial Relations Council, our Church and Industry Council, our Family and Child Service, our Civic Forum, our Amateur Musical Club, our Orpheus Club. . . . *Time* ought to study the industrial life of this city. . . . It could tell a story of industrial relationships that would be inspiring to many another community."

■ ■ ■ **Kenneth Andler**, author of "Surveyor in the Woods" (p. 79), is an attorney and counselor at law in Newport, New Hampshire. He has written a number of articles for the New Hampshire *Troubadour* and other New England publications.

■ ■ ■ **Jean Byers** was born in San José, California, not far from the beach resort at Santa Cruz where her story "The End of May" (p. 86) has its setting. Her first writing job was a musical comedy produced six years ago for the American Association of School Superintendents. After that, while teaching drama and composition in high school, she wrote plays and musical comedies for the National Education Association. She is now an instructor in the English department at Stanford University.

■ ■ ■ This is the fourth appearance in *Harper's* for **Anne Cleveland**, who did the drawing for "End of May." She illustrated Victoria Lincoln's "Grandma, Grandpa, and Riverside Road" in the June issue. She is a graduate of Vassar, later taught art there, and during the war was a WAC.

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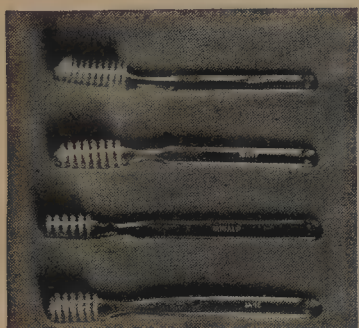
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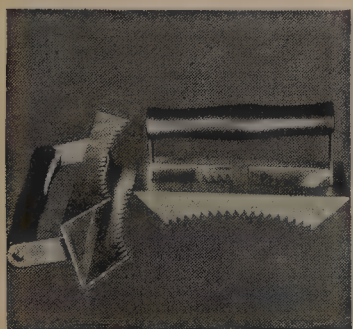
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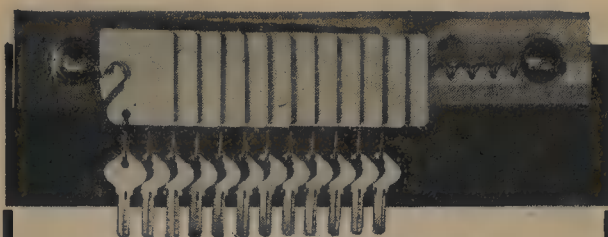
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LETTERS

Lost But Not Lonely—

To the Editors:

John Fischer's article in *Harper's* for May ["The Lost Liberals"] is realistic, candid, and wholesome. Liberals, moderate and advanced, should read it without prejudice. . . . But Mr. Fischer's constructive suggestions, I fear, are not liberal. He is asking liberals to turn radical. The idea of socializing, not the monopolies and near-monopolies, but their executives and directors, is radical not liberal. It may even be utopian. The reactionaries will fight that plan just as bitterly as they would fight socialization. . . .

VICTOR S. YARROS
La Jolla, Calif.

To the Editors:

In "The Lost Liberals," Mr. Fischer said:

In its present structure, our industrial goose is capable of laying the most glittering and magnificent eggs the world has ever seen. True enough, it sometimes quits laying, as it did in 1929, and the eggs often don't go to the right people. But are we really going to cure these bad habits by chopping the goose into a thousand little goslings?

It may be just my exaggerated viewpoint, but I don't see a great modern corporation as one single goose. Instead I see it as an aggregation of a great many widely separated geese shackled together in a single far-flung corporate harness. I think it is a mistake to picture the 200 corporations as only 200 geese. For in reality these 200 corporations are little more than 200 sets of far-flung and interlacing harness imposed upon perhaps 100,000 individually productive geese. . . .

Perhaps you can see the possibility that most of the golden egg-layers had been gathered into harness in 1929. . . . Then came the New Deal with a new set of master harness which it imposed on all the harnessed geese and on all the few remaining strays as well. And finally came the nation-wide labor unions with still a third set of harness. . . .

Perhaps you can see an all-powerful economic council come along with still a fourth set of super-harness that will start all the shackled geese to laying golden eggs once more. But I cannot. For all these geese are American geese, and the American type of goose just doesn't lay any eggs at all in heavy harness. And we wouldn't want to see the American goose lay eggs in harness even if he could be made to do so.

For my part I'd rather see us cut all these sets of harness once and for all. More specifically, I'd like to see us cut them up into smaller sets that could not form an interlacing web. One simple law to forbid size and extent beyond a given limit would be enough to do this. And I can't see wherein we would kill any healthy geese just by cutting the webs that shackle them into inaction. . . .

FRED I. RAYMOND
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Raymond is the author of The Limitist, which Mr. Barzun reviewed in our May issue.

To the Editors:

. . . Fischer commits a typically Liberal error in citing the poor quality (Fischer's evaluation) of radio programs as evidence of the ineffectiveness of federal regulation in this field. But radio programs are as they are largely because commercialism (that Liberal bogey) has guaranteed as democratic a selection of programs as is possible. The advertiser will put almost anything on the air if he thinks it will maximize his audience. . . . Consequently radio programs in the United States are a happy representation of the Common Man's taste. . . .

GWYNNE NETTLER
University of California,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Common men who are not so sure that their taste is accurately reflected by radio programming are referred to "The Public Opinion Myth" by Ernest Borneman on page 30 of this issue.

(Continued on next page)

*Dictated to But Not Red—**To the Editors:*

I read with considerable interest the article in the May 1947 issue, "Why I Broke with the Communists" by Julian H. Franklin.

The story he tells of struggles within the ranks of AVC with the Communist element is almost exactly the same nationally. His account is an almost verbatim account of events having taken place within those AVC organizations with which I am affiliated.

The same conclusions the author's chapter arrived at were also found by us here independently, and have been successful in rendering the left wing ineffective by recognizing their tactics and countering them vigorously without resorting to red-baiting. . . .

JAMES L. LUCAS
Boston, Mass.

To the Editors:

Who cares why Julian H. Franklin broke with the Communists? . . .

THOMAS W. SAMUELS
Decatur, Ill.

To the Editors:

The article by Julian Franklin is certainly a sad commentary on American university life. I realize that this is a free country, and that a man enjoying the privileges and blessings of American life at a noted university, is certainly free to join the party of his choosing; yet I don't see why he could join with the Communists in the first place. . . .

J. H. CARMINE
Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Franklin emphatically did not join the Communist Party, as he makes quite clear in his article. On the contrary he fought them to a standstill in order to keep them from taking over a liberal, non-red organization.

*Automobilists Anonymous—**To the Editors:*

Thanks for Bergen Evans's "Autointoxication" [May 1946].

Was for thirty-five years in the automobile business. For a good many years had a more cynical viewpoint than his.

A. L. PUTNAM
Eureka, Calif.

*Embattled Cushion—**To the Editors:*

Robert L. Heilbroner's "The Uncomfortable Paradise of Full Employment" [April 1947], might better have been titled "The Uncomfortable Economist." For his explanation of the dislocations and difficulties which, he says, inevitably accompany full employment should make economists uncomfortable, rather than readers. . . .

The essence of his analysis is that a cushion of unemployed is essential to the functioning of the economic system as presently constituted. Otherwise we shall have meat and housing shortages, protracted strikes, social disruption, rising wages, prices, and profits, and middle-class pressure for antilabor legislation. Here is the shortcoming of Mr. Heilbroner's analysis: a system of economics which requires unemployed human beings as the chief cushion for bumps and depressions is ultimately unacceptable to the people.

As a layman, a union member, and a veteran I feel that:

(1) Unionists will refuse to be a cushion. A job is the minimum they expect from our economy.

(2) Veterans are going to refuse to be a cushion for anybody's economic system. They have learned to expect more from their society and government. They consider the benefits under the GI Bill not as doles but as reasonable rights.

(3) The middle class, except for storekeepers, is prepared to abandon its special "middle" status and either join labor or adopt its techniques.

The layman has learned that some of the so-called "inevitables" of economics (such as depositors' losses from bank failures) can be legislated out of existence.

The layman feels that, as a cushion for economic bumps, something other than a supply of idle workers must be used.

Thus full employment is a challenge to conservative economists. If there is no more felicitous working-out of the system than Mr. Heilbroner's statement indicates, his is a declaration of bankruptcy, an invitation to veterans and unionists to try some other kind of system: English socialism, Russian communism, Spanish or Argentine fascism. . . .

DAVID LANDMAN
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Landman must have overlooked Mr. Heilbroner's statement that "only a heartless or a sinister man could prefer unemployment with its breadlines and its tragic waste of human material to full employment with its theater queues."

Political Cure-Alls—

To the Editors:

The comments (mostly oral) on my piece, "My Political Tennis Elbow" [May 1947], range from "The old self-help theme is pretty obvious, don't you think?" to "I'm afraid that, in this day of four-point solutions, your prescription isn't very exciting, old man."

Yet through them all there seems to run a thread which one disappointed lady expressed thus: "You shake my faith in the liberal organization with which I work . . . without giving me anything to take its place."

This business reminds me of a conversation some years back with a doctor. The subject was a mutual friend, and a patient of his, who had come to him after a lapse of two or three years because a certain kind of lamp wasn't giving the patient relief from his weekly headaches any more.

"Tom won't face the facts," the doctor said. "He's got a gall-bladder condition that wouldn't be active if he'd work on it a little. The regimen I gave him isn't tough. But he won't follow it. Actually he isn't any worse off, organically, than most men of his age. But he won't believe that. He really wants to feel he's shot."

"What really worries me, though, is Tom's insisting on quick, simple, miraculous 'cures.' Damn it! when he was here day before yesterday I told him, 'Tom, your future is in your own hands. If you'd take off a few pounds in the middle, get in those walks, watch your food, tobacco, and alcohol, try to manage eight hours' sleep a night, and most of all stop going around fancying you're a medical masterpiece. . . .'

"And you know what he did? Got sore at me! Said he was paying me to keep him fit, and he'd find a doctor who'd do something constructive. He will too. A doctor or a yogi or some new drugstore charm."

It occurs to me that there may be a moral in all this somewhere.

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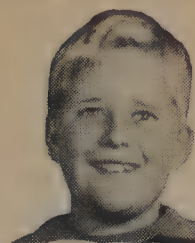
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MAGAZINE

HENRY FORD: SUCCESS AND FAILURE

PETER F. DRUCKER

HENRY FORD's hold on America's imagination—indeed on the imagination of the world's masses—was not due to his fabulous financial success. And it can only partly be explained by the overwhelming impact of the automobile on our way of life. For Henry Ford was less the symbol and embodiment of new wealth and of the automobile age than the symbol and embodiment of our new industrial mass-production civilization.

He perfectly represented its success in technology and economics; he also perfectly represented its political failure so far, its failure to build an industrial order, an industrial society. The central problem of our age is defined in the contrast between the functional grandeur of the River Rouge plant, with its spotless mechanical perfection, and the formlessness and tension of the social jungle that is Detroit. And the two together comprise Henry Ford's legacy.

Both his success and his failure can be

traced to his being thoroughly representative of that most native and most dominant of all American traditions, the one which in Populism found its major political expression. Indeed, Henry Ford was both the last Populist and perhaps the greatest one. He owed all his basic convictions to Bryan: pacifism, isolationism, hatred of monopoly and of "Wall Street" and of "international bankers," firm belief in a sinister international conspiracy, and so forth. He also made true the great dream of the political crusaders of 1896: that industrial production might be made to serve the common man. This dream had obsessed the American people since Brook Farm and Robert Owen's New Lanark, half a century before Bryan.

The Populists had believed that a Jeffersonian millennium would result automatically from eliminating "monopoly" and the "money power" and the "satanic mills" of crude industrialism—as these terms were understood in the nineteenth

Peter F. Drucker, who wrote a recent series of articles for us on "The Way to Industrial Peace," is now engaged in writing a full-book-length biography of Henry Ford.

century. Ford fulfilled the dream. He succeeded without benefit of monopoly, he defied the big bankers, he gave his factories a clean and airy efficiency which would have delighted nineteenth-century reformers. But in fulfilling the dream he dispelled it. And in the place of the old enemies which he vanquished we have today, in the industrial system which Ford did so much to develop, new problems to face: the long-term depression, and the political and social problems of industrial citizenship in the big plant. Henry Ford's solution of the industrial problems with which the nineteenth century had wrestled unsuccessfully constituted his success, his achievement. His inability to solve the problems of the new industrial system, his inability to see even that there were such problems, was the measure of his final and tragic failure.

IT MAY seem paradoxical to interpret Henry Ford's importance in terms of a concept—especially a political concept such as Populism. He himself had nothing but contempt for concepts and ideas, and prided himself on being neither a theoretician nor a politician but a “practical man.” And the main criticism which has been leveled against him and against everything he stood for—the criticism embodied in, for instance, Charlie Chaplin's “Modern Times”—has been that he made mechanical perfection an end in itself. But even his contribution to technology was not really a technical but a conceptual one—superb production man and engineer though he was. For he invented nothing, no new technique, no new machine, not even a new gadget. What he supplied was *the idea of mass production itself*—organization of man, machines, and materials into one productive whole.

In economics too Ford discovered no new facts; the data showing the effect of volume production on costs had all been collected and analyzed. But Ford was the first manufacturer to understand that these data disproved the traditional theory that restricted production and a high profit margin—that is, monopoly—provided the most profitable form of industrial production. He demonstrated that one could raise wages, cut prices, produce in tre-

mendous volume, and still make millions.

Above all Ford himself regarded his technical and economic achievements primarily as means to a social end. He had a definite political and social philosophy to which he adhered to the point of doctrinaire absurdity. Concern with the social effects of his actions determined every one of his steps and decisions throughout his entire life. It underlay the break with his early partners who wanted to produce a luxury car for the rich rather than follow Ford's harebrained idea of a cheap utility car for the masses. It motivated the radical wage policy of the early Ford who in 1914 fixed his minimum wage at the then utopian figure of \$5.00 a day for unskilled labor. It showed in Ford's lifelong militant pacifism, of which the tragicomic Peace Ship episode of 1915-16 was only one manifestation. It showed in his isolationism, in his hostility to Wall Street, and in the raucous pamphleteering of the Dearborn *Independent* in the twenties. This social philosophy explains the millions he poured into “chemurgy” or into utopian village communities of self-sufficient, sturdy, yeoman farmers. It was responsible for his belief in decentralization, and for his nostalgic attempt to recreate the atmosphere of an earlier and simpler America in a museum community—right next door to the River Rouge plant.

It might almost be said that Henry Ford's life work, despite these moves of his, brought about the opposite kind of world from the one he hoped for and believed in. Thus Ford, the pacifist, built up one of the world's greatest armament plants and helped to make possible the mechanized warfare of our age. Ford, the isolationist, more than any other man has made it impossible for this country to stay out of international politics and international wars: for he made this country the most powerful industrial nation on earth. Ford, the agrarian decentralist, left as his life's work the River Rouge plant, the most highly centralized and most completely mechanized concentration of industrial power in the world. The enemy of finance-capital and bank credit, he made installment buying a national habit. An orthodox Jeffersonian, he has come to stand for the extreme application of the assembly-

line principle, with its subordination of the individual to the machine. And the very workers at the Ford Motor Company whose mass production was to give economic security and full industrial citizenship to all, are today organized in the most class-conscious union in America—and in a Communist-dominated local at that.

Yet it would be wrong to argue from the failure of Ford's social ideas that they never were anything but "eccentric hobbies," as the obituaries rather condescendingly called them. The tragic irony with which his every move turned against him in the end does not alter the fact that his was the first, and so far the only, systematic attempt to solve the social and political problems of an industrial civilization. There is also little doubt that Ford himself believed—certainly until 1941 when the Ford workers voted for the CIO, and perhaps even afterward—that he had actually found the answer for which the American people had been searching for almost a century: the realization of the Jeffersonian society of independent equals through industrial technology and economic abundance.

Nor was he alone in this appraisal of the meaning of his work. It was shared by the American people as a whole in the years immediately following the first World War—witness Wilson's urging in 1918 that Ford run for the Senate, and the powerful "Ford for President" boom of 1923. The view was also held abroad, especially in the Europe of the early twenties and in Lenin's Russia—perhaps even more generally there than here. Indeed, it was the performance of Henry Ford's America which in 1918 and 1919 gave substance to Wilson's promise of the millennium of peace, democracy, and abundance, and which established America's moral and political authority in those years. And the Ford spell remained potent long after Wilson's promise had faded under the cold light of the international realities of the nineteen-twenties.

The postwar world of today is at least as much under the spell of Franklin D. Roosevelt's name as an earlier generation was under that of Wilson. But Henry Ford today no longer symbolizes an America that has successfully solved the basic social

problems of an industrial world. He stands instead for the lack of a solution. And that surely accounts in large measure for the difference between 1919 and 1947 in the acceptance and the effectiveness of America's moral and economic leadership.

II

HENRY FORD took the conveyor belt and the assembly line from the meat-packing industry where they had been in general use as early as 1880. The interchangeability of precision-made parts was an even older principle; it went back to the rifle plant which Eli Whitney built in Bridgeport for the War of 1812. The idea of breaking down a skilled job into the constituent elementary motions, so that it could be performed by unskilled men working in series, had been thoroughly explored—by Taylor among others—and had been widely used in American industry twenty years before Ford came on the scene, as for example by Singer Sewing Machine and National Cash Register. Yet we associate all these principles with Henry Ford, and rightly so. For each of them had been employed only as an auxiliary to the traditional manufacturing process. It was Ford who first combined them and evolved out of them consciously and deliberately a new concept of industrial production, a new technology. It is this new concept of mass production which in scarcely more than one generation has given us a new industrial civilization.

To Ford the importance of this new principle lay in its impact upon society—as the means for producing an abundance of cheap goods with the minimum of human effort and toil. Mass production itself, however, he considered as something purely technical, as simply a new method of organizing *mechanical* forces. Ford disciples, heirs, and imitators, the engineers and production men who today run our big industries, are certainly as convinced as their master that mass production is a mechanical technique; many use it as if it were a mere gadget. And Charlie Chaplin took the same view when, in "Modern Times," he caricatured our modern industrial civilization.

But if mass production were indeed only a technique, and primarily mechanical—if it were different in degree but not in kind from pulley, lever, or wheel—it could be applied only to mechanical tasks similar to the ones for which it was first developed. But long before the recent war, mass-production principles were used for such jobs as the sorting and filling of orders in a mail-order house or the diagnosis of patients in the Mayo Clinic. Henry Luce even used it successfully to organize writers—traditionally regarded as extreme individualists—for the mass production of interchangeable “formula-writing.” And during the war we applied mass-production principles to thousands of new products and processes and to such problems as the selection and training of men in the armed services. In all these uses the mechanisms of the assembly line are purely subordinate if indeed applied at all. In other words, mass production is not, fundamentally, a mechanical principle but a *principle of social organization*. It does not co-ordinate machines or the flow of parts; it organizes men and their work.

FORD's importance lies precisely in the fact that his principle of mass production substitutes the co-ordination of human beings for the co-ordination of inanimate parts and of mechanical forces on which industry was originally based. When we talk of the Industrial Revolution, we think at once of Watt's steam engine. It is true that there was a lot more to the Industrial Revolution than new machines; but the steam engine is a good symbol for it because the essence of early industry was the new organization of mechanical forces. Mass production is based, however, on the organization of human beings and of human work—something radically different from anything that was developed in the early days of industry. Indeed it has brought about a new Industrial Revolution. The assembly line is a symbol for a new principle of social organization, a new relationship between men who work together in a common task, if not for a common purpose.

On what basis does this mass-production principle organize men? What kind of society does it either assume or create?

It assumes or creates a society in which things are produced by the co-operation of individuals, not by a single individual. By himself the individual in modern mass-production industry is completely unproductive and ineffectual. But the organized group produces more, better, and more effectively than any individual or any number of individuals working by themselves ever could. In this society the whole—the organized group—is clearly not only more than, but different from, the sum of its parts.

Proof of this is what happens when a man loses his place in the organized group, or his access to the productive organism; when, in other words, he becomes unemployed. Under modern mass-production conditions, the man who has lost his job is not just out of luck economically; in fact, in a rich country such as ours, the direct economic consequences of unemployment can be minimized almost to the vanishing point. But he is incapable of producing anything, of being effective in society; in short, he is incapable of being a citizen, he is cast out. For he derives his productiveness, his function in the community, his citizenship—at least his effective rather than purely formal citizenship—from his position in the group effort, in the team, in the productive organism.

It is this social effect of unemployment, incidentally, rather than the economic effect, that makes it the major catastrophe it is. That unemployment endangers people's standards of living is, of course, bad enough; but that it endangers their citizenship and self-respect is its real threat and explains our panicky fear of the “next depression.”

In the society of the modern mass-production plant everyone derives his effectiveness from his position in an organized group effort. From this follow some important consequences. One is that such a society needs a government, a direction, a management responsible to no one special-interest group, to no one individual but to the over-all purpose, the over-all maintenance and strengthening of the whole without which no individual, no special-interest group could be effective. It also follows that in such a society there must be rank: a difference of authority

and prestige based on the differentiation of functions. But at the same time, in such a society no one individual is less important or more important than another. For while no one individual is irreplaceable—only the organized relationship between individuals is irreplaceable and essential—every single operation, every single function is equally necessary; the whole order would collapse, the entire productive machine would come to a stop, were one to take out one function, one job—just as the whole chain becomes useless if one takes out one link. That is why, in such a society, there should be simultaneously an inequality of subordination and command based on the differentiation of functions, and a basic equality based on membership and citizenship.

This is by no means a new type of social organization; on the contrary, it is a very old one. It was described in the old Roman fable retold in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" which likened society to the human body, none of whose organs—neither feet, nor hands, nor heart, nor stomach—could exist or work by itself, while yet the body could not properly work without any of them. It was expressed in the medieval metaphors of the order of the spheres and of the chain of being. And even as a practical way of organizing men for economic production, the mass-production principle is not new. Indeed, the first thorough applications of mass production and the assembly line were not in the Ford plant in Detroit, but hundreds of years earlier and thousands of miles away, in the workshops of the medieval stone masons who built the great cathedrals. In short, mass-production society, of which the assembly line is the symbol, is a hierarchical one.

THIS shows clearly when we analyze what popularly passes for a clear explanation of the essence of mass production: the saying that it replaces skilled by unskilled labor. That is pure nonsense, if taken literally. Of course, in mass production manual skill is eliminated by breaking up each operation into the component simple operations, with each worker performing only one unskilled operation or a series of such. But this presup-

poses a fantastic skill in analyzing and breaking up the operation. The skill that is taken out of the manual operation has to be put back again further up the line, in the form of much greater knowledge, much more careful planning for the job; for there is such a thing as a law of the preservation of skill. And in addition mass production needs a new skill: that of organizing and leading the human team. Actually "unskilled" mass production needs proportionately more and more highly skilled men than "skilled" production. The skills themselves have changed from those of the craftsman to those of engineer, draftsman, and foreman; but the number of trained and skilled men in American industry has been growing twice as fast since 1910 as that of unskilled and semiskilled men.

Above all, the co-operation and co-ordination which are needed to make possible the elimination of manual skill presuppose an extraordinarily high level of social skill and social understanding, of experience in working together. The difficulties that our war plants had with new labor showed that very graphically. And contrary to popular belief, it is no more difficult to export the old methods of industrial production to a new industrial country, even though those methods require considerable manual skill on the part of the worker, than it is to export mass-production techniques where no manual but a great deal of social skill is required.

What we mean when we say that mass production is based on unskilled labor is simply that the individual becomes effective and productive only through his contribution to the whole, and not if viewed separately. While no individual does the job, each one is necessary to get the job done. And the job, the end-product of co-operative effort, is more skilled than anything the most skilled person could have produced by himself. As in every hierarchical society, there is no answer in the mass-production plant to the question who does the job; but there is also no answer to the question who does not do the job. For everybody has a part in it.

There are a good many industries today which do not use the mass-production principle. Among them are some of the

most efficient ones, for instance, the modern cotton mills (in which one worker may manage a great many looms) and a good many of our chemical industries (in which one worker may perform a number of different functions). Nevertheless, the mass-production industries are representative of our American industry as a whole because they express in the purest form the essence of industrial production, *i.e.* a principle of social organization. The real Industrial Revolution of our day—the one which Henry Ford led and symbolized—was not a technological one, was not based on this or that machine, this or that technique, but on the hierarchical co-ordination of human efforts which mass production realizes in its purest form.

III

IT is understandable that Henry Ford's disciples and imitators failed to see the political and social implications of mass production until they were confronted by them in the form of an aggressive union movement—and very often not even then. For most of these men were really only concerned with technical problems, and really believed in mechanical efficiency as an end in itself. But Henry Ford's own blindness cannot be so simply explained as due to a lack of social or political concern—not even as due to a lack of social or political imagination. The real explanation is that Ford was concerned exclusively with the solution of the *social and political problems of the pre-Ford, the pre-mass-production industrial civilization*. And because his answers really did solve these problems, or at least the more important of them, it never entered his mind to subject this answer of his in turn to a social and political analysis. His gaze was firmly fixed on the industrial reality of his own youth, the industrial reality against which Populism had revolted in vain. He never even saw what he himself had called into being. As a high official of his own company once said: "What Mr. Ford really sees when he looks at River Rouge is the machine shop in which he started in 1879."

Though Henry Ford may never have heard of Brook Farm, of Robert Owen's New Lanarck, or of any of the many other

utopian communities that had dotted the Midwest not so many years before his birth in 1863, they were his intellectual ancestors. He took up where they had left off; and he succeeded where they had failed. Colonel McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* called him an "anarchist" in the red-hunting days of 1919 when the term meant more or less what "Communist" would mean today in the same paper. But in spite of the obvious absurdity of the charge, the jury awarded Ford only six cents in damages when he sued for libel; for he was undeniably a radical. He turned into a stand-patter after 1932, when his life's work had shown itself a failure in its inability to produce the stable and happy society of which he had dreamed. But the Henry Ford of the earlier Model T days was an iconoclast attacking in the name of morality and science the established order of J. P. Morgan and of Mark Hanna's Republican party.

The Utopias of the 1830's and 1840's were in themselves the reaction to a failure: the abortive attempt during Jackson's administration to bring back to America the lost innocence of the Jeffersonian society of self-sufficient independent farmers. The Utopians no longer hoped to be able to do away with the modern division of labor or even with industry. On the contrary, they promised to obtain for mankind the full benefits of industrial productivity, but without its having to pay the price of subjecting itself to the "money power" or to "monopoly," or of having to work in the "satanic mills" of Blake's great and bitter poem. These were to be eliminated by a blend of pious sentiment, community regulations, and social science.

Of all the Utopians only the Mormons survived—and they only by flight from the land of the Gentiles. But though they failed, Brook Farm, New Zion, New Lanarck, and all the other attempts at the American industrial Jerusalem left a very deep imprint on the consciousness of the American people. Neither Fourier, whose ideas fathered Brook Farm, nor Robert Owen was an American. Yet it is possible, indeed probable, that the mixture of earnest, semireligious sentiment and trust in a "scientific" principle which is so typical

of the American "reformer" or "radical" has its roots in much older and deeper layers in our history than the Utopias. But it is certain that the Utopias determined the specific form which American radicalism was to take for a whole century. They provided the targets, the battle cries, and the weapons for Populism, for Wilson's New Freedom, and even for much of the early New Deal (such as the "scientific" gold magic of 1933). They fathered Henry George, Bellamy, and the antitrust laws. They molded the beliefs and the hopes of America's inland empire in the Midwest. But they remained a futile gesture of revolt until Henry Ford came along.

Today we know that in depression and unemployment we have as serious an economic problem as "monopoly" and the "money power" ever were. We see very clearly that mass production creates as many new social and political questions as it answers. Today we realize that as a *final* solution to the problems of an industrial civilization Henry Ford's solution is a failure.

But Ford's mass production was not aimed at these new dangers but at the traditional devils of American radicalism. And these it actually did exorcise. Ford succeeded in showing that industrial production can be production *for* the masses—instead of production for the benefit of monopolist or banker. Indeed, he showed that the most profitable production is production for the masses. He proved that industrial production could give the workers increasing purchasing power to buy industrial products and to live on a middle-class standard; that was the meaning of his revolutionary \$5.00-a-day minimum wage.

Finally—and to him most importantly—he proved that, properly analyzed and handled, industrial production would free the workers from arduous toil. Under modern mass-production conditions, the worker is confined to one routine operation requiring neither skill nor brawn nor mental effort. This fact would not have appeared to Henry Ford as a fatal defect but as a supreme achievement; for it meant that—in contrast to the tradition of the "satanic mills"—the worker's skill, intelligence, and strength would be fully

available for his community life as an independent Jeffersonian citizen outside of the plant and after working hours.

At Brook Farm, too, the "real life" was supposed to come in the "communion of the spirits" in the evening after the day's work had been done; but the day's work took so much time and effort that the "real life" could be lived only by neglecting the work. Mass production cuts both time and energy required for the day's work so as to give the worker plenty of scope for this "real life." No wonder that Ford—the Ford of 1919—thought he had built the "New Jerusalem" on a permanent foundation of steel, concrete, and four-lane highways.

IV

IT WAS Ford's personal tragedy to live long enough to see his Utopia crumble. He was forced to abandon his basic economic principle—the principle of the cheapest possible production of the most utilitarian commodity. First he scrapped the Model T. That was in 1927. Then, five years later, he abandoned the Model A and adopted the annual model change which substitutes the appeal of prestige and fashion for the appeal of cheapness and utility. When he did this he became just another automobile manufacturer. Even so his share in the market dropped from nearly half in 1925 to less than twenty per cent in 1940. Even more decisively proven was his failure to give the worker industrial citizenship; in 1941 the Ford workers voted to join the CIO almost three to one.

Up to the hour when the results were announced, the old man is said to have firmly believed that "his" workers would never vote for a union. All along he had fought off realization of his defeat by pretending to himself that his downfall was being caused by sinister conspiracies rather than by faults in the structure of the community which he had built. This tendency to look for personal devils—itself a legacy from the Utopians—had shown itself quite early in the tirades of the Dearborn *Independent* against international bankers, Wall Street, and the Jews during the nineteen-twenties. It became the basis on which he fought the unions all through the thirties.

It also probably explains why Harry Bennett, starting as the plant's chief cop, rose to be the most powerful single individual in the Ford organization of the thirties, and the only one who really seemed to enjoy the old man's confidence. But the union victory—followed shortly by the unionization of the foremen—must have hit Henry Ford as a repudiation of all he had thought he had achieved, and had achieved primarily for the workers. The last years of the old man must have been very bitter ones indeed.

The lesson of Ford's ultimate failure is that we cannot hope to solve the problems of the mass-production society by technological devices or by changing the economics of distribution. These were the two approaches on which all nineteenth-century thought had relied, whether orthodox or rebel. Henry Ford went as far along these lines as it is possible to go.

FOR the time being, the political results of Ford's achievement were extraordinary. It took the wind out of the sails of the socialist critique of capitalist society. In this country it brought about the change from the fiery political action of Eugene Debs to the politically impotent moralism of Norman Thomas; in continental Europe it converted social democracy from a millennial fighting creed into a respectable but timid bureaucracy. Even more telling was the reaction of Communist Russia to Ford. In the twenties the Russians had to add to the messianic hopes of Karl Marx the promise of achieving eventually in a socialist society what Ford had already achieved in a capitalist one: a chance for the worker to drive to the plant in his own car and to work in collar and

tie, and without getting calluses on his hands. And until 1929—as every meeting of the Third International affirmed—the Communists were completely convinced that Ford's America had actually solved the basic problems of capitalism and had restored it to ascendancy all the world over. Not until the great depression were the Communist leaders able to revitalize their creed, by making it appear to do what it cannot do: to solve, by the sheer force of the police state, the new, the post-Ford problems of industrial society as they appeared after 1929.

As we in America confront these problems, the economic ones will not be the most difficult. Indeed the chief economic problem of our time—the prevention of depressions—should be solvable by basically mechanical means: by adapting our employment, fiscal, and budgeting practices to the time-span of industrial production—that is, to the business cycle. Much more baffling, and more basic, is the political and social problem with which twentieth-century industrialism confronts us: the problem of developing order and citizenship within the plant, of building a free, self-governing industrial society.

The fact that Henry Ford, after his superb success, failed so signally—that there is today such a grim contrast between his social utopia and our social reality—emphasizes the magnitude of the political task before us. But however treacherous the social jungle of our present mass-production society, however great the danger that it will fester into civil war and tyranny, the twentieth-century evils which Henry Ford left to us may well be less formidable than the nineteenth century evils which he vanquished.

ON CRITICISM IN THE ARTS, ESPECIALLY MUSIC

E. M. FORSTER

BELIEVING as I do that music is the deepest of the arts and deep beneath the arts, I venture to emphasize music in this brief survey of the *raison d'être* of criticism in the arts. I have no authority here. I am an amateur whose inadequacy will become all too obvious as he proceeds. Perhaps, though, you will remember in your charity that the word amateur implies love. I love music. Just to love it, or just to love anything or anybody is not enough. Love has to be clarified and controlled to give full value, and here is where criticism may help. But one has to start with love; one has, in the case of music, to want to hear the notes. If one has no initial desire to listen and no sympathy after listening, the notes will signify nothing, sound and fury, whatever their intellectual content.

The case *against* criticism is alarmingly strong, and much of my paper is bound to be a brief drawn up by the Devil's Advocate. I will postpone the evil day, and begin by indicating the case *for* criticism.

Most of us will agree, I think, that previous training is desirable before we approach the arts. We mistrust untrained appreciation, believing that it often defeats its own ends. Appreciation ought to be enough. But unless we learn by example and by failure and by comparison, appreciation will not bite. We shall tend to slip

about on the surface of masterpieces, exclaiming with joy, but never penetrating. "Oh, I do like Bach," cries one appreciator, and the other cries, "Do you? I don't. I like Chopin." Exit in opposite directions chanting Bach and Chopin respectively, and hearing less the composers than their own voices. They resemble investors who proclaim the soundness of their financial assets. The Bach shares must not fall, the Chopin 'not fall further, or one would have been proved a fool on the aesthetic stock exchange. The objection to untrained appreciation is not its *naïveté* but its tendency to lead to the appreciation of no one but oneself. Against such fatuity the critical spirit is a valuable corrective.

Except at the actual moment of contact—and I shall have much to say on the subject of that difficult moment—it is desirable to know why we like a work, and to be able to defend our preferences by argument. Our judgment has been strengthened and if all goes well the contacts will be intensified and increased and become more valuable.

I ADD the proviso "if all goes well" because success lies on the knees of an unknown God. There is always the contrary danger: the danger that training may sterilize the sensitiveness that is

This essay was delivered as an address at the Harvard Symposium on Music, under the title "The Raison d'Etre of Criticism in the Arts." It has been slightly revised for magazine publication.

being trained; that education may lead to knowledge instead of wisdom, and criticism to nothing but criticism; that spontaneous enjoyment, like the Progress of Poesy in Matthew Arnold's poem, may be checked because too much care has been taken to direct it into the right channel. Still it is a risk to be faced, and if no care had been taken the stream might have vanished even sooner. We hope criticism will help. We have faith in it as a respectable human activity, as an item in the larger heritage which differentiates us from the beasts.

II

How best can this activity be employed? One must allow it to construct aesthetic theories, though to the irreverent eyes of some of us they appear as traveling laboratories, beds of Procrustes whereon Milton is too long and Keats too short. In an age which is respectful to theory—as for instance the seventeenth century was respectful to Aristotle's theory of the dramatic unities—a theory may be helpful and stimulating, particularly to the sense of form. French tragedy could culminate in Racine because certain leading strings had been so willingly accepted that they were scarcely felt.

Corneille and Tasso were less happy. Corneille, having produced "The Cid," wasted much time trying to justify its deviations from Aristotle's rules; and Tasso wasted even more, for he published his theory of Christian Epic Poetry before he wrote the "Gerusalemme Liberata" which was to illustrate it. His epic was attacked by the critics because it deviated from what Aristotle said and also from what Tasso thought he might have said. Tasso was upset, became involved in three volumes of controversy, tried to write a second epic which should not deviate, failed, and went mad. Except perhaps in Russia, where the deviations of Shostakovitch invite a parallel, a theory in the modern world has little power over the fine arts, for good or evil. We have no atmosphere where it can flourish, and the attempts of certain governments to generate such an atmosphere in bureaus

are unlikely to succeed. The construction of aesthetic theories and their comparison are desirable cultural exercises: the theories themselves are unlikely to spread far or to hinder or help.

A more practical activity for criticism is the sensitive dissection of particular works of art. What did the artist hope to do? What means did he employ, subconscious or conscious? Did he succeed, and if his success was partial where did he fail? In such a dissection the tools should break as soon as they encounter any living tissue. The apparatus is nothing, the specimen all. Whether expert critics will agree with so extreme a statement is doubtful, but I do enjoy following particular examinations so far as an amateur can. It is delightful and profitable to enter into technicalities to the limit of one's poor ability, to continue as far as one can in the wake of an expert mind, to pursue an argument till it passes out of one's grasp. And to have, while this is going on, a particular work of art before one can be a great help. Besides learning about the work one increases one's powers. Criticism's central job seems to be education through precision.

A third activity, less important, remains to be listed, and since it lies more within my sphere than precision I will discuss it at greater length. Criticism can stimulate. Few of us are sufficiently awake to the beauty and wonder of the world, and when art intervenes to reveal them it sometimes acts in reverse, and lowers a veil instead of raising it. This deadening effect can often be dispersed by a well-chosen word. We can be awakened by a remark which need not be profound or even true, and can be sent scurrying after the beauties and wonders we were ignoring. Journalism and broadcasting have their big opportunity here. Unsited for synthesis or analysis, they can send out the winged word that carries us off to examine the original.

THERE is in fact a type of criticism which has no interpretative value, yet it should not be condemned offhand. Much has been written about music, for instance, which has nothing to do with music and must make musicians smile. It

usually describes the state into which the hearer was thrown as he sat on his chair at the concert and the visual images which occurred to him in that sedentary position.

Here is an example, and a very lovely one, from Walt Whitman. Whitman has heard "one of Beethoven's master septets" performed at Philadelphia (there is only one Beethoven septet, but this the old boy did not know), and the rendering of it on a "small band of well chosen and perfectly combined instruments" carried him away.

Dainty abandon, sometimes as of Nature laughing on a hillside in the sunshine; serious and firm monotonies, as of winds; a horn sounding through the tangle of the forest, and the dying echoes; soothing floating waves, but presently rising in surges, angrily lashing, muttering, heavy; piercing peals of laughter for interstices; now and then weird as Nature is herself in certain moods—but mainly spontaneous, easy, careless—often the sentiment of the postures of naked children playing or sleeping. It did me good even to see the violinists drawing their bows so masterly—every motion a study. I allowed myself, as I sometimes do, to wander out of myself. The conceit came to me of a copious grove of singing birds, and in their midst a simple harmonic duo, two human souls, steadily asserting their own pensiveness, joyousness.

Here is adorable literature, but what has it to do with Op. 20? A poet's imagination has been kindled. He has allowed himself to wander out of himself, but not into Beethoven's self, his presumable goal. He has evoked the visual images congenial to him, and though in the closing phrase there is a concert it is not the one he attended, for it took place in his garden of Eden.

Another example of such criticism is to be found in Proust. Proust is what Walt Whitman is not—sophisticated, *soigné*, *rusé*, *maladif*. But he too listens to a septet and reacts to it visually, he is carried off his seat into a region which has nothing to do with the concert. It is the septet of Vinteuil, whom we have hitherto known as the composer of a violin sonata. Vinteuil himself, an obscure and unhappy provincial organist, has scarcely appeared; but his sonata, and particularly a phrase in it, *la petite phrase*, has been an actor in the long-drawn inaction of the novel. Character after character has listened to it, and has felt hope, jealousy,

despair, peace, according to the circumstances into which *la petite phrase* has entered. We do not know what it sounds like, but its arrival always means emotional heightening.

Toward the end of the novel, the hero goes to a musical reception in Paris where a new work is to be performed. He does not bother to look at the program, being occupied by social trifles. It is a septet—the opening bars are somber, glacial, as if dawn had not yet risen over the sea. He finds himself in an unknown world, where he understands nothing. Suddenly into this bewilderment there falls—*la petite phrase*, a reference to the sonata. He is listening to a posthumous work of Vinteuil, of whose existence he was unaware. Everything falls into shape. It is as if he has walked in an unknown region and come across the little gate which belongs to the garden of a friend. The septet expands its immensities, now comprehensible. The dawn rises crimson out of the sea, harsh midday rejoicings give way to more images, and the little phrase of the sonata, once virginal and shy, is august, quivering with colors, final, mature.

Now these visual wanderings are not entirely to my taste, nor perhaps to yours. Whitman's has its own naïve merit, but in the case of Proust, who is pretentious, culturally we feel uneasy.

Shall we then say that they do not and cannot help us musically at all? I think this is too severe. The septets of Beethoven and of Vinteuil have come no nearer to us, but we have been excited, we have been disposed to listen to sounds, we have been challenged to test the descriptions and to decide whether we agree with them. This general sharpening of interest is desirable. It can be effected in various ways: by a legitimate critic like Donald Tovey, by a grand old boy at Philadelphia, or by a snobby Frenchman in the Faubourg St. Germain. All ways are not equally good. Those who hear music will always interpret it best. But those who don't hear it after the first few notes have also their use. Their wanderings, their visual images, their dreams, help to sharpen us. They recall us to the impor-

tance of sounds, and, their inferior in other ways, we may perhaps manage to listen to the sounds longer than they did.

Examples of higher musical value are to be found in the early journalism of Bernard Shaw. Though Shaw is a man of letters, like Whitman and Proust, and readily runs after his own thoughts and pictorial images, he does manage to remember the music. He can interpret as well as stimulate. He can say for instance of Haydn: "Haydn would have been among the greatest had he been driven to that terrible eminence; but we are fortunate enough in having had at least one man of genius who was happy enough in the Valley of Humiliation to feel no compulsion to struggle on through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." What a sensitive and just reflection! How admirably it expresses that turning away from the tragic so often displayed by Haydn—for instance in the opening of the C Major Symphony, Op. 97: turning away not because he is afraid of tragedy, which would discompose the listener, but because he prefers not to be tragic. This is an essential in Haydn, and, apprehending it, Shaw convinces us that he is inside music and could have criticized it more deeply, had his career and his inclinations allowed.

I like, in this connection, jokes about music, irresponsible folly which sometimes kicks a door open as it flies. They too may incline us to listen to sounds. When the English humorist, Beachcomber, says "Wagner is the Puccini of music," he says rather more than he says. Besides guying a well-worn formula, he pierces Grand Opera itself, and reveals Brünnhilde and Butterfly transfixed on the same mischievous pin. I like, too, the remark of an uncle of mine, a huntin', fishin', shootin', sportin' sort of uncle, whose aversion to the arts was very genuine. "They tell me," he said one day thoughtfully, "they tell me music's like a gun, it hurts less when you let it off yourself." Besides getting in a well-directed gibe, and discomposing my aunt who adored Mendelssohn, he indicated very neatly the gulf between artist on the one hand and critic on the other. Those who are involved and those who appraise are never

hurt in the same way. This is, as a matter of fact, going to be our chief problem here, and perhaps it will come the fresher because my uncle hit at it in his slapdash fashion before striding back to his dogs.

III

FOR now our trouble starts. We can readily agree that criticism has educational and cultural value; the artist helps to civilize the community, builds up standards, forms theories, stimulates, dissects, encourages the individual to enjoy the world into which he has been born; and on its destructive side, it exposes fraud and pretentiousness and checks conceit. These are substantial achievements. But I would like if I could to establish its *raison d'être* on a higher basis than that of public utility. I would like to discover some spiritual parity between it and the objects it criticizes, and this is going to be difficult. The difficulty has been variously expressed. One writer—Mr. F. L. Lucas—has called criticism a charming parasite; another—Chekhov—complains it is a gadfly which hinders the oxen from plowing; a third—Lord Kames—compares it to an imp which distracts critics from their objective and incites them to criticize each other. My own trouble is not so much that it is a parasite, a gadfly, or an imp, but that there is a basic difference between the critical and creative states of mind, and to the consideration of that difference I would now invite your attention.

What about the creative state? In it a man is taken out of himself. He lets down as it were a bucket into his subconscious, and draws up something which is normally beyond his reach. He mixes this thing with his normal experiences, and out of the mixture he makes a work of art. It may be a good work of art or a bad one—we are not here examining the question of quality—but whether it is good or bad it will have been compounded in this unusual way, and he will wonder afterward how he did it. Such seems to be the creative process. It may employ much technical ingenuity and worldly knowledge, it may profit by critical standards, but mixed up with it is this stuff from the

bucket, this subconscious stuff, which is not procurable on demand. And when the process is over, when the picture or symphony or lyric or novel (or whatever it is) is complete, the artist, looking back on it, will wonder how on earth he did it. And indeed he did not do it on earth.

A perfect example of the creative process is to be found in *Kubla Khan*. Assisted by opium, Coleridge had his famous dream, and dipped deep into the subconscious. Waking up, he started to transcribe it, and was proceeding successfully when that person from Porlock unfortunately called on business.

Weave a circle round him thrice
And close your eyes with holy dread
For he on honeydew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise—

and in came the person from Porlock. Coleridge could not resume. His connection with the subconscious had snapped. He had created and did not know how he had done it. As Professor John Livingston Lowes has shown, many fragments of Coleridge's day-to-day reading are embedded in *Kubla Khan*, but the poem itself belongs to another world, which he was seldom to record.

The creative state of mind is akin to a dream. In Coleridge's case it was a dream. In other cases—Jane Austen's for instance—the dream is remote or sedate. But even Jane Austen, looking back upon *Emma*, could have thought "Dear me, how came I to write that? It is not ill-contrived." There is always, even with the most realistic artist, the sense of withdrawal from his own creation, the sense of surprise.

The French writer, Paul Claudel, gives the best description known to me of the creative state. It occurs in his poem "La Ville." A poet is speaking. He has been asked whence his inspiration comes, and how is it that when he speaks everything becomes explicable although he explains nothing. He replies:

I do not speak what I wish, but I conceive in sleep,
And I cannot explain whence I draw my breath,
for it is my breath which is drawn out of me.
I expand the emptiness within me, I open my mouth, I breathe in the air, I breathe it out.
I restore it in the form of an intelligible word,
And having spoken I know what I have said.

There is a further idea in the passage, which my brief English paraphrase has not attempted to convey: the idea that if the breathing in is *inspiration* the breathing out is *expiration*, a prefiguring of death, when the life of a man will be drawn out of him by the unknown force for the last time. Creation and death are closely connected for Claudel. I'm confining myself, though, to his description of the creative act, and ask you to observe how precisely it describes what happened in *Kubla Khan*. There is conception in sleep, there is the connection between the subconscious and the conscious, which has to be effected before the work of art can be born, and there is the surprise of the creator at his own creation.

*Je restitue une parole intelligible,
Et l'ayant dite, je sais ce que j'ai dit.*

Which is exactly what happened to Coleridge. He knew what he had said, but as soon as inspiration was interrupted he could not say any more.

AFTER this glance at the creative state, let us glance at the critical. The critical state has many merits, and employs some of the highest and subtlest faculties of man. But it is grotesquely remote from the state responsible for the works it affects to expound. It does not let down buckets into the subconscious. It does not conceive in sleep, or know what it has said after it has said it. Think before you speak is criticism's motto; speak before you think creation's. Nor is criticism disconcerted by people arriving from Porlock, in fact it sometimes comes from Porlock itself. While not excluding imagination and sympathy, it keeps them and all the faculties under control, and only employs them when they promise to be helpful.

Thus equipped, it advances on its object. It has two aims. The first and the more important is aesthetic. It considers the object in itself, as an entity, and tells us what it can about its life. The second aim is subsidiary: the relation of the object to the rest of the world. Problems of less relevance are considered, such as the conditions under which the work of art was composed, the influences which formed it (criticism adores influences), the

influence it has exercised on subsequent works, the artist's life, the lives of the artist's father and mother, prenatal possibilities and so on, straying this way into psychology and that way into history. Much of the above is valuable, but what meanwhile has become of Monteverdi's Vespers, or the Great Mosque at Delhi, or the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, or any other work which you happen to have in mind? I throw these three objects at you because they happen to be in my own mind as I write. I have been hearing the Vespers, seeing the Frogs, and thinking about the Delhi Mosque. If we wheel up an aesthetic theory—the best attainable, and there are some excellent ones—if we wheel it up and apply it with its measuring rods and pliers and forceps, its calipers and catheters, to Vespers, Mosque, and Frogs, we are visited at once by a sense of the grotesque. It doesn't work, two universes have not even collided, they have been juxtaposed. There is no spiritual parity. And if criticism strays from her central aesthetic quest to influences and psychological and historical considerations, something does happen then, contact is established. But no longer with a work of art.

A work of art is a curious object. Isn't it infectious? Unlike machinery, hasn't it the power of transforming the person who encounters it toward the condition of the person who created it? (I use the clumsy phrase "toward the condition" on purpose.) We—we the beholders or listeners or whatever we are—undergo a change analogous to creation. We are rapt into a region near to that where the artist worked, and like him when we return to earth we feel surprised. To claim we actually entered his state and became cocreators with him there is presumptuous. However much excited I am by Brahms' Fourth Symphony I cannot suppose I feel Brahms' excitement, and probably what he felt is not what I understand as excitement. But there has been an infection from Brahms through his music to myself. Something has passed. I have been transformed toward his condition, he has called me out of myself, he has thrown me into a subsidiary dream; and when the pas-sacaglia is trodden out, and the transformation closed, I too feel surprise.

Unfortunately this infection, this sense of co-operation with a creator, which is the supremely important step in our pilgrimage through the fine arts—is the one step over which criticism cannot help. She can prepare us for it generally, and educate us to keep our senses open, but she has to withdraw when reality approaches, like Virgil from Dante on the summit of Purgatory. With the coming of love, we have to rely on Beatrice, whom we have loved all along, and if we have never loved Beatrice we are lost. We shall remain pottering about with theories and influences and psychological and historical considerations—supports useful in their time, but they must be left behind at the entry of Heaven. I would not suggest that our comprehension of the fine arts is or should be of a nature of a mystic union. But, as in mysticism, we enter an unusual state, and we can only enter it through love. Putting it more prosaically, we cannot understand music unless we desire to hear it. And so we return to the earth.

LET us reconsider that troublesome object, the work of art, and observe another way in which it is recalcitrant to criticism. I am thinking of its freshness. So far as it is authentic, it presents itself as eternally virgin. It expects always to be heard or read or seen for the first time, always to cause surprise. It does not expect to be studied, still less does it present itself as a crossword puzzle, only to be solved after much re-examination. If it does that, if it parades a mystifying element, it is, to that extent, not a work of art, not an immortal Muse but a Sphinx who dies as soon as her riddles are answered. The work of art assumes the existence of the perfect spectator, and is indifferent to the fact that no such person exists. It does not allow for our ignorance and it does not cater to our knowledge.

This eternal freshness in creation presents a difficulty to the critic, who when he hears or reads or sees a work a second time rightly profits by what he has heard or read or seen of it the first time, and studies and compares, remembers and analyses, and often has to reject his original impressions as trivial. He may thus in

the end gain a just and true opinion of the work, but he ought to remain startled and this is usually beyond him. Take Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the one in A. Isn't it in A? The opening bars announce the key as explicitly as fifths can, leaving us only in doubt as to whether the movement will decide on the major or minor mode. In the 15th bar comes the terrifying surprise, the pounce into D minor, which tethers the music, however far it wanders, right down to the ineluctable close. Can one hope to feel that terror and surprise twice? Can one avoid hearing the opening bars as a preparation for the pounce—and thus miss the life of the pounce? Can we combine experience and innocence? I think we can. The willing suspension of experience is possible, it is possible to become like a child who says "Oh!" each time the ball bounces, although he has seen it bounce before and knows it must bounce.

It is possible but it is rare. The critic who is thoroughly versed in the score of the Ninth Symphony and can yet hear the opening bars as a trembling introduction in A to the unknown has reached the highest rank in his profession. Most of us are content to remain well-informed. It is so restful to be well-informed. We forget that Beethoven intended his Symphony to be heard always for the first time.

We forget with still greater ease that Tchaikovsky intended the same for his Piano Concerto in B flat minor. Dubious for good reasons of that thumping affair we sometimes scold it for being "stale"—a ridiculous accusation, for it too was created as an eternal virgin, it too should startle each time it galumphs down the waltz. No doubt the Concerto, and much music, has been too often performed, just as some pictures have been too often looked at. Freshness of reception is exhausted more rapidly by a small or imperfect object than by a great one. Nevertheless the objects themselves are eternally new, it is the recipient who may wither. You remember how at the opening of Goethe's "Faust," Mephistopheles, being stale himself, found the world stale, and reported it as such to the Almighty. The archangels took no notice of him and continued to sing of eternal freshness.

The critic ought to combine Mephistopheles with the archangels, experience with innocence. He ought to know everything inside out, and yet be surprised. Virginia Woolf—who was both a creative artist and a critic—believed in reading a book twice. The first time she abandoned herself to the author unreservedly. The second time she treated him with severity and allowed him to get away with nothing he could not justify. After these two readings she felt qualified to discuss the book. Here is good rule of thumb advice. But it does not take us to the heart of our problem, which is superrational. For we ought really to read the book in two ways at once. (And we ought to look at a picture in two ways at once, and to listen to music similarly.) We ought to perform a miracle the nature of which was hinted at by the Almighty when he said he was always glad to receive Mephistopheles in Heaven and hear him chat.

I would speak tentatively in the presence of an expert audience, but it seems to me that we are most likely to perform that miracle in the case of music. Music, more than the other arts, postulates a double existence. It exists in time, and also exists outside time, instantaneously. With no philosophic training, I cannot put my belief clearly, but I can conceive myself hearing a piece as it goes by and also when it has finished. In the latter case I should hear it as an entity, as a piece of sound-architecture, not as a sound-sequence, not as something divisible into bars. Yet it would be organically connected with the concert-hall performance. Architecture and sequence would, in my apprehension, be more closely fused than the two separate readings of a book in Virginia Woolf's.

IV

THE claim of criticism to take us to the heart of the Arts must therefore be disallowed. Another claim has been made for it, a more precise one. It has been suggested that criticism can help an artist to improve his work. If that be true, a *raison d'être* is established at once. Criticism becomes an important figure, a handmaid to beauty, holding out the

sacred lamp in whose light creation proceeds, feeding the lamp with oil, trimming the wick when it flares or smokes. There must be many artists, musicians and others, among my readers, and it would be interesting to know whether criticism has helped them in their work, and if so how. Has she held up the lamp? No doubt she illuminates past mistakes or merits, that certainly is within her power, but has the better knowledge of them any practical value?

A remark of Mr. C. Day Lewis is interesting in this connection. It comes at the opening of his admirable new book, *The Poetic Image*. He says:

There is something formidable for the poet in the idea of criticism—something, dare I say it? almost unreal. He writes a poem, then he moves on to a new experience, the next poem: and when a critic comes along and tells him what is right or wrong about the first poem, he has a feeling of irrelevance.

Something almost unreal. That is a just remark. The poet is always developing and moving on, and when his creative state is broken into by comments on something he has just put behind him, he feels bewildered. His reaction is "What are you talking about? Must you?" Once again, and in its purest form, the division between the critical and creative states, the absence of spiritual parity, becomes manifest. In its purest form because poetry is an extreme form of art, and is a convenient field for experiment. My own art, the mixed art of fiction, is less suitable, yet I can truly say with Mr. C. Day Lewis that I have nearly always found criticism irrelevant. When I am praised, I am pleased; when I am blamed, I am displeased; when I am told I am elusive, I am surprised—but neither the pleasure nor the sorrow nor the astonishment makes any difference when next I enter the creative state. One can eliminate a particular defect perhaps; to substitute merit is the difficulty. I remember that in one of my earlier novels I was blamed for the number of sudden deaths in it which were said to amount to forty-four per cent of the fictional population. I took heed and arranged that characters in subsequent novels should die less frequently and give previous notice where possible

by means of illness or some other acceptable device. But I was not inspired to put anything vital in the place of the sudden deaths. The only remedy for a defect is inspiration, the subconscious stuff that comes up in the bucket. A piece of contemporary music, to my ear, has a good many sudden deaths in it; the phrases expire as rapidly as the characters in my novel, the chords cut each other's throats, the arpeggio has a heart attack, the fugue gets into a nose dive. But these defects—if defects they be—are doubtless vital to the general conception. They are not to be remedied by substituting sweetness. And the musicians would do well to ignore the critic even when he admits the justice of the particular criticism.

ONLY in two ways can criticism help the artist a little with his work. The first is general. He ought—if he keeps company at all—to keep good company. To be alone may be best—to be alone was that Fate reserved for Beethoven. But if he wishes to consort with ideas and standards and the works of his fellows—and he usually has to in the modern world—he must beware of the second-rate. It means a relaxation of fiber, a temptation to rest on his own superiority. I do not desire to use the words "superior" and "inferior" about human individuals; in an individual so many factors are present that one cannot grade him. But one can legitimately apply them to cultural standards, and the artist should be critical here and alive in particular to the risks of the clique. The clique is a valuable social device, which only a fanatic would condemn; it can protect and encourage the artist. It is the artist's duty, if he wants to be in a clique, to choose a good one, and to take care it doesn't make him bumptious or sterile or silly. The lowering of critical standards in what one may call daily studio life, their corruption by adulation or jealousy, may lead to inferior work. Good standards may lead to good work. That is all that there seems to be to say about this vague assistance, and maybe it was not worth saying.

The second way in which criticism can help the artist is more specific. It can help him over details, niggling details, minu-

tiae of style. To refer to my own work again, I have certainly benefited by being advised not to use the word "but" so often. I have had a university education, you see, and it disposes one to overwork that particular conjunction. It is the strength of the academic mind to be fair and see both sides of a question. It is its weakness to be timid and to suffer from that fear-of-giving-oneself-away disease of which Samuel Butler speaks. Both its strength and its weakness incline it to the immoderate use of "but." A good many "buts" have occurred in this paper, but not as many as if I hadn't been warned. The writer of the opposed type, the extrovert, the man who knows what he knows, and likes what he likes, and doesn't care who knows it—he should doubtless be subject to the opposite discipline; he should be criticized because he never uses "but"; he should be tempted to employ the qualifying clause. The man who has a legal mind should probably go easy on his "if's." Fiddling little matters. Yes, I know. The sort of trifling help which criticism can give the artist. She cannot help him in great matters.

WITH these random considerations my paper must close. The latter part of it has been overshadowed and perhaps obsessed by my consciousness

of the gulf between the creative and critical states. Perhaps the gulf does not exist, perhaps it does not signify, perhaps I have been making a gulf out of a molehill. But in my view it does prevent the establishment of a first class *raison d'être* for criticism in the arts. The only activity which can establish such a *raison d'être* is love. However cautiously, or with whatever reservations, after whatsoever purifications, we must come back to love. That alone raises us to the co-operation with the artist which is the sole reason for our aesthetic pilgrimage. That alone promises spiritual parity. My main conclusion on criticism has therefore to be unfavorable, nor have I succeeded in finding that it has given substantial help to the artists.

The earlier part of the paper was confined to subsidiary topics and here a defense for criticism could easily be established. Criticism can educate, theorize, analyze, stimulate—admirable achievements, and when I say defense is easy I do not mean that I performed it adequately. Much more could have been said and what was said could have been much better said. It has been an anxiety as well as a pleasure to prepare the paper. For I am not a musician, I am not even a critic, and it does seem somewhat daring to fly the Atlantic and address people who are both.

BRITAIN'S NEXT BIG CRISIS

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

SOME time between this moment and the third quarter of 1948 the United Kingdom will experience an acute shortage of dollars—a dollar crisis—which will make the miseries and humiliations of last winter and this spring seem only the thunderclaps that precede the real storm.

This is a bitter prospect, for the winter of 1946–47 was unquestionably one of the most difficult in British history, coming as it did when the people were tired to the bone from the long strain and unremitting deprivations of wartime. As cold weather drew on last fall, British factories were already so plagued by shortages of raw materials and components that the workmen actually on the job could not produce to the top of their ability. In the jargon of economics, there was widespread underemployment. Moreover, electricity was in short supply, partly because the generating plants had not been fully serviced during the war, but more particularly because new plants had not been installed to take care of continuously increasing demand and consumption. And there were annoying bottlenecks in the distribution of coal. The British industrial machine was limping, in the face of the inexorable fact that what Britain needed for her economic health was production, production, production.

Then came winter, and the coal crisis suddenly deepened. Since 1942 successive Ministers of Fuel and Power had gambled

on the winter weather. If it proved mild, then the coal actually mined—never enough to provide lavish supplies—could just barely be distributed by the overworked and undermaintained railways. During the winters from 1941–42 through 1945–46 this had been managed. But as time passed, the reserves of coal—the indispensable backlogs for emergency use—had shrunk; during 1946 they had been running particularly low. Then the incredibly bad weather struck England.

It must be recalled that many private citizens—notably the electricity and gas people—had repeatedly warned during the preceding summer and autumn that the risk of disaster during the winter of 1946–47 was very great. Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel and Power, not only did not echo these warnings, he publicly rejected them, even scoffed at them. But Nature did him in. The years of gambling on the thermometer—most of them war years when everything in Britain was a gamble—ended in a whacking defeat for the gamblers. Mr. Shinwell drew something worse than a blank in the lottery of the weather; he drew a ticket that levied multiplied liability on the industry and the people of Britain.

Factories ran entirely out of coal. Electricity and gas were in shorter supply than ever. Industries ground to a stop. British homes were cold even by the testimony of Englishmen. Quickly the unemployment

Last year Mr. Grattan visited England and reported on "What British Socialism is Up Against" (July 1946). He now brings us up to date with a look at present and future prospects.

rolls rose into the millions; workless men hung around their dark and chilly houses, on the dole once again, eating rationed food, a fare even more meager than in the desperate days of the Great Depression. Nor did the coming of spring weather immediately revive British spirits; for huge snowfalls—in a country notably ill-equipped to deal with snow—were succeeded by equally appalling floods, in which farm animals perished by the thousands, making inevitable a further shortage in food supplies.

No wonder a few Englishmen and a good many Americans began to talk about the “end” of Britain; no wonder black discouragement produced such dismal reflections as the following, in an editorial in the April issue of the London magazine of the arts, *Horizon*:

The advantages which position, coal, skill, and enterprise won for us in the nineteenth century have been liquidated, and we go back to scratch—as a barren, humid, raw, but densely overpopulated group of islands with an obsolete industrial plant, hideous but inadequate housing, a variety of unhealthy jungle possessions, vast international commitments, a falling birth-rate, and a large class of infertile rentiers or overspecialized middlemen and brokers as our main capital. . . . Most of us are not men or women but members of a vast, seedy, overworked, overlegislated, neuter class, with our drab clothes, our ration books and murder stories, our envious, stricken, old-world apathies—a careworn people. And the symbol of this mood is London, now the largest, saddest, and dirtiest of great cities, with its miles of unpainted half-inhabited houses, its chopless chophouses, its beerless pubs, its once vivid quarters losing all personality, its squares bereft of elegance, its dandies in exile, its antiques in America, its shops full of junk, bunk, and tomorrow, its crowds mooning round the stained wickets of the cafeterias in their shabby raincoats, under a sky permanently dull and lowering like a metal dish-cover.

IT WAS not the end of Britain. It was only a cruel demonstration of the fundamental defect of the postwar British economy—a defect which is not incurable but which will bring a succession of disasters still more ominous if its real nature and dimensions are not fully grasped and it is not met with well-calculated and unremitting action.

Britain can profit by better weather this summer—but only in case the respite is used to intensify the campaign for in-

creased production. The chief immediate key to the situation is of course coal. When British factories resumed their operations after the winter's shutdown, they were on the average supplied with half the coal they needed. In May this was increased, in vital instances, to eighty-five per cent of their needs—but only by banning the use of electricity and gas for heating houses and offices from early May through September; and only by taking a chance on the reserves of coal for next winter. It looks now as if these reserves could not be built up this summer to the level which was at first stated to be necessary—fifteen million tons. And in case the miners, who have gone on a five-shift week, should fail to produce as much as, or more than, they produced on longer time—or in case, under Communist Arthur Horner's leadership, they should sabotage production by strikes to gain more “advantages”—then the eighty-five per cent allocation will have to be cut, and another general industrial paralysis in the snowy season will not be at all improbable.

But even if the coal shortage is successfully overcome, there will remain the intricate problem of modernizing British industry so as to make it more productive. Only if it becomes *much* more productive can the nation sustain its social services and raise the general standard of living up to prewar levels—to say nothing of lifting them above prewar levels. And here we come to the core of the British predicament. For this will have to be done *in the face of a dollar crisis such as Britain has not heretofore experienced*.

A dollar crisis is not an easy thing to explain. But it must be understood if we are to know why the troubles that Britain has suffered to date are only a foretaste of what she must face in the next two or three years.

II

THE predicament of the British people today is something like that of a family with a small farm and a machine-shop. Their farm is not large enough to provide them with all the food they need, and to buy the rest they must go to the stores in a near-

by town. The machine-shop does not produce more than a fraction of the things the family needs for everyday life, and to buy these, too, they must go to the stores in that town. This requires money, of course. Their chief source of money is the sale of the surplus products of the machine-shop. (They used to have, in addition, the income from a number of businesses—shares in a shipping company, shares in a trading business abroad, and so forth—but this extra income has dwindled.) The only way they can earn the money they desperately need is by running the machine-shop at full tilt, with maximum efficiency, and selling the goods it turns out. But its machinery is outworn and short of necessary parts—and *these, too, they must buy in town*. Simultaneously, their house is falling into bad repair—and the repairs will likewise mean purchases in town. Furthermore they are finding it harder and harder to sell the products of the machine-shop, for newer shops, both in the town and elsewhere, are competing with it. Plainly this family is in a desperate jam.

For the family farm, substitute the meager agricultural production of Britain; for the machine-shop, substitute British industry; for the neighboring town, substitute those other nations (chiefly the United States and others in its economic orbit) which can make the things that Britain needs. And for the money that the family must spend in that town, substitute dollars. There you have the British predicament. With many of their previous sources of revenue petering out, they need dollars, not only in order to buy the goods and materials that they cannot make themselves for their own everyday needs, but also to be able to buy the machinery and materials to repair and renovate the factories on which their income in dollars depends. It is a vicious circle: not enough dollars—not enough repairs—not enough production—not enough sales of the goods produced—and thus, again, not enough dollars.

This is the problem which Dr. Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, ordinarily confident to the point of cockiness, has referred to with humility as the "toughest problem in the world."

LET us examine the immediate prospects in a little more detail. Britain at present has two sources of dollars. First, what remains of the recent United States and Canadian loans. Second, what she can earn by selling things abroad—earn in dollars and in gold convertible into dollars (the latter obtained chiefly in her trade and financial dealings with the Union of South Africa). The coming crisis will arise because she will have to spend dollars much faster than she can earn them, and thus will have to dip deeply into the United States and Canadian dollar loans. These loans were made on the assumption that they would bridge the gap in Britain's accounts to the end of 1950, by which time, it was hoped, they would balance. But the borrowed dollars are being used up far more rapidly than was expected, both because the hard-beset British are not earning as many dollars as they hoped to, and because American prices have risen sharply, thus taking up more dollars for a given quantity of supplies. Hence the loans are likely to be exhausted much too soon.

How much too soon? The answer is highly uncertain, since it depends upon so many factors—Britain's internal situation, almost every aspect of her foreign trade, the economic trends in foreign countries, and the action or inaction of various international economic institutions. The prediction I am making—or supporting, since others also have made it—inevitably lacks the wonderful dogmatic precision of Drew Pearson's weekly vaticinations. But if one balances one uncertainty against another, one can at least make a well-informed guess.

The most optimistic forecast that one can make runs something like this: in 1946 Britain had to spend abroad, in one way or another, £400 million more than she received from abroad. One can predict that the deficit for 1947 will not be quite so severe; it may be only £350 million. Now at the beginning of 1947 she had about £950 million left of her United States and Canadian dollar credits. A 1947 deficit of £350 million would have to be met by drawing on these credits, but it would leave £600 million of them; that should be enough, if the annual deficits

continue to diminish, to carry her through two or three more years, perhaps indeed until the account has had a chance to balance itself. This would be a reasonably cheerful prospect.*

III

BUT this little statistical exercise is open to serious questioning; and as the questioning proceeds, the skies darken. To begin with, it is not likely that exports from Britain will reach the figure on which these calculations are based—£1,200 million. For not only did the coal crisis of last winter half-paralyze British industry and thus reduce exports sharply; it also accentuated the shortages of parts which had already plagued so many factories. We know well, from our recent American experience during the strikes, how a shutdown in a factory which makes, let us say, automobile parts can bring other and larger factories to a halt; and how industry as a whole can run smoothly only when there is a steady and co-ordinated flow of materials and parts throughout the whole system—when, in the jargon of business, “the pipelines are full.” This sort of co-ordination is missing in much of British industry today. Delays in one plant mean further delays in another plant, and only gradually do the pipelines fill. For this reason few of Britain’s exporting industries can be expected to increase their exports appreciably this year. If the target of £1,200 is to be reached, a few favorably placed industries—such as automobiles, chemicals, electrical goods, and rubber manufactures—must *double* their exports. It will be a major miracle if they can step up their production fast enough to do so.

And even if they can work this miracle, there remains the problem of selling the goods. Up to now Britain, like other ex-

porters, has been able to sell easily practically everything she could get into the world markets. But soon the situation will change. Salesmen will find themselves surrounded by competitors, and price will become a determining factor. The change will be gradual, but probably by the end of 1948 it will be complete: by that time foreign trade will have become a buyer’s market. This means that the British will find it harder and harder to sell what they can manage to produce.

How much these two factors will reduce Britain’s sales abroad it is hard to say. The *Times* “Review of Industry” has guessed at a reduction of £100 to £150 million in 1947. At any rate, it is altogether likely that the hoped-for total of £1,200 million of exports will not be reached.

ANOTHER difficulty will result from the approaching “free convertibility” of sterling (meaning, of course, pounds, shillings, and pence) into dollars. This difficulty cannot be explained without going pretty deeply into the intricacies of international finance. I shall explain it to the best of my ability; but if these intricacies baffle you, I shall not hold it against you if you skip the small print and proceed to the estimate at the end of it.

As is well known, one of the many exasperating consequences of the Great Depression was the rise of exchange controls, designed to bring under close governmental supervision the movement of money across frontiers. The British, as they became involved in financial difficulties, made it no longer possible to convert pounds into dollars on demand. It became necessary to fill “up” (we say “in”) forms, giving good reasons for wanting dollars; to submit the forms to critical government officials; and to run the risk that the reasons were not quite good enough and that the application would thereupon be rejected. During the war the United Kingdom ran a dollar pool into which all dollars earned by herself, the Dominions, and a few other countries were put, and which were then doled out to these countries to pay for absolutely essential dollar purchases. This of course created a bad hurdle for international traders to jump; and in the general agreement which accompanied the big American loan, the British agreed to demolish it and make sterling once more freely convertible as it used to be in the old days. This is to be done on July 15, 1947, though actually the British began working toward it last February.

So far, so good. But there is a catch. Free convertibility is to apply chiefly to current transactions; that is, to sterling earned in supplying

* I submit here the basis on which a deficit of £350 million is arrived at:

Britain must spend for imports . . .	£1,450 million
Her government must spend abroad . . .	175 million
<hr/>	
Total to be spent	£1,625 million
Exports will bring in	£1,200 million
Other income from abroad	75 million
<hr/>	
Total income from abroad . . .	£1,275 million
Resulting deficit	350 million

goods and services to Britain after July 15 (or last February in some cases). But it does *not* apply, save in exceptional instances to be mentioned in a moment, to the vast accumulations of sterling piled up in British banks during the war by countries which supplied Britain with goods and services to prosecute the war. Britain paid for their goods and services by depositing sterling to their accounts in British banks. These balances were frozen, or blocked, as there was nothing on which to spend them in England during the war (nor could they be converted into dollars and spent in America, since Britain had no dollars of equivalent amount and anyhow the American market was not open either. It, too, had gone to war.) The result was that these war-generated sterling balances reached monumental proportions. They constitute Britain's war debt and are chiefly owed to India, Egypt, Eire, Palestine, and Iraq, though many other countries also own considerable sums.

It is one of the provisions of the United States loan agreement that the United Kingdom shall negotiate with the countries holding these balances to determine their ultimate disposition. The hope is that the balances can be arbitrarily reduced (to wring out some of the water due to wartime inflation) and that the remainder can then be "funded" (or translated into long-term loans) at a low rate of interest, with a schedule showing just how much sterling Britain will repay on these accounts annually over perhaps the next fifty years. The annual payments would be subject, like current earnings, to free convertibility.

If and when the agreements about the war-generated sterling balances are made, certain countries will therefore be able, if they choose, to convert their current sterling earnings and also fractions of the war balances each year into dollars. Obviously the demand on Britain for dollars is going to be heavy, though how heavy is not really known. Therefore, in addition to her own need for dollars, Britain must add the demand created by the convertibility of sterling:

British experts say that during 1947 this convertibility demand will be likely to run to about £100 million or £150 million. Whatever the sum may be, it will throw out of kilter by just so much more the optimistic estimates with which we started.

NEXT comes the knotty problem of Britain's stocks of raw materials and of food. Obviously British factories cannot operate without using some raw materials which are not produced in England; these materials must be imported. In the effort to import just as little as possible during 1946, she dipped down into the supplies which she had accumulated in previous years, until

she was just about scraping the bottom of the barrel. The optimistic estimates with which we began make no provision for building up these supplies again; they are based upon Britain's continuing to skimp along with a minimum. But sooner or later, if she intends to achieve enough prosperity to balance her international accounts, she will have to buy more raw materials abroad; and it seems doubtful if she can get along even through 1947 on a completely hand-to-mouth basis without serious risk to her future production.

And in any case she must buy considerable food, for the result of last winter's ugly weather upon British farms was disastrous. To expect the British people to go even hungrier than they have gone in recent years would be brutal—and also (in cold economic terms) dangerous to the future of British industry. If the nation's stocks of raw materials and food are to be built up this year, even to a minimum degree, this may involve an additional expenditure of anything up to £200 million.

Finally, Britain will be faced with other unavoidable expenditures of dollars. The best illustration is the cost of the British occupation of Germany. Britain has to meet part of this—perhaps a third—in dollars, chiefly to buy American food for the Germans. It is obvious that whatever allocation has been made for 1947 may very well prove insufficient for unpredictable reasons. The same is true of the other foreign dollar expenditures of the government. Perhaps the excess will be something like £50 million.

Now let us see where we stand. If we add to the estimated dollar deficit of £350 million the maximum figures given above—£150 million for failure to export as much as has been planned, £150 million to cover demands for dollars under free convertibility of sterling; £200 million to replenish stocks of raw materials and food, and say £50 million for miscellaneous increases in expenditures abroad, especially in Germany—and you arrive at a total deficit of £900 million for the year 1947. This would almost extinguish the £950 million balance of the United States and Canadian dollar credits. On this showing the dollar crisis will come toward the end of 1947.

IV

ACTUALLY, of course, it probably won't work out precisely this way. I must remind you again that we are dealing with informed guesses, not verifiable facts. The whole picture is full of uncertainties.

It is only fair to mention several factors which may reduce the speed with which the dollar deficit will accumulate. First, the Labor government apparently plans to continue to skimp along without replenishing its stocks, dangerous though this may be. One reason why it is thus postponing purchases abroad is presumably the hope that prices over here will drop appreciably, thus enabling Britain to get what she needs more cheaply. With luck, this postponement may help her; and of course it will conserve dollars in the meantime.

Second, it is possible that the British export program for 1947 will go better than has appeared likely up to now.

Third, the rush to convert sterling into dollars may not be as precipitate as I have suggested. You can't buy anything and everything in the United States just yet—especially if you rebel at sky-high prices—and this may slow down the demand on Britain for dollars.

Fourth, the British are engaged in a systematic effort to cut down their imports from dollar areas. Dr. Dalton began this current effort by radically increasing the domestic taxes on tobacco, until Englishmen must now pay from 67 to 75 cents for a pack of twenty cigarettes. Other imports will also be cut. How much effect such Spartan measures will have, it is hard to say; but you may expect the British government to conserve their dollars even at the cost of great discomfort for their people.

Fifth, the government will try in every possible way to increase British exports to the "hard currency" countries, like Sweden, Switzerland, Canada, and particularly the United States, rather than to the "soft currency" countries whose money is not readily convertible into dollars. The government will have to make it clear to British business men that exports to Italy, let us say, or Greece, do Britain little or no

good, because they are paid for in money that isn't easily exchanged for dollars. Britain's foreign trade in 1946 was wrongly directed for her health: too much of it was with the soft-currency areas. It may be possible to improve this situation in 1947.

Finally, economic revival in Western Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East—especially Western Europe, whose economic health is crucial for Britain—may proceed more rapidly than has been expected. The central factor here will be the speed with which dollar loans can be made and put to work, including the loans of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, which for some time to come will be made only in dollars. To the extent that the rest of the world recovers, Britain's position will be improved.

Balancing the favorable and unfavorable factors as best one can—and admitting all the uncertainties which bedevil one's estimates—it seems clear that the dollar loans already made cannot possibly carry Britain to the end of 1950, as was hoped; that pretty surely they won't last through 1948; and that the dollar crisis is likely to arrive within the next twelve months. The real question now is not, "Will there be a dollar crisis?" but "What can be done to ease it when it comes?"

V

IT is interesting to recall that some of the British critics of the American loan, foreseeing such a crisis as I am now forecasting, argued that it would be better for Britain to face it in 1945-46 than later. They contended that the crisis was inevitable, that the loan was not big enough to cover the expected gap in dollar accounts, that if accepted it would create a false sense of security in British minds, delaying the hard work and deep sacrifices really necessary to rehabilitate Britain, and that therefore it was better to face the music right away than to face it later at a worse moment. The argument implied, quite correctly, that Britain would not go under in such a crisis, that things would be devilishly tough, but that the people would buckle down to work and pull the country through. This argument

had great force at the time; it still has great force. I am sure at least that the year 1948 will be a worse year for a dollar crisis than 1946.

If allowed to descend on the country in full force, the crisis will produce social consequences somewhat like those of last winter's coal crisis, but with the effect multiplied many fold. Let me try to sketch a few things that may happen. Every variety of control over foreign transactions, including financial, will promptly be instituted. Britain will abandon her allegiance to an "open" international trading system in favor of a managed system, claiming that such a change is necessary to her salvation. In so far as foodstuffs and raw materials must be drawn from dollar countries, they will cease to flow to Britain, or will flow in sharply reduced quantities. Food rations will be cut. Shortages of industrial raw materials will be very acute and many industries will have to close down. Millions will go on the dole. The country will experience something closely comparable to a very sharp economic depression.

Not only will millions be workless, and hungry, but political turmoil will be inevitable. The Labor party will be fighting for its very life (not merely to retain office). It will try to institute counter-depression public spending; it will, as Herbert Morrison has already predicted, argue that more government—rather than less—will cure the crisis; but time will be short and the Conservatives will be after the Laborites full cry. They will allege, correctly, that Britain was never worse off; and they will allege, quite incorrectly, that they can correct the situation if given office.

The British Conservatives today lack both the mystique and the magic needed to deal with the nation's problems. They are as programless as our Republicans were in 1934. There is every indication that the people of Britain are completely aware of this; and while they may get to dislike and distrust the Labor government, there is no indication yet that they regard the Conservatives as offering an acceptable alternative. I think the Labor party will survive in office, battered, bloodied, but unbowed.

THERE are four lines of action open to it to ease the crisis and I rather expect that it will use all of them, in some combination impossible to predict at present.

First, the government, as a very temporary expedient, can turn to the International Monetary Fund and purchase dollars of a value up to 25 per cent of the United Kingdom's quota. This will give the government \$325 million (or about £81 million), perhaps a drop in the deficit bucket, but then again perhaps the drop that will save the day.

Second, Britain can apply to the International Bank for a loan. This money, however, could not be used merely to balance current accounts. It would have to be used to improve productive capacity. Such a loan would be, in a sense, the long-term complement of the advance from the Monetary Fund. But as the borrowing from the Fund would not solve the long-term problem, so the borrowing from the bank would not solve the short-term problem. Nevertheless a bank loan is another expedient well worth using as a dramatic contribution to the basic problem of the nation, its need to increase productivity.

Third, Britain can claim that the imbalance in international payments is fundamental, and can apply measures designed to support full employment within the country, even if these are restrictive of international trade and finance as allowed by the recent ruling of the executive directors of the International Monetary Fund. I have stated as much above in trying to indicate the probable domestic reactions to the crisis, but I cite the point here again to emphasize that Britain's departures from the newly emerging international economic orthodoxy would be quite "legal" and theoretically temporary, even though in my opinion likely to be very enduring. There are many partisans of "managed" foreign trade in Britain who will crowd their advantage in the event of a crisis.

Fourth, Britain can enter into negotiations with the United States and Canada for new dollar loans. These, it seems to me, would be granted, but only after another careful assessment of the evidence for Britain's capacity to recover com-

pletely, tempered by political considerations allied to the new Truman Doctrine. I am not at all surprised that it is rumored in London that Bernard Baruch has written to President Truman advocating such a loan. In a magazine article written last March I myself suggested that a loan would sooner or later become necessary. It is in the cards, and what is in the cards always inspires predictions and rumors.

But equally I can understand why the British government has so far been playing down the idea publicly, though it must be exploring it privately. The Labor government is very cautious about forecasting reverses. It lets them happen and then tries to lift public morale by publicizing its remedies. If now it began to argue that Britain can survive only if it borrows more American dollars, the psychological effect would be very bad indeed. But when the dollar crisis comes, a new loan can be presented in a better atmosphere and, to the accompaniment of wails and groans

from the Labor left and the Conservative right, can be put across as the logical alternative to ills from which any sane man would flee if he could.

What anti-British and economy-minded Americans will say when the subject is finally opened up can readily be imagined. The least scornful remarks will be variations on the old saw, "Why throw good money after bad?" But the loan will, I think, be made in the end; though whether it will succeed in rehabilitating Britain as a major industrial nation my crystal ball does not at this moment reveal.

The dollar crisis will be very grim for Britain at best. To do what we Americans can to mitigate its effects, and to give Britain more time in which to cure her deepest disorder—her inability to produce enough to pay her way in the world out of her own resources—will be one of those gambles which we shall have to take in the process of getting the world back on something like an even keel.

Capital City: Atomic Age

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN

WE HEAR the thin rain tire of falling.
 Streets glisten and the mangy trees look dark.
 Beams capture altitude above the park.
 Fear haunts the cold. Sirens are calling.
 Along each avenue the lamps turn dim.
 Bars shut their doors. The customers file out.
 One more disaster gathers in a shout.
 As headlines rave and margins grow more slim.
 There's time for this quick glass before we part
 To stagger separate up the panic street:
 Tell us how friends may conquer death, and meet
 Once more in sunlight with a trusting heart?

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

IT is hard to make out what publishers think about book reviews, possibly because their emotions get so tangled with the folklore of their profession that they find it hard to think about them at all. To the outward view they seem to be concerned solely with the effect of reviews on the sale of a book, though every publisher I have ever known has told me that they have no effect at all. Nevertheless they all believe that favorable front-page reviews in the Sunday literary sections of the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune* in the week of publication will put a book over, though experience proves them wrong at least twenty times a year. They all set their copy-writers combing through the other reviews for favorable opinions and for opinions that can be made to look favorable by canny editing. (To my friends in the profession: don't accuse me of using a cliché here. Within the year two unfavorable reviews of mine have been advertised as raves, one of them so flagrantly that I got letters from as far away as San Francisco asking if I had lost my mind.) Every publisher's average advertisement consists of excerpts from reviews which he believes cannot influence sales. If he has to go to Texarkana, Escanaba, and Capitola papers for good notices, he goes there. The leading reviewer of *Salome Where She Danced* is a prominent critic when he likes a book, and a publisher who has just had a book cruelly wronged by a well-known name in any of a dozen weeklies or dailies is as eloquent a man as you can bear.

I can, however, represent the other interests concerned in reviewing. Fifteen books I have written and a dozen others

in which I have had a hand have gone through the mill. I have been a practicing reviewer for twenty-odd years. For two years I edited one of the leading literary weeklies. And I regularly read a good many literary sections for guidance in determining which new books to read and which to disregard. On the basis of this experience, how does it look? This way: at least half the reviews regularly published in the United States are scandalously bad. Well, if you press me, more than half.

There are a lot of good reviewers in the country—but nowhere near enough. Nearly every big city has at least one good literary column, page, or section. (Not every one: I give you Boston and Los Angeles.) Outside New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, however, the editor has only a few competent reviewers beside himself to call on—a dozen at best, more likely two or three. Editors in those cities have more than that on call and editors of nationally circulated literary sections can use all the competent reviewers there are. But no editor can get competent reviewers for all the books which he knows in advance are important, not to speak of those which without advance warning will turn out to be important.

The reason for this is simple. Reviewing is one of the hardest literary jobs, one that calls for much intelligence and skill, and it is also one of the most poorly paid. In the last couple of years the leading mediums have raised their rates for full-length and feature reviewing to about half what a competent reviewer could afford to accept if he were to review more than occasionally. The fees paid for short reviews, which require as much

time as longer ones, call for just as much judgment, and may be even harder to write, remain so low that a competent reviewer can afford such an assignment only as self-indulgence. At best therefore a good reviewer can work only now and then, and when he does so must interrupt the job he is doing, usually at a critical stage. He can accept only about one out of three or four assignments offered him. When he accepts one, he is likely to be the editor's third or fourth choice for the book assigned—that is, in the editor's judgment not the best reviewer for it. So a large percentage of books known to be important and a much larger percentage of all others go to young, insufficiently informed, or insufficiently experienced reviewers. That is, to people of whom many do not know what the job calls for, or do not know what they are talking about, or do not know how to think straight or express themselves clearly, or will use the assignment to serve some private, usually egotistical urge.

A WRITER's stake in reviewing is that his book shall be described objectively and accurately and be appraised by clearly discernible criteria. Beyond that he should have little concern. If he is a mature writer he knows the defects and excellencies of his book at least as well as any reviewer is likely to discover them, and he judges the reviews according to this private knowledge. He listens carefully (if often with mortification) to reviewers whose intelligence or special qualifications he respects, and sometimes he acquires respect for others he had not previously heard of. He has learned to disregard the rest, whether they appear in the *New York Times* or the *Capitola Union*, whether they call his book a masterpiece or a bust. Praise on grounds that he knows to be mistaken, or praise from someone who obviously is not qualified to judge the book, does not delight him; if he has a decent pride of craft it will seem an impertinence. Clearly mistaken condemnation, personal or ideological attacks, reviews that tell him what book or kind of book he ought to have written instead of this one, reviews that take off from this one to settle some earlier book of his do

not trouble him more than momentarily and ought not to trouble him at all. He knew when he began writing the book that it must necessarily bore or bewilder some people, displease or offend others, and infuriate still others. That is a fixed condition of any writer's work.

Of course, a good many writers never do mature. Our books are extensions of our egos, which is why many writers feel deeply and talk absurdly about reviews. At their twentieth book they are still publishing their first one: to praise it is practically to make love to them and to disparage it is almost to attack the sources of their personal power. Asking reviewers to be objective, they remain incapable of objectivity themselves. Stay away from them when the reviews are coming in: they are more eloquent than publishers.

THE public's stake in reviewing is larger but at the first step is the same as the writer's, that a book shall be accurately described. Frequently it isn't; you may assume that on even the best literary page up to a third of the books reviewed are slightly or grossly misrepresented through sheer inaccuracy. The first test of a reviewer's competence, in fact, is whether he can say what a book is. We should be able to trust a reviewer not to tell us that a book is about Virginia when actually it is about West Virginia, not to report batholiths as laccoliths or neuroses as psychoses or B-29's as P-38's or Know-Nothings as Doughfaces, not to confuse Jeff Davis with Jefferson Davis in one paragraph of his review and with Jefferson Columbus Davis in another, not to put the decimal point where the author didn't or to shift the book to a different century or continent. We should be able to but shockingly often we are not. I have collected a dozen reviews of a recent book that interested me. The publisher of that book supplied a map and the author supplied a chronology—but in this handful of reviews I find important judgments made on the basis of errors in reading of up to twelve hundred miles and up to thirty years. Those judgments are wrong, a book has been misrepresented, and the public has been misled.

The same goes for fiction. When a re-

viewer summarizes the story of a novel he should not say that it was Joe who got murdered when the author made it Bob, he should not fasten love's bitter frustration on Mary when in the novel Mary has a fine time and it is Geraldine who suffers, he should report the principal actions and the principal motives and emotions as the author does. Too often he does not, and the frequency of error increases when we turn from the obvious to the subtler effects of fiction. Many novels are seriously misrepresented every week because reviewers have missed the point, have taken straight what was ironical, have misunderstood a symbolist, or otherwise have failed to take in what they were reading. The reviewer's pat comeback, that the novelist failed in intelligence or skill, is frequently right, but it is just as frequently wrong. The reviewer read too rapidly or too carelessly or in the light of his preconceptions. Or he was just stupid. The public loses out.

A REVIEW is no place for the elaborate metaphysical conclusions that formal criticism tries to reach, but clearly a reviewer is obliged to give his reader a first approximation. He must say whether the book is worth anything and if so about how much, what it achieves in its own terms and about how much those terms are worth. Moreover, because all these things are relative and contingent, he is also obliged to make clear just where he is sitting. Some reviewers do make this clear, some do not try to, and a good many do not realize that they are sitting anywhere in particular.

A lot of reviewing below the first class contains deliberate crusading, special pleading, or propaganda—literary, political, economic, philosophical, coterie—that destroys objectivity. In much more the same stuff is unconscious or involuntary. The amount of both conscious and unpremeditated distortion increases as the book in question moves from fact to opinion, as it is debatable or controversial, as it conflicts with accepted or merely conventional thinking, as it transgresses any kind of group sentiments or fashions, even as it is novel, even as it is original. Sometimes these biases are self-evident,

sometimes they can easily be recognized and allowed for by anyone. But if they are not allowed for they mislead the reader.

There are many class angles and party lines in reviewing and they invariably destroy objectivity. Intellectual honesty would not be expected in, say, a review in the *New Masses*; the phrase has no meaning there. In other places it may have only a specialized, sophisticated meaning, it may refer to a set of interlocked ideas that come in sets. A book about antique furniture, let us say, may without much reference to its content be a good book in one review because millionaires buy antiques, or a bad book in another one because angular coffee tables are thought of as advanced and only the advanced can contribute to the good life. Antiques may signify beauty or the love of it, graciousness, a sense of the past, the cultural heritage, conservatism, escapism, acquisitiveness, vicarious experience, finance capital, fascism, or the eventual triumph of world communism—and if so let the reader whom the review undertook to serve beware. In fact this sort of thinking is an occupational hazard of reviewing, since so many intellectuals and literary people have their ideas in matched set. Such people are not capable of much objective judgment or reporting. A contact with any of the matched ideas throws all the switches in the circuit. Frequently, in fact, they cannot read what is printed on the page. The optical nerve starts to transmit the type but what reaches the brain is an accord or a disagreement with a 144-piece wedding anniversary set of sentiments.

Reviewing that proceeds from this kind of thinking may annoy a writer but it can be helpful to readers if they recognize it for what it is. There are a dozen magazines and two dozen prominent reviewers on behalf of whom any experienced reader can predict in advance almost literally what they will say about any given book. Precisely because such thinking is continuous it makes a dependable point of reference. Anyone who knows its orientation can correct for it and steer a reasonably sure course. All of us have one or two reviewers whose approval of a book is a

sufficient recommendation. All of us also have one or two others whose approval is of itself a notification that we need not bother.

A LITERARY editor cannot read all the books he must send out; he has to size them up and send them on trust to the reviewers on his list who seem the best ones according to that snap judgment. Sometimes his judgment is wrong; sometimes he cannot get the reviewer he most wants. Furthermore, he must take the reviewer's word. The time-limits within which he operates prevent him from doing any but the most superficial editing. He can check the reviewer's copy for errors of fact, misstatements, or misconceptions that are self-evident or within his own information. There are so many of these in the copy of even the best reviewers that all literary editors are cynical and profane and have developed a tic that has them looking over their shoulders. Beyond that, an editor can only print what he gets and pray that no gross misrepresentations have escaped him. He puts his sheet to bed every week in a justified conviction that some probably have.

One improvement in the service they offer, however, is easily possible to editors. There is too much irrelevance in the assigning of reviews. The fact that someone's book is currently a best seller does not of itself make him a good reviewer, though editors sometimes think it does and his name looks good on the cover. An editor's sense of humor may betray him and there is too much stunt-reviewing. (I once sent the season's stickiest marshmallow to a celebrated producer of marshmallows; the result amused me and some others but it was no service to my readers.) More to the point, there should be enough con-

sistency so that a reader could count on books of the same kind or successive books of the same author being reviewed from something like the same point of view. It is stultifying to publish in a single issue of a magazine six reviews of books about Russia stained six different hues from pale crimson to deep brown, and an editor who has me review Mr. Steinbeck's novel of this year and sends the next one to Mr. Cowley is putting a strain on his readers.

A reader who follows, say, Mr. Barzun in *Harper's* or Mr. Wilson in the *New Yorker* not only knows that he can count on an objective analysis of current books by an expert intelligence, he also knows that from issue to issue he will find those books appraised according to the same predilections, values, and first principles. He need not necessarily adopt Mr. Barzun's or Mr. Wilson's criteria himself but he knows what they are and can count on their being constant. To some reasonable extent he ought to be able to count on a literary section in the same way. Its team of reviewers ought all to be intelligent and expert. They ought all to inhabit the same sector of thought—if one journal resolved to subtend no more than ninety degrees, four would cover the whole field. They ought all to be well-informed and urbane and liberal, and besides the omniscience happily granted to all reviewers at birth they ought all to have a number of specialties—about which they ought never to write as specialists. Every literary editor publishes that kind of magazine in his dreams, the night after he has read proof on this week's issue. Maybe evolution will arrive at it some day but we ought to help evolution along. The first step would be to increase the annual production of competent reviewers. Publishers could make a start by raising the rate of pay.

THE PUBLIC OPINION MYTH

ERNEST BORNEMAN

Pictorial Comment by Robert Joyce

JUST about a year ago, when the invasion of British movies was beginning to cause a few raised eyebrows among the initiates on the West Coast, there arrived in New York a minor British motion picture magnate whose reputation as stormy petrel of the industry has always far outdistanced his actual share of the industry's corporate income. Sir Alexander Korda, knight errant of the British movies, Hungarian-born graduate of Ufa and United Artists, arrived after some absence from these shores, was duly interviewed, and said a mouthful: No, he was "most definitely not anti-Hollywood," but he felt that Hollywood was flirting with complete intellectual stagnation because of its "utter dependence upon Dr. Gallup and his polling system."

This struck the boys out West as altogether uncalled for. After all, whatever the naughty upstarts on the little island near Europe had managed on their own to turn out in the line of motion pictures, it wasn't very big potatoes on the international scale of income and investment. And if there was anything that the boys at home had really learned, it was the proper scientific handling of market research. Of all the things at the home front that might be open to question, this was perhaps the only one which was entirely above criticism. "Aren't we giving the people what they want?" the petulant voices asked, more baffled than perturbed.

"Aren't we supposed to protect our shareholders' investments by making sure that the public will buy our product?"

"No," Sir Alex said. "It is in the nature of the business to take chances and see to it that they make the kind of pictures which will excite and interest the public. If a producer belongs in the movie business, he will be right more often than wrong. If not, he should get out of movies altogether. The cook book says 'flavor with a pinch of salt or a suspicion of garlic.' Do you want Dr. Gallup to tabulate how many grains are wanted to make a pinch?"

The industry's answer was yes. And perhaps it was a little unkind to limit the question to the movies. All heavily capitalized branches of the entertainment industry have for years held the extravagant conviction that the single cook will spoil the broth for sure. Large groups of experts in solidly-armed phalanx have entered the kitchen, shouldering spoons in concert and mapping complex strategies in the recipe book. Among them, the public opinion pollsters have been most vocal in swearing allegiance to the faith that you can't have too many cooks to safeguard the broth.

"But it is all such damn nonsense," says Sir Alex, remembering "The Private Life of Henry VIII," that pioneering film which almost single-handedly built the British movie industry. "How would you react if someone stopped you on the street,

Ernest Borneman last appeared in this magazine in March, when he finished the second of his two articles on "The Jazz Cult." Now he tackles another branch of the entertainment industry.

or rang your doorbell, and asked, 'Would you like to see a picture about a sixteenth century English king and his several wives?' "

Sidney Buchman, producer of the phenomenally successful screen biography of Chopin, "A Song to Remember," chimed in with Sir Alex and asked, "Who in his senses would go to see a picture if you asked him whether he wants to sit through one hour and a half of eighteenth century music?" But the pollsters had their answer. They said: "If you've got to make a picture about old music, you'd better be careful to omit the music from your advertising copy lest it keep away the millions who may turn out to be glad they've bought tickets once you've got them safely inside your theater."

II

THE key word here was "advertising." The practice of polling the public mind for frankly commercial ends was originally introduced by the advertising agencies to drum up business for themselves. At this stage of its growth the upstart was known as "market analysis" or "consumer research." It was a gold mine from the beginning.

In so far as it dealt with permanent consumer needs it was a feasible, functional, and largely unobjectionable business; and in so far as it succeeded in making better commodities available at a cheaper price for those who needed them, it fulfilled a legitimate purpose. The purpose, however, became cloudy when the manufacturers of luxury goods began to use the researchers to *create* a demand instead of merely analyzing one.

This process might be compared to the activities of a physician who has discovered a latent drug addiction among a number of his patients. Instead of trying to heal it, he sells his professionally-gained knowledge to a drug manufacturer who, in his turn, keeps the doctor on his payroll to build up the latent addiction into a permanent drug habit among all his patients. Challenged on the ethics of his procedure, the outraged doctor says, "Why, I only gave the people what they wanted. Is this a democracy or isn't it?"

This logic, of course, did not only lay

itself open to moral doubt, but it also proved less profitable in the long run than its proponents had hoped. The radio and motion picture industries—the two largest supporters of the market researchers in the cultural field—found that great numbers of their potential consumers, horrified by the spectacle of addiction among their fellow citizens, had decided to stay away from their wares altogether. This, coupled with the fact that the addicts themselves were increasingly unstable in their craving for satisfaction, called for constant readjustment in the size and admixture of the dose and made the whole process unduly expensive for the industry.

It was the old vicious circle of boom and slump, but owing to the peculiar nature of the product, the viciousness had become so obvious that the process fell much more rapidly under suspicion than it might have if the product had truly been essential and the market had not been forced. How was it, then, that the product was ever mistaken for a staple, and how had



the market ever allowed itself to be forced to this extent? The reason, of course, was directly inherent in the technology of the entertainment industry and the economics of show business.

III

THE sponsor's unwillingness to pig in the poke without a glance at the meat market was the first branch of the radio industry to develop audience on a national scale. The early years, from Crossley to Hooper, were concerned with getting as many potential customers as possible to a particular program. H

the coincidental telephone call system, and at the time of writing he claims to be making 1,228,230 calls per study. The Nielsen system which came along a few years ago—backed, it seemed, by extraordinarily large publicity funds—attacked the Hooper system with full-page advertisements in *Variety* and other trade publications. It claimed that the Hooper-ating failed to take notice of that large sector of the public which either had no telephones or lived in rural surroundings beyond the reach of Mr. Hooper's telephone snoopers.

To this Mr. Hooper replied that he had already completed a revised system. His scheme was to collaborate with the Broadcast Measurement Bureau and the U. S. Census authorities to establish a national coast-to-coast rating for full network shows which would supply information on audience composition, audience occupation, sex, age, and sponsor identification. This left Mr. Nielsen no alternative but to offer an entirely new service—the Nielsen Radio Index, "which measures the minute-by-minute listening of U. S. radio families" and "creates a new and valid yardstick for measuring network values" by determining "the cost per minute of actual audience, earned in terms of *total time and talent expenditures*." What this meant, translated into the American language, was that the sponsor was supplied with an accounting in dollars and cents for the cost of his show per head of listener. For example, if a half-hour program with a talent cost of \$3,000 and a time cost of \$6,000 had a point rating of 10, its cost per rating point per minute would be \$30. This was arrived at by adding the talent cost (\$3,000) to the network cost (\$6,000); total cost: \$9,000. Divide that figure by the number of minutes the show is to run (30) and you get the program cost per minute: \$300. Divide that figure by the number of points per minute and you get the cost of the show per rating point per minute: \$30.

Of the closed competition between Nielsen and Hooper, the Federal Communications Commission has thrown the whole shell into the arena—the FCC has queried the whole re-alm of radio networks, sponsors, and the public. By way of retort,

the National Association of Broadcasters hit back and commissioned Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Mr. Harry Field of the National Opinion Research Center to draw up a new sort of survey which was to be published at Chapel Hill under the title *The People Look at Radio*. When this report came out, the broadcasters announced gleefully that two-thirds of the total radio audience had a "positive feeling" toward their commercials. But when you looked closely at the figures, you found that although 23 per cent were "in favor" of commercials and 41 per cent didn't "particularly mind" them, 33 per cent definitely didn't like them and 3 per cent had no opinion. The FCC might just as well have paraphrased the figures by saying that only 23 per cent of radio listeners were satisfied with what they were getting and 74 per cent were either lukewarm or opposed to them.

Perhaps the best summary of the Hooper-Nielsen-Lazarsfeld dispute was made in *Variety*, the trade paper of the entertainment industry. "The whole business of ratings," it said, "is having an evil influence on the structure of radio programming. . . . They tend more and more to perpetuate the few top-rating shows that have been around for many years, and . . . until such time that proper emphasis is placed on other vital facets . . . it will stymie development of new programming and hurt the cause of radio."

BUT to hold the pollsters solely responsible for the decline in radio programming was perhaps somewhat hasty. The pattern of programming was closely linked to the particular pattern of finance that had arisen in the entertainment industry. Most of the real estate and much of the equipment of the radio and motion picture industries had been acquired with the aid of bonds and other forms of long-term debt. More than thirty per cent of the total invested capital in the seven major picture companies and a good deal of the capital originally invested in the major networks was borrowed. When the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations completed their motion picture research projects in 1943, they found that nearly half the total capital of

Warner Brothers and Paramount was borrowed and that the principal corporate officers of four out of the five biggest companies were bondholders or their representatives.

To paraphrase the argument of the Rockefeller and Carnegie reports, debt financing itself has had one startling effect on not only the stockholders, dividend policies, and internal corporate practices of the major entertainment organizations, but also the product on which the whole structure rests—the show itself. Show business—by nature the most fluid and experimental of all craft processes—has gradually become harnessed to a form of organization which can rarely afford to be either experimental or speculative, because of the regularity with which heavy fixed charges have to be met.

Audience opinion polls, therefore, are not merely statistical and psychological operations. They are essentially tied to the economic structure of the entertainment industry. To say that flaws in tabulation have occurred here and there, or that the psychology of an audience has occasionally been misinterpreted, is no more pertinent to the discussion of the pollsters and their place in our cultural pattern than an accounting mistake in the books of the Stalingrad Tractor Plant is relevant to a discussion of the Soviet system. The real issue at stake is considerably larger and more grave.

IV

IT SEEMS legitimate to wonder how men of the perspicacity which has distinguished some of the best work in market research could have failed to realize from the beginning that most of their research practices were not adaptable to the cultural field. The very attempt to adapt them to that field was virtually certain to cause damage.

Obviously, the premise of a stable audience with reasonably permanent and objectively verifiable needs simply does not hold in the cultural field. Transplanted from economics to culture, this premise became an obvious interference with the free play of human intelligence. To say that men would always need warm clothing in cold weather obviously was a statement of fact; but to say that men would always need soap operas in America was just as obviously a plain insult. Yet the pollsters, straight-faced and single-minded, proceeded to ram their hypothesis down the public's throat; the public, unaware of what was happening, had barely time to gag.

What was this hypothesis and how did it affect the public's mental health? Adapted from mercantile economics to a field where mercantilism does not apply, the theory assumed a shallow, slothful, and unchangeable crowd, forever doomed to frustration and thus forever dependent upon the wish fulfilment of certain minimum needs—sex, glamor, adventure, wealth, power, and the rest of them. The whole range of subtleties which make up the pattern of civilized behavior was not only rejected as being beyond the grasp of the audience—it was dismissed as irrelevant to their real desires.

The premise, for instance, on which Dr. Gallup's Audience Research, Inc. operates in its analysis of audience reactions to motion picture titles is the so-called "control title." When Dr. Gallup's field workers begin to question their audience, they carry with them four titles, two of them genuine items to be tested and the other private and secret "control titles" to which even the client himself has no access. These control titles are deemed to represent the ultimate in sales appeal. They test invariably an even 100 on the AR (audience reaction) scale. They there-



fore present the concept of a rigid entity which will withstand all variations of time, space, and personal intelligence; and they pose, by implication, the premise of an essentially rigid, stereotyped, and stagnant public, incapable of development and uninterested in it.

The whole of the pollsters' movement rests on this concept. Audience Research, Inc., which operates mainly in the motion picture industry, begins to click into action on this premise while the production still consists of little more than a title, a one-line story idea, and a tentative suggestion for the casting of the two or three leading roles. If a national canvass reveals that, say, 60 people out of 100 may want to see a film with title A, cast B, and story C, AR goes out to pick up 100 persons of representative age, sex, and occupation, of whom 60 want to see the picture and 40 do not. It then puts them into a studio projection room to show them the rough-cut of the film as far as it has been completed by then. Each member of the audience is given a little dial which registers five stages of reaction from "very dull" and "dull" to "neutral," "like," and "like very much." With the help of the Hopkins Televoting System, the combined impulses of the audience are then registered on a graph which shows the rise and fall of audience appreciation in relation to a time-axis corresponding to the succession of scenes in the film.

This graph, known as the "preview profile," is studied by the producer and director in company with their editor, and they may then attempt by cautious trimming or by judicious reshooting to eliminate the dips in the graph. When the alterations are complete, the revised version is submitted to a second preview jury, and sometimes to a third and fourth until either the dips are leveled out or further alteration is deemed impossible.

SIGNIFICANTLY enough, Audience Research does not cease its operations at this point but begins to transform itself chameleonlike from an academic research organization into an active distribution and publicity counsel. Perhaps the fact that Dr. Gallup shares the ownership of AR with Raymond Rubicam of

the public relations firm of Young & Rubicam has something to do with this extraordinary metamorphosis. If the preview profile looks favorable, AR now recommends that the picture should open in a single key theater with a maximum of publicity fanfare and that the subsequent runs should be slowly spaced out so that the reputation of the film can spread by word of mouth ahead of the actual screening, thus generating a gentle tension between curiosity and satisfaction. Inversely, when the preview profile shows certain irreparable dips, AR advises that the picture be shown simultaneously in as many cities as there are prints available and buried as quickly as possible thereafter.



Beyond this, AR may suggest to its client the precise city and the actual theater within that city in which his film should have its opening run. In the words of William R. Weaver, Hollywood editor of the *Motion Picture Herald*, "AR requires only three days to find out for a client whether his picture will crack a box-office record in San Francisco or fall on its face in Chicago or, as sometimes happens, both. And it's not done in terms of generalities, but in forecasts of dollar-and-cent grosses."

When the client has been convinced of the best time and location in which to open his picture, AR proceeds to tell him how to run his publicity campaign. Unlike most advertising agencies, AR never attempts to save a poor picture with strong ballyhoo. On the contrary, when the client fails to improve the structure of his preview profile, AR encourages him to save expenses by cutting his advertising budget. If, on the other hand, the preview profile is promising, AR advises him to go to town with all his might and blow the poor citizen into the box office with all the

trumpets of Jericho. As often as not, AR may conduct secondary preview jury tests of pictures already in active distribution at this stage, so as to determine whether another \$100,000 worth of advertising might not net the producer twice as much in revenue. Finally, by equating such oblique quotients as "market-want-to-see," "local penetration," "national penetration," and others, AR sets out to forecast for its clients the total domestic gross of their pictures, and it claims that these forecasts have never missed the mark by more than three per cent.

V

ALREADY the portrait of America emerging from the pollsters' first ten years of plastic surgery upon the face of the nation has something of the horror of the Medusa head. *Time*, in a full-page article on AR, once said: "From the U. S. population of 140 million, experts subtract invalids, the proved insane, and children under five. Resulting total: 91 million potential moviegoers. Hollywood does not feel excessively greedy about the several million sane, healthy adults still holding out." This was quite wrong. Perhaps some of the company heads did not feel greedy, but Dr. Gallup himself certainly had greater ambitions for them than they might have had themselves. "There are 93,000,000 * people in the United States capable of going to the picture theaters," said the good doctor, brooking no nonsense. "Yet there are only 18,000,000 who patronize the theaters. It is the task of screen publicists and advertising agencies to pull the remaining 75,000,000 into the theaters."

Wham! the trap shuts. And small won-

der. The good doctor has made some pretty informative studies of the relationship between the best mousetraps and the number of those who beat their way to your door. The X in the equation, of course, is the scent of the cheese. "Publicity is the strongest force to draw people into motion picture theaters," says the doctor. What about the critics? How about movie reviews?

Unh-unh, nothing there to worry the illiterates. "Eighty-five per cent of all people who attend films never read a review of the picture before they go." In Manhattan, where more people read newspapers than in any other part of the United States, movie reviews reach no more than twelve per cent of the public, and of these a goodly percentage may go despite having read a bad notice. What, then, draws them in? What is the advertising campaign built on?

Stars, title, story, treatment—in that order. The cast is more important than the story, the story is more important than the treatment, and the title is more important than either story or treatment. Of two films with an almost identical theme, "Hitler's Children" and "The Master Race," the first title tested the all-time high of 160 on the AR scale, and the second was a dud. Stars, similarly, must be cast in pre-tested parts; if they are cast in "negative" parts, *i.e.* as villains or even heroes with slight flaws of character, the publicity campaign must avoid all mention of the nature of the role. Paramount's "Double Indemnity," for instance, made the mistake of admitting in its advance advertising that Fred MacMurray was cast as a heel, and goodbye! the animal you saw vanishing down into the gopher hole was your picture's want-to-see graph.

* This figure (two million larger than the one mentioned by *Time*) was quoted in *Box Office*, the trade journal of the motion picture theater operators. However, in a speech before the Screen Writers' Guild, the most critical audience in the motion picture industry, Dr. Gallup scaled down his figures by 10 million, by introducing a new qualification, perhaps the most salient one of the lot—"the economic means" to attend the movies once a week. Out of that 83,000,000 only 56,000,000 are buying tickets, and out of the 56,000,000 only 18,000,000 actually see the top A-features. To warn the writers against too much sophistication in drafting their scripts, the doctor then added, "The average American movie audience is predominantly a young audience. The 19-year-old contributes more to the box office than any other age group. Regular movie attendance seems to begin at around the age of 12. It goes up steadily through the age of 19. After that it falls off sharply. Relatively few persons attend the movies with any regularity after the age of 35." If this was meant to have a depressing effect upon the writers, it failed to do so. In fact, it was felt to be the most precise documentation yet of the screen writer's responsibility to help his youthful audience toward their emancipation from the confusion and bewilderment of adolescence; for if any obligation ever arose from the fabulous wages paid to screen writers, it surely was this obligation to pay back to their audience, in their own coin, a small percentage of the box office dollar.

The Editorial Analysis Bureau, another branch of the pollsters' intelligence network, has completed a monthly index of how much free space the film publicists have been able to garner in the nation's press. For \$150 a month, EAB will let you know not only the amount of free space your publicity boys have been able to grab for you, but also, in dollars and cents, how much the space was worth to your box office income. The equation is based on a measurement of (a) the number of lines, (b) the publication's black-and-white lineage rate, (c) a variable discount on the per-line-rate. An agate line in *Life*, one-fourteenth of an inch in height and a column in length, is valued by EAB at \$22.55, and this is considered to be the most valuable unit of space you can get anywhere for film publicity. Without a ranking in *Life*'s "Film of the Month" column, you don't stand a chance of placing among the top five films of that period. Inversely, if you manage to hit *Life* you can hardly miss the top five. The lineage rate for the next six publications declines steeply: *Ladies' Home Journal* ranks at \$17.60 a line, *Good Housekeeping* at \$14.95, *Saturday Evening Post* at \$14.75, *American* at \$13.50, *Look* at \$9.41, and *Movie Show*, the bottomless pit, at 60 cents a line.

Most of the Hollywood companies subscribe to EAB's service and more than a dozen at the top of them are AR clients. Those that are not have established their own audience research units, or are subscribers to competitive systems of audience analysis which have experimented with concealed cameras using infra-red film,

with concealed microphones placed in the lobbies and corridors, and with machinery closely akin to lie-detectors and the saliva, breath, and perspiration meters normally used in biophysical laboratories. The results of all this antlike activity have shaken Hollywood as much as they have mixed up its public. AR's little chart of 175 players in order of their box-office drawing power has given the willies to a good many generously paid Hollywood actors, writers, directors, and even producers, causing them to ponder upon the fate of art (oh hush that naughty word) and of showmanship among the scientists.

VI

IN NOVEMBER 1946, the executive vice-president of Dr. Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., Albert E. Sindlinger, resigned after failing to convince the doctor that audience research as such was dead as the dodo and that the job to do henceforth was to proceed from market research to scientifically planned production, distribution, and exploitation. Backed by that fabulous Chicago financier, Walter E. Heller, Sindlinger then set up his own organization, the New Entertainment Workshop. Its purpose was to put theatrical and motion picture production "on a scientific and big business basis, with all elements pretested and with participation in a series of productions open to the public through blocks of \$1,000 or more of stock."

The plan was "to organize a new unit each six months with each purchaser of a ten thousand dollar block or more participating in the profits or losses of all shows produced during that period." If no show was produced during the first six months, the investment was to be credited to the next semester. A large fund was to be established in this manner which would permit each production to be previewed and revised as often as necessary without fear of running out of money. What Sindlinger remembered was the dire experience of many stage producers whose budgets were so closely trimmed to production costs that they had to bring their shows into New York before they were fully satisfied with them, and the parallel experience of many



small Hollywood producers whose budgets did not allow them to make additional changes after their first or second sneak preview. What he intended to do in order to avoid such problems was without doubt the most ambitious attempt ever undertaken to put creative work on a basis of planned production.

The plan covered some eight stages:

(1) to find promising writers and set them up to work at Wynbrook Acres, Mr. Sindlinger's farm near Hopewell, N. J.

(2) to test alternative story twists upon a scientifically selected audience, and to complete a first synopsis on the basis of those story twists which had been found most popular.

(3) to prepare alternative treatments of the approved synopsis in dramatic, melodramatic, musical, and comedy form, and to test these alternatives upon an enlarged audience.

(4) to prepare recordings of the stories, novels, or plays and to play these records at a number of scientifically composed "test parties."

(5) to arrange for publication of the approved stories or novels through established publishers of periodicals or novels.

(6) to arrange for stage performance through established producers, and to road-show the approved plays until they have been found foolproof for Broadway presentation.

(7) to arrange for motion picture production of the approved stories, novels, and plays through established motion picture producers.

(8) to supervise the advertising and the distribution of the motion picture on the basis of audience tests closely akin to those pioneered by Mr. Sindlinger during his work at Audience Research, Inc.

Among the first novels to be tested, although not entirely written in this manner, was Barry Benefield's *Eddie and the Archangel Mike*, which had been published by Reynal & Hitchcock, but had sold "only about 14,000 copies" by the time it attracted Mr. Sindlinger's attention. He tested it, found one of the minor characters more popular than the Mike of the original title, changed the title, had the book rewritten, and arranged with Reynal & Hitchcock to republish it with a guaran-

teed run of 75,000 under the new title of *Texas, Heaven, and Brooklyn*. With this new title, it was sure to sell in Texas and Brooklyn; Heaven has not yet been canvassed.

No play has so far been written, tested, and staged entirely under NEW guidance, but twenty-three plays have been checked by NEW since November 1946, sixteen have been rejected, and seven have been financed. Of these seven, four have been shown on Broadway—"Sweethearts," "Burlesque," "Joan of Lorraine," and "Lady Windermere's Fan"; one, at the time of writing, is on its pre-Broadway test-run; and the other two, "The Story of Mary Surratt" and "Message for Margaret," have mysteriously flopped despite their pretested audience appeal. Two other plays, "Desert Song" and "I Remember Mama," had previously been tested by NEW and were sent on the road by their producers, Lewis and Young, after due advice from Sindlinger.

Ultimately, the Sindlinger organization intends to grant the NEW seal to all stories, novels, plays, and movies which have been tested and have rated above average in audience reaction. The NEW grading would then come to mean more or less the same to the smart shopper for culture as the "substandard," "standard," "choice," or "fancy" grading to the wise housewife. In the language of the trade, the "potential ticket- or book-buyer, seeing the seal, will know that he's going to like the film or play or book, because it has been found that a majority of the population okayed it."

VII

OBVIOUSLY this sort of thing is not going to be shrugged off with the blithe truism that there is no valid equation between quality and popular success. In 1945 the best-selling film of the season was "Bells of St. Mary's." It had Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman, and it was a competent treatment of an essentially maudlin subject which had no direct bearing upon more than a small section of America's Roman-Catholic population. The success was due almost entirely to casting and publicity. The best American film of the year, "The Lost Weekend,"

ranked eighth in box office take, nose to nose with the worst film of the year, "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest." "Blithe Spirit," one of the better importations, came off a poor runner-up, ranking approximately with "Abilene Town" and "The Wife of Monte Cristo." "The Road to Utopia," which was pleasantly unaffected comedy with strong marquee appeal (Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour), ranked second, and "Leave Her to Heaven," which was poor by any aesthetic standard, ranked third. "The Last Chance," one of the best films ever, ranked among the very poorest sellers, and even at this ranking it was considered uncommonly successful for a European importation. "A Walk in the Sun," which was made by a first-rate director from a good script, ranked slightly below "The Last Chance," which was just about the greatest insult that an American-made picture could receive in the domestic market.

Quite reasonably Mr. Sindlinger might insist that the whole relationship between box-office income and aesthetic caliber is none of his concern, that he is not in business for his health, and that the success of NEW speaks for itself. Quite so. If henceforth we were going to drop all pretense of viewing the entertainment business as anything else than a straight cash deal without reference to artistic caliber, the argument might well be shunted on to the sidelines of economic shoptalk.

But Mr. Sindlinger, speaking of his old days at Audience Research, Inc., recently said to Thomas M. Pryor: "Research has been misused by those who do not understand how to interpret it . . . this has had a damaging effect on creative talent, the real heart of all entertainment." With the naughty word "creative" in the ring, and with Mr. Sindlinger's confirmatory identification of the creative artist as the "real heart" of all entertainment, the argument is in the public domain again. The question immediately arises whether "going to the movies," "belonging to a book club," or "picking up something nice at the library" may not have become so much of an institutional activity that the caliber of the book or the movie does not enter into the evaluation of the act at all.

Does the whole process of audience testing then really qualify as a democratic process? Does it not resemble an election in which only one candidate has ever been introduced to the electorate? Have we ever been given a freely available standard of comparison between the pollsters' "control card" and its best alternative? If the difference between any two alternatives is so negligible as to defeat judgment, have we, the public, truly returned a valid opinion? And, finally, have the pollsters ever provided us with the aesthetic training which would have enabled us to make a reasonable decision?

FREEDOM of choice presupposes a full appreciation of all alternatives involved. Where in the world is the alternative to the standard radio program or the standard feature film? Our features at their most ambitious—as in "Citizen Kane," "The Best Years of Our Lives," and "The Informer"—are still so similar to our lowliest B-pictures, that the gap between the extremes is too negligible to indicate the full span of creative imagination. We have never tackled anything on the screen which, in scope and accomplishment, might correspond to *Finnegans Wake* or Berg's Violin Concerto or Henry Moore's *Shelter Sketch Book*. True, we have tackled Shakespeare, but despite the critic's kind words it has remained little more than a strained battle between images meant to be transmitted in language and images seen on a celluloid canvas.

What, then, is the alternative? The foreign feature? The documentary? The newsreel? Assuming that the barriers of language, which prevent the foreign film from being fully appreciated, were nonexistent, what is its comparative accessibility? How many foreign theaters are there in comparison to those that play standard features? What, actually, does your neighborhood theater show you? How many features by Pudovkin or Marcel Carné? How many documentaries by Joris Ivens or Jean BENOÎT-LÉVY? How many actuality films by Stuart Legg or Basil Wright? The argument that the theaters would show them if the audience demanded them does not hold water, for how can the audience demand something

it doesn't know? Freedom of choice is a feasible argument only where an equal number of two alternative types of film has been shown with an equal accessibility over an equal length of time and has been equally publicized and sold at equal prices.

And even then, the question of public taste still remains open. For taste, like a silver spoon, is something with which few of us were born and for which most of us have struggled as hard as for all other aspects of our liberal education. Why should good taste, which is given only to him who has undergone long preparation to receive it, be airily dismissed as a matter of no reference? If your knowledge is

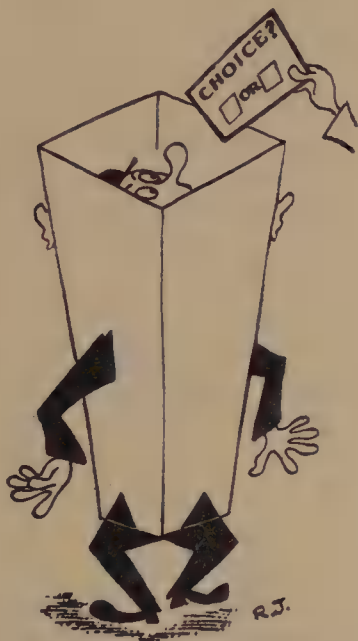
tainment has become so expensive that it must meet the lowest common denominator of public taste in order to bring back its operating costs, then we are, in fact, victimizing for our own enrichment not only those members of the audience whose intelligence we are insulting but also all those others whose potential intelligence we have stifled.

VIII

SO MUCH for the morals of the argument; what of the economics? Gradually here, too, a doubt has arisen. Business isn't what it used to be in the boom years of 1940 to 1946, and the old guard of the entertainment business, the veterans of the vaudeville and nickelodeon days, have suddenly discovered that with the vanishing market something else has vanished: their hold upon show business. Suddenly their special knowledge is no longer wanted. The gadget has replaced the showman's instinct, and the new slogan reads: "Maybe I don't know about showmanship, but I sure know what my preview profile says." The pollster has levered himself into the driver's seat.

The political parallel is obvious. As the business men of Italy and Germany found themselves outmaneuvered by the gaily-shirted thugs they had commissioned to make their case before the people, so the artist in the New World found himself outflanked by the showmen he had commissioned to carry his message to the public, and then the showmen in their turn found themselves dethroned by the pollsters they had hired to do the job for them. As the European men of business gradually came to the conviction that the thoroughly scientific methods of the secret police alone could guarantee their investments, so our showmen gradually allowed themselves to be persuaded that the pollsters' secret "control cards" and their scientific tabulation of the public's secret thoughts provided the best bulwark against the loss of corporate income and, with it, against the possible loss of their own living.

It didn't work in the New World any better than it did in the Old. The fallacy was a very simple one; it underrated the people's flexibility, their latent awareness, and their unwillingness to swallow too



derived from a single source, how can you know that the source may not be fallible, and with it your whole standard of knowledge? And if no standard of comparison is available, how can you test your source?

Yet the compounding of individual ignorances is precisely the pollsters' game. With the disappearance of a universal folk art, and in the absence of a conscious aesthetic, the bewildered citizen has fallen prey to the mercy of those of us who control the instruments of public entertainment—the movies, radio, publishing, the art galleries, the theater, the nightclubs, the concert hall. If those of us in charge are going to shrug off our responsibility, we are renouncing the one moral obligation which ever gave us the right of control. If we say that our instrument of enter-

many repeat doses of what others thought was good for them. Attempting to satisfy the demands of the public, the smart boys soon found themselves faced with a changed demand, and the change was the result of the satisfaction that had been given. It was simple Hegelian dialectics, but it kept baffling the logical minds of the Encyclopedists. Dr. Gallup polled the people, and the people said, "Oh yes, we like psychological mystery films. Do let's have another one!" Dr. Gallup told his clients, the clients moved into concerted action, and by the time they had completed their avalanche of psychological mystery films the public mind was glutted and the demand was changed.

THE foolish artist could have told them so. The law of diminishing returns deals not only with styles and periods in art, but also, and more savagely, with fashions and vogues in showmanship and entertainment. Not only art (the forbidden perfume) but all forms of showmanship and entertainment are essentially the work of stubborn, arbitrary, and unpredictable minds. Aside from the more obvious considerations of form and content, the caliber of art and entertainment and showmanship reveals itself to its audience not merely by the happy recognition of the familiar but precisely by its opposite—the delighted surprise that arises from watching an original mind at work. The thing that keeps showmanship alive, therefore, is not the satisfaction of an old demand but the creation of a new one.

What happened to the pollsters in this connection was most instructive: the closer they came to a definition of today's demand, the further they found themselves moving away from the creation of an active and continuing market for tomorrow. The perpetual application of consumer analysis to the cultural market had turned that market into a sterile, glutted, and intractable thing. Thus the prospect of declining sales was not a result of the

showmen's unwillingness to please the public but precisely the opposite: the result of their too ambitious attempt to satisfy yesterday's expectations. Surrendering the job of firing the public mind to new horizons of adventure, the showmen followed the pollsters so deeply into the morass of the lowest common denominator that their birthright as entertainers and artists got stuck somewhere along the road. The loss was theirs as much as it was the public's.

The pollsters had told the showman what was going to happen to every one of his films and plays and books and radio shows; and when it did not happen, they had announced brightly, correctly, and beyond argument why it couldn't possibly have happened. They had been correct each time. Something new had come along to upset the apple cart and no one could have known about it in advance. Correct again. But what the showman should have been concerned with first and foremost was precisely the new thing that had come along; that was the thing which he himself should have *created*.

The creation of public taste was the specific obligation imposed upon him in exchange for his right of turning self-expression into public communication. And if the pollster kept complaining of the public's fickleness, the public might well have retorted—not to the pollster but to the artists and showmen and entertainers who commissioned him: "The power and the glory will once again be yours if instead of trying to meet *our* fickle taste, you try to meet the highest standard of *your* craft. Then, if you are worthy of calling yourself a showman or an artist or a great public entertainer, you will create the taste of your audience in your own image."

To fill your belly today and sell out the public tomorrow is a sad cat's game. To revert to the simile of Sir Alexander Korda and the cook book: it becomes painfully obvious the morning after that the cult of the belly breeds nothing but wind.

THE GUN ON THE TABLE

A Story

JOHN WATSON

AT six o'clock on a summer evening, when the sun's rays are lengthening through the mesquite bushes, you might see a lone horseman jogging along over the red clay road. You might see two, Elmer Doolittle was thinking—but never six. After the three-mile ride from the store, he was still wondering why he and the other five men were here. Why the minister? Why the justice of the peace?

The horses had been moving along unhurriedly, following the pace set by the old man in the lead. Bart Roberts was as slow and deliberate as time itself in this secluded section of rural Texas. At the rate they had traveled those three miles, Elmer was thinking, it would be after sundown when they got there. Then, to his surprise, they turned in at the next gate and stopped.

"I'll get it," said the old man, as if some of the others had offered to swing down and unfasten the gate. But they hadn't. They were sitting in their saddles like statues.

It was the first word spoken since they had left the store. Elmer still didn't know what it was all about. Had the old man committed a murder, that he was bringing a justice of the peace and a minister? But why the others? Why were they turning in at Willie Turner's gate instead of going on down a mile further to the Roberts place? Why here?

Bart Roberts dismounted and lifted the gate, standing with the chain in his hand while the minister passed through, then

Uncle Jimmy and the others. Elmer watched him as he closed the gate behind him. He moved as if he were dead tired, his eyes sunken back in their sockets and half closed from lack of sleep. Had this old man, whom every farmer in the Bend thought of as a living example of goodness itself, committed a crime at the very tag-end of his life? There was nothing about the faded overalls and blue shirt to give the answer—nothing about the tanned, leathery face covered by a week's growth of scraggly gray beard. Elmer did not know, but there was that about the eyes, the expressionless stare, the silence, that kept him from asking. Why here?

The old man swung back up into the saddle, slow and laboriously. The others waited for him to take the lead again, heading first for Willie Turner's little three-room house, then bearing off to the right toward the giant live oak tree. Elmer watched the others to see if the tree meant anything to them. Uncle Jimmy Hancock, older even than old man Roberts, seemed neither to know nor to wonder what game was being played. If Flem and Dave—both tenant farmers and neighbors of Willie Turner—knew anything, the expression on their faces did not reveal it. But the minister knew something.

Bart Roberts checked his horse into a slow walk and stopped when he reached the first branches of the live oak. Without turning his head to the right or left, he took off his battered old gray hat and

rested it on the horn of his saddle, waiting for the others to come up and stop. "There," he said, pointing in under the tree. "The setting sun's in your eyes, so you can't hardly see it."

Elmer Doolittle urged his horse forward a step and peered in under the branches of the tree. "Why, it's a grave," he said, taking off his hat. "Looks like a small grave."

The old man was running his fingers through his white hair, a vacant, faraway stare in his eyes. "Yes," he said. "It's just a little feller."

"Somebody die?" said Elmer. "Willie Turner's wife have a baby?" He thought Bart Roberts was ready to talk now, ready to tell what he had brought them out here to tell.

"Wait," said the old man. Then, turning away, he walked his horse on over to the house. At the clump of cedars he dismounted, threw the reins over a limb and tied them, then went on up the steps.

As Elmer entered the fireplace room, Bart Roberts's wife opened the door on the other side of the room and looked in. Old man Roberts merely nodded, as if giving her some prearranged signal, and she disappeared and closed the door, leaving the five guests standing awkwardly waiting for an invitation to sit down or to go into the back part of the house to see what might be there.

THE old man looked around the room slowly, inspecting the furniture. Then, apparently satisfied, he began seating them. "You take that easy rocker over there, Uncle Jimmy. Elmer, the split bottom chair. Dave, this here one'll do for you." And so on. He seated four of them, leaving himself and the minister standing. Then he sat down in the only other chair in the room.

No one offered to get up and give the minister his chair. Old man Roberts was making the arrangements. If he wanted the preacher to stand, it was all right with them.

Elmer stretched his left foot out along the floor in front of him, reaching deep into his side pocket. He brought out a bone-handled knife and a plug of tobacco. Cutting himself a chew, he passed the plug

and the knife, with the little blade open, to Dave Groom. While they were making the rounds, the minister had backed over in front of the fireplace. He stood with his hands behind him as if warming them, but there was no fire in the fireplace. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

Elmer could tell that the monkey was on the minister's back. He was the only one of the invited guests who seemed to be in the least concerned about what was going to happen. Uncle Jimmy had settled himself down in the rocker, apparently prepared to sit out the night in silence. Dave Groom had worked his chew of tobacco around into a comfortable position in his jaw, had taken out his own pocket knife, and was paring his nails unhurriedly. Flem Mole was carefully and methodically picking his tobacco-stained teeth with a goose quill.

At last the minister could stand it no longer. He could see that no one was going to say anything—that they were all willing to sit there until dark, until midnight, daybreak even. He took out his watch and looked at it, leaning toward the window to catch the failing light. "Mr. Roberts," he said, "my wife will be waiting supper." He replaced the watch nervously and buttoned his black coat. Then, wiping the perspiration from his bald head, he unbuttoned the coat again.

For a full minute the old man looked at him as if he were a picture that he had seen a thousand times, staring not at him but at some point beyond him, beyond the wall even. Or maybe he was not looking at all, but listening—waiting for the next call of the whippoorwill out there in the youpon bushes. "I asked the preacher to come over here to Willie's house," he said, "because he has got a bit of a story to tell and I wasn't just sure and certain what ought to be done about it, or whether anything ought to be done about it."

So it was the preacher, Elmer was thinking, as all eyes turned upon the man in black standing before the fireplace. The minister straightened up, adjusted his thick-lensed glasses, and opened his mouth to speak. But the old man stopped him. "Wait," he said.

"I brought Dave and Flem along because they're deacons in his church, and I

thought maybe they'd be interested in hearing what he has got to say for hisself."

Dave Groom left off paring his nails and looked up at the minister. "You in trouble, Brother Skagmire?" he said, unemotionally. The inflection—or lack of inflection—indicated that no answer was expected.

"I asked Uncle Jimmy to come over, because he is a representative of the law. And because he is a God-fearin' man, and he knows what Godamighty put in the Good Book and what He meant by it when He put it there."

Sho now, Elmer was thinking. Two deacons and a God-fearin' man and a minister. But why me? Why am I here?

"I wanted Elmer, because he is not a preacher nor a deacon, nor even a church member. Because he is long on judgment and short on Jesus. Maybe the whole business will look different to him."

The old man paused, not as if he were uncertain what to say next, but as if he had said all he had intended to say for a while.

The room was again filled with the silence of the tomb, broken now and then by a clicking, sucking sound as Flem Mole picked his teeth. At regular intervals Dave Groom raked his knife blade across a chapped fingernail with a dry, rasping, almost imperceptible sound. Uncle Jimmy Hancock was looking at a picture of Jeff Davis on the wall over by the door.

Suddenly the Reverend Mr. Skagmire broke the silence. "Mr. Roberts," he said in a voice too loud for the tiny crowded room. "Mr. Roberts, my wife—"

The old man looked at the minister as if he had spoken out of turn at a funeral. "Have you no respect for the dead?" he said rhetorically.

Everyone in the room had looked up at the minister when he first broke the silence. They don't know what game the old man's playing, Elmer was thinking. They're just waiting for him to deal them a hand. Wouldn't a person be in a comfortable position on trial for murder facing twelve men like them three? He'd sho God sweat a bucket of blood just waitin' for them to get interested enough to want to hear the evidence.

"I'm sorry," said the minister, half apologetic, half angry. He had lowered his

voice to little above a whisper. "I'm sorry if I shouted. But this is getting on my nerves. I know—"

He paused, groping for a word and looking from one to the other of the five men seated before him. As he looked at each in turn he found no sympathy, no accusation, not even any interest in what it was he had started to say. He met only the cold, passionless stare of the silent men who seemed somehow to have accepted the fact that they would hear the evidence when the proper time came and pass judgment on him.

What evidence? Elmer wondered. Judgment for what? What possible connection could there be between the preacher and the grave out there under the live oak tree? Why was the house as silent as a tomb? Why the sickening smell of death?

FLEM MOLE removed the goose quill from his mouth. "What was it, Pahson—" he said in a hushed, dry voice. "What was it that was gittin' on your nerves? You was just about to say you knowed something."

The minister was almost panic-stricken by this time. "Mr. Roberts—" he said, "Mr. Roberts blames me for it. I know he does. He never said so. He never said a word to me. He just stared at me with those cold eyes that look through you. Like a man might stare at you before he reaches out and chokes the life out of you without even losing his temper."

Sho now, Elmer was thinking. It **must** be pretty serious. Nobody ever knowed old man Bart Roberts to look at a person **like** he had a mind to kill him. He's so chicken-livered he wouldn't even choke a suck-egg dog.

"It wasn't me that did it," said the minister. "It was the wrath of God. They've been living in sin, and God has had their punishment laid up for them a long time back."

Mr. Roberts turned to Uncle Jimmy Hancock. "You ever know anything agin Willie Turner?"

"No," said Uncle Jimmy. "Not none of the Turners. They're as fine a family of folks as ever set foot in Chaparral County. I'd swap my chances with ary a one of them at the Pearly Gates."

The old man glanced around the room at Elmer Doolittle and Dave Groom and Flem Mole. "Any you folks know anything agin Willie Turner?"

The three men shook their heads, looking not at Mr. Roberts but at the Reverend Mr. Skagmire, who appeared to be waiting for an opening to speak again in what he obviously considered his own defense, although he had not been accused of anything.

Mr. Roberts turned back to Uncle Jimmy again. "You recollect Sarah Bellamy?"

"Knowned her all her life," said Uncle Jimmy.

"Married Willie Turner," said the old man, "well as I recollect."

"That's right. She's his second wife. Willie's other woman run off to Californy, must of been eight or ten years ago now."

"Sarah Turner was a good woman," said the old man. "Sarah Bellamy that was."

"Yes. Folks around in the Bend thinks a heap of Sally."

"Her folks too. Fifty, sixty years back."

"That's right," said Uncle Jimmy. "Puts me in mind of the time George Bellamy come down to the May Fest and beat Charlie Turner in the tunament ride. Must of been in '89. Maybe it was the next year. I disremember which." He paused with his eyes half-closed, thinking back over his seventy-odd years in the Bend.

"I recollect the time."

"I never dreamed it then," said Uncle Jimmy, "that I'd some day be hitchin' up their two young 'uns in double harness."

Elmer was watching the two old men now. They're reliving the good old days in the Bend, he was thinking, before the missionaries come sneakin' in.

ASILENCE had fallen upon the room again. The knife blade rasping on the chapped fingernail sounded like some kind of an insect hidden away in the musty walls. The sibilant, sucking sound of the goose quill continued, quiet as a half-grown kitten washing its face before the fire.

The Reverend Mr. Skagmire glanced at the two deacons. They were still looking

at him, still staring with those glassy, expressionless, unbatting eyes of the dead. He was about to speak when the clicking, sucking noise ceased. Elmer shifted his eyes from the minister to Flem Mole.

"What was it you knowed?" said Flem.

"I haven't done anything to be ashamed of," said the minister. "I was carrying out God's commandments."

"Sho," said Flem Mole. "Sho you was. What might it be that Godamighty commanded you to do?"

"It's in the Bible," said the minister, "plain as the nose on your face."

Out of the corner of his eye Elmer saw old man Roberts shift in his seat. He saw him loosen his belt—or was he tightening it? Then, as he replaced his hand over the bulge, Elmer realized what he was covering up. Glancing back at the minister, he wondered if he knew that old man Roberts' hand was lying on that six-shooter stuck under the belt—under the shirt—most likely under the long-handled drawers, next to the bare skin.

"I warned them," said the minister. "First time I set eyes on them. That was last summer, two or three days after I moved into the community." Elmer was watching Uncle Jimmy now. Uncle Jimmy was looking at old man Roberts. Yes, Elmer was thinking, he knows the six-shooter is there. He has known it ever since the old man walked into his store with the preacher and asked him and me and the deacons to saddle up the horses.

"I didn't know them from Adam and Eve," said the minister. "They just drove up to my house in the wagon and got out and hollered hello."

It was almost dark in the room now, but the light had failed so gradually that Elmer could still see the man in black standing before the fireplace.

"I already had the Bible out to marry them. I couldn't help it if the question embarrassed them. Mr. Turner should have come over by himself first and made the arrangements. Like it was, I had to ask him in her presence."

"Sho," said Flem Mole. "Sho you did. What question was that?"

"I asked if either one of them had ever been married before," said the minister, unabashed. "I always ask the question. I

feel like the authority to join a man and woman in holy wedlock is a God-given privilege, and I never abuse it."

So that's it, Elmer was thinking. He wouldn't perform the ceremony because Willie had been divorced by this other woman out in California or wherever it was.

"I couldn't help it," said the minister, "that they claimed to be so head over heels in love. It was the workings of the devil. So I asked them to sit down and I explained it all to them. I wanted her to know what she was getting into. She turned white as a sheet. They both did. I meant for them to."

So that's it, Elmer was thinking. That's why she was crying when they came in the store that same day and got Uncle Jimmy Hancock to marry them. Some folks says a woman cries at her weddin' because she's so happy. But Sally didn't look any too happy that day. And they was both in church the next Sunday when he preached the sermon on adultery. When he talked about the sins of the parents payin' a visit in the next generation. So that's it. So that's the grave out there under the oak.

Elmer heard the sound of the match scratched across the sole of the shoe and saw the flame light up the old man's face. He watched him get up and walk slowly over to the mantel, cupping his hands to keep the match from going out. After he had lit the kerosene lamp, the old man walked back and sat down. "But today," he said. "Tell them about today."

This is it, Elmer was thinking. He's looking him in the eye now. Yes, that's what the preacher was talking about. If I was in the preacher's shoes, I guess I might say that them was the kind of cold eyes that look through you. Like a man might stare at you just before he reaches out and chokes the life out of you without even losing his temper.

The minister took out his handkerchief and mopped the perspiration from his forehead. He avoided the eyes of the old man. "Today," he said, "God has fulfilled His prophecy. I warned them, but they wouldn't listen."

"Sally," said the old man. "Tell them about Sally."

The minister cut his eyes up at Mr. Roberts and then let them fall again. "Mr. Turner sent a boy over to my house this morning," he said. "Told me to come over as soon as I could. I asked the boy what Mr. Turner wanted, but I couldn't get anything out of him. Mrs. Turner had a baby. That's all he knew."

Elmer was watching the two deacons now. Yes, he was thinking, I guess if I was in the preacher's shoes I might see some cold eyes there too. Like a man might stare at you before he reaches out—

"I thought they had their gall," said the minister. "Asking me to come over to christen that baby. But I came over anyhow. Mr. Turner took me in there where his second wife was in his bed. I figured I hadn't done a good job of it that day in my house a year ago, so I gave her another talking to. I wanted to let her know what God thought about the way they were living in sin, bringing a child into the world under those circumstances."

When old man Roberts shifted in his seat, the Reverend Mr. Skagmire looked up at him. Elmer was watching the minister. He wanted to see the expression on his face as the old man unbuttoned his shirt. He wanted to know whether the minister had seen the bulge before.

MR. ROBERTS took the Colt .45 out and laid it on the table before him as if it had been a pocket knife or a plug of tobacco that was making him uncomfortable. Elmer glanced quickly at the two deacons and Uncle Jimmy, then back at the minister. Their eyes were still fixed on him. They knew it all the time, he was thinking. They knew it the minute he walked in the store. Maybe that's the reason they didn't ask any questions. But the preacher didn't know. So now he knows what it feels like to turn white as a sheet.

The minister recoiled from the sight of the gun as if it had been the body of Sarah Turner's baby. "I didn't know the child was dead," he said—half defiant, half pleading. "But every word I said to her was true."

"Sho," said Flem Mole. "A preacher ought to speak the truth."

The minister's eyes were focused on the gun now. He had moved over to one side,

backed around toward the corner of the room to get out of the line of fire if the gun should happen to go off unexpectedly. "I didn't know they wanted me to conduct the services," he said.

"Sally," said the old man. "Tell them about Sally."

The minister's furtive eyes cut across the room like those of a wild animal cornered by a pack of patient, blood-thirsty hounds waiting for him to make a break because they were not satisfied with the short run that he had made. "Mrs. Turner," he said, "she was crying. It was her that asked me to conduct the services. She had the effrontery to ask me after all I had told her. I could see she wasn't feeling well, but I didn't spare her feelings. God never waits till a sinner is feeling good to deliver the punishment that is his just reward."

"Sho," said Flem Mole. "He never waits. So you went ahead on and preached the funeral."

"No," said the minister. "I had warned them and they heeded not. Who was I to stand between the wrath of God and His sinful victim?"

The minister paused when they heard the low moan from beyond the closed door. "I guess she took it pretty hard," he said. "I meant for her to. So she would get out of that other woman's bed and ask God's forgiveness. But she didn't do it. She just turned her face to the wall. So there was nothing for me to do but go home. I can extend the invitation, but I can't force a sinner—"

"Sho," said Flem Mole. "So you washed your hands."

"Mr. Roberts blames me," said the minister. "He was here—he and his wife both. He never said a word to me. He never opened his mouth. But I know he blames me."

"So you went ahead on home," said Flem Mole, "and they buried the baby."

"Yes," said old man Roberts. "Willie wrapped it up in a sheet. He put it in a goods box and took it out there and buried it. Me and my wife couldn't stop him. We had our hands full with Sally."

The old man rose slowly from his chair and walked over to the closed

door. Opening it quietly, he motioned to the minister and the others. As he stood by the door, the minister passed through, then the two deacons, Uncle Jimmy Hancock, and finally Elmer Doolittle.

A kerosene lamp was burning on the table by the bed, the wick turned down low and an old letter stuck in one of the prongs to shade the dim light. As Elmer came into the room, he saw Mrs. Roberts sitting in a split bottom chair on one side of the bed. On the other side Willie Turner was sitting in the same kind of chair, a vacant stare on his face as if he had gone to sleep with his eyes open. Asleep from exhaustion, with the low moan still on his lips.

Looking at the bed, Elmer saw what he had known it was inevitable that he would see. Yes, he was thinking, she is dead. Willie has got another funeral to conduct without benefit of clergy.

Old man Roberts was still standing by the door. When the minister looked at him, he nodded, indicating that they were to withdraw from the room again.

As the others were leaving, Mrs. Roberts got up and came over to Elmer, whispering. "You talk to him," she said. "He won't let us touch her. We've got to wash the body and send for the undertaker. We've got to. She's been dead for hours."

Elmer nodded sympathetically, patting her on the shoulder. "I will," he promised. "I'll try." Then he turned into the other room and closed the door behind him.

OLD man Roberts was standing behind the chair in which he had been sitting. He looked at the minister, saying, "Take this seat, Brother Skagmire." The others were still standing, their eyes on the man in black.

The minister sat down reluctantly. He did not understand fully what was going to happen next.

"Let me have your watch," said the old man.

Taking out the heavy silver watch, the minister held it up without looking at it.

"Lay it on the table," said Mr. Roberts.

As the minister laid the watch on the table, his eyes, falling on the gun again, remained fixed.

"We're goin' outside for a spell," said the old man. "You make yourself at home." And he turned and walked out the front door without looking back.

For a long time the four men stared at the minister without moving. Then Elmer glanced at the others one at a time. There's no more expression on their faces, he was thinking, than if they were wax models in a dry goods store.

When Flem Mole turned and walked toward the door, the others did not even look at him. As he closed the screen behind him and disappeared into the darkness, Dave Groom followed, then Uncle Jimmy Hancock. As Elmer turned toward the door, he saw that the minister was still staring at the six-shooter on the table.

Outside the door, Elmer walked across the gallery and down the steps, feeling his way on out into the darkness beyond the shaft of dim light from the kerosene lamp. Fifteen or twenty steps away he stopped

and listened, waiting for his eyes to become accustomed to the night.

Off to the right, near the horses, someone struck a match and cupped his hands. It's old man Roberts, Elmer was thinking. He's lookin' at his watch. Then he heard someone clear his throat silently off to the left. Uncle Jimmy, he said to himself. But where are the deacons? They all seem to be alone.

Elmer moved over a few steps and squatted, leaning against a blackjack sapling. Then he sat down, making himself comfortable. A light wind was rustling through the leaves above him. Elmer breathed deeply, ridding his nostrils of the smell of death. Somewhere out in the darkness he heard a dry rasping sound like an insect of some kind disturbing the stillness of the night. Listening, he heard a clicking, sucking sound like a half-grown kitten washing its face quietly before lying down to sleep.

The Disaster That Didn't Happen

IN A time crowded with threatening disasters, a disaster that didn't happen is news—even if it is not the kind which newspapers bother to print. Last July *Harper's* published "The Impending Horror in India," by Charles Lesley Ames, who set forth a lot of solid reasons for believing that India then faced "a great famine . . . one of the most dreadful in recorded history." He cited estimates—and, on the basis of all the known facts, they were conservative—that some fifteen million people would starve to death before this summer.

This catastrophe has not happened. Moreover, it was not fended off by some miraculous act of God, but by unexpectedly competent human management. The way in which India averted its famine was a great economic and administrative victory. It was, in fact, the country's most important event of the year, although it has been almost completely obscured by more spectacular political news.

A tidal wave and two successive droughts hit India during the 1945-46 food growing season. Grain losses totaled about seven million tons, or the equivalent of a whole year's food supply for one Indian out of every ten. Virtually no reserves existed, and the diet of the great majority of Indians already was pitifully meager. India appealed to the world for four million tons of grain to tide her over until the next harvest. Less than half of this amount actually arrived during the most critical six months.

In 1943 a much smaller food shortage had caused some three million deaths in Bengal. Then the problem was vastly complicated by the war and by floods which cut the main rail line into Calcutta; but that famine also was made unnecessarily devastating by speculation, inefficient rationing, and timid, fumbling, and corrupt administration. This time the country's officials—both Indian and British—profited by the mistakes of three years earlier.

Early in 1946 popular ministries responsible to newly-elected legislatures took over the governing of the eleven provinces of British India; and in September the first all-Indian central government made up of representative national figures assumed office in Delhi. The Food Minister was Dr. Rajendra Prasad, a veteran Congress party leader and relief expert.

"Anyone who hoards will be disappointed," he announced in his first broadcast. "I will not allow the prices of food grains to rise."

And India found that he meant it. Within two months Prasad was able to report that the food situation was under control. Rationing covered 150 million people in all sizable cities and many villages. Even the wheat-rich Punjab was persuaded to cut its food consumption in order to ship grain to the shortage areas of South and Central India.

Each province set up its own system for buying and distributing grain. Bombay, for example, forced the grain wholesalers out of business entirely and opened more than a thousand new government retail depots spaced about ten miles apart throughout the countryside. Madras organized a chain of producer-and-consumer co-operatives. Strict controls held prices reasonably steady and sharply curtailed black marketing.

Meanwhile the central government scoured the world's grain markets, bargaining Indian jute and textiles for Argentine corn and Siamese and Indonesian rice. Food imported at inflated prices was resold to the provinces at the going Indian rate, the loss being absorbed by the central treasury. Within India, Prasad managed to shift momentary surpluses to wherever the need was greatest.

As a result, the country escaped wholesale starvation—but millions of Indians went desperately hungry for months on end. The daily grain ration was held at twelve ounces, or less than two cups of uncooked rice. Together with the small quantities of vegetables, oil, and sugar which are all that most Indians can afford, this diet supplied about 1,600 calories a day. (The average American eats twice as much, and even the defeated Japanese have been managing to get about 2,000 calories a day.) During the summer planting season some districts reported that peasants were too weak to work their fields, and death from malaria and other diseases rose sharply among the enfeebled people of the worst hunger areas.

Although the immediate threat of disaster is now past, the country's grain reserves are still frighteningly low—and the underlying causes of India's chronic undernourishment and recurring famines have scarcely been touched. Finding some effective way to tackle them is likely to prove one of the toughest problems which future Indian governments will have to face.

—Alice Thorner

TIME TO GET OUT OF CHINA

NATHANIEL PEFFER

A GREAT deal of blood has been shed in and over China in the past ten years, but what used to be called the China Problem is still with us. So far as stability in the Far East is concerned, the Pacific war might as well not have been fought.

The two components of the China problem always were China's internal weakness and international rivalries for influence in China as a result of that weakness. These are still the components of the China problem. China is still weak—mainly because it is divided within—and great powers are still arrayed against each other over China, though fewer are involved. Once there were Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, Japan, and America; now there are only Russia and America—a fact which makes for less complexity but no less danger, for America in particular.

I have watched China at intervals over the past thirty years. I watched the newly formed republic slowly decline into inanition in the early years of the first World War. I was there in the warlord years which followed, when the country was split into segments, under semiliterate, pseudomilitary men who looted everything within reach, and still later in the seething years of the nationalist revolution. Bad as conditions were in those years, one could hold to perspective and see them as the surface phenomena of social transition,

the labor pains of a new society. One actually did discern new forces in the making, young men emerging of a different order.

I have just been in China again, and now I find that one can hold to perspective only by an effort of will and not always successfully. Now the surface conditions are at least as bad as they were—but they can no longer be construed as the painful process of social transformation. Nor can one now discern anything ahead that is better.

There are no new forces in the making (the Communists can only doubtfully be so classified) and the young men of a better order are suppressed. There is still warlordism, but a kind of higher warlordism and therefore a worse one. Twenty years ago the warlords were local satraps, the power and rapacity of each limited to his own locality; now they are organized in a single, centrally controlled machine, with the greater power that centralization and system always give. The rapacity is less crude and less obvious, but in sum it yields as much. The centrally controlled machine is the party called the Kuomintang, which in fact—if no longer in law—is the government of China; and its head is Chiang Kai-shek.

No one who has been in China in the past year will think this picture overdrawn. Nor is it affected by the recent pronouncements about constitutionalism and the

Mr. Peffer wrote his first of many articles on the Far East for Harper's seventeen years ago. He has recently returned from a six-month visit to China for the State Department.

broadening of the base of government. I was in Nanking when the new constitution was adopted last December. Among those whose adherence to the government is not bought by political jobs or economic favors there were some who had hopes that it signalized something new in China, but none who had confidence.

There was little reason for confidence. There is nothing much wrong with the constitution itself. From the point of view of a political scientist it is muddled, unclear, and badly thought through; but its merits and demerits from that point of view are irrelevant. As a matter of fact, the constitution *could* serve as a workable basis for responsible representative government—if those who hold power had any desire for such government. The point is that they have no such desire. The constitution was “granted” in order to allay a mounting discontent among the Chinese people, on which the Communists were capitalizing, and, still more, in order to meet criticism in America and thus get a large American loan.

Possibly this imputes too directly cynical a motive. Actually the men who hold power in China have no understanding of what constitutional rule implies and would not tolerate it if they did. The same may be said of the recent abolition of one-party rule by the Kuomintang and the inclusion in the government of representatives of other parties. All that has happened is that the Kuomintang has admitted into the government a few men who will constitute a negligible minority, and who will be permitted (perhaps) to express dissenting opinions (unless they express them too publicly and too vociferously) while decisions are made by the same men who have been making them in the past. The net effect can be expected to be nil.

II

THE trouble in China is not a matter of the form of government and laws. It is a matter of persons—and not so much the character of persons as their spirit and their political and social attitudes. In theory, the monopolistic rule by the Kuomintang was not particularly unsound. It derived directly from Sun Yat-

sen's philosophy of progress toward democracy in stages. The period of Kuomintang monopoly was to be the stage of tutelage; the Kuomintang was to act as trustee, while the people were being educated for democratic government. Had the Kuomintang been what Sun Yat-sen envisaged, this would have been not only logical but ideal; for the Chinese people, who have a long political tradition but one of a different order from democracy, were not prepared to exercise popular rule at once. But the Kuomintang is not, and for twenty years has not been, as Sun Yat-sen envisaged it. It is almost the exact opposite.

The Kuomintang is not a political party in the accepted sense. It is best described as a holding company for a country, with a large number of shareholders (the party members) who have given their proxies to a small number of directors. These directors are self-appointed and self-perpetuating. They may or may not report to the shareholders, but periodically they throw a small dividend to a favored few in order to keep them active in rounding up and delivering proxies. These dividends take the form of jobs for the smaller shareholders and opportunities to make money for the larger ones. But the company is run exclusively by and in the interests of the directors—some of whom take their compensation in wealth, some in power, and some in both. If, in order to acquire more wealth and power or because the directors are incompetent to conduct so complicated an enterprise as a country, the company has to be run into the ground—well, then, it is run into the ground.

And this is precisely what is happening today in China. Some of those who determine its destiny are willing to see it ruined, so long as they thrive financially. A number of these would rather see the country ruined than have to share with others the right to run it; others are so ignorant or incompetent that they do not recognize that they are ruining it.

In any case China has become the private possession of the Kuomintang, and the Kuomintang is controlled by a small coterie of which Chiang Kai-shek is unchallenged chief. The coterie is composed of Chiang himself, his personal associates,

military leaders who work with him, the directors of the party's patronage machine, and those big business men and financiers who lend financial support to the Kuomintang when necessary and in return get certain lucrative favors. There is also a group of enlightened, well-meaning, and highly-trained men who technically at least are members of the Kuomintang directorate. They are permitted a voice, so long as it is in assent. Many struggle manfully against odds in the hope of accomplishing something, and in small ways they may succeed. They are tolerated so long as they do not interfere unduly—mainly because they make attractive window dressing, especially to the foreign eye.

Government in China is personal government, and the person who counts most is Chiang Kai-shek. He is not easy to classify or understand. It is not accurate to call him a dictator, since words in the lexicon of politics do not carry the same meaning in China as in the West. Not everything that is done in China is what Chiang wants—but nothing can be done that he definitely does not want, and there are few public men in China who are willing to make important decisions without getting Chiang's assent. If they do, they are very likely to find themselves arbitrarily reversed, the law and the formal scheme of government notwithstanding. The legend—more widely disseminated in this country than in China—that Chiang is the victim of the men around him, that he is kept uninformed by them, or that they are so powerful that he must yield to some of them in order to keep their support against the others, is a myth. Chiang is powerful enough to deal with any or all of them if he wants to.

An instructive example is the Kuomintang patronage machine of which Chen Li-fu is the head. Chen Li-fu and his brother, Chen Kuo-fu, are the leaders of the so-called "C. C. clique," the most powerful organized group in the country. Chen Kuo-fu is one of Chiang Kai-shek's closest personal advisers. The C. C. clique is as vicious a machine as ever existed in any American city in the unregenerate days, vicious in its corruption and its repressive terror.

Chiang Kai-shek may not be personally

responsible for the acts of this machine. He may not even approve of these acts. But Chiang cannot be unaware of what is done by the machine, since everybody else in China is aware of it; and Chiang could break the brothers in twenty-four hours if he wanted to. If he does not, it is because their machine stands ready to hand for his purposes, and therefore he does not want to. If he does not approve, he condones. The disapproval is in the abstract; the instrument of power is concrete.

The same may be said of Chiang's relations with the military, who share with the Chen Li-fu organization the domination of the country. The military have become an unmixed evil. They have never before been so omnipresent in China—nor, for that matter, in any other Far Eastern country except Japan. The Japanese military at least had the merit of being an efficient tool; the Chinese only devour.

They have, moreover, become almost as much an instrument of government as they were in Japan. They are not yet so powerful, but they are becoming as arbitrary. They hold positions outside and parallel to the civil government structure, and where there is conflict of jurisdiction or judgment they practically always prevail. They rule by caprice or whim, sometimes wholly outside the law. They are no less corrupt than the officials of the Kuomintang machine. They themselves form a separate machine, appointed by Chiang Kai-shek, reporting to him, and answerable to him alone. Chinese militarism cannot yet be said to be as dangerous as Japan's was, principally because it is too inefficient. But it is one of the uglier developments of the last few years, however, and it could get worse. And the evils it inflicts, whether arbitrary seizures of property and persons or exploitation of positions for personal gain, cannot be dissociated from Chiang Kai-shek. He appoints the military men, and on them he relies for his strength.

III

OF ALL that can be charged against the combination of Kuomintang and military, it is corruption that embitters the Chinese people most—

though it may not be the most serious evil in the long run. The corruption is both palpable and visible; its impact is felt directly and at once. Those in office fatten on the public wealth, while the mass of the people sink deeper in wretchedness. Their plight is perhaps even worse than during the war because of the inflation, itself in part a product of misrule, military extravagance, and civil war.

Corruption in China is often exaggerated by foreigners, mainly because standards of public trust vary with social settings. What is graft in one setting may not be graft in another. But judging by China's own standards, one can say that corruption has never in recent times been as brazen as now. There is plenty of positive corruption in the form of private seizure of public funds. Even worse, however, is negative corruption in the form of exemption of the favored few from taxation while the masses are subject to outrageous exactions. In addition, there is the passing on of opportunities for profit from so-called public enterprises to the same favored few.

Furthermore, nothing is done to alleviate the lot of the masses—meaning now not only the peasants and urban workers but also the middle classes, on whom the burden of inflation falls most harshly. Regulations for control of prices and prevention of hoarding are passed in an endless stream, and they flow by as a stream, without even ruffling the surface. This ineffectiveness results in part from the lack of administrative machinery; but it is due even more to the fact that enforcement of the regulations would deprive the favored of their profits.

IT is this that has alienated the politically conscious Chinese from the government, and left even the illiterate masses suspicious and distrustful. Still more serious is the system of repression that has been developed to keep the present ruling group in power. This, too, can be exaggerated. It is not nearly so tight and inexorable as repression in ex-Nazi Germany or Communist Russia. The machinery is not so efficient, and the Chinese do not go in for absolutes anyway, either in thought or conduct. But protest is stifled nevertheless, principally because protest has be-

come dangerous. It is not yet necessary to look over one's shoulder before one talks in China, but it is politic to be sure one knows everybody present. I have myself had impressive evidence of that in the past year.

I visited most of the university centers while in China. The scholar and intellectual class traditionally has been and still is the politically conscious class, the source of political ideas. In this generation it has been the source of ideas disruptive of the established order. It overthrew the monarchy. It made the nationalist revolution, which resulted in the eviction of foreign powers from their territorial holdings and imperial privileges. It is a kind of political *avant garde*. To keep things as they are it is necessary that it be checked—and the Kuomintang has set out to do so.

Where men in universities talk at all—professors, I mean, and distinguished ones—they do so privately. Otherwise they engage in double talk. I have participated in conferences at which there was robust defense of the existing regime. Later several would come to me in my room, one at a time or two together, and explain that of course they had to talk that way, since there were always “secret police” present to report on what they said. (By secret police they meant either the so-called Bureau of Investigation and Statistics—now officially abolished—or agents of the Chen Li-fu organization or the Youth Corps. The latter is an organization of young men, mainly students, one of whose functions is to report on people.) Then they would vent their bitterness in philippic words. But they would always ask me not to repeat what they said.

In one university I took part in a full-dress meeting of professors and university officers, at which the virtues of the Kuomintang were expounded throughout a long session. In the luncheon interval a young instructor came up to me.

“I suppose, sir, you know you have been lied to,” he said. I answered noncommittally.

“A few of us would like to talk to you privately, to tell you the truth,” he added. I asked them to come to my room the next morning at eight.

At eight he walked in alone. I asked

where the others were. They were reluctant to come, he said. Then he told me how professors who had made remarks in class which might be considered critical had received warning letters, how the parents of certain students had received similar letters about things their sons had said, how certain students on repeating the offense had just disappeared. They were no longer seen in their classes and they had not gone home. Whether they were alive or dead no one knew.

After an hour or so I said that unfortunately I would soon have to go, because two government officials were coming to escort me to a meeting. My visitor leaped as if on a spring. It would be embarrassing to him if they found him there, he said. And before he unceremoniously fled he begged me not to quote what he had said or even to mention that he had come to see me.

At another university of an old and distinguished reputation the head of the political science department told me that of course no professor would discuss questions of government analytically in his classes. He would be sure to be reported on and then warned.

This is the atmosphere in which China now lives—an atmosphere not of terror but of fear. In larger urban centers, especially where foreigners can observe, there is more discretion in imposing repression. In some of the outlying regions there is all but terrorism. Especially in the newspapers, repression is becoming less necessary, because either the Kuomintang buys up newspapers and installs its henchmen as editors, or the editors have seen examples of reprisal—such as, for instance, the withholding of paper stock. Increasingly the men in important posts in media of communication are those who are sure to stand without hitching.

IV

FROM all this the principal beneficiaries are the Communists. Not Marxism but the perversion of Sun Yat-senism—the original philosophy of the republican and nationalist revolution—has recruited Communists. The young men, the men of spirit or those who despair, see

no alternative to the Kuomintang except the Communists. The middle parties are too weak and without hope of succeeding to power, though they contain large numbers of men who carry respect. These are the liberals of whom General Marshall spoke in his farewell statement on leaving China, and they are worthy of respect. But they are at present negligible.

Since that is so and the Kuomintang has repelled them beyond recall, young men of vigor and idealism are turning to the Communists. In many cases they do so regretfully and as a last resort—often not because of the Communist philosophy, but in spite of it. They would be followed by many more, if it were not for a widespread fear of terrorism of another brand and, still more, fear of Russian expansionism. If the Russians had not been shortsighted, if they had not insisted on the restitution of their old imperialistic possessions in Manchuria and had they not looted the industrial properties there, the Communist movement would be far stronger in China today than it is. There is in progress a kind of inverted struggle for possession of China. Chiang Kai-shek, the Kuomintang, and the present ruling class are doing all they can to throw China into the arms of Communism, while Russia is doing everything it can to keep China in the grip of a kind of native fascism. It is not easy to say which will succeed.

Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang have already managed to endow the Communists with enough strength to make possible a civil war. That war is the result of China's internal difficulties rather than the cause. In any analysis of responsibility for the war, neither side comes off very creditably. Neither was conspicuous for good faith in dealing with General Marshall in his efforts at mediation. The Kuomintang was resolved on peace only on terms which would give it complete victory without fighting, while the Communists—partly because they were embittered by the Kuomintang's insistence on monopoly of power and partly because they wanted to capitalize on the economic deterioration—preferred to take the chance of war. It is now a struggle for power on both sides, with China as the victim. The attitude of most of the Chinese

people is one of resentment toward both.

The strength of the Communists is negative; and so, perhaps, are their virtues, which shine mainly by comparison with the Kuomintang. One cannot talk to their leaders without the feeling that they are men of greater straightforwardness, of genuine aspirations to make life better for the Chinese people. Moreover, in any comparison of the record of the two parties in the areas over which they have had control, the Communists come off better. There may not be freedom of speech and political action in the Communist zones, but they do achieve something for the livelihood of the people—which is more than can be said for the Kuomintang regime. One qualification must be made here, however. In the territories newly won by the Communists there has been a resurgence of excesses, of indiscriminate killings, not so much as the Kuomintang spokesmen charge but enough to give pause.

THERE is another characteristic of the Communists that gives pause: an undoubted deviousness in action. Whether it is congenital deviousness that makes men Communists or Communism that makes men devious, the affinity appears to be almost chemical. It is found in China, too. In the relations of man to man, the Communists are straightforward and inspire confidence. In their dealings as members of a party they do not. They do not quite reverse themselves as easily as Communists elsewhere, but they do it often enough to raise doubts of their good faith at any given point. They will acknowledge a fact to be true on one day, and on the next their propaganda will assert the diametric opposite. Their propaganda is not only dishonest but consciously dishonest.

Today the Communists appear preferable to their opponents, simply because the Kuomintang leaders are the kind of men from whom no enlightened regime can be expected, while the Communist leaders are the kind from whom it could be. But one can never feel certain of the ultimate purposes of the Communists. Definitely one cannot escape the question whether in power they might not be

wholly different from what they are now. Of course they hotly deny that, if successful, they would subordinate themselves to Russia after the fashion of Poland; but in justice to them it should be added that they say bluntly that continued American aid to the Kuomintang would throw them into the arms of Russia.

IT is here that the international complications enter—complications of the kind which have produced turmoil in the Far East for generations and a general war in the last decade. By a process of drift rather than reasoned choice, America has entered itself as a major factor in these complications. Legalistic terminology aside, the truth is that America has intervened in China. It has intervened more definitely than any other great power ever did, except Japan. And whatever its original purpose may have been, the effect has been to bring about just those conditions that made civil war inevitable. This war, in turn, produces the kind of international situation in which America has to give its future as hostage.

It was sound analysis of the causes of war in the Far East which made America choose unification in China as the first essential, to be followed by reconstruction and industrialization. With China strong and stable, the Far East would be stable and America would be spared the risk of another war. The choice was sound; the means to give it effect were not.

What we did was to hand a blank check to those elements in China which would make unity impossible. Indeed, we gave unconditional support to the worst elements in China. By 1944 it was already evident that the Kuomintang had alienated a large proportion of the people and that the Communists stood to gain strength thereby. When the war ended with Japan's sudden surrender, American ships and planes moved up the Kuomintang armies to take over the Japanese-occupied areas. This was probably justified, since otherwise both Chinese armies would have rushed in, touching off a civil war at once. But when we presented the country to Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang, it should have been only under stringent conditions—changes in

personnel at the top, reform of the army, proof of immediate intention to institute economic and social reforms. We made no conditions. We gave support first, and then expressed hopes; the Chinese returned polite generalities. Why not, since they had already gained what they wanted?

We continued to move and supply the Kuomintang troops. We continued lend-lease—true, a contractual obligation had already been undertaken. We sent a large military mission to train the Chinese army—which meant training the Kuomintang troops, since the Communists were already behind a barrier. At the same time we sent General Marshall to bring about a settlement. It is unanimously agreed that General Marshall did everything that was humanly possible to induce a compromise. His perception of underlying causes was unfailing, and he pressed for measures that would eliminate them.

But his hands had been tied. We had already forfeited his only means of pressure. Supported by Ambassador Stuart, he could—and did—argue ably and persuasively the merits of democratic government, with representation of all parties. He could even get agreement from Chiang Kai-shek in generalities. Intellectually, no doubt, Chiang was convinced that this was the way of the modern world; but his actions were according to his instincts, which are of an earlier and politically uglier world. Moreover, these instincts were fortified by the persuasions of his friends, for whom there was only one desirable end—continuation of their personal power.

GENERAL MARSHALL'S efforts were sabotaged by both sides, but the first and major acts of sabotage were the Kuomintang's. The price of peace was remission of their own absolute power, and the Kuomintang leaders would have none of it. So long as America continued to give support to the Kuomintang, General Marshall had nothing to argue with except logic and appeals to good will. Last summer, for example, Chiang Kai-shek and his military advisers were coming to a decision to launch a full-scale war, and General Marshall and

Ambassador Stuart were pressing them hard to hold back. Just at that moment the American government turned over to the Kuomintang surplus property valued at millions. The property was handed over first—and afterward we continued to argue with Chiang and his military that they should practice social consciousness.

In the end, of course, General Marshall failed. In publicly acknowledging the completion of his task without result, he acknowledged also that there was a state of war in China. But the American troops remain and the American military mission still remains—in the capital, where in the nature of things it can train only the national army, which means training one side in a civil war. (Even more recently American naval vessels were handed over to the Chinese government.) Now there can be no further pretense that our forces are there only to ensure peace, for we acknowledge that there is no peace. Now we are frankly intervening in a civil war.

V

WE ARE intervening on one side in a civil war, in which the other belligerent is a protégé of another great power—as it happens, the power with which America's relations are now most strained. That there is more than coincidence in this can no longer be denied. That China is becoming a pawn in a larger world conflict is now self-evident. Whether America's strategy in the Far East is advantageous to itself is, however, by no means self-evident. In fact, it is more nearly the opposite.

The presence of our troops, our intervention in China's internal difficulties, make for Communist strength, if only because they afford persuasive propaganda to a people whose newly-acquired nationalism makes them suspicious of all foreign interference. Obviously it is not sound strategy to strengthen one's potential opponents. Those Chinese liberals and neutrals to whom General Marshall referred also are repelled by American intervention—first, because it is intervention, and second, because it is intervention on the side of reaction.

America, then, has maneuvered itself into a risky and perhaps untenable position. It may be opening the way for Russia in China. Clearly the consequences would be world-shaking and probably tragic if Russia does move in. It is not certain that Russia will do so automatically, if and where the Communists succeed; but if there is only one chance in ten that it may, it would be better for the Communists not to succeed. However, neither they nor the Russians can be kept out by the measures we now are taking. With or without extension of the Truman Doctrine to the Far East (perhaps there is where it was first applied, though without pronouncement) the further expansion of Russia in the Far East should be checked. But the spread of Communism cannot be checked by a Chiang Kai-shek. Nor can Russian expansion be checked by a small force of Marines and a military mission training an army that is rotten at the core and without popular support.

THERE are three ways to stop Russia in China, and only three.

First, there must be established in China a regime that has the loyalty of the people, because it gives good government—honest, efficient, equitable, and concerned with human welfare. Representative government and social reform, these are the indispensable conditions. Given those, conditions in China will not invite revolutionaries, from whatever doctrinal extreme. Without them, the Communists will continue to win adherents, if only out of despair.

Second, in light of the fact that the first must be a relatively slow process, America might station at least a quarter of a million troops on China's border to keep the Russians out.

Third, America can get its own forces out of China, remain correctly neutral, and simultaneously make it clear to Russia that when America gets out the Soviets will not come in. Russia would understand. If, then, Russia did come in—knowing the consequences—it would do

so only if a war had broken out on other grounds, or if the Soviet Union had elected war for reasons best known to itself.

In the long run the first is the only sure safeguard. The second is impractical: American opinion would never consent. The third could be expected to work, unless there was no hope of avoiding another world war anyway. In the meantime America would be a free agent. It could continue to press for the indispensable reforms in China and do so with more prospect of success, since it would no longer be paying before delivery. Once the Chinese government knew that it could not get further help from America just by playing off Russia against us, it might reform perforce, as a first step introducing into the government the kind of men who understand what reform means.

But if America, carrying out what might seem to be the pure logic of the Truman Doctrine, decides to back the present government just because it is anti-Communist, then China will continue to drift further into what will become barely concealed fascism. Then the state of China's politics will deteriorate further, the economy will dissolve, despair will drive more Chinese into the Communist ranks, the civil war will become more intense, America will have to put more strength behind the Kuomintang forces. Then Russia, unwilling to see the Chinese Communists extinguished, may well put force behind them in a way that it has not done so far. And then Communist and Kuomintang forces will confront each other only as skirmishing forces in advance of major armies—American and Russian.

Whatever may be true in Eastern Europe, this does not have to come about in the Far East. America's present policy in China is helping to bring it about. In American self-interest the policy should be reversed. The first step is to withdraw our forces from China entirely and to withhold all further economic help until conditions in China change.

THE NARROWING GULF BETWEEN RICH AND POOR

H. GORDON HAYES

PERHAPS it should not be told, but the truth is that capitalism is rapidly pushing us toward the dead-level equality that the defenders of capitalism have so scornfully attributed to socialism.

I am not referring to money incomes. Before taxes, personal incomes in the United States range from a few hundred dollars to some five or six million. If we measured the spread of our incomes against the Washington Monument, allowing one inch for each \$1,000 of yearly income, about 50 per cent of the income receivers would be included in the first three inches, some 80 per cent in the first four, and 95 per cent in the first six or seven inches—but the aluminum cap at the top would be found not to reach high enough to measure the income of the most fortunate few. Taxes lessen this inequality, to be sure. Since 1929—when the top 3 per cent of the income receivers got one-third of the total national income but certainly paid less than one-third of the 10 billion dollars of local, state, and federal taxes—we have developed a tax structure that reduces inequality. Even so, however, the spread is very large. Some people have several hundred thousand a year left from taxable income after the Bureau of Internal Revenue has done its worst.

Furthermore, taxes do not touch income

from the bonds of the states or their subdivisions. Incomes, or additions to reported incomes, from these sources may be very large, but no one knows, for reports are not required of receipts from these sources.

Yet however unequal money incomes are, *real incomes*—by which I mean the goods and services which are bought with the money—are far less unequal and are almost daily losing still more of their inequality. This is a fact of great significance. The trend has been under way for a long time, but has only recently become startlingly evident. Believe it or not, under capitalism, which has long been accused of making the rich richer and the poor poorer, we are narrowing the gap between the rich man's way of life and the poor man's.

Most people think of socialism as being dedicated to equality. But except from the redoubtable G. B. Shaw, there has been little, if any, demand for equality by socialists since the days of Marx. The socialist order in Russia, if Stalinism may be called socialism, certainly practices and encourages inequality of income to a degree hardly exceeded here in the stronghold of capitalism. And there have been no plans for equality under the new dispensation in Britain, despite the bold steps

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under recent conservative government toward less inequality through very onerous taxes on the rich. It is true that conservative writers in this country continue to frighten their more timid readers with threats of the dead level of uniformity to which we shall be reduced if socialism is not stopped in its tracks. But these fabricators of nightmares should not only read socialist doctrine and observe socialist practice, they should also note what capitalism is doing to the inequality which they cherish. They are manning the wrong ramps.

For it is mass production that is the great equalizer of all time.

THE richest man in town gets his cookstove, refrigerator, furniture, vacuum cleaner, radio, and cigarettes from a common conveyor belt. To be sure, an exceptional man buys custom-built products and of course the rich buy more than do the poor, but largely the well-to-do have things just like those that are found in thousands of poorer homes. The milk that is delivered to the rich man's door, the water that flows through the pipes of his house, and the electricity that he uses are no better, and in not much greater quantity, than those served to the poor.

His telephone receiver is no better than that used by the humblest family, though there may be fewer subscribers on his line. The automobile that he owns is superior in only a few respects to the cheapest standard car on the road. Soft music may play when he opens the door to his machine, but its paint, self-starter, spark plugs, carburetor, gadgets, tires, and speed limit are practically, if not exactly, the same as in the equipages of humble folk. His residence is increasingly an apartment strikingly like hundreds of others; mansions are selling on a distressed market.

The clothes of the rich man and even those of his wife are increasingly machine made and hence identical with those worn by thousands, if not millions, of other persons. His books, magazines, and newspapers come from highspeed presses, and are identical to the last period with those read by the proletarians.

The theater—which for centuries was attended only by the well-to-do, with only the very rich being able to sit where they could see and hear the performance adequately—has moved into a luxurious palace in which there are no reserved seats and in which a housemaid with an hour's wages can share equally with the richest person in town the finest dramatic talent of the day. Likewise, too, the marvels of radio now bring to the poor the music, entertainment, and information heretofore reserved for the well-to-do. Also the best food and best medical and dental service available to anyone are increasingly shared by low income groups, though in these matters the process still has a long way to go.

In education, too, the difference between the haves and the have-nots is disappearing. Some 70 per cent of the youth of the nation attend high school, and in states like Ohio the percentage rises to 85 or 90. Similarly, colleges and universities are fast losing their standing as clubs for the offspring of old and established families.

The data in the Harvard Report showing the multiplication of the high school population by 90 and of the college and university population by 30, between 1870 and 1940, while the entire population was multiplied by only 3, show how rapidly the nation is moving toward educational equality. The rich man's son and daughter still have a head start in the race of life, but formerly they were far down the course when the others got under way.

The most striking difference among us in scale of living today lies between the income group with, say, four thousand dollars a year and above, and the group with less than two thousand a year. The difference between the scale of living of, let us say, a man with five thousand a year, and one with four or ten or one hundred times that much, may still be very real in many cases, but it is being cut down year by year. When we observe this change, we are likely to think of the popular legislation which aids the process—labor and tax legislation, for example—but the most powerful influence is mass production, which makes imperative the wide distribution of an ever-increasing plenty.

II

TO APPRECIATE fully what has been happening, contrast the situation today with that in George Washington's time. Then (as Disraeli said many years later) there were two nations, the rich and the poor. Tutors for the children of the rich and no schools for the poor. Abundance of goods and services for a few and meager pickings for the many.

Try to estimate the days of labor needed to outfit a gentleman of that time with clothes and carriage and household equipment. And on the basis of any reasonable computation as to such labor time, note how impossible it would have been for more than a very few people to have been so supplied. Today, by contrast, only some five or six days of labor are required to produce the raw material and make, transport, store, and sell an excellent suit of clothes, as anyone can tell by dividing the price of a suit by the average rate of wages. Other items of purchase likewise represent incredibly low costs in labor income. Even the fabulous automobile is produced with the equivalent of a half year of one person's work.

No one is naïve enough to believe that a person with lots of money cannot buy a great many more things (and some things of much better workmanship), and go to more places, and wield more social and political power than one with a minimum income. Money still makes the mare go, and will continue to do so during the foreseeable future. But there can be no denying that the magic of the conveyor belt is lessening the importance of money-income inequality. The very success of capitalism is making the capitalist eat and drink and live and travel more and more like the proletarians who work for him. His employees may still create for him what Marx described as surplus value, but he is having increasing difficulty in translating this into what Veblen called conspicuous consumption.

The relative cheapness of consumer goods today has another important effect on our economy. For since the rich man has decreasing opportunities to use his income to buy things, he is compelled to save money; but this forced frugality re-

duces the profitability of investment designed to turn out still more consumer goods. Hence, savings tend to lie idle and make men idle too, except in unusual periods like the present. Reductions in the inequality of real incomes thus tend to leave us no choice but to adjust money incomes correspondingly, ■ we have been doing.

III

How far will this go? Will we all become as equal in our consumption as cattle in a pasture? Perhaps there is no escape from that. For what is happening is that we are solving the economic problem. We are making economic goods more and more cheaply in terms of human effort. That is, we are making them more and more nearly free, current prices to the contrary notwithstanding. And when goods are free—as free as air—anyone can use all that he wishes and nobody is rich. The years—certainly the decades—are apparently numbered until food will be almost as free as water is now. The Republican members of Congress, when they think of the problem of supporting agricultural prices, surely reverse the age-old prayer: Give us this day our daily bread.

In the year 1800 some 85 workers out of every 100 were engaged in producing food and textiles; now we do the task with about 15. Ten years hence will we need only 10 per cent of the nation's workers in agriculture? In twenty years, only 5 per cent? It is certainly not impossible, even when allowance is made for the number of workers off the farms making farm machinery and fertilizer.

Solomon Fabricant has computed that in the field of mining, including oil and gas, there was a drop of 83 per cent in the man-hours required per unit of product from 1880 to 1939. In manufacturing and public utilities, including transportation, there was a drop of 50 per cent from 1899 to 1939. Combining these three lines of endeavor with agriculture, Fabricant concludes that a unit of combined product requiring 100 hours of labor in 1899 was produced in 1939 with only 35 hours.

Such data only emphasize what every-

one already knows: that our efficiency in production has been growing at an astounding rate. If the gains noted by Fabricant from 1899 to 1939 were continued for three more 40-year periods, we should by 2059 be able to produce in one hour what took 100 hours in 1899. What is more, the gains may be cumulative. They have apparently always been cumulative since we got down out of the trees, although the snowballing effect of inventions and technical improvements has only recently become vivid enough to attract attention. One hundred and fifty years ago steam power was becoming available, some sixty years ago electric power, fifty years ago the internal combustion engine. And now we are on the threshold of atomic power!

It is, of course, not capitalism *per se* that is equating riches and poverty, but rather scientific and technological development, which has been encouraged by both private enterprise and government agencies. No one knows how much progress we might have made during the past century and a half if some form of collectivism had prevailed. But capitalism has at least not prevented science and mass production from working miracles.

IV

ODD as it seems at first glance, when a society is poor it is practically forced to distribute its goods unequally, but as it becomes richer inequalities must be lessened, and finally eliminated as riches continue to grow. Records appear to show that primitive societies have divided their goods equally, but in conditions when food was inadequate for all, the rule that a few should live rather than that all should die must certainly have been applied. At least that would have been moral conduct. And as the members of any society came to wear clothes and live in houses the pressure for inequality in the interest of the chief members of the group evidently became pronounced. Here, too, the highest moral sanction could be applied. For it was only as a few households were well provisioned

that some persons found the necessary leisure to develop the arts of civilization. The human race would perhaps still be living in tepees if equality had been strictly enforced. Indeed, the amazing progress in productivity in this country during the past several decades rests on the inequality which has permitted a relatively few to spend long years in education or research while the rest of the population in a sense supported them.

The first gains in output as a society advances from primitive conditions may be largely retained by the already favored few, but as productivity increases still more, the added flood of goods spills over at the feet of the poor. And as the flood increases there can be no escape finally from everyone's having everything he wants.

It must be emphasized, as Lord Keynes said when he suggested in 1927 that the economic problem might be solved in another hundred years, that our future well-being depends upon keeping down numbers and avoiding devastating wars. The women of the nation could in a few generations so swamp us with children that economic gains would be negated, and we could, too, destroy in war not only the possibilities of a good living for all but the lives of most of us as well. But if we assume human intelligence and the use of it, such fears are resolved into brilliant prospects.

The idea that the economic problem may disappear—that a few hours per week will be sufficient for all of our needs—will alarm some people. The Puritan tradition, inherited from a poverty-stricken past, calls for hard work and frugal living as the way of salvation. But despite our cultural ancestry there is no escape from a life of ease unless we turn back the clock of scientific advance. We shall have to enjoy ourselves, bitter medicine as that may be.

What problems will concern us when we have solved the economic one? The buoyance of life—animal spirits as Keynes put it—will call for action of some kind. The arts in all their forms beckon. Here perhaps is the basis for a new inequality. But let us not cross that bridge yet.

WHY CALL THE SOUTH CONSERVATIVE?

WILLIAM G. CARLETON

IN RECENT years no area of the country has been the cause of so much political irritation to so many people as the South. Socialists damn the South because there are so few socialists south of the Mason-Dixon line. Labor sympathizers are exasperated because the South's congressmen do not vote for the measures of organized labor in as large numbers as the representatives from Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and New York. New Dealers rail because the South does not move to the left fast enough. Northern Democrats resent the fact that Southerners in Congress too frequently kick over the party traces and defy party leadership. Republicans are disgusted because Southern conservatives do not do what Republicans regard as the honest and logical thing to do—join the Republican party. And all groups, even the conservative Republicans, unite in anathematizing the South as the seedbed of American fascism. Thus a political myth has grown up—a myth which has it that the South is completely and consistently conservative, conservative in its own uniquely cussed way.

Here and there individuals have held this view for a long time, but this popular stereotype of an all-conservative South is of relatively recent origin. It dates from the latter days of the New Deal when many Southern congressmen rebelled

against New Deal measures and made a working alliance with Republicans. Even the Bourbon South of the 1870's and 1880's never caused such a myth to develop in Northern minds, because Tilden and Cleveland were in general conservative enough to suit Bourbon tastes, and hence the Bourbons in Congress never found it necessary to revolt against their own party. Moreover, when the Southern revolt against Cleveland did come in 1896, it was a radical and not a conservative revolt.

The time was when Northern publicists depicted the South in an entirely different light. Then they popularized the myth of a radical South, radical in its own uniquely cussed way. Throughout a large part of American history conservative Northern publicists held before their Northern readers the bogey of a Southern Hotspur, firebrand, Yahoo, and whirling dervish ready to pull down the pillars of respectable society. Jefferson and his Southern followers were painted as Jacobins who would bring to America the horrors of the French Revolution. Jackson and his Southern followers were painted as slam-bang agrarians who would bring mob rule and mud-sill dictatorship. In the days of the Populists, Northern editors were disposed to see even more danger in a Tom Watson from Geor-

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gia or a "Cyclone" Davis from Texas than in a General Weaver from Iowa or a "Whiskers" Pepper from Kansas.

The development of the recent myth of a united conservative South may well be illustrated in the writings of William Allen White, who made himself a kind of common denominator of middle-class American opinion. Around 1940, when White was writing his autobiography, he had come under the spell of the current stereotype then being developed. Over and over again he speaks in his autobiography of the conservative South. He reads back into the 1890's and the early decades of the twentieth century this myth of Southern political conservatism. By 1940, White apparently had forgotten that back in the 1890's, when he was writing his sensational editorial on "What's The Matter with Kansas" and lambasting the radicalism of Mary Elizabeth Lease and Sockless Jerry Simpson, he was at the same time lambasting the radicalism of Ben Tillman and the Southern Silverites. He had forgotten, too, that when he sat as an ardent Wilson fan in the Baltimore convention of 1912, it was the steadfast Wilson delegations from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas, and the work of McAdoo, House, Burleson, and Daniels—Southerners all—that made possible Wilson's nomination for President.

II

THE truth is that the South, like every other region with a long-standing tradition of popular government, divides politically into every degree of articulate political consciousness from left to right. There are mossbacks and progressives, conservatives and liberals, reactionaries and leftists in the South, just as there are such divisions elsewhere. If economic determinism in politics works at all in this world, it works in the South about as much as it does elsewhere. This should, of course, be obvious to any political tyro—but the number of facile economic determinists who can give a glib explanation of politics in terms of economics everywhere on earth except in the South of the United States and who

naïvely believe that economic determinism abruptly stops at the Mason-Dixon line is truly amazing.

There is undeniably a conservative tradition in the politics of the South. There were the conservative Federalists of the days of Washington, Marshall, and the Pinckneys. There were the Whigs of the days of John Tyler, Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, and Judah P. Benjamin. There were the Bourbon Democrats of the days of Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon, L. Q. C. Lamar, and Augustus H. Garland. And in recent times there have been conservative Democrats like Harry Byrd, Carter Glass, Walter George, Eugene Cox, and Martin Dies.

Nor is the alliance of Southern conservatives with Northern conservatives anything new. The Pinckneys were in alliance with Alexander Hamilton; John Marshall was in alliance with John Adams. The Southern Whigs were in alliance with the Northern Whigs; "the lords of the lash" were in alliance with "the lords of the loom." The Southern Bourbons of the 1870's and 1880's were in covert alliance with the conservative Republicans, particularly on railroad, financial, and monetary issues. And today the Southern conservative Democrats are in alliance, sometimes overt and sometimes covert, with the Northern conservative Republicans—■ Bourbon-Yankee alliance hallowed in the name of "Southern rights" and "white supremacy."

But there is a Southern liberal tradition, too—and historically the liberal tradition generally has been stronger than the conservative. There was the Jeffersonian South and the Jacksonian South. There were the Southern Independents of the 1880's and the Southern Populists of the 1890's. There was the Bryanite South of the turn of the century. There was the Wilson South and the Roosevelt South. Without the South, Bryan could not have held sway in the Democratic party for a quarter of a century and transformed it from Cleveland conservatism to modern progressivism. Without Bryan and without the South there would have been no Woodrow Wilson. Without the South there could have been no Franklin D. Roosevelt at Chicago in 1932.

Indeed, if the administrations of Wilson and Roosevelt are conceived (and, I think, correctly so) as those which have done the most to bring a kind of social and industrial democracy to the United States, then the South must be thought of—both in the Democratic conventions which produced their nominations and in their subsequent elections—as serving in an effective alliance with the Northern liberals. It constituted a bloc of the Popular Front; indeed the most important bloc, although the least respected and most maligned.

Southern liberalism, of course, has been mainly agrarian. But this has not prevented Southern liberals from allying themselves with Northern commercial and industrial liberals. Jefferson was in alliance with Tammany. Southern Jacksonians were in alliance with the Loco-Focos and other workingmen's parties of the Northeast. And in recent times Josephus Daniels has been in alliance with Samuel Gompers, and Southern New Dealers in alliance with John L. Lewis and Philip Murray.

Today the spearhead of American liberalism is no longer agrarian; it has come more and more to be industrial, urban, proletarian. The transition from agrarian to industrial liberalism is admittedly difficult in the South, but it is gradually being made. That transition comes much more easily because the same political party—the Democratic—which was the vehicle of liberalism when that movement was primarily agrarian is now the vehicle of liberalism when it has become primarily industrial. Large areas of the South today are being industrialized in an atmosphere of social and economic democracy unknown in the days when the Northeast first got its industry—and in saying this, I do not mean to gloss over Southern shortcomings and differentials in industrial relations. Moreover, there has always existed in the South an underlying skepticism about the sweetness and light of industrial capitalism. In spite of Henry W. Grady and his disciples, the myth of omnipotent and benevolent industrialism has never taken hold in the South as it has in other sections. Men in the South spoke of “the full dinner pail” with tongue in cheek. Much that North-

erners now have to unlearn, Southerners do not have to unlearn at all because they never believed it in the first place.

The South, then, divides politically just as other areas of the country do. The fact that a good many of these divisions take place inside a single political party does not make them any the less real. There is even a kind of sectional division within the South which reflects itself in politics. Even before the Civil War, the hillbilly upcountry, composed of white counties inhabited by small freehold farmers, was politically opposed to the aristocratic planter counties in the Black Belt. Professor H. C. Nixon of Vanderbilt University emphasizes this sectional division within the South, and points out that even in recent times the majority of Southern political liberals have come from this Piedmont upcountry—for instance, Estes Kefauver, Robert Ramspeck, Helen Mankin, Luther Patrick, Ellis Arnall, “Big Jim” Folsom, John Sparkman, Hugo Black. There is a basic truth here, and yet we should beware of exaggerating it. As a matter of fact, liberals to a greater or lesser degree come from all parts of the South. After all, Tom Watson in his fiery Populist days was elected from one of the old Whig planter districts—the Augusta district of Georgia—in the very area where conservatives like Bob Toombs and “Little Alec” Stephens first rose to power. And today such fighting liberals as Lister Hill and Claude Pepper hail from the deep South.

III

How, then, can we explain the large number of conservative Southern votes in Congress during the past few years? Largely by the fact that the country has moved away from the New Deal—and when the country moves, the South does, too. When the country moves toward liberalism, so does the South; when it moves back to conservatism, so does the South. In the South, however, the return to conservatism is expressed *within the Democratic party*, while in the rest of the country it is expressed largely by an increase in the strength of the Republican party.

When the country is in a liberal trend, Southerners in Congress not only are part of it but help spearhead it. They voted overwhelmingly for the leading measures of Wilson's New Freedom, which made the first four years of his administration notable for constructive liberal legislation. This goes not only for such measures as the Federal Reserve Act, the Clayton Act, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Rural Credits Act, but also for such labor legislation as the Adamson Act of 1916. This law, which established the eight-hour day for railway labor plus time-and-one-half for overtime, was by all odds the outstanding example of union labor legislation in the Wilson Administration. A large majority of Southerners in both the houses voted for it; only two Southern Senators voted against it.

After 1918, as the country moved back to conservatism, so did the South. For instance, a large number of Southern Representatives and seven Southern Senators voted for the Transportation Act of 1920, which returned the railroads to private management and contained certain provisions very unpopular with organized labor. As the reaction in the country deepened, so did the reaction in the South. Southern votes in Congress became more conservative. Republicans like John W. Harreld, Richard P. Ernst, and Frederick Sackett were sent to the Senate from the upper South. In 1920, Tom Watson—by that time thoroughly reactionary and allied with Jew-baiters, Negrophobes, and Kluxers—was sent to the Senate by a heavy majority of Georgia voters.

Again, Southern members of Congress voted overwhelmingly for New Deal measures when the New Deal was in its constructive phase and popular in the country. It was a little group of Southern Representatives who in the first year of the New Deal stood out for the federal guarantee of bank deposits. The Southern delegations were overwhelmingly in favor of the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933 and only two Southern Senators, Glass and Bailey, voted against that measure. When the Social Security Act came up for final passage, only seven Southern Representatives voted against it; not a single Southern Senator did.

The South even supported the Wagner Act, and supported it decisively. On final passage there was no roll call in the House, but in the Senate nineteen Southern Senators announced themselves in favor of the measure and only two, Byrd and Bailey, voted against it. By 1938, considerable opposition was developing to the New Deal inside Southern delegations, but even the Wages and Hours Law of that year commanded large Southern support. Indeed, it was the smashing victory of Claude Pepper in the Florida primary early in May of that year—a primary in which the Wages and Hours Bill was a leading issue—which stirred Congress to resurrect the bill and vote on it.

After 1940, with the war and the domestic swing to conservatism, Southern votes in Congress became increasingly conservative. However, this time the Southern swing to conservatism, as reflected in Congressional votes, appeared more decided than in the last year of the Wilson administration and the early 1920's. This was due in part to the fact that so many of the tests of liberal voting involved labor measures—and labor had moved much faster and farther to the left in New Deal days than in Wilson days. Some of the South is still without an organized labor movement, and many of the industrial-minded fear that the imposition of too many national standards will rob the South of certain of its presumed competitive advantages in attracting new industry.

IV

How conservative is the South today? The recent Congressional elections show a trend to conservatism, but the trend is not decisive. There were distinct liberal victories, notably in Alabama, where John Sparkman was sent to the Senate and "Big Jim" Folsom, with CIO support, was elected Governor.

Just how conservative have been the votes of the Southern delegations in Congress during the past few years? In its issue of September 23, 1946, the *New Republic* tabulated what it considered the progressive and conservative votes of members of the Senate on fourteen meas-

ures during 1945 and 1946, and did the same thing for the House of Representatives on fifteen leading measures. Whether or not one is willing to accept the *New Republic's* standards of liberalism, the box score is at least illuminating. On the basis of this tabulation the South is not as progressive as New York or California—but it is more progressive than the states with which it should more reasonably be compared, the agricultural and only partially industrialized states of the Middle West.

The House votes, for example, show that Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina all have a more progressive record than Indiana. Alabama has a more progressive record than Minnesota, Louisiana a more progressive record than Iowa. Arkansas, with seven Representatives, more than doubles the progressive vote of Iowa, with eight Representatives. Even reputedly reactionary South Carolina has thirty-two progressive votes, while Kansas, with the same number of Representatives, has only fourteen. And Georgia, with ten Representatives, has forty-one progressive votes, while Kansas and Nebraska combined, also with ten Representatives, have only seventeen progressive votes. The record in the Senate is somewhat the same.

In spite of the historical record which puts the South on the side of Bryan, Wilson, and Roosevelt, and in spite of concrete evidence such as the votes just analyzed, the stereotype of a conservative South persists and grows. In the popular mind and even in the minds of most editors, publicists, and radio commentators, the Middle West would be rated more politically progressive than the South, although in fact that notion can bear neither historical nor contemporary analysis. In spite of such solid conservatives as Harry S. New, James E. Watson, Ray Willis, and Homer Capehart, Indiana still remains—in popular legend—the Indiana of Albert J. Beveridge and Eugene Debs. In spite of its Charley Curtises and its Clyde Reeds, Kansas is better remembered for Henry J. Allen and William Allen White. In spite of currently conservative voting records, Nebraska is still thought of in terms of George Norris, Iowa in terms of the Wal-laces, and Minnesota in terms of Floyd

B. Olsen. But what happens in the South? In spite of its progressive record, people think of poor Cracker Georgia, Negro-hating Alabama, bedeviled South Carolina, and benighted Arkansas!

Thus runs the political stereotype. Around Harlem and Manhattan Center and Union Square, young leftists never tire of denouncing the poll tax—Jim Crow states, although the Midwest—almost never criticized—has in fact done less than the Southern states to bring us such social democracy as we have.

V

WHY this stereotype of a completely and consistently conservative South? What caused it to develop in the public mind?

First, the South is traditionally Democratic, and is measured in the public mind by the liberalism of the national Democratic party. In its tabulations of Congressional votes, for example, the *New Republic* made a separate box score of Southern Democrats and thus called attention to the relatively conservative record of Southerners and the relatively liberal record of the party outside the South. Southern Democrats are expected to be as liberal as Eastern and Northern Democrats. When they are not, the whole South is damned as being uniquely and cussedly conservative. When a Southern Senator or Representative votes conservative he usually has to bolt his party and vote with the Republicans. That insurgency is news and is played up in the press. When big business interests contribute to the campaign funds of Southern conservatives, that, too, is news—because the public is accustomed to such contributions being made to Republicans, but not to Democrats. It is not news when Eastern money is contributed to elect a reactionary Northern Republican; it is news when Eastern money is contributed to elect a reactionary Southern Democrat.

The public mind seems never able to accustom itself to what should be a commonplace: that when the country turns to conservatism, that conservatism reflects itself in the South *within* the Democratic party, but in the rest of the country by

a swing to the Republicans. During such a trend, it is considered normal for the North to go conservative Republican, but abnormal for the South to go conservative Democrat. So when the South does edge over to the right within its own party, Northern liberals shake their heads over the incorrigible conservatism of the South.

Second, since the South is held up to the yardstick of the national Democratic party, people tend to compare the South with the states where the Democrats are strongest—that is, with the great urban and industrial states and their metropolitan centers at Boston, New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Thus the South is unfairly and unreasonably compared with the areas which are not similar in economic and social background, rather than with the rural and semi-industrial areas of the Middle West.

Third, labor unions are less advanced in the South than elsewhere, and the Negro still has an inferior status. Even Southerners who are liberal on economic matters are frequently conservative on racial ones. The South has obviously obstructed just federal measures to lessen racial discrimination. Northern liberals tie these facts to the current and temporary trend toward political conservatism, and conclude that all of them make up a fundamental pattern. (Of course, the argument can be reversed. It can, with much reason, be maintained that if the South has been able to make a fairly good liberal record, in spite of its racial discriminations, its white primaries, its poll taxes, its county unit systems, its flagrant gerrymanders in favor of small rural counties, and its immature labor unions, then its record will be far more impressive in the future as these handicaps are gradually overcome—as they surely will be.)

Fourth, the Southern temperament is mercurial and volatile, and conservatism in the South takes on a more picturesque and primitive aspect than it does elsewhere. In the Middle West conservatism is flat, uninteresting, conventional; it expresses itself in staid Rotary luncheons, Chamber of Commerce dinners, women's club forums, and church suppers. In the

South, on the other hand, conservatism is often evangelistic and gasconading; it frequently expresses itself in hyperbolic denunciations, apocalyptic visions, waving sombreros, stormy petrels like "the wild man from Sugar Creek," and hill-billy bands. No wonder such shenanigans impress themselves on the popular mind.

VI

TODAY, as in the past, the South is divided politically; that division expresses itself in various political groupings.

First, there is the left wing—those who go about as far to the left as the left-wing New Dealers of the North and who favor federal centralization as the chief means of treating our social and economic problems. This group is made up of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, the Southern branch of the CIO, the Southern branch of the Political Action Committee, old friends and beneficiaries of the Farm Security Administration, and the most aggressive friends of organized labor. Many intelligent and courageous Southerners belong to this left wing, and some of them have aristocratic lineages that go way back into Virginia and Carolina colonial history. In national politics this group was at one time represented by Hugo Black; today it is represented by Claude Pepper.

Second, there are those who clearly recognize the reasons for federal centralization today but who feel somewhat uncomfortable about this trend. They would like to see a decentralization of industry, in order to arrest the movement toward centralization in government. Former Governor Ellis Arnall is an example of this school of thought. If industrial decentralization turns out to be impossible on any appreciable scale, or if it turns out to be mere geographical decentralization and not economic or managerial decentralization, then this group will line up with the first group. Indeed, on many specific issues, this group is in fact indistinguishable from the first.

Third, there are the old agrarian liberals who for years have been fighting the battles of the Democratic party. As the

Democrats have gradually evolved from a party of agrarian liberalism to a party of industrial liberalism, these men have recognized the altered conditions which have forced the change, and have accommodated themselves to it. Josephus Daniels and many other old Wilsonites are representative of this large group.

Fourth, there are the "Southern demagogues," who claim to represent the piney-wood folk, the small farmers, the tenants, the sharecroppers. They speak the language of the poor white. They share his prejudices and often exploit them. When they go to Congress they usually vote against "Wall Street." They often vote liberal on economic measures. These are the heirs of Tom Watson in his Populist days, of Ben Tillman, of James K. Vardaman, yes, even of Huey Long. Poor old Bilbo, when he first went to the Senate, pretty well fell into this group. Bilbo's voting record during his first term in the Senate was almost straight New Deal; a distinguished liberal much respected in the North once declared that he would rather have had Bilbo's voting record during Bilbo's first term than that of any other man in Congress. From the point of view of an integrated liberalism, leaders of this group are not dependable; frequently in Southern history they have catapulted from one extreme to the other.

Fifth, there are the conservatives—the conventional, orthodox, and respectable conservatives—like the late Josiah Bailey, Harry Byrd, Walter George. These men are not apt to exploit racial or religious prejudices. They do not play the demagogue. They are gentlemen. They are at home with business executives, bank presidents, and corporation directors. There is little to distinguish their voting records from the voting records of conservative Republicans from the North.

Sixth, there are the unconventional and the unorthodox conservatives, the roughnecks with a strong rural appeal. They make a show of *not* being gentlemen. These men—like the Tillmans, Vardamans, and Longs—speak the language of the poor whites and often exploit their racial and religious prejudices. But they are "the stormy petrels" of conservatism, doing little or nothing for the people to

whom they appeal and using popular slogans to serve reactionary interests. They make conservatism colorful; they dish up the conservative program with a profusion of red galluses, ten-gallon hats, and the plaintive music of hillbilly bands. The Talmadges of Georgia and Lee O'Daniel of Texas are representative of this group.

These groups, of course, are not sharply differentiated, and there is considerable overlapping—but anyone with a discerning political eye may see examples of each of them in Southern Congressional delegations, in Southern state capitols, in courthouses, in city halls, and in the generality of the Southern population.

THE South will remain in the Democratic party, and these political divisions will continue to express themselves within the Democratic party. The South will remain Democratic for a number of reasons. One is habit, the tug of party loyalty, the enormous prestige of the Democratic label. Another is the fact that the South has more poor folks than any other section—and most Southerners are convinced that the Democratic party is the place where poor folks belong. Still another is the chilly reception accorded Southerners by the Republican party. When in power, it grants the South few specific favors; to the chagrin of John Temple Graves, II, the increasingly conservative Birmingham columnist, the present Republican leaders seem to have little intention of reversing their traditional policy of indifference toward the South. Indeed, Northern Republicans are rather contemptuous of Southerners, even of conservative Southerners. For instance, in 1946, at the very time conservative Southerners and Republicans were in working alliance in Congress, Republican leaders such as William E. Jenner, the Republican Senatorial candidate in Indiana, were ridiculing their Southern allies as Claghorns.

When the political tide turns and the country again swings to liberalism, it is a safe bet that the first four of the Southern political groups will converge and get behind the leading liberal Democratic candidate for the presidential nomination

—just as in 1932 the Hugo Blacks, the Josephus Danielses, and the Huey Longs got behind Roosevelt at Chicago. And should that Democratic nominee be elected, it is also a safe bet that an overwhelming majority of Southerners in Congress will vote to enact his liberal program in its constructive years, just as

Southern delegations voted overwhelmingly for Wilson's New Freedom and Roosevelt's New Deal. These are considerations which might well be pondered by those Northern left-wingers who appear to be contemplating secession from the Democratic fold and the organization of a third party.

Well Said, Old Mole

PETER VIERECK

How frail our fists are when they bash or bless
 The deadpan idiot emptiness of sky!
 In this immortal hoax of Time and Space
 (Our creeds and wisecracks equally awry)
 We have no solace—no, nor soul—but by
 The mortal gesture of a doomed caress:
 Man's first and last and honorable reply.
 Against the outside Infinite, man weighs
 The inwardness within one finite face
 And finds all Space less heavy than a sigh
 And finds all Time less lingering than *tendresse*.
 We are alone and small, and heaven is high;
 Quintillion worlds have burst and left no trace;
 A murderous star aims straight at where we lie.
 And we, all vulnerable and all distress,
 Have no brief shield but love and loveliness.
 Quick—let me touch your body as we die.

THE MCNEAR MURDER

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

DOWN below the West Bluff glimmered the lights of Peoria, yellow-white strings and clusters, nebulae beside the Illinois River; but up on the high Bluff, several witnesses later testified at the inquest, "it was very dark," for the lights had gone out shortly after 6:00 P.M., more than four hours earlier, when a transformer had broken at the power plant. The moon had not yet risen. The night was damp and foggy. This was March 10, 1947; down on the river cakes of dirty ice floated under the railroad bridges, and the temperature was just above freezing.

The Bluff was the old, best residential district of Peoria. True, one of the most magnificent homes had been converted into a funeral parlor and a few housed roomers; but the old families, the merchants and bankers and capitalists, still gazed down upon their city, the second city of Illinois. They had hired a night watchman, Cornelius O'Brien, an elderly man, and on this wet March night O'Brien saw a man striding down High Street from Main. He recognized him at once: George P. McNear, railroad president, owner of the old Bradley house on Moss Avenue near by.

Mr. McNear was walking briskly and carrying a cane, as always; the watchman encountered him often. Mr. McNear walked on into the fog, headed home. A few moments later O'Brien was ex-

changing a few words about dogs with a daughter of one of the old families when he heard a single, rather sharp, explosive sound from the direction that Mr. McNear had taken. Moss Avenue carries a good deal of traffic and O'Brien thought little of that sound—probably an automobile backfire—and he walked off.

Other persons, however, took note. Carl DeWeerth, driving down Moss Avenue, saw in the headlights' glare the body of a man lying on the south side of Moss near High. "I thought it was a drunk." He drove down to notify the police.

Meanwhile Dr. Robert Sutton, who lived across Moss Avenue, hearing the "backfire," had got out of bed, raised the window, looked out, seen nothing in the wet gloom, and gone back to bed. Soon he heard sounds as of someone groaning. He looked out again. Two students who rented a room upstairs were peering out their own window. They had seen the body in the headlights. At Dr. Sutton's suggestion, they hurried across the street. They found an "unconscious man lying on the sidewalk, very white and very pale . . . breathing very deeply." Dr. Sutton called the police.

Detectives George Gridley and Harry Schultz, cruising in their scout car, received the radio call at 10:42 P.M. Other police officers also received it and set out for Moss Avenue. Along the edge of the lawn at 100 Moss runs a sixteen-inch concrete coping, or curb. "This man was sort

The story of a railroad president's murder that made news headlines last March could hardly be told better than by John Bartlow Martin, a Midwesterner who has often written of violence and its background.

of sitting on the curb, lying back looking up toward the sky," one officer testified. The man had been shot. He was unconscious, a big man of fifty-five slumped on his crushed hat on the dirty-yellow March grass. An ambulance took him to St. Francis Hospital where he was identified as Mr. McNear. He died at 11:05 P.M., an unconscious Presbyterian receiving the last rites of the Catholic Church.

For a solution of the crime the police turned to McNear's labor trouble, perhaps the bitterest, bloodiest, most protracted labor trouble in recent American history. Let us also examine this background; though by so doing we will not learn who killed McNear—two months later the crime was still unsolved—we may learn something about industrial relations. Let us study McNear himself, some of his hirelings, one of the strikers who opposed him, and the tough midland city where they all collided.

II

GEORGE PLUMMER MCNEAR, JR., was born June 15, 1891, at Petaluma, California. (His grandfather, an operator of clipper ships, had sailed from Maine round the Horn to San Francisco before the gold rush of 1849; his father, George Plummer McNear, had been born in California, where he later ran a feed and seed business.) Young McNear went to Hitchcock Military Academy at San Rafael and to the University of California; in the summers he worked, usually for the feed and seed company. He took his civil engineering degree in 1913 at Cornell, where he made the crew. When he proposed marriage to Miss Elizabeth G. Mackensie, daughter of a New York architect, he asked if she were willing to live with him in the out-of-the-way places where an engineer's work may take him. After he was killed in 1947, she recalled: "I would have gone anywhere with him." They were married in 1917.

After army duty in France in transportation, including railroading, McNear went to work for the Guaranty Title and Trust in New York. The McNears were not poor, though he earned only \$100 a month; his wife had an income about as large. He worked his way up, combining

his knowledge of engineering, railroading, and financing to handle the reorganization of bankrupt companies. After a weekend's meditation at Lake Placid he told his wife: "Hold your hat, sweetheart, but we are going into business for ourselves." He wanted to effect a reorganization that would make money for himself, not for Guaranty. After a couple of false starts he heard about the Toledo, Peoria, and Western, a railroad only 239 miles long that crossed the waist of Illinois between Effner, Indiana, and Keokuk, Iowa, with headquarters at the approximate halfway point, Peoria. The TP&W had been called the Tired, Poor, and Weary for nearly fifty years, ever since its excursion train to Niagara Falls had been wrecked near Chatsworth, Illinois, with great loss of life; the TP&W had been nicked for about \$300,000 in claims, which broke it.

On July 11, 1926, George McNear, then thirty-two years old, bought the TP&W at a receivership sale and wired his wife: "Bought road for one million three love George." He had to put up five per cent of the price in cash—\$65,000, nearly all he had. A court ordered him to post another five per cent. He got it from his father.

The TP&W was called "two streaks of rust." It had two engines and it was losing about \$1,000 a day. McNear sold its Peoria real estate to pay about half its debts. He discontinued passenger service completely. The value of the TP&W lay in this: it was a freight link between the eastern and western railroads, bypassing the Chicago bottleneck and thereby saving some twelve hours on a coast-to-coast shipment. McNear saw this immediately. This acute vision has led one of his close friends to say: "He was a great man. This opportunity had laid around here for fifty years but I didn't see it and nobody else around here saw it and not even the smart big railroads saw it. America needs men like George McNear."

In less than six months he had the TP&W out of the red. He traveled all over the country, persuading shippers to route their freight his way. During the depression, the TP&W was one of a few railroads to show a profit. Thereafter it netted about a million dollars a year.

George McNear did all this unaided. "He was a railroad president without a vice-president," a friend has said. He worked day and night. He got up about six o'clock in the morning, stayed in his office until after the last secretary had left at five-thirty at night, and usually took a portfolio of work home. "The railroad was his life," his widow said. He allowed himself only a half hour daily for lunch. He lunched at the Crève Cœur Club in downtown Peoria, where the wealthy and influential foregather. His office was in the old Union Depot, a hulking building stained by rain and smoke and rust, some of its once-busy spaces in disrepair, all but one ticket window dark.

The McNears bought one of the oldest houses of the West Bluff, a two-story white mansion once occupied by Lydia Moss Bradley, a rich woman who had endowed Bradley Institute. Mrs. McNear is a tall, stately, charming woman. They had five children. They named their first-born George Plummer McNear III (the others are Clinton, about twenty-four; Graham, a freshman at Harvard; Elizabeth, in school at Westover, Connecticut; and John, ten). Educated at Yale, George III worked in the summers as a roustabout in the TP&W roundhouse. His father gave him a small allowance. Once, while in the Navy, he asked his mother to send him some whiskey but not to tell his father. McNear himself neither drank nor smoked. He was fond of his children but strict with them. George III was killed in 1945 in an accidental airplane crash in the Pacific while on naval duty. The McNears were inconsolable; George McNear forbade the mention of his son's name in the household.

GEORGE MCNEAR was about six feet three inches tall and weighed about two hundred pounds. When pleased he had a habit of guffawing explosively and stamping his right foot. He was blunt. Once he invited to a dinner party a man from whom he wanted some information, questioned him closely, and took notes at the table. His curiosity was tremendous; he spent more time in asking questions and listening than in talking. He was authoritarian. Office gossip said he fired a man for

coming to work in white shoes that were dirty. He was suspicious. When a local newspaperman showed him an Associated Press dispatch from Chicago that his railroad was reported for sale, McNear asked sharply for proof that the dispatch was genuine. He cared nothing for press relations. His wife once called a press conference to explain him; she said: "When you don't like a person, you say he is stubborn. If you like him, you call him persevering."

He was the kind of forceful man about whom legends accumulate. Apocryphal or not, this one is revelatory: when a hotel presented its bill for a big dinner he gave, he said no dinner was worth more than \$1.50 a plate and if the hotel wanted more it could sue. Many people he met in business found him difficult. He was in court a lot. He changed lawyers frequently. At law as elsewhere he fought to the end, exhausting every recourse. "You had to do business his way," one man has said. He drove away a good customer with an unyielding demand. Some thought he loved a fight. The head of a large corporation once called him "the most resourceful and most stimulating man" he'd ever known. He did not read books. He was not a raconteur, but talked fluently about his work and about the nation's economic problems, on which his views were positive. He voted Republican.

He carried himself erect, walked fast, kept himself in excellent physical condition. He held four season tickets to the Bradley basketball games. He liked young people. He played tennis the way he worked: to win. A few years ago he bought a large piece of property on the bluff several miles north of Peoria; the land still lacks landscaping, new fencing, or sizable dwelling, but on it stands a \$65,000 tennis court, glassed-in to permit play in the rain.

The McNears entertained only a little, and only informally. They kept one servant, a woman. They had two cars. Occasionally they took summer Sunday night supper at the Country Club. "He didn't have time for social affairs," his friends say. His wife, however, was active in the Junior League, and when he was killed she asked that people who intended to send flowers contribute instead to the

Child and Family Service, a local welfare group. She was one of the best-liked people in Peoria society. The McNears were "accepted" by the town's coterie of old and wealthy families, lawyers, bankers, manufacturers, described as "very conservative" and "solid." Mr. and Mrs. McNear were extremely devoted to each other. People often remarked about the endearing way he called her "sweetheart." They took long walks together in the evenings, and used to go away together on pack trips in Wyoming and to dude ranches.

George McNear took no part in local politics or any civic endeavor. "He didn't have time." He did not "run the town" so much as other rich men did, particularly the new industrialists. He paid little heed a few years ago when the business interests cleaned up Peoria.

Peoria is not unlike dozens of other midland American cities of about 100,000—a hick town with a big town toughness. Here LaSalle built Fort Crèvecoeur; here Abraham Lincoln first publicly and forthrightly denounced slavery. Peoria was a river town and a packing town and a distilling town. Farmers needed implements; Peoria made them, and became a factory city. One man has said, "There isn't any middle class in Peoria any more. There's just rich people and working people." Out on the fringes of town dismal trailer camps have sprung up. The homes of the workingmen in the Valley are uniformly gray. The town seems up-and-coming—taxicabs use two-way radios—but also curiously rural—women won't smoke in offices that can be seen from the street. In 1945 it was estimated that Peoria had about 250 saloons, 40 whorehouses, and uncounted gambling houses. The tough Shelton gang was solidly entrenched. Gun-toting in saloons meant unsolved killings. Murder has been for hire in Peoria. In towns like this, disputes—including labor disputes—are likely to be settled by violence, not by courts. Smoke and sin and money-making, the aloof rich and the indifferent poor, the unmolested underworld—these are found in many a city in the heart of the American democracy, and they bear upon George McNear's death.

Walk down Main Street of an evening, where it curves steeply down the Bluff and flattens out in a row of used car lots, little movies, chop-suey parlors, and noisy saloons. In a dark doorway stands a man with the brim of his hat snapped low over his eyes, with his black overcoat unbuttoned and a white silk scarf hanging straight. At the foot of Main the yards begin.

The big warehouses and factories are mostly silent tonight, tomb-like, wreathed in fog, but at one bright loading platform men are lugging packing cases onto red truck trailers. A block up the hill from the Union Depot are the railroaders' saloons; in the Big 700, a tiny place with racks of coffee mugs and chew tobacco behind the bar, a stringy old man in a gray cap and conductor's frayed coat is saying, "*Farmington Road?* That's just a street. I thought you said *Burlington Road*," and the swaying young husky he's talking to, a deep-chested sport built like a jug, says thickly, "You an old railroader?" and the old man says, "Railroading. That's my religion."

III

THE railroad brotherhoods and the AFL building trades have been strong in Peoria for many years. The brotherhoods agreed to go along with McNear till he got the TP&W on its feet, but in 1929 they asked for a pay raise and the institution of their "standard" working rules. He refused. They struck. He broke the strike with nonunion men. But in an election in 1940 two brotherhoods won the right to bargain. (McNear was indicted for and acquitted of attempting to coerce employees in that election.) Bargaining languished. Yet McNear's friends say he was willing to pay good wages. What, then, was the trouble? He once said he would sell his road for scrap iron before he would sign a union contract. Basically he objected to the unions because they demanded working rules which he castigated as "featherbedding." He said he would not pay for work not done.

What were these "featherbedding" rules? They were far too complicated to discuss in detail here, but some examples

may help. If a train crew was compelled to lay over at one end of the line before beginning its return trip, the men wanted pay for their idle hours; McNear refused. Again, if a train arrived at Peoria from Effner in five hours, McNear wanted to send the same crew on west to complete their eight-hour-day; the men objected that their homes were in Peoria and they'd already made their day's mileage. Railroaders' pay is based on both hours and mileage; McNear wanted to drop mileage from the formula, paying for an eight-hour-day regardless of the miles covered. (The formula goes back perhaps half a century, when a hundred miles was a day's run, which made the formula profitable for the owners.) The union argued that the rules were in force on all other comparable railroads. McNear thought this only demonstrated the spinelessness of other railroad executives.

Now, true, there was a matter of money involved here. But it goes deeper than that. One must bear in mind George McNear's New England forebears; he was a Puritan, not only in his Presbyterianism and abstinence, but in other ways as well. To him, work was a virtue, poverty a sin. Man was born to work and earn. McNear was stubborn, righteous, uncompromising. He worked day and night; so should others. (He worked for himself, however, while the railroaders worked for him, not themselves.) "Featherbedding" was a sin. His disputes with the unions were moral battles, not mere haggles over money.

In the fall of 1941 he changed the rules and rates of pay. The brotherhoods voted to strike. Pearl Harbor caused a delay, but mediation failed and the brotherhoods struck December 28, 1941. Violence ensued. McNear stopped night operations. Brotherhood employees on other railroads refused to touch his cars; the Chicago freight bypass was blocked. Federal agencies brought pressure on McNear to get his road running. The war and patriotism became involved. President Roosevelt appealed to McNear to arbitrate under the auspices of the Mediation Board. He refused (as he had a right to do). The vaunted Railway Labor Act had failed. President Roosevelt ordered the Office of Defense Transportation to seize and

operate the TP&W. McNear said he had not quit fighting. The *Peoria Journal-Transcript* said: "Both sides are wrong."

The TP&W was the first business taken over by the government in the recent war. A federal manager ran it. The brotherhoods worked for him. McNear repeatedly charged that the government was running his railroad wastefully. Nonetheless, in about two and a half years, the government earned profits of seven and a half million dollars for McNear. (He refused to accept this sum pending an argument over taxes.) In 1945 he got the road back by court order. The day he reassumed control, October 1, 1945, the brotherhoods walked out once more.

AND this brings us to Pants Paschon. He was one of those who walked out that day. We have examined George McNear's background and faith; now let us study a striker, Irwin "Pants" Paschon. His parents were not "gentle-folk," as were McNear's, but he came from a good family. They were working people. They worked in the factories, in the building trades, for the telephone company, in the soft-coal mines near Peoria.

Pants Paschon was born October 12, 1918, son of a coal miner and his English wife, at Bartonville, a workingman's suburb of Peoria. His mother was in church welfare work. He went to high school in Peoria, working in the summers at a grocery and graduating in 1936. He got a job as a file clerk at the TP&W, earning \$65 a month. He was bright, likable, hard-working; thick-set, about five feet ten and 170 pounds; he dressed well, had a broad forehead and dimpled cheeks and a jutting chin and a pleasing smile, brown eyes and brown hair so dark it was almost black. A hernia (and later an occupational deferment) kept him out of the draft. The office force was not unionized. During the strike of 1941-42 McNear used the office workers to run the trains, and Paschon was one of these. When the government took over in March 1942 he was head timekeeper, the youngest man in charge of a department. He belonged to the Junior Chamber of Commerce and to the Transportation Club. He wanted to rise above his working-class origin, to become

assistant auditor or treasurer of the TP&W. But during 1943, when the brotherhoods organized the rest of the employees, including the office force, Paschon's friends among the operating employees urged him to help, arguing they must be united for McNear's return; and he became treasurer of the local.

In February 1944 he married Gloria Peck, the daughter of a toolmaker, a pretty English-Irish girl of seventeen with fair skin and dark eyes and brown hair, who earned \$185 a month as a clerk at the TP&W. Their life together was happy and short. Paschon was earning \$210. They had a furnished apartment—living room with inadoor bed, dinette, kitchenette—in a brick building at 611 Jackson Street, near downtown Peoria. They went out about four nights a week, often to the Western Tap, where golfers and Bradley students gathered. Every evening he listened to the radio sports news. He bowled three nights a week and she either went along or met him later. "He took up golf so I took up golf," she recalls today. "We were together an awful lot." He was "the life of the party." They often drove their 1941 Ford down to see Illinois play football. Like McNear, Paschon went to nearly all of Bradley's home basketball games; and he played shortstop on a semi-pro softball team. He was learning to dance and liked it; he said he'd always been too busy to learn.

Mrs. Paschon recalls, "We were not politically conscious. I can't even remember how he voted. I was too young to vote. We were both young, interested in a gay time. But every now and then one of us'd come up with something serious. Pants had the foresight to buy an endowment policy just before the baby was born. And we'd talk about building our own home and the idea of all that permanence would amaze both of us."

He hoped the baby would be a boy. He had a lot of baseball paraphernalia a boy could use. But the child, born August 31, 1945, was a girl. He changed diapers, insisted that Gloria nurse the baby, asked every evening if the baby had had her codliver oil and orange juice, sat for hours on a hassock beside the bassinet. Grandparents and friends had given them so

many things that they didn't even have to buy safety pins. This was lucky; a month after the baby was born Pants Paschon went out on strike.

WHEN McNear came back October 1, 1945, thirteen brotherhoods struck. Paschon did picket duty at the old Union Station, beside the iron balustraded stair leading to McNear's office. Often he drove out with the union officials to cheer the strikers picketing the interchange points. He told Gloria how the section hands lived out on the prairie. "He just couldn't understand people living like that and he thought that's why you have to fight for them, they're not strong enough to fight alone." Once he started out in his old golf clothes and Gloria asked why he didn't wear his good suit and he said, "Gloria, why should I go out and tell them, looking like that?"

He and Gloria were drawing \$15 a week from the brotherhood and \$20 a week from the Railroad Retirement Board fund. Christmas was lean. He was sure the strike would be settled after New Year's. "He thought they were right and he thought McNear would see it too." When the strike began they had had about \$800; by January this was gone. Gloria worried about him. McNear had hired nonunion railroaders and armed guards to protect them. Once a deputized guard, Roy Daily, tried to take Paschon to police headquarters but he got away.

On February 5, 1946, Paschon was called upstairs to the telephone and when Gloria asked who had called he said he didn't know. She asked what the caller had said. "He said I was going to get what the picket shanty got." (It had been riddled with shotgun pellets.) He went bowling and won a ham. The next morning he left early, amiably adjuring her not to try to bake the ham. "I never was very successful as a cook," she recalls. Shortly after noon she heard there had been a shooting over at Gridley, a small town on the TP&W about forty miles east of Peoria. "I was panicky at first but then I thought, no, he's not out there, he's down at the Union Station. And I thought to myself of course if anybody knocks on my door I'll know."

Somebody knocked. But it was only her parents; her mother had brought a potato masher, scarce in wartime. Her father said there'd been a little trouble. Gloria said yes. He said Pants had been hurt; the union had called them, they didn't know any details, they suggested she go to their house to be near a phone. "Daddy was carrying the baby's bottles out to the car and two union men drove up and talked to him. We left. I prayed all the way home, that nothing serious had happened. I picked up the phone the minute I got in the house and Daddy told me no, wait a minute. Then he told me. Pants was dead."

IV

WHAT had happened at Gridley? At 8:00 A.M. a strange train, Number 41, had pulled out of the TP&W yards. The engine was pushing a gondola coal car fitted with protective steel boilerplate pierced at shoulder height by two slots. The armed guards rode here and in the caboose. The locomotive, its windows covered by sliding steel plates, pulled two boxcars. The company had told a grain-elevator operator that service was being resumed. Later it said this was a "test run"; the union claimed it was designed to "provoke an incident"; and the engineer said Number 41 was "just a work train." One of the guards testified he was stationed in the armored gondola with a rifle to inspect the rails but he admitted he had had no previous experience. In all, the train carried fourteen men (a crew of five is normal).

Who were these men, headed now, like Paschon, like, later, McNear himself, for bloody affray? Most of the actual trainmen, that is, the railroaders who ran the train, had worked all over the country for other railroads—and for the TP&W whenever the brotherhoods struck it. McNear had provided them with armed guards. He had been accumulating weapons since mid-January, rifles, shotguns, pistols, revolvers. (In Illinois a railroad has the legal right to hire "special agents.") McNear had chosen his special agents with care—veterans of the recent war, in which his own son had died.

One, Lewis Smith, twenty-eight years

old, had gone three years to high school, done a hitch in the regular Army, and followed construction before Pearl Harbor; back in the Army he broke his neck training as a paratrooper, was discharged, and went to work for the struck TP&W, living in the TP&W warehouse.

His brother, Raleigh Smith, age twenty-four, had put in two years in high school and a hitch in the CCC; he served with the Army Air Force in Africa and the Near East and "had about nineteen attacks of malaria."

Roy Daily, twenty-six and married, had been a construction worker, iron worker, and welder in Peoria; in the Army he was injured, was made a welding instructor, "got injured again," and was discharged after less than a year's service. His sole job with the TP&W was to escort the strikebreakers to and from work; his deputy sheriff's commission was revoked on the union's protest.

Everett T. Parks, twenty-two, Chicago born, went into the Merchant Marine, took training; quit, got drafted, chose the Marine Corps, and landed on Iwo Jima three days after D-Day: "I got shot in the right forearm and they sent me down to A-Med and A-Med sent me back up." Later he was sent to Guam.

And now all these men were gathered together aboard Number 41, hirelings of McNear, outward bound upon a journey. "The day was very windy . . . dark, and very cloudy." And as they left East Peoria a score or more of strikers left too, driving east on U. S. 24 beside the tracks, Pants Paschon among them. At Eureka, an interchange point twenty miles distant, the train tried to deliver a boxcar to the Santa Fe. The strikers heaved rocks and bottles, the guards fired, the train pulled out. At El Paso the strikers stoned the gondola and beat up a scab who'd been following along the highway. At Gridley the train was to take on water. Hearing it, several townsfolk went down to watch, but their testimony—and that of guards and pickets—conflicted so hopelessly that precisely what happened at Gridley never will be known.

The pickets had gathered near a switch. The train backed toward the switch with the four guards walking ahead, carrying

company guns. The pickets were swearing at the guards; they had been doing this all morning and now matters had reached the flash point. One of the guards threw the switch. The pickets moved up a bit. Somebody fired a shot, maybe a picket, maybe a guard. (The pickets had brought guns but there was no evidential proof they used them.) The guards kept shooting. A picket, Tom Tracy, testified that he and Pants Paschon were fleeing across the road when Paschon fell, calling out, "'Boys, I am hit.' And then he said: 'Tom, I am hit hard.' I went back out. . . . I reached under his arms and probably took two or three steps backward with him" but more pellets hit Paschon. "He just said 'Oh' and relaxed and let loose of my arms. . . . I dropped him; I had to take cover. . . ."

Paschon died almost at once, shot in the back of the head, in the chest, beneath both shoulders, and in the buttocks. Arthur Brown, another picket, also died immediately, shot in the back, buttocks, and chest. Three others were wounded, all but one in the side or back. Nonetheless, the four guards pleaded self-defense, and successfully. A jury at Bloomington, a quiet wealthy farm town, acquitted them of manslaughter. Lawyers around town were surprised that the jury was out eight hours; one said, "The general opinion was the guards deserved a medal." Gloria Paschon, still bitter about the verdict, said recently, "Being a veteran meant something then."

V

MCNEAR called the Gridley affair "a regrettable incident" and asked the governor for the militia (he refused). The mourners at Paschon's funeral were angry men. But at a mass meeting union leaders only adopted a memorial resolution, urging the need to avoid further bloodshed.

The tracks were rusting, business was suffering in the towns the TP&W served. Shippers began to complain. Fourteen of them filed an unusual suit in Federal Court, asking that a receiver be appointed for both the brotherhoods and the TP&W. McNear fought the suit, sent another train, also pushing an armored gondola, to Gridley, and announced service would be

resumed. It was, partially. But although McNear could run his trains up and down his 239 miles of track, the brotherhood railroaders on the other roads refused to handle his cars, and this left him helpless—if he could not interchange with other roads he had no place to go. On June 6 a Federal District judge threw the TP&W into receivership. The brotherhoods prepared to go to work for the receiver. It looked as though they had won.

But McNear appealed and in September he won his legal fight to keep out of receivership. And more—the Appellate Court also caused to be issued a mandatory injunction ordering the TP&W to operate and another injunction forbidding anybody from interfering. The brotherhoods continued to picket the interchange points, but on January 10, 1947, another federal judge forbade even this. (The U. S. Supreme Court is to hear an appeal, probably in October; this is a far-reaching case.) And so early in 1947 McNear had the brotherhoods licked. He went to Washington and testified before the House committee on labor. About two weeks later he was killed.

He came home that day at 6:30 P.M. Mrs. McNear had forgotten they were to go to the Bradley-Colorado basketball game and had made other plans. McNear telephoned several friends but none could go with him, so he went alone. He walked home from the Armory, about a mile and a quarter. High Street curves into Moss Avenue, on which he lived. In the gutter at this intersection detectives found McNear's cane. So it was assumed he had been ambushed there and had walked across High Street and up Moss Avenue, a total of about seventy-five feet, before falling. But the coroner discovered he had been hit by six shotgun slugs, size "00" (as large as a small pea), including one which had cut the greater blood vessels of the neck and shattered the seventh cervical vertebra, and another which had passed through the lungs, diaphragm, and liver, causing a liver hemorrhage which filled the abdominal cavity. It is improbable that a man so wounded could walk seventy-five feet. Further, "00" shot from a 12-gauge shotgun is likely to knock a man flat.

But if, then, he was shot where he fell, why was his cane seventy-five feet away? Nobody knows, unless he flung it, perhaps involuntarily as the force of the blast spun him around, perhaps intentionally, throwing it at his assailant.

McNear was shot from a distance of at least eight feet, for there were no powder burns on the body. Wadding from the shell was found in his clothing, so the distance must not have been more than perhaps twenty-five yards. A 12-gauge "00" shell ordinarily contains nine pellets; six hit him, in a pattern covering the right portion of his body from about the neck down to the navel. Near the scene police found only a pair of gloves and footprint; so far these have proved of no value and indeed they may be unconnected with the crime. The power failure which had put out the lights was a coincidence.

Immediately it was assumed that McNear's death resulted from his labor troubles. Detectives questioned brotherhood officials (they appeared voluntarily) and about a dozen pickets, including some who had been at Gridley. They talked to relatives and friends of Paschon and Brown. All this was useless. (Indeed, it seems likely that anybody who wanted to avenge Paschon or Brown would have done so immediately, not a year later.) Detectives questioned, oddly, Roy Daily, one of the acquitted guards. Some time after the trial McNear had fired him; the reason given was that he had cursed a picket. Daily passed a lie detector test and was released.

The FBI entered the case when a congressman said he and McNear had been threatened after McNear testified at the Congressional hearing. (It seems unlikely, however, that this testimony caused McNear's death.) The TP&W posted a reward of \$25,000. Individuals and businesses boosted the rewards to nearly \$50,000. That this money would bring forth a tip was apparently the investigators' best hope.

Five years earlier, at the trial of men accused of dynamiting a TP&W bridge, testimony had hinted that somebody was to be hired to kill McNear. The crime indeed exhibited some characteristics of a hired professional assassination. But who would hire this done? Hardly the brother-

hoods; such a move probably would be quickly discovered and in any case it would not be worth while, for though it might end this Peoria labor dispute it would, in the spring of 1947, endanger all organized labor. Who, then? But such speculation is endless. So positive a force was George McNear that almost numberless people suffered by his policies—strikers, shippers, other railroads, industrialists—and many of them must at least have wished his policies discontinued.

Of course, publicly, people throughout Peoria deplored the crime. An alderman said it "gives the city a bad name." A congressman demanded: "What has happened to law and order in this nation?" The Chicago *Sun* said: "Violence breeds violence, and everybody is the loser." The City Council resolved: "Every citizen is shocked. . . ."

But there was no great outcry, no reckless determination, for example, to lynch the pickets or drive the union leaders out of town. Of course, after McNear's death, his close friends called this a "despicable, cowardly" crime (as indeed it was: nobody can deny that McNear was fearless or that somebody ambushed him unarmed in the dark). But public opinion was by no means universally outraged. A newspaperman said, "People just wondered why it hadn't happened sooner." A cab driver said, "I didn't know much about McNear but what I did know I didn't like." The split in public opinion followed Peoria's social cleavage: between owners and workers. Yet if bystanders were not especially sorry that McNear had been killed, neither did they rejoice. There was more indifference than anything else.

VI

ALL this suggests that George McNear was out of step with his times. This is not to say that nobody shared his views; indeed, at a banquet shortly after the Gridley affair, business men had applauded him more loudly than anyone else, and there can be no doubt that many considered him a hero in the battle for private enterprise. Some of these, however, thought his outspoken, uncompromising manner and his ruthless

methods did private enterprise ■ disservice. Some avoided him, not wishing to be seen with him. One of his loyal friends has said this only proved that they lacked his guts. But this friend also said, "All they can say against him was that he wasn't in the spirit of the times." Years ago James J. Hill said, "Give me enough Swedes and snuff and I will build a railroad to Hell." There can be no doubt that George McNear, the tenacious, moralistic, ruthless, righteous product of New England, stood for something which is fast vanishing in America.

On the other hand, one cannot argue that the brotherhoods' position represented advanced thought. By and large, they wanted more money for less work. One could hardly defend all the "featherbedding" rules, for some were designed to "make work" which had been abolished by technological advances. The social outlook of the brotherhoods and of McNear were about the same. Nor can one say that the latter were less intransigent.

MCNEAR and Paschon each as ■ youth dreamed the American dream. But their paths diverged, only to come together again in conflict, and now each seems a small figure trapped in ■ collision of powerful forces, a collision, almost, of large and ancient American thoughts. And others, the "boomer" non-union railroaders, the hired and homeless gunmen, the strikers, were caught in the same bloody box. Many more suffered, women widowed, children made fatherless. Neither McNear nor Paschon has been avenged by American justice. They died in a combat generated in a tough hick town in the valley of American democracy.

McNear's will left the TP&W's administration to lawyers. About ■ month after his death they and the brotherhoods settled the strike with an agreement embodying most of the "standard" rules and wages. A new president was hired. McNear's estate probably exceeded ten million dollars. His children and his brothers and sisters inherited half, his widow the other half. Surely fortune had dealt harshly with her—her husband and eldest son killed two years apart.

What of Mrs. Paschon? A year after the battle at Gridley she was working for an auto finance firm, living with Pants's parents, rearing their child. She was only twenty-two; she looked a little older. She had begun to date but didn't think she'd remarry: "I'll never find anything like I had," she said recently, at dinner in ■ hotel supper club. She earned \$175 a month and received \$60 a month insurance money. The brotherhood had collected \$5,000 for her, \$4,000 for her child's education.

On the tombstone of the other picket was carved: "A Martyr For Democracy." Gloria Paschon said, "I thought that was ■ little far-fetched. Maybe they died for an ideal—but I don't go in for emotionalism." She was fiddling with her napkin, watching the dancers. "Pants wasn't exceptionally brave. I think he was damn foolish to go, after they called him up the night before. I don't think he really thought they meant it. If somebody had said would you be killed for this, I don't know what he'd have said. I think he'd have been silly if he'd said yes. Because it didn't accomplish anything. It didn't settle the strike."

McNear's friend had said of McNear's death, "It will do more to wake people up than anything else could"; did Mrs. Paschon think her own husband's death had "awakened" people? "At the time I'd have said so. Not now. You know how the American people are—yesterday they made a hero out of Pants, today they make one out of McNear. I think that in an age like today there ought to be a better way to settle things than striking. Of course," and she smiled quickly, pulling her coat about her shoulders, "I think there ought to be a better way to settle wars than fighting."

Outside, shivering in a cold March wind off the river, she got into her car and drove home alone. Her route lay through the Valley wards, where the diesels honk senselessly in the fog, far below the West Bluff. Presently it started to drizzle. In a flashy cocktail bar a traveling salesman in a checkered suit said, "Town's dead these days. Got a new mayor, I guess. It'll open up again. Who? Oh, that railroad fella. No, I haven't heard anything about it. It's been a month ago."

SURVEYOR IN THE WOODS

KENNETH ANDLER

I WANT to tell you about a woodsman, what he was like, what his work was, and what it meant. His name was Alfred D. Teare and he came originally from Nova Scotia, but all the time I knew him his home was in Berlin, New Hampshire. Probably the best surveyor of old lines in New England, he was—in his way—a genius.

I saw him for the first time when I was a boy of twelve; he was visiting my stepfather, a lawyer, who was then engaged in litigation involving boundary lines. Mr. Teare, a wonderful story-teller, held our family entranced with his tales of the woods. He conjured up a marvelous land of mountains, rivers, and lakes, peopled it with lumberjacks, rivermen, timber cruisers, Maine guides, and plenty of bears and moose for good measure. Just the expression, "the Maine woods," as he used it, tingled along my spine. He visited our house several times after that and always brought my stepfather a bundle of pipe-lighters, little sticks about a foot long, taken from the roots of an old-growth pine windfall, for use with an open fire. They smelled good; they had the woods in them as a sea shell has the roar of the sea.

The summer I was fourteen, in 1918, I had a chance to work as a chainer for Mr. Teare, who then was running lines near Reading and Plymouth, Vermont; and I spent several seasons with him thereafter.

At that time he was nearing sixty years of age. Over average height in spite of a pronounced stoop to his shoulders and quite heavily set, he appeared to be coming at you aggressively with his head lowered like a buffalo. Although his back was quite bent he had powerful arms and shoulders, and somehow he seemed stronger that way than if he had been erect, particularly when he carried an enormous pack by means of a tumpline.

He had a forceful, weatherbeaten, almost leathery face; a dewlap like a bulldog's; a bald pate bounded by a horseshoe of black hair turning gray; blue eyes, and short, strong, even teeth with spaces between them. One of the curious little tricks he delighted in, when occasion required, was biting a fish line in two with hardly more than one snap. His hands, remarkably square with large blunt fingers, were tough and work-hardened with skin like brown leather. A mosquito never could drill through this hide of his, and often, when one tried, Mr. Teare would watch it with a tolerant amusement until it staggered off bewildered.

He took a peculiar pride in his eyesight; but he must have been farsighted like many outdoor men, for he had a sturdy pair of glasses which hung from a fish line about his neck and nestled snugly under his shirt in the abundant hair on his chest. To use them, he always hauled

Mr. Andler learned surveying as a boy, in the New England woods, from the woodsman he writes about in this article. He is now a counselor-at-law in Newport, New Hampshire.

them up through his open shirt, and taking them by one end with his blunt fingers, perched them on his nose. He had the characteristic habit of always sitting on his left foot, his left leg bent under him, his right leg out straight. He was nimble enough to do this as long as he lived and it provided him a cushion of sorts on ground no matter how cold or wet. When he made his survey notes he would seat himself thus, affix his glasses with a kind of clumsy ease and write laboriously in a red-covered notebook with a hard smudgeless drawing pencil which seemed lost in his great, rough paw.

Summer or winter he always wore heavy woolen socks, and in summer, ankle-height moccasins, half-soled and hobnailed (really the best footgear imaginable), trousers of heavy khaki, a faded blue denim work shirt, and a slouch hat. He never would wear corduroy as he said corduroy gets wet two weeks before a rain.

Of Scottish descent and old-fashioned in manner, he used rare and almost obsolete expressions seldom if ever heard nowadays. He used "gran'sir" for "grandfather," spoke of building up a good fire "against the night," and was the only person I ever heard use the archaic "an" for "if." One favorite expression he coined himself, I believe: of an honest man he would say, "He's as square as ninety degrees."

OF COURSE, he reeked with ordinary woods lore. He pointed out to me what a widow-maker was: the dead top of a tree which would come crashing down when an axeman started to cut at the base. A fool-killer, equally dangerous, was a live tree bent over by a fallen one so that when an unwary chopper drove an axe into it the tremendous tension, suddenly released, sent the tree splitting and charging up to catch him under the chin. A smudge of brakes ward off mosquitoes, of course, but it was news to me that only a bright fire would stop midges or "no-see-ums," for they'd fly right into it. Nothing in the world could stop an onslaught of black flies while we were at work on the line, although the best protection was a smudge pot and smearing our faces and hands

with tobacco juice. Mr. Teare advised these things for our sakes; insects didn't irritate him. When we got soaked from a sudden shower, as we often did, and came tramping back to camp through water-laden brush, Mr. Teare said we wouldn't catch cold if we let our clothes dry on us. We always took his advice and slogged around camp like saturated dishrags while we built up a fire, but we never did catch cold from our wettings.

He was ingenious to a degree and a wizard with an axe. When a tree became lodged, he employed what he called a "Samson Pole" to make it fall in a different direction. This was a strong pole which he held upright, in a notch of which another strong pole fitted, running as a cross bar to a notch in the recalcitrant tree, and with this device he could exert a tremendous leverage. If an axe handle got cracked he fixed it by binding a fish line tightly about it in a manner few could duplicate. He always had in camp an awl with waxed ends with which he could sew up his moccasins, and if he was far enough back in the woods and the need arose, he would tap them, sometimes using bark for leather.

He was full of lore and ideas of his own concerning the curative properties of herbs. For bronchial trouble he advised the sticky gum which exudes from cherry trees. Balsam blisters were also good. If he had a bad enough cough he mixed up a mysterious concoction which someone called "spruce gum and blue vitriol," and he downed it with a bearlike roar of distaste. When I cut my fingers deeply near the knuckles with an axe he rushed to my side where I was leaning against a tree, faint from loss of blood in July heat, and mopping up the gash with a handkerchief, he told me to wiggle my fingers. They wiggled; he could see the cords move, and he acted relieved. Then he took his plug of tobacco, chewed up a piece to a soft cud and placed it in the gash. He bound up my fingers with a splint and a handkerchief to keep in the tobacco. No infection set in, thanks to the nicotine, and although some stitches would have been a good idea, none were taken. The cut healed perfectly, though I shall always bear the scar.

His medicinal theories carried more weight with me when I learned that, many years before, when a doctor had given him six months to live because of his weakened, and I gathered, consumptive condition, he had struck out for the woods where he slept on the ground and gulped a prodigious number of raw eggs every day. He came out of it all right and throughout the rest of his years was as rugged as an old gnarled oak.

II

HE WAS not by any means simply a backwoodsman. He had traveled extensively throughout the United States; his work brought him into contact with the executives of large companies; but most of his life he spent in the woods. They were really home to him although he had a conventional home, a remarkable wife, and five grownup children.

While I worked with him we usually camped out in a lean-to tent, open on one side, and before this side we built with huge flat rocks a fireplace in which on chilly nights we kept a fire of four foot wood. Sometimes we threw into the fire great pieces of punk, a fungus black on the outside, reddish within, which grows in nubs on old birch trees, and then we'd have coals for the morning. We made our bed on the ground from the tips of fir branches, set upright very close together and then pushed backward at an angle.

At the opening of the tent we had a bench made from saplings, or from a board if we had one, which Mr. Teare called the "deacon seat." Sometimes where a tent would be a nuisance and we weren't going to stay long we built a bark lean-to, and often we reveled luxuriously in deserted and almost ruined farmhouses.

Although the company furnished us a cook one summer in Vermont when we had two timber cruisers with us, almost all the time I was with him, Mr. Teare did the cooking. He was very good at it, too. When we got in from work he would don a white apron (at least it had been white originally), mix up a batch of biscuits on a table of saplings covered with birch bark, put them in his little tin baker

which faced the open fire, fry some meat, turn out a rice pudding to which we helpers contributed raspberries or blueberries in season, brew tea, and in no time produce an excellent meal. He delighted in baking beans in the ground, fried excellent doughnuts and a somewhat similar product which he called "dough-gods."

WE ALWAYS carried our lunch for the noon meal together with a nest of metal cups and a tin tea pail. Invariably we would stop by a spring or brook and build a fire. Mr. Teare would sit on his left foot, hunched forward and intent, holding the pail over the fire on a long pole, and he never paid the slightest attention if the smoke engulfed him. When the water boiled, he would swing the pail out for one of us to toss in a handful of good black tea, and then he'd swing it back over the fire for a momentary re-boiling in the interest of strength and power. Our pail had seen so much service that merely boiling water in it produced stronger tea than most people would care to drink.

After lunch Mr. Teare would get out his long-bladed jackknife, pare off some shavings from his strong plug tobacco, and with the knife still held, blade upright, between thumb and forefinger of his right hand (lest more paring be necessary) he'd work the tobacco with a semicircular motion, between the palms of his hands—grist between millstones—then fill and light his pipe. He never, never used a match for this purpose if a fire were going, principally, I think, because he regarded matches in the woods as precious. He always took a brand from the fire, blew on it prodigiously to bring it to a bright coal, and lighted up with that. Often he would have only embers to choose from and these too he used, holding one somehow in his tough paw. He would press the ignited tobacco down with an impervious thumb and then, when the smoke rolled out, he would settle back to spellbind us with some yarn. The whole business of the noon meal was a never-varied rite.

He worked summer and winter on every passably workable day. In the winter, if camping out, he used a square tent with a

stove in it. He wore ordinary snowshoes for fairly level country but bearpaws for rough and hilly terrain. As our lunch always froze we toasted our sandwiches over the fire. When Mr. Teare knocked the icy clods from his snowshoes, stood them up in the snow, and hunched over to start a fire with birch bark and dry sticks, he seemed as integral a part of winter in the woods as the snow upon the ground.

Sometimes he would stay at farmhouses instead of camping out. During the last forty years of his life, he worked mostly for such large corporations as the International Paper Company, the Mt. Tom Sulphite & Pulp Company, the Draper Corporation, the Brown Company and others. He traveled extensively through the back country of northern New England and stayed at literally hundreds of isolated farmhouses, using them either to work from directly or as bases from which he could pack his "wangan" into the woods for a camp. Lonely farm families whose homes he had previously visited looked forward eagerly to his coming, for he brought to their routine existence an inexhaustible store of adventure tales and to their drab lives a fresh and lively color.

III

THE problem of surveying in the timberland of northern New England is one of the most difficult and fascinating things in the world. It's difficult because it consists largely of re-locating the old lines of original lots and ranges run by pioneers with crude compasses as much as one hundred and seventy-five years ago. The early surveyors blazed or spotted the trees along these lines, and for corners set posts, marked trees, or piled up stones. They also blazed trees about the corners for "witnesses." Succeeding surveyors have respotted the lines infrequently, perhaps not oftener than once in twenty years, and in many instances the original lines have not been renewed at all.

When a tree is spotted with an axe the wood grows over the blaze in a few years and leaves nothing on the bark but a scar which only an experienced woodsman can recognize. A novice either notices no

spot at all or thinks that every scar he sees is a spot whether it's a hedgehog mark, a wind-gall, or just a natural blemish.

The original lots, laid out by the proprietors of each township, classified by number in ranges and divisions, usually contained about one hundred acres each and were described quite accurately and specifically by the early surveyors, who gave points of compass and definite distances in the title deeds; but as these lots were either split up or amalgamated with other lots, people grew very careless when conveying real estate, and fell into the habit of bounding land by the names of the adjoining owners, as in the classic example Mr. Teare used to quote from a Vermont deed: "Bounded on the North by Brother Jim, on the West by Brother Bill, on the South by Sister Sal, and on the East by Mother."

With the migration of farmers to the West, or to the cities, immense areas of rural farm land reverted to the wilderness. Even many New Englanders do not realize how far this went and how extensively the forests have crept in over once-tilled fields. We have seen sites of villages silent in the woods, crumbling cellar holes through which great trees are growing, once proud highways which are now only dim trails, and even a graveyard in Vermont from which three crops of pulp wood have been cut. Gone are the people who owned these farms, their most lasting works faded like old ink, their names nothing but an echo in the land records.

Consequently, in these abandoned districts, now merely a wilderness, a reference in an old deed such as "bounded on the North by land of Abijah Davis," which may have been perfectly plain to the contracting parties in 1860, means very little now. A surveyor must trace the title deeds in the registry, draw tentative diagrams and fit them together like a jigsaw puzzle, and somehow or other get the chain of title back to the older deeds where references to compass courses and distances provide something definite to work on. By this research one may discover that Abijah Davis owned Lot Number 2 in the 3d Range and 1st Division and that the line in question was originally "North 85° East 88 Rods and 17 Links."

To his task Mr. Teare brought very peculiar educational equipment. He never went beyond the seventh grade in school ■ he had to leave and go to work, but in his early years he had followed the sea and had become skipper of a three-masted schooner, and thus he had learned navigation.

As a surveyor he brought this navigation inland. It was really dead reckoning on land. A college-trained engineer would have thought his methods rule of thumb, but where such an engineer would have seen only woods, Mr. Teare could read them like an open book. For instance, he would go up to some old spruce on which, once he'd pointed it out, you could see a small scar, then taking an axe he'd swing with great true blows; and as large flying chips began to litter the ground he would lay open the white flesh of the tree in a larger and larger gash. After a while he would begin to strike more slowly and carefully, now and then peering into the opening, until finally he had disclosed an old blaze, black and flat with the original axemarks in it.

Then he would fish up his glasses from his shirt and holding them to his eyes would count the annual rings of growth. More than once I have seen him cut out spots made more than a hundred years before, and he once found spots on the old Masonian curved line, run in 1751 by Joseph Blanchard—the first line surveyed in New Hampshire. Mr. Teare had a spiritual affinity with the pioneer surveyors. He saw at a glance what they'd done, what they meant by their marks. He would sometimes look at a spot which definitely had been made with an axe, glance around and growl: "Not a line, just a trapper's trail."

He could follow not only the original spotted lines but the "lines of occupancy" as well, such as the trail of an old brush fence, all obvious remnants of which had disappeared at least twenty-five years before. This he would do by noting the crooked growth of trees here and there along its course, or a stretch of hazel bushes (which are likely to grow up along the remains of a brush fence), or piles of moss-covered stones in which fence posts had once been set. Whenever Mr. Teare,

scattering the leaf mould near one of these stone heaps, uncovered a split ash rail, he would pick it up and fondle it lovingly. "They never rot," he would say with a solid approval of the wood itself and of the pioneer farmer who had taken pains to use it.

FOR EQUIPMENT he used an open-sight compass with about a five-inch needle. There was no telescope on it but sight vanes instead with slits in them, and this compass rested not on a tripod, which would be too awkward in the woods, but rather on a single staff called a "Jacob staff." That was the kind of compass George Washington and Abraham Lincoln used when they were land surveyors, but Mr. Teare's was considerably more accurate. He referred affectionately to his compass as "Mary Jane" and almost always called it an "instrument" instead of a "compass."

When I first went with him he used a Gunter's chain, two rods in length, but in later years a steel tape of the same length. The Gunter's chain is an actual chain with real links and it can be folded up instead of rolled. It is very durable; it can be used to help a man go down over steep ledges, and will perform a hundred and one odd jobs that it would be sacrilege to force on a tape, which couldn't do them anyhow. He never wanted a chain or tape longer than two rods because the ground he had to work on was so hilly and rough. Somehow or other the Gunter's chain seemed to fit him better than ■ tape.

This type of surveying, difficult and requiring an analytical mind as well as woodcraft, is a fascinating pursuit—a sort of treasure hunt for old lines and corners. The problem was posed more than a century ago by men who marked those lines and corners in the wilderness and left cryptic directions on how to find them. In deserted areas it is a search through a forest-buried civilization as dead as the bottom layer of an Egyptian city. The fascination of it for Mr. Teare never left him.

I can see him now hunched over his compass while the needle settles on the proper course, then standing behind it and shouting directions to his axemen,

while the two chainers bring up the rear. He is full of anticipation at what he may find at a given distance where he thinks a corner ought to be. He assiduously examines the trees alongside the line to see if he is following the old spotting, and now and then breaks into some rollicking song. His joy in living radiates around him.

Mr. Teare's genius, true to the proverb, consisted largely in his capacity for taking infinite pains. He would always make sure of a starting point that could not be questioned. Once he ran twenty-four miles of trial line to locate one corner. Furthermore, he would never let an obstacle or a series of them block him. If a swamp were deep and cold he crossed it nevertheless, if towering cliffs barred his way he scaled them, if blown down trees strewed his path he slashed his way through, if a swollen river cut across a line he felled a tree for a bridge and kept on going. He was absolutely indomitable and he followed an old line as a hound follows a fox.

He hated to see the woods cut by the companies for which he was working, even though he well knew that timber like other crops must be harvested. Often people asked him what he considered the most beautiful thing he had seen and he always gave them the same reply—sunset over the Adirondacks and Lake Champlain, from Mt. Mansfield. He worked most of a lifetime in the woods of northern New England and in spite of hardships and privation he never lost his love for these wild and wooded hills, for the silence of the deep forest in winter, the splendor of the mountains in the winey tang of autumn days.

The infinite variety of his daily scenes of activity pleased him. One day he might stand among tall spruces high up on some mountain, sighting, far below, an isolated farmhouse on which he could take a "triangulation shot"; another day he might be following a hardwood ridge of beech and maple, or working in the bear-wallow sort of land that often lies atop a mountain, or following the stone walls of abandoned fields. Often he made a traverse survey of the great roaring brooks which come tumbling out of mountain ponds and cut their resounding way down

deep ravines; he loved to drive a canoe across a lake or down a river through white water.

Often he would pause at the summit of some hill. Then with his Jacob staff, he would point out to us the mountains and hills as they rolled away into blue distance, calling them by name and referring to certain jobs he had done on each. He knew them all as a father knows his children.

IV

THE thing that staggers me when I get to thinking about Mr. Teare is the stupendous amount of work he accomplished in his long career. He surveyed thousands upon thousands of acres in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. And he did not work merely for a monthly pay check; a craftsman, he labored so that his work would endure.

Many if not most surveyors in timberlands leave few marks or monuments. Some of them figure that they'll soon be hired to resurvey the land if the lines become easily lost. Most make a half-hearted attempt to mark their lines and corners, but their work is like snow upon the desert, for the resurgent life in New England woods is almost tropical, as anyone knows who has tried to keep brush out of a field.

Mr. Teare, on the other hand, when he was sure a line was finally right—and if he was sure it was right, it *was*—would have the axemen blaze almost every tree along the whole line. One that stood exactly on line he'd spot on both sides, while a tree that stood off a little way to one side or the other he'd blaze with "quarter spots," that is, blazes which were quartered on the bole, not centered, and these faced toward the line.

He made his blazes deep enough to take out a shaving of the wood, and they were large man-size spots, not boy's work. Some foresters and engineers complained that every tree would die but Mr. Teare knew better and he was right. He knew one great primary truth: you can't mark a line in New England's fast-growing woods a bit too plain.

Iron rods are impractical to carry in the woods and also a menace to the

compass, so for a corner he set a large wooden post, fashioned from a suitable tree nearby, hewn flat on three sides or four as circumstances demanded, sharpened at the bottom and topped at an angle for a "roof." He never pounded it into the ground as that would soften the top and let the rain in, but instead forced it in with its own weight. Around it he piled rocks. He stripped the bark off so it would last longer and with a timber scribe—a fascinating little instrument with which he could carve letters almost as fast as one can print on paper—he marked the names of the adjoining owners, the date, and his mark which was two parallel lines with a circle between them. He always said with a twinkle in his eye when he finished a corner and straightened up from piling stones, "There, that'll stand till Gabriel calls all good surveyors home."

About the corner he blazed witness trees in a circle facing the post and inscribed on them the date and his mark. These words, figures, and symbols, being only in the bark, never grow over. One could stand at a corner and, looking back into the woods, see the line stretching straight and true and well brushed out, its blazes shining new and startlingly clear. Few things give one quite the sense of accomplishment that this does—to go forth to a tract of land as nebulous in location as the scene of a fantasy, to find the old lines and corners, and to leave them well marked and definite.

THESE lines of Mr. Teare's, reaching for hundreds of miles in the aggregate through the deep woods of northern New England, live on today as I can testify, for while working as a land surveyor myself and later while abstracting titles, I have followed many of them. One of the companies had Mr. Teare respot its lines at seven-year intervals and, of course, these are exceptionally plain. But I have followed easily, and without

a compass, lines which he had established thirty-five years before and which had never been touched since. The wooden corner posts needed renewing, yes, but that was easily accomplished. One can follow his lines even through the areas devastated by the hurricane of September, 1938, where the blazed trees, no longer upright, lie in a tangled snarl upon the ground.

In scores, even hundreds of towns in northern New England, his lines form a reliable basic network from which almost any survey of land in their general neighborhood would be started today. The local people, farmers, timber operators, and investors would no more think of questioning his lines than they would the law of gravitation. More than once when I have told some timber buyer that several lines of a proposed tract had been run by Mr. Teare I have seen his face light up—he knew that *those* boundaries would be distinct, at any rate. Quite often I have heard one of Mr. Teare's old friends use the expression, "Why, it's as plain as one of Teare's lines."

Whenever I happen to come upon one of his corners now that he is gone and, in the solemn hush of the forest, see the post in its cairn standing there, the trees about it alive with dates of those years when we worked together, and with his mark and perhaps the initials of the old crew members, I feel an ineffable sadness not only because he is gone but because everything in those woods seems to inquire for him—and he would be enjoying himself so much if he were there.

But he did his work well and it survives him. No more can a mortal really ask. His lines are impressed into the living forest, his corners stand in wooded solitudes silently eloquent of his skill, and his witness trees bear witness not only to them but to him. Wherever he worked he brought order out of confusion and established a lasting thing.

END OF MAY

A Story

JEAN BYERS

OUTSIDE the real estate office Clyde folded the thick receipt of deed and placed it carefully in the inside pocket of his coat. The sun was low, and he pulled his hat brim over his eyes as he walked slowly toward the side street where the truck was parked. He sat behind the wheel, flipping the keys, letting them slide on the ring. Across the street the five-thirty bus was just coming in from the beach. Clyde watched three boys alight. They carried wet swimming trunks, and they shoved each other and laughed as they disappeared into the creamery on the corner. He sighed enviously. A boy whizzed by on skates, slapping the fender of the truck as he passed. A worn jalopy, covered with yellow signs, bucked and snorted up the street. Clyde glanced at the driver, noting the purple sweater with the large, yellow block letters, and turned his attention to the keys again.

Everywhere he looked he saw somebody who made him feel old. Here he was, only three years out of high school, but older now, serious and dependable, with a lot of responsibilities. Three years, he thought. It seemed more like ten. Three years ago he'd cared only about basketball and track and coming over here to the beach once in a while. He'd been happily repeating his junior year at high school with no more responsibilities than trying to pass English and keeping the kitchen wood-box full at home and helping a little with the orchard. Then everything

had piled up and come down on him like a landslide. The war. That was enough right there. Then coming home just before his father died and taking care of the funeral because his mother had seemed so helpless. And today, spending the whole afternoon with the real estate agent.

It wasn't just selling the orchard. He didn't care anything about the orchard, except maybe the blossoms and the smell of the apples, but it was all the business of going through the deal and signing the papers. He'd been responsible for so long now it made him feel old. And here it was almost the end of May, and on the first of June he'd start working in a bank.

He looked at his round face in the rearview mirror. The forehead was creased in a deep frown and his mouth was set in a line. No wonder, he thought. Everything ganged up on me. He was Mr. Bartley now. "We think everything is in order, Mr. Bartley," the agent had said. "Thank you, Mr. Bartley." He started the truck and drove down Beach Street toward the water. He'd have a look at the ocean, anyway, before he went home, and watch it turn dark after the sunset.

THE roller coaster had just started up when he got there. Through its tall framework he could see bits of smooth water, dark blue-green under the fading light. He watched the drop and climb and curve and the swift plunge

when the row of seats went out of sight into the tunnel. The familiar racket died away and he grinned, remembering the old terror and thrill of the ride. Boy, he thought, the fun I used to have on that thing. It was kid stuff, maybe, but that was the feeling he'd wanted when he got out of the Army—to come home to a time rather than to a place, the time when he was little and there had been only food and sleep and fun to think about. Just for a while, of course. He didn't expect it to last forever, but he'd never got that feeling at all, the way things had been.

The lights had come on in the casino now, and Clyde could hear the wheezy music of the merry-go-round. He still liked the sound of it, although he'd never spent much time there. He had always liked playing on the beach and building fires at night out of dry, salty driftwood. He remembered how his father had told him to take a candle along if he wanted to build a fire, and he'd always built good fires because of the candle. He could feel it in his hands now, the smooth wax and the sand under his nails and the rocks grating as he put them around.

The roller coaster started up again. It climbed, shrieked around the big curve, raced down and up. Clyde jumped out of the truck and started across to the drug-store under the Seaside Apartments. He'd phone and tell his mother he was going to be late. He'd play around for a while, just looking, and next month some time he'd come back and spend a whole day. He ran back and threw his hat on the front seat and then took off his coat and tie. He felt better. If it got cold, all the more reason for building a little fire down in the cove.

He was smiling when he came out of the phone booth. That was one thing about being older, he thought. You could call up and say you were going to be late and it was all right. Nobody said anything.

The druggist was back in the prescription room and Clyde watched the fat woman in green slacks at the counter and the little girl at the magazine rack. They both looked funny to him, and he thought it was a good sign. When he was having a good time by himself everything looked either nice or funny. The woman spread

out and billowed over the stool and kept scraping her spoon around the inside of her dish and smacking her lips. The little girl was so tough looking he was surprised to see her sidle hesitantly up to the woman.

"Aunt Gladys," she said. "Can I have a magazine?" She held the magazine tightly and stayed several feet away from the counter. The woman turned suddenly and looked down at the girl.

"I thought I told you to go over to the casino and play," she said sharply. "No, you can't have it. Go put it back."

The girl sulked back to the magazines. "Are you going to a movie tonight, Aunt Gladys?" she asked.

"I don't know yet," said the woman. She reached into an enormous white purse as the druggist came out to the counter.

"There'll be twenty cents extra, Miss Taylor," said the druggist. "The little girl got a milk-shake this afternoon." Clyde saw the girl send a long, bitter look of hatred toward the druggist, throw the magazine at the rack, and dart out the door.

THE woman slid off the stool. Her eyes were narrowed and her heavy chin shook as she snapped her head toward the door and back to the druggist. "I told you not to charge stuff for that kid," she yelled. "My God, who does she think she is, going around charging stuff to me? That's the second time, and now you listen here." She slapped her money down on the counter and held her thick hand over it. "This is the last time, understand? If you let her have anything more, that's your tough luck. Charging it, for the God's sake."

"OK, Miss Taylor," said the druggist.

The woman snatched up her change and walked heavily past Clyde. "I don't see what's so damned funny," she said. The door banged and Clyde laughed out loud. The druggist laughed with him. It felt good, thought Clyde, to be laughing at a woman like that. It put him on the little girl's side. This was the right idea, staying over here.

"Takes all kinds," the druggist was saying.

"Yeah," laughed Clyde. "Say," he asked, "you got any candles?"

The man was gone for a while and returned with a dusty box of long pink tapers.

"That all you got?"

"That's all."

Clyde brought out his knife, cut a candle in half, and put the knife and the two pieces in his pocket. It seemed funny to him, and when he looked up at the druggist's face he wanted to laugh again. I guess I'm one of the kinds, he thought.

Outside he stopped to consider what he should do first. Go down to the cove and build a fire? No, he'd start at this end of the beach and walk up, looking at the amusements a while first, and then build a fire. Later on some time he'd come back and spend a whole day.

He took the footbridge across the lagoon where the rowboats were anchored and got down to the beach. It was a nice time of evening now, just light enough to tell that the water was green. The biggest waves weren't any more than three feet high. They made a little white fringe on the edge of the ocean and a soft, playful sound. Clyde stopped and breathed deeply. Why hadn't he thought before about coming down here? This was the right place. He began to get the feeling he'd wanted.

He started up the beach, skidding his heels into the dry sand so they'd squeak. He zigzagged between piles of kelp, jumping on the balls to hear them pop, remembering that dry ones banged like firecrackers if you threw them on a fire. He found a long piece of kelp and broke off the round bulb at the end and the shiny brown leaves, scraping the ends free of sand to use it for a jump rope. He used to pretend he was a fighter when he did this, a fighter in training. He jumped furiously on the wet sand till the kelp cracked. Then he threw it as far as he could into the water. A wave broke and whispered up toward him, and he backed away until one frothy scallop touched the toes of his shoes. "Go on back," he said. "Beat it." He was nuts, he thought, talking out loud like that. Just the same, it felt good. He let the puddles form around his shoes for a moment, and then walked up to the dry sand and sat down. He could see the lights from the wharf sliding on the

water. By the time he got to the cove the moon would be up. He smiled to himself. This was just the way he used to feel.

SUDDENLY everything seemed all right. The war was a long time ago. It had never happened here. And the funeral. He didn't even mind the funeral, thinking about it now. Death seemed natural wearing the tired face of his dad and smelling of freesias and carnations. And all that long ceremony was nice, the undertaking parlor with the man singing "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and the solemn ride to the cemetery and back. That was the way death should be. And he was glad they were selling the apple orchard and moving into town. He didn't want to be a farmer, and he'd just as soon work in a bank as anywhere else. What he'd really like would be singing with a band, but he'd have to have an in with a bandleader to get started. The bank would be fine. Only that would be the first of June. He didn't have to worry about that yet. He sat there a long time, thinking how crazy he'd been to feel old when here he was getting the same old kick out of the beach. It was just being in there with the agent and watching the kids on the street that had given him that feeling.

He got up and walked along by the water where the sand was hard. He picked up a shell, wiped it clean, and felt its smooth inner surface and fluted edge. Shells were pretty. In the shed at home there was a big collection of nice ones he'd found around here. He held the shell in his hand for a while before he threw it into the water.

A flight of steps led to the boardwalk here, and when he went up he noticed how few people there were. But it was still May, and the crowds didn't come till later on in the summer. He was glad because he didn't want a crowd now. He wished he could have the whole thing to himself.

There were only two little girls and a lady on the merry-go-round. The little girls looked excited and shouted to each other over the blare of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and the lady was smiling. Clyde watched until the ride was finished and the lady lifted the girls down. It all

looked good. The horses were clean and bright as if they'd been freshly painted, and the attendant wore a white uniform. The girls begged for another ride. The attendant lifted them up again, and the lady pulled at the saddle straps to see that they were buckled tightly. Clyde moved on to the Dodgem cars. The noisy cars whirled and bumped and the drivers knocked into each other and shouted. Clyde watched the boys driving crazily and remembered himself, laughing and frightened at his first ride.

He could hear the dance band playing now, and he went around to the side of the hall to look through the windows. He liked to dance, but he didn't want to tonight. That wasn't the kind of a time he wanted. He decided to wait there to see what the singer was like. Dancing sure looked funny, he thought, when you weren't doing it.

He felt something brush by in the narrow space between him and the windows. He moved and saw the little girl from the drugstore. She was bent over, her nose almost on the walk, moving slowly toward the street. In a moment she returned, pushing herself between Clyde and the windows again.

"Hey," he said as he stepped back. "What is this?"

"I lost something," she said. Her voice was tragic, but he caught her quick glance at him before she bent her head. He laughed softly. That old gag.

"How much did you lose?" he asked. "A nickel or a dime?"

"A dime," she said, and then looked up at him, scowling defiantly. He saw dull brown hair bushed out around thin shoulders. Her mouth was painted so that the curves of the upper lip reached almost to her nostrils, and the rest of her face was sunburned and peeling. She wore a dirty white sweater and a short red cotton skirt. She backed away from him, locking her arms behind her and clutching her sharp elbows. He hadn't really looked at her before, except to notice that she was too tough looking. Now he saw that she was a kid, ten or eleven maybe, trying to act tough.

"Gee," said Clyde, "that's hard luck. Just enough to buy a hot dog."

"Yeah," said the girl, tragic again, "it was going to be my dinner." She bent down intently. "I think it went down the crack between the boards." Clyde laughed again. Kids' dimes on the boardwalk always went through the cracks.

"Look," he said. "Here's two dimes. I might like a hot dog myself. I'm going to stay here and listen to the band. You go get 'em and bring 'em back, and if you aren't here in five minutes, I'll call the cops."

Her weak smile made the lipstick spread out crazily as she took the dimes. "With mustard?" she asked.

"Yeah, with mustard." He looked back at the dancers. Maybe the kid would come back, maybe she wouldn't. Anyway, the gag had worked for her. He'd never seen it work before.

THE band leader leaned into the microphone and a soft, buttery tenor floated out over the boardwalk. The guy could sing, thought Clyde. Sounded good. The dancers collected in a little knot around the orchestra, and the singer nodded and smiled to them. The hall was filling now, and the dancing looked better. Still, he didn't want to go in there. He lit a cigarette and decided to stay for another song.

Suddenly the girl came running around the corner and stopped, panting, in front of him.

"Here," she said, holding out a hot dog to him.

"Well," said Clyde. "Well. Thanks." Now that she was here he realized he hadn't expected her to come back. "What's your name, kid?"

"Lola."

"Well thanks a lot, Lola."

"It was no trouble at all," she said, and crammed her mouth full. With her jaws working hard she pointed to the windows.

"My mother's in there," she said.

"Is she?"

"Yeah. Gee, she's pretty. I bet she's the prettiest one in there."

"Sure," said Clyde.

"She looks just like Ginger Rogers."

Clyde laughed. "They all look like Ginger Rogers."

"No, but my mother really does. Her

boy friend says so."

"Well. Is your father in there too?"

"No, my father's in Los Angeles."

"Oh." He watched her 'devouring the last of the hot dog and thought she looked better with mustard on her mouth. She looked like any little kid now, a little homelier, skinnier than most. "Does your mother know you're out here?" he asked.

"Oh no. I don't usually live with my mother. Mostly I stay over there at the Seaside with Aunt Gladys."

"Gosh," said Clyde. "You've got a complicated life."

"Who do you live with?" asked Lola.

"My mother."

"Gee, do you? Is she pretty?"

"No, not very."

"Not even prettier than Aunt Gladys?"

"Oh, sure, prettier than that. By the way, you better not charge milk-shakes at the drugstore any more."

Lola looked up at him with pale, frightened eyes. "Did she act sore?"

"You know she did," said Clyde. "Plenty."

"She's always sore at me about something. She says my mother don't give her enough money for me. I betcha she keeps it herself. I bet my mother sends plenty of money for me."

"Sure she does," said Clyde.

"Aunt Gladys just wants me to play over here all the time. I get sick of playin' over here."

"Keep still now," said Clyde. "I want to listen to the singer." The girl hopped and wriggled to the music, watching Clyde's face as he listened.

"You know what I'm going to be?" she whispered.

"No."

"A dancer. I take lessons all the time. Every day."

"Do you like to dance?" she asked.

"Sure," said Clyde. He was watching the band leader bow and smile and pick up his baton. "Only—I like to sing better. I'm going to be a singer."

"Oh. I thought you probably were something already."

"No," he said. "I'm not anything just now."

"That's all right," she assured him quickly. "It don't make any difference."

She waited for an answer, studying him intently. "Gee," she said at last, "we're havin' fun, aren't we—talkin'? Aren't we?"

"Sure," said Clyde, and felt suddenly that it wasn't true. Something had happened. He moved restlessly. "Look, kid," he said. "It's pretty late. Shouldn't you be home in bed?"

"This isn't late," she said.

"Well, it's late for me." He moved toward the main walk. "You better go on home, Lola. So long."

SHE ran up beside him. "Please let me come with you. Just as far as the Penny Arcade." Her pale blue eyes blinked at him solemnly.

"No," he said. "I'm not going down there now."

"Please," she said quietly. "Honest, I won't ask for anything."

"No," said Clyde. He didn't want to look at her. "Why don't you go play with some kids if you aren't going home?"

"I don't like other kids. I don't know any. Let me just walk down there with you."

Clyde looked down at her. It was his fault, somehow, he thought. He shouldn't have started talking to her. "Oh, come on," he said. "I'll buy you another hot dog and you can eat it on the way home."

She waited by his side at the hot dog stand, and he could see her eyes blinking, not wavering from his face. He stuffed two paper napkins in his pocket, gave her one of the hot dogs, and started eating the other. They walked in silence to the steps.

"You stay here now," he said. "I'm going down to build a fire. So long, Lola." She stood there, not smiling, staring at him. She bit the stubby red nails of one hand and held the hot dog tightly at her side.

Clyde turned and walked quickly down the stairs. Jeez, he thought, the poor kid. He wished she hadn't come along. He didn't want to be feeling sorry about anything tonight. She'd been funny at first, and then all of a sudden she wasn't funny. He walked down close to the water. The waves were a little higher now, and the deep water was black. The wharf lights went down into the broader reflection of

the moonlight, and he watched the reflection dip and slide. Up toward the cove where the driftwood was, he'd build a little fire and sit there a while listening to the waves and then go home. Next time he'd spend a whole day. Swim and lie in the sun and spend money on every concession and bring his own food to eat by the fire.

After he had collected a little dry driftwood from near the base of the cliff, he hunted for the rocks. Medium sized, flat ones, he wanted. He dug down to the hard sand and stuck the piece of candle in, covering it half the way up. He put the rocks around close so the tops were higher than the candle flame. Then he fed in the paper napkins and some shavings and little pieces. It was just the way he used to do it. The fire was small and weak at first, hardly more than the candle flame, and he knelt down, shielding and feeding it. He sang softly, wondering how it would feel to be a regular singer with a band. At least he'd know the words to new songs. Now he could remember only the old ones—last year's, and before that.

He saw a thin shadow stretching out from the firelight, and when he looked

up, the girl was there. It didn't seem to surprise him very much. She came up hesitantly, peering at him.

"Don't be sore at me," she said.

"I'm not sore at you, Lola."

"Can I sit down?"

"Sure."

"Gee," she said after a while. "Gee, this is the most fun I ever had." She still held the hot dog, uneaten, in her hand.

"Put that on the edge of the big rock there," said Clyde. "It'll get warm."

She reached over and placed it on the rock and sat back, clasping her hands around her knees.

"Where do you live?" asked Lola.

"I live right here," Clyde said. "Now listen, Lola. You can stay for a while if you don't talk. I don't want to talk."

"OK," said Lola. "Will you sing? You sang good."

"Maybe." He built up the fire and then leaned back on his elbows.

"Can I ask you one thing?"

"All right. One thing."

"Were you really going to call the cops if I didn't come back?"

"I don't even know any cops. Don't know what they look like." They sat a



long while in silence before he started to hum, trying to sound like the singer in the dance hall. He sang half-remembered songs with a single phrase of the words repeated over and over, one melody trailing off into another.

"Is it all right if I dance?" Lola whispered.

Clyde nodded. She took off her shoes and socks and he watched her run down to the hard sand. She started to jump and turn with awkward, jerky motions, her arms reaching and fluttering in time to the music. Clyde thought she looked like a gawky bird trying to fly. He wished it would strike him funny. He rolled over on his stomach and sang louder, facing the cliff.

When he looked around he saw her standing as if she were frozen, her arms out, her head tilted.

"Go ahead," he called. "You're doing swell." He started singing again, and then the high, shrill sound came.

"Lola!" It seemed to come from the direction of the water at first. Clyde sat up and listened.

"Lola!" The scream came again from under the wharf.

LOLA ran up to the fire. She was shaking, and in the dim light he saw her eyes wide and frightened. "It's Aunt Gladys," she said. "I think she's sore and I got to go quick." She searched frantically for her shoes and socks, and then ran without them. "I'm coming, Aunt Gladys," she called.

"My God! So here you are. When I don't want you you're always underfoot, and when I got to have you I got to run my legs off." Clyde recognized the voice. He pictured the narrowed eyes and the heavy, quivering chin. "Your mother gets the sudden idea she wants to see you and comes up to my place, and when you aren't there, she starts in on me. My God, am I supposed to keep track of you every minute?"

"I didn't know you wanted me, Aunt Gladys. Honest I didn't." Clyde saw the woman reach out and yank Lola's shoulder, and he heard the girl's whimper.

"Don't start that whining. If it wasn't for the guy in the hot dog stand tellin' me

where you went, I'd be yellin' my lungs out all night. What in the hell are you doin' down here anyway? And where are your shoes and socks?"

"Back there by the fire."

They came toward the fire, Lola wrenching free and darting up to search in the sand again. She was panting and terrified now.

"Well," the woman sneered. "Ain't this sweet. I must say, you take after your mother, but you're sure startin' in early." She stood mountainous and scornful above Clyde. "You," she spat. "Pickin' up a kid that age. I read about guys like you in the papers, but I never thought I'd live to see one." Clyde felt the blood creep slowly up his face, burning him. He felt sick and stared at the woman without speaking.

"He's nice, Aunt Gladys," cried Lola desperately. "Honest he is. He bought me hot dogs and let me talk to him and let me stay here, and he's nice!"

"You little fool," said the woman. She yanked Lola to her feet.

"Honest," Lola cried again, "he's swell, Aunt Gladys, he's—"

The woman gave Lola a sharp slap that made her head jerk sideways. "You shut up that kind of talk," she said.

"Don't," said Clyde. "Don't. Leave her alone."

"You!" She came close to him. "You ain't fit to talk to. Pickin' up that kid."

"Don't keep saying that," said Clyde. "I swear to God I didn't—we just—" His mouth went dry as he heard the woman's short laugh.

"I got a pretty good idea what you had in mind," she sneered. "You'd ought to be lynched, that's what. A kid that age!" She turned, jerking the girl beside her and walked away from the fire. Clyde could hear Lola's crying and the woman's voice recede into the sound of the waves.

He fought by closing his eyes and clenching his teeth for a moment. Then he rolled over on his stomach and buried his face in his arms.

When he heard the nearing whisper of the tide, he rose stiffly and walked up the deserted beach. The casino was dark and quiet. He did not want to look at it now, and yet he knew he would not come back again.

After Hours

I AVOID comic books whenever possible as a subject of conversation with other parents, and I would probably be wise to avoid them now. It is obvious, it seems to me, that the odds are heavily against any campaign I might wage against them in my own house, and I am not at all sure that they constitute the menace that they are thought to be by earnest young mothers and librarians.

For the past two or three years one pile of comics has been growing in my son's room and another in my daughter's. Until a Sunday afternoon recently I never paid much attention to what it was that kept them quiet for such blissful hours on end. I suppose my irresponsibility would have gone on indefinitely if I hadn't been jolted into wondering what sort of mythology the children were picking up. The line between myth and fact is exceedingly fine at their ages. This was brought home to me rather forcefully, and I present the circumstances as a sort of fable for all "progressive" parents.

Like most self-consciously modern parents my wife and I have gone on the theory that when children ask a direct and intimate question you don't put them off with a routine about birds and flowers. Last summer when we were visiting in the Berkshires, the birth of a calf called for a full explanation which was given, elaborated upon, personalized, and greeted with nothing that even the most anxious soul could possibly call a trauma. But a few weeks ago my wife took the children to one of those Saturday morning all-Disney programs which included "Dumbo." You may remember that in one of the first scenes a stork delivers baby animals to a great number of animal families.

"What's that bird doing?" my daughter whispered to her mother. "That's the stork, of course," she whispered back. "You know about the stork; it delivers babies." The child's indignation was plain. "That's not what you told us," she said.

This made me wonder what good myths the children were storing away against those times when facts seem unsatisfactory, so I got an armful of comics and sat down on the floor, and we went through them picking out the favorites. I am now prepared to report.

There were sixty comic books readily available, without counting those that were probably tucked away among the books in the bookcases. (That's six dollars' worth.) Most of them are issued monthly like this magazine and are published by the syndicates that handle the comics in your local papers. Among the sixty I looked at there were forty different titles, ranging from such familiar children's stories as "Punch and Judy" and "Raggedy Ann and Andy" to one called "Plastic Man"—a variant on the Superman theme in which the hero can flatten himself out and stretch himself to any length, around corners and under doors, to the amazement and consternation of his enemies.

My daughter's favorites were almost all innocuous versions of animated doll and animal stories, no more vicious than Bre'r Rabbit and somewhat more imaginative, and the usual run of Disney shorts—Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck leading the field. Captain Marvel, who impinges on Superman's technique almost to the point of indistinguishability, to me at least, and all of his family (equally

endowed with Charles Atlas builds and an inability to move without leaving the ground completely) are very popular with my son. But unhesitatingly the most popular of all are "Classic Comics." These are comic-strip versions of *The Deerslayer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and the like. My son likes them, he says quite flatly, "because the stories are better."

Considering the whole pile (from which "Dick Tracy" was unaccountably missing) the degree of horror was very much lower than it is in Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, and I could find nothing so bloodthirsty as "Fee, fi, fo, fum." Virtue's record of triumph over evil was, as you would expect, unblemished. There was only one digression into politics that I saw, and that was in a comic called "Big Shot" in which spies and villains were dressed in Russian-like uniforms and flew planes with red stars on their wings. The "funny" ones were rarely funny (except the Disneys and "Smokey Stover"), and the least funny of all were ones called "All Funny" and, you must take my word for it, "Comic Comics."

I was unable, however, to work up any indignation. I had no inclination to ban them from the house or to join a society for their prevention. I couldn't see anything in the allegation that the Superman myth was a buildup for the kind of hero worship that leads to fascism. I was mainly bored, and it seemed reasonable to expect that before too long the children would be just as bored as I was. Anyway I'm not going to worry about their filling their heads with trash. If you don't give them myths to feed on, they just go ahead and make myths out of facts.

Children of Paradise

WHEN Jean Gabin, the stony-faced French movie actor, got his first Hollywood offer he is supposed to have wired back to Sam Goldwyn: "Sorry, my favorite wine does not travel well." For many years all of the pride and the weakness of the French film industry could be summed up in that one remark, and M. Gabin's eventual descent from his lofty position may have been an unhappy omen. It is best explained by the war, which resulted indirectly in his coming to this

country and participating in a parody called "Moontide"—Hollywood's best approximation of what Gabin and Michelle Morgan had been up to in "*Quai des brumes* (Port of Shadows)." Of course, it lost a lot in translation, and so did "*Pépé le Moko*" (another Gabin picture), which was remade in Hollywood as "Algiers"—same script, same scenery, same director. "*Pépé le Moko*" was a good, tough picture; but "Algiers" (with an American cast) is rightly remembered only for the Charles Boyer trade-mark: "Hedy, come wiz me to ze Casbah." M. Gabin's wine had turned into barley-water.

There is a French film now being shown in this country—Marcel Carné's "*Les Enfants du paradis*"—which has come over in a shortened version of the original, but it also has suffered a change. The digested (and censored) film being shown is still a magnificent picture, but it is as much like the original as the dull brown surface of an Italian primitive is like the gaudy blues and reds and golds underneath the discolored varnish. The movie as shown in France was mechanically equal to any Hollywood class-A product; in this copy the frames are unsteady, the print is nicked up, and the sound track squeaks and wheezes. In short it looks the way all foreign, "arty" pictures have always looked, and I couldn't help wondering if perhaps the man who puts on the English subtitles doesn't kick the films around on the floor first until our preconceptions (and Hollywood's idea of free competition) are satisfied.

"*Les Enfants du paradis*" deserves a better break than that, if only because we have suffered so long from the cliché that French films are OK for aesthetes but a poor bet for the general public. In anybody's language, "*Les Enfants du paradis*" is a superlative movie, and a clear, complete print dubbed with an English sound track could win quite a few prizes and many fans for a young Frenchman named Jean-Louis Barrault—a talented pantomimist, and a potential bobby-sox idol if I ever saw one. He can also act, as can everyone else in this film, which has been rather foolishly advertised as "France's answer to 'Gone with the Wind'"—as though the latter were even in the run-

ning. Setting aside its artistic virtues (which are many), "*Les Enfants du paradis*" is about the best pure entertainment that you can see at the moment; and it is replacing "*Grande Illusion*" at the top of my private list of the Ten Best Ever. The French, like the English, seem to be producing enormous "epic" pictures just to show what they can do when they try, at a time when they can least afford it. "*Les Enfants du paradis*" is France's answer to the German Army of Occupation, to the Blum-Byrnes agreement, and to anyone who doesn't think that the French can make good films even when they spend money on them.

For their tradition has long been one of making the best of it—in spite of shoe-string budgets, rundown equipment, and a narrow market. Their "glory" (as the English journalist, Cyril Ray, pointed out last month in this magazine) has been that every disadvantage was converted into a strength. Lacking the facilities for elaborate settings, they were forced to learn how to absorb actual localities smoothly into the film, without jarring the audience. We have been so carried away by the competence of the scenery-builders that we are just beginning to learn the same thing, and "documentary" treatment ("Boomerang," "The Killers") is still rare enough to be newsworthy. French "realism" in this sense is a misnomer: they have merely had to learn as simply as possible to make people and places credible. Actual, "real" localities are clearly visible, for instance, in "*Le Roman d'un tricheur* (The Story of a Cheat)" and "*Goupi-Mains-rouges* (It Happened at the Inn)," but they are neatly absorbed into stories that are thoroughly and wonderfully fantastic. For other virtues that I will have to pass over, take another look at "*La Kermesse héroïque* (Carnival in Flanders)," "*Régain* (Harvest)," "*Carnet du bal*," and "*La Femme du boulanger* (The Baker's Wife)." They all manage, with a minimum of expenditure on technical claptrap, to be acceptable to intelligent audiences with an ease that Hollywood does not possess. The point is that "*Les Enfants du paradis*" leaves this tradition of poverty behind—it competes with Hollywood on Hollywood's own terms of mag-

nificence—and its appearance here coincides with a change in the import status of French movies generally.

Briefly, they will now be coming to this country to make money; taxes are high, costs are nearly prohibitive, and receipts in France alone are not high enough to cover the investment. Anyone who likes French movies must wish them all possible luck, but they could easily make two disastrous mistakes: (1) trying to out-Hollywood Hollywood, and (2) basing their appeal on snobbery. The three biggest French companies are already planning a Hollywood of their own at Mougines, on the Riviera, which may turn into an expensive noose. Once you start spending the big money each picture has to be planned as a sure-fire hit, a slow suicide that the French have so far avoided. Siritsky International, which distributes foreign films here, has also announced that the French are going into the exhibition business and will open a chain of their own theaters from Boston to San Francisco, billed already as "intimate art houses." Pathé and Gaumont have already purchased two sites in New York, strategically located on or near 57th Street—where intimate, arty people are supposed to congregate.

French movies as good as "*Les Enfants du paradis*" don't need this kind of ballyhoo. They need relief from a trade agreement with us that puts them at an extreme disadvantage in their own country. They need a fair distribution deal here, and a lot less sabotage on the films. They need new equipment which we alone can give them (the most up-to-date Paris studio equipment is vintage 1929). We should remember that American earnings in France for the year ending last month are estimated at \$7,500,000 and that across the channel is a man named J. Arthur Rank, who already controls distribution that Hollywood needs and who may understand—as we apparently do not—that the French are the best movie-makers in the world.

Take it on the Heel

ONCE had an elderly friend who shared with me both an intense delight in golf and grossly inadequate co-ordination.

(Like me, he played in the nineties when he was "on his game"—which was seldom.) This friend had a theory which gave me obscure satisfaction and keeps coming back to me. He used to tell me that most professional golfers, indeed most crack players, were very bad teachers.

"They play by instinct," he said. "They don't know why they do what they do, so they can't transmit it. When they instruct a pupil, they tell him a lot of rules that somebody thought out and that are supposed to be the basic principles of golf. They tell him, for instance, to keep his head still. Do they themselves, in the heat of play, bother about keeping their heads still? Not at all. When they're making a stroke they are thinking about something quite different, if about anything at all.

"Let me give you an example," my friend went on. "Once, years ago, I was sitting on the porch of the Brookline Country Club at the end of a summer afternoon, when the shadows were long and the members had come off the course and only a few caddies were out practicing. I saw a youngster on the 18th fairway, about 200 yards from that terraced green, dropping a series of long iron shots on it. They seemed to me to have an extraordinarily low trajectory to stop so dead on landing; and so I went over and said to the boy as he came up the slope to the green, 'How do you keep those iron shots so low and yet keep them from running?' He said, 'We call that the push shot. It's useful in a wind. You just take it on the heel of the club.' Well, I spent hours that summer 'taking it on the heel of the club' and couldn't make the shot hold the green. You see?—he was doing something else by instinct that he just couldn't describe, probably because he didn't know he was doing it himself.

"I forgot to add that I asked the boy who he was and he said he was a caddy named Ouimet, Francis Ouimet. That must have been in 1912, the year before he beat Vardon and Ray in the playoff for

the Open Championship. But I'll bet he never learned to communicate the secret of the push shot."

Ever since my friend told me that story—the Alexander-Woolcottish ending of which was lost on me because I knew nothing of Ouimet and his great victory in 1913—I've been skeptical of the rules of form in golf, as laid down by professionals (and their ghost-writers, who carefully incorporate into the works of the master all the standard admonitions about stance and swing). And the same goes for tennis. Watching Bromwich, let us say, or Francisco Segura, I've wondered whether they play so well *in spite of* playing two-handed, or whether the standard motions communicated to all aspiring tennis-players are graceful non-essentials.

It would be interesting, I sometimes think, to set up a controlled experiment. Bring up six young golfers to use matched clubs, the overlapping grip, slow backswing, to keep their heads down, favor the left hand, follow through, and so on—and let six other boys use whatever clubs they like, watch the good players, and work things out for themselves. Or train one squad of tennis hopefuls to keep the head of the racket up, take everything sideways to the net, and chop their volleys, and let the other group just follow instinct and experience. My old friend might have said that in a tournament among these groups, the winners would be those who had perfect co-ordination, natural timing, plenty of practice with players better than themselves, and tournament temperament (plus, in the case of tennis, the gift of anticipation)—almost without regard to those canons of obligatory form. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if it would come out that way.

But perhaps all I'm doing is concocting, subconsciously, an elaborate defense of my own backhand—the only possible defense anybody could think up for it.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

CONSUMERS' GOODS: SCIENCE AND LETTERS

Jacques Barzun

IT is rare in our economy of standardized things to open a book and find a man instead of an author. And it is sad that the emergence of the man should so often depend on his relation to his subject rather than on some inner necessity. Mr. E. M. Forster, who bewitched a Harvard audience a couple of months ago, and of whom I shall speak, is apparently always himself.¹ But his host, President Conant, leads a double life, or to put it less incriminatingly, he is a light-house with alternating beams, some of which I find very dark. Happily, his latest publication; the lectures *On Understanding Science* (Yale Press, \$2) is unquestionably white light. In its radiance one sees his best self as well as the clear outlines of his obscure subject.

I call Mr. Conant's subject obscure because his book justifies the term. His plea for an historical approach to scientific ideas and his enunciation of principles governing the "tactics and strategy of science" argue a general murkiness of mind on the part of the public. We are laden with the products and tintured with the jargon of science, but laymen and scientists alike have ignored its spirit and history. In a word, Mr. Conant develops the quiet but damning distinction that "Being well informed about science is not the same thing as understanding science." And he drily adds: "... but the two propositions are not antithetical."

To snatch a parallel from Mr. Forster's republished *Aspects of the Novel* (Harcourt Brace, \$2.50), the state of the public mind about science would be duplicated in literature if most people knew the titles and contents of some few novels, and had heard of

great novelists in the past, but had never studied the history of the form nor considered its peculiar "strategy and tactics." Science, which as we keep saying is one of the most amazing births of the human spirit, has not been, in our time at least, an object of humanistic contemplation.

In urging that it should become so, Mr. Conant is going against the whole academic and industrial tradition. His small unassuming book, with its aptly chosen instances and its strong personal note, amounts to a manifesto, and it may mark an epoch in the cultural history of the twentieth century. For if science should come to be taught historically as he proposes (though at present there are not six people in the country who could so teach it) the result within a generation would be the end of our major superstitions—that science is only careful common sense; that only science is true; that it progresses evenly and forms a harmonious whole; that great scientific ideas never go beyond the evidence; that scientific "laws" explain phenomena; that science is untouched by mundane and muddled things like philosophy and letters; that scientists are dispassionate fellows who always welcome new truths and drop old ones at the touch of an odd fact; that facts are facts, and that you may know them by their family trait of being cold, hard, and stubborn.

The history of science that Mr. Conant advocates is reflective history, that is, the history of changing concepts in the several sciences, coupled with a moralizing study, so to speak, of great scientists and great experiments. It differs from the admirable but limited spade work of a Sarton or Lynn Thorndike, which has thrown light on science before 1500, but which could not at the same time instruct modern man about the career and

¹. . . as the reader can discover for himself on page 9 of this issue. ED.

character of science since then. The contrast appears very clearly in different parts of the superb collection of *Essays in Honor of Sarton's 60th Birthday* (Schuman, \$12), in which Dr. Singer on Vesalius is a model of the "reflective history."

This is as much as to say that Mr. Conant is not wholly without predecessors. This same Charles Singer, together with H. T. Pledge, have laid, in England, the foundations of true history of science and their works have been recently re-issued here. The French scholar and mathematician, Hadamard, has also given us a study of the psychology of discovery in mathematics (Princeton Press, 1946) the bearing of which is that the modes of creation in that science closely resemble those of creation in poetry. This is a conclusion likely to break down the current prejudice which has erected the "scientific attitude" as the sole serious cast of mind, compared to which the humanities are merely decorative tomfoolery.

When equipped with the new and more "factual," more truly "scientific," views of the Conants, Singers, and Hadamards, the educated citizen may be able to read and enjoy, instead of merely owning, such volumes as J. W. Knedler's *Masterworks of Science: Euclid to Einstein* (Doubleday \$4)—a first-rate piece of selection and condensation. But the efforts of scholars, editors, and publishers will remain narrowly limited if the historical outlook does not pervade the curriculum, from the high school up. So far, only one university—Wisconsin—offers anything adequate to this massive cultural responsibility. And yet, sooner or later, science will have to be absorbed, the educated man will have to be made a reader, a connoisseur, even a judge of science.

Reverse English

The impropriety of judging what one cannot oneself perform is not a valid objection. It is enough that one is a consumer ready to learn discrimination. Of the people who heard E. M. Forster lecture on the novel, or read his book last month or twenty years ago, very few—we hope—do write novels. A practicing novelist, conceiving his craft in his own exclusive way, might in fact be repelled by Mr. Forster's, just as Mr. Forster is repelled by the usual academic treatment of the genre. Unlike Mr. Conant, he deprecates

the historical "approach" and asks us to imagine all the great novelists as sitting together in one room, writing simultaneously. We grant him his wish and we discover under his casual and wittily acute guidance, many things about the literary magic which transmutes the dull stuff of He-said and She-said into characters, stories, and intimations of truth.

Mr. Forster's manner is, as I remarked, very winning. This is partly due to his possessing what the old lady meant by "that nameless thing called Charm"; it is partly the result of his taking adroit and unfair advantage of our ingrained critical habits. "Perhaps," says Mr. Forster, "we ought to define what a novel is before starting. This will not take a second. M. Abel Chevalley has . . . provided a definition, and if a French critic cannot define the English novel, who can?" When Mr. Forster is not flicking a switch in other people's sober faces, he does it to himself, which seems modest and just until we recollect that he is after all holding the floor, and acting a shade too blithe about the obligation that this involves. Of the critic he asserts grandly that "He has to have a wide outlook or he has not anything at all." But after two hundred pages of steady criticizing he doubts "that there is such a thing as a critical equipment."

Lionel Trilling has characterized this capriciousness as Forster's "refusal to be great"—a privilege that the envious multitude usually accords with cheers. But this does not make it less harmful. Mr. Forster is dealing with great things, and he ought, as the phrase is, to rise to their level. He often does, when his liking or his technical interest is engaged, but when a subject or a manner ruffles him, he is inclined to belittle. The result is that Meredith, Dickens, George Eliot, and Henry James come out of his hands quite unrecognizable. And here his other refusal, that of historical perspective, leaves him unprotected: he will aptly put a passage by Dickens next to one by Wells, but will conclude to Wells's advantage, not seeing, or not saying, that when a device has once been invented the later comer can usually do it "better," in a fashion which is in reality worse.

Exhibits A to Z

If anything were needed to prove this last generality, the current output of serious novels

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would suffice. Almost all of them, from Sinclair Lewis's *Kingsblood Royal* (Random House, \$3) to the short stories of Vercors (Little, Brown, \$2) show the fatal relaxation that comes with the ability to "do it better." Mr. Lewis has treated the theme of race antagonism in the characteristic snapshot-and-comment manner which produced his four great books and brought him, by a natural evolution of his wonderful gift, to the verge of Rabelaisian fantasy. From that point—in *Elmer Gantry*—he has not budged. Hence by contrast with the passing throng of literary cameramen he has regressed. The scenes of Neil Kingsblood's discovery first, and then revelation to others, that he has a Negro ancestor, are too plausible to be impressive. We end by disbelieving because our credulity is too professionally wooed, because the sleight of hand is so deft.

But there is another reason for the unsuccess of the novel, a reason which links it not only with Vercors, with the fiction in Mr. A. J. Liebling's excellently edited *Republic of Silence* (Harcourt, \$3.50), with Mr. Gwyn Thomas's affected and flimsy tale, *The Dark Philosophers* (Little, Brown, \$2), but also with half the purposeful fiction written today: all of it is in some way Resistance literature, and as such the emotion behind it is sterile. It is sterile because the successive nuances of that special hatred and fear felt by the hunted man are not, or ought not to be, transferable. Given the loaded dilemma which is the foundation of all these tales, no one has the right to triumph, or resent, or pity, who has not also incurred the physical risks. When we are seduced into fellow-feeling we become sentimentalists, and unfairly so, against our wills. The outlets for decent emotion have been blocked for us by partisanship.

It is a fact that any novel implies a snobishness; it gives or withholds social approval; but in tales of blood, when society has broken down, the novelist must regain the magnanimity of the epic poet. In the war stories of Homer, Tolstoy, or Zola, we can still breathe freely as we read because we do not take sides but witness a spectacle, ready to suffer with all men. When we cannot do this we must shut the book and possibly enlist. Having learned from Lord Acton that power corrupts, we must learn from reading underdog literature that even relative impotence corrupts absolutely.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis had an inkling of this and took care to mix the merits and faults of his Negroes and whites. But the effect is contrived, and to the very end, with its meaningless shootings, indignation prevails at the cost of art. Even Mr. Forster's *Passage to India* (now in 25-cent Penguin form) struck me on re-reading as spoiled by the unavowed appeal to direct action on a kindred "problem." Unless our novelists purge themselves of this weakness, criticism will be forced to give a new and derogatory meaning to *pièce de résistance*.

Nor is this all. Out of his knowledge and feeling, Mr. Lewis could have made a lucid pamphlet of thirty pages to put beside Swift's *Modest Proposal* and Stevenson's *Defense of Father Damien*. But the novel in its "realistic" form has outlived its power to instruct and arouse. One feels this as a surfeit of detail, much of which seems (no doubt falsely) to come out of other novels. In *Kingsblood Royal*, the facts of housekeeping are unendurable. In the stories of occupied France, it is the endless contrast of danger with the innocence of skies and meadows, or the endless questioning by or of the suspected hero. Our sense of excess cannot be imputed to lack of skill on the writers' part. They do what Tradition told them to do and it is she who is overripe. The modern realistic Muse is in need of a total Bovarectomy.

What, No More Facts?

"Realistic" in this sense means only commonplace and plausible—overplausible, obviously plausible. It does not mean detail as such, but detail accredited by a hundred years of novelistic use.

Nor am I impatient with the presence of ordinary objects in the novelist's picture. On the contrary, I should like to see a new symbolism created with the aid of the material things around us. It is their standardized "realistic" use that has ceased to communicate feeling and truth. One has only to open Roger Vercel's *Madman's Memory* (Random House, \$2.50) to see what a fresh eye can do. Everything in this story of a young woman's willing subjection to people weaker and stupider than herself stands out sharply and yet easily, without harrowing foreseeableness or violence to belief. Mercifully short, the book shows on every page that quality in the writer which must now be called integrity.

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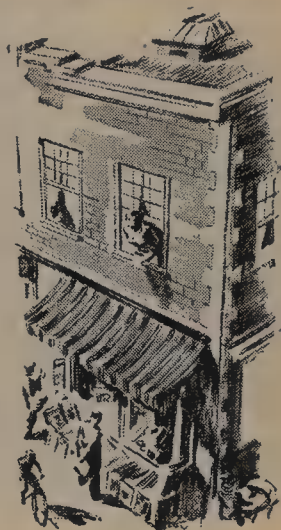
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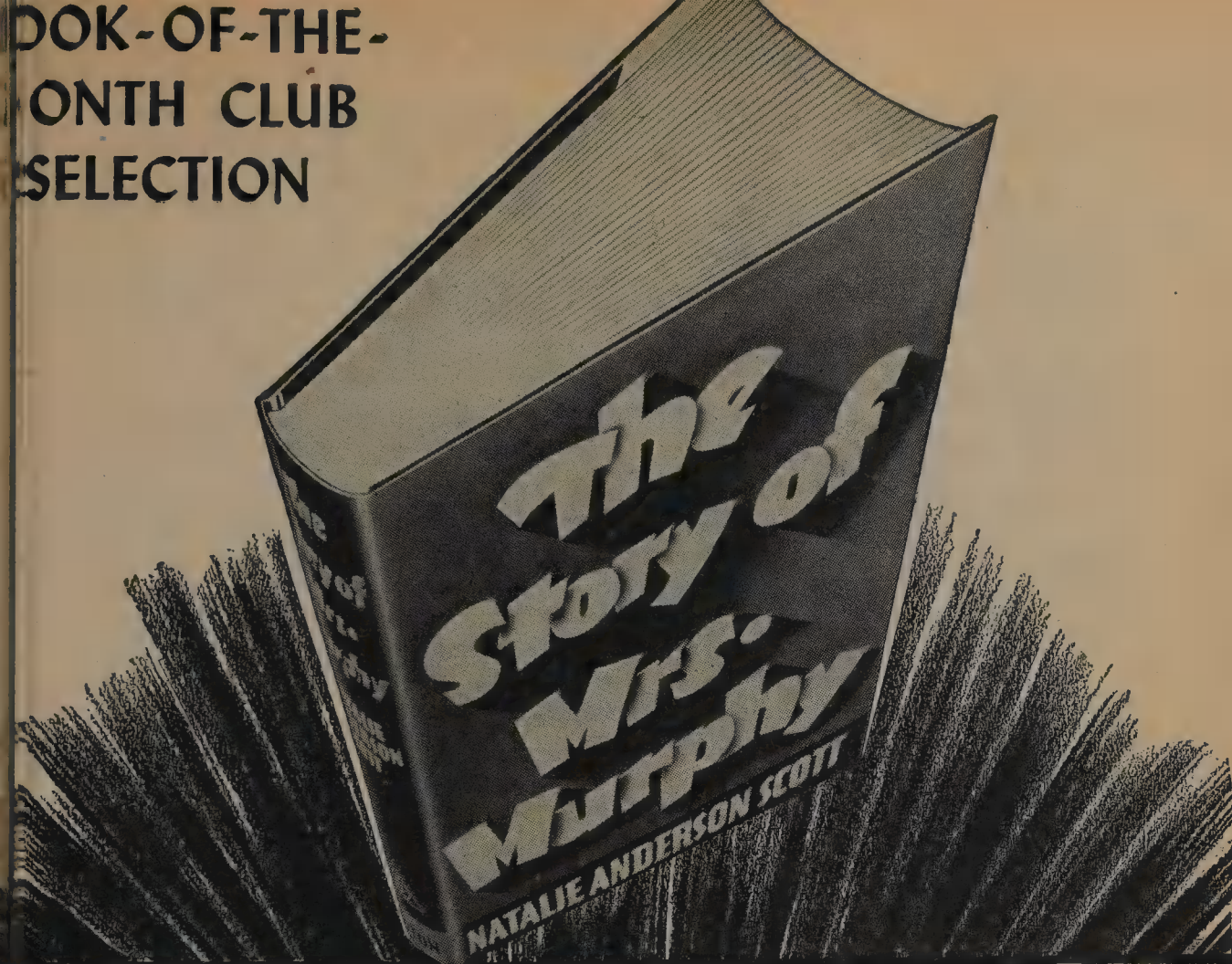
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because the older "sincerity" has been robbed of its artistic and critical meaning. Vercel knows what he is doing because Brittany, the Church, cruel fathers, love of money, and his own choice of describable objects are native growths of his mind. To use the words of Mr. Croft-Cooke, Vercel's work is not "the baked outcome of a recipe." Mr. Croft-Cooke is himself a novelist of some standing in England and his satirical *Miss Allick* (Henry Holt, \$2.75) is precisely an attempt to rouse the moribund mind of the century. If only Mr. Croft-Cooke had translated all his bits of modern history into the astringent speech of his fictional observer, *Miss Allick* would be a triumph. As it is, the sketch is full of invention, verbal strength, and high comedy.

I find further confirmation of my views on Realism in the *Short Stories of Dostoevsky* (Dial, \$4): the later and better ones are admirable fantasies. But Dostoevsky is a large topic to which I hope to return at some other time. At the moment, the most inspiring reading for the would-be novelist is the one-volume selection from Kilvert's *Diary* (Macmillan \$3). Who is Kilvert? A rather High Church clergyman who died under forty in 1879, leaving twenty-two volumes of daily notations upon his life in a remote parish in Wales. What could be more uninviting? In general, the worst sins can safely be imputed to people who keep diaries, but Kilvert redeems them all. His style (at least in condensation) is a sufficient passport to favor: the man who could write such prose impromptu day after day was surely an unknowing virtuoso. His handling of adjectives defies all rules of prudence and makes Keats and Robert Burton seem artificial. Kilvert piles up long rows of the commonest lush ones in tireless repetition, and instead of sugar candy produces a landscape. His Wales is another Wessex.

Kilvert's panorama is also like Hardy's in another way: it records the fury of life under heaven. Brawling, bastardy, suicide, are accepted with a Christian resignation close to stoic gloom. And the most wonderful figure in the scene is the record-maker himself, with his scarcely suppressed passion for girl children with plump white arms, his willingness to "walk ten miles for a kiss," his fallings in love and engagements to one damsel after another, and his absorption in his own senses until his sudden end as an entirely "proper," half-conscious clergyman-diarist, in whose mind

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lay the undeveloped germ of a true novelist's world. When we read in A. L. Rowse's Introduction that Kilvert gives "the quintessence of the English attitude to life," we can only smile and recall Henry James's remark that life is always more interesting than its regularization.

Books in Brief

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Knock On Any Door, by Willard Motley.

Currently running in London is a play called "Now Barrabas," dealing with the spiritual tragedies of men in prison. It is a very good play except for the fact that it takes an unfair advantage. It wins the sympathy of the audience for a group of people being punished by Society, letting the theatregoers sit back in an orgy of pity, taking no responsibility themselves for either crime or punishment. It is always easy to win sympathy for someone who is being punished if one ignores the crime. . . . One of the triumphs of Mr. Motley's book is that he doesn't cheat in this respect. His hero is a murderer; murder is made as frightful as it is; and the punishment seems justified if one believes in capital punishment at all. But the lost beauty, the pathos, the shocking inevitability in Nicky's downfall are what make this a novel of power and stature. And responsibility for this tragedy of the Chicago slums is deposited firmly in the laps of a society that lets such places exist.

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Appleton, \$3

Sassafras Hill, by Charles Allen Smart.

A veteran on his way back from the wars decides he can't go home, chooses a station

NEW BOOKS

stop at random, and turns into Mr. Fixit in the small Ohio town where he jumps off the train. He finds himself a job as handyman in the home of a widow, mother of three most individual children, all of whom the veteran, "Mac," handles as if he's known them from birth. There is a brother, too, full of problems which the veteran is never too proud or reticent to fix. There are humorous moments, if somewhat incredible, resulting in his trying to maintain his subservient manner through it all, and the end is pleasantly predictable. Capable writing, enjoyable reading, if one is not in a critical mood. Random House, \$2.50 ***So Long At The Fair***, by Anthony Thorne.

The old story of the Paris Exposition of 1889; the story of a sister and brother (or maybe your version says aunt and niece) who go to Paris for "L'Expo." On the eve of the Exposition the sister goes to bed, confident that her brother is in the room beside hers. In the morning both the brother and the room have totally disappeared. "No," says the proprietress of the hotel with an odd look, "no one has seen your brother. Mademoiselle came in alone." The servants all say the same thing. It is left to the seventeen-year-old sister to solve the ghostly riddle. Mr. Thorne's sprightly prose and imaginative twists—including a young love story—make delightful new entertainment of an old theme.

Random House, \$2.50
Peace Breaks Out, by Angela Thirkell.

The author is ill-advised in her title because it states bluntly what was obviously intended to be a subtle undercurrent to her narrative and the blunt statement is by now a sad and threadbare witticism. Otherwise *Peace Breaks Out* is unmitigated delight for all Thirkell admirers.

Knopf, \$2.50
Full Moon, by P. G. Wodehouse.

This is Wodehouse at the top of his form, handling the interplay of his characters with the deceptive ease of a master juggler. Most of the traditional elements are here—the eccentric earl (loving his prize pig as he loves no other living creature), his nit-wit younger son (Freddie Threepwood), the ne'er-do-well uncle of irresistible charm, the gorgon aunts (why do all Wodehouse women become gorgons when once they have crossed that terrible rubicon of marriage?), the young American millionaire (felicitously named Tipton Plimsoll), and above all the true Wodehouse heroine ("... alluring enough

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in her slim, trim, blue-eyed way")—all of them victims of their own good intentions, pursuing their conflicting ends through the delicious, tangled absurdities of the plot. The reader's sympathies go out to Freddie who having been made vice-president of a dog-biscuit manufacturing company solely because he married his boss's daughter, has his poor wits taxed by his father-in-law "hammering on the table during conferences and shouting, 'Come on, come on, now. I'm waiting for suggestions.' " Doubleday, \$2

Non-fiction

The Assault, by Allen R. Matthews. Foreword by Bill Mauldin.

This book is a difficult one to fasten tags to. It is the story of one man's twelve days (the first twelve) of combat on Iwo Jima. But to one who read every word that appeared in the papers at the time, listened to every word of first- or second-hand reporting over the air (as who did not?), there is little in it that's new. The deep sand pulling at the feet, the ridge, the cold and rain, death, fatigue, and hysteria. And the emotional reactions aren't new either, after all the literature on what it's like to do a long, long stretch of combat. But the story however old, written well as it is here, is too dramatic, too alive, and compelling to need any of the usual come-ons. Bill Mauldin in his introduction has said it all:

Since there were millions of men in Matthews' shoes and millions of torn patches of ground containing little groups of the common denominator, no doubt there will be more books just as good and honest as this one. This is one of the very first. I hope like hell it is read.

Simon & Schuster, \$2.50

Over At Uncle Joe's; Moscow and Me, by Oriana Atkinson. Illustrations by Paul Galdone.

Nobody since Will Rogers has written about the Russian people with such friendly good humor as Mrs. Brooks Atkinson. Her wry, sharp-eyed observations tell a good deal more about life in the Soviet Union than a dozen political tomes—and they tell it without pretension, malice, or illusion. This is a book which will interest not only those readers who are curious about Russia, but everyone who enjoys a warm, gaily-written account of human nature under stress.

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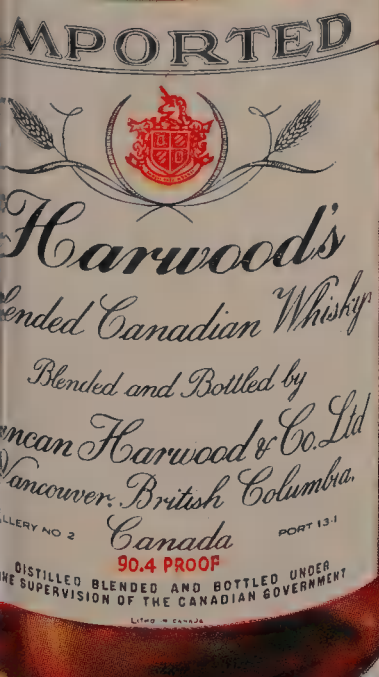
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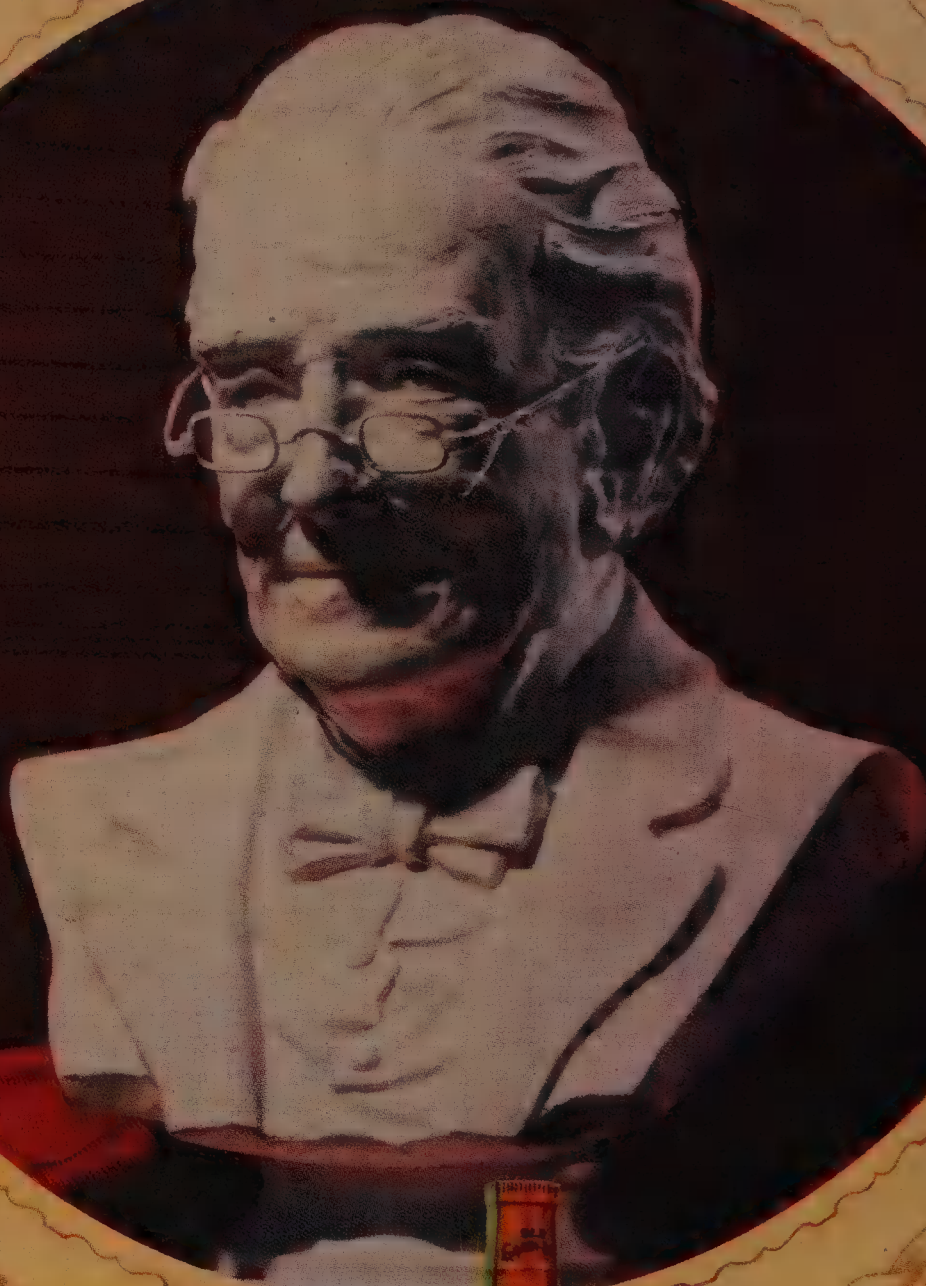
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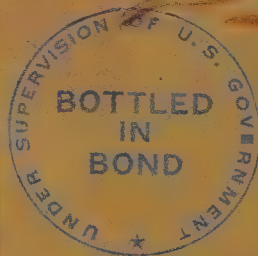
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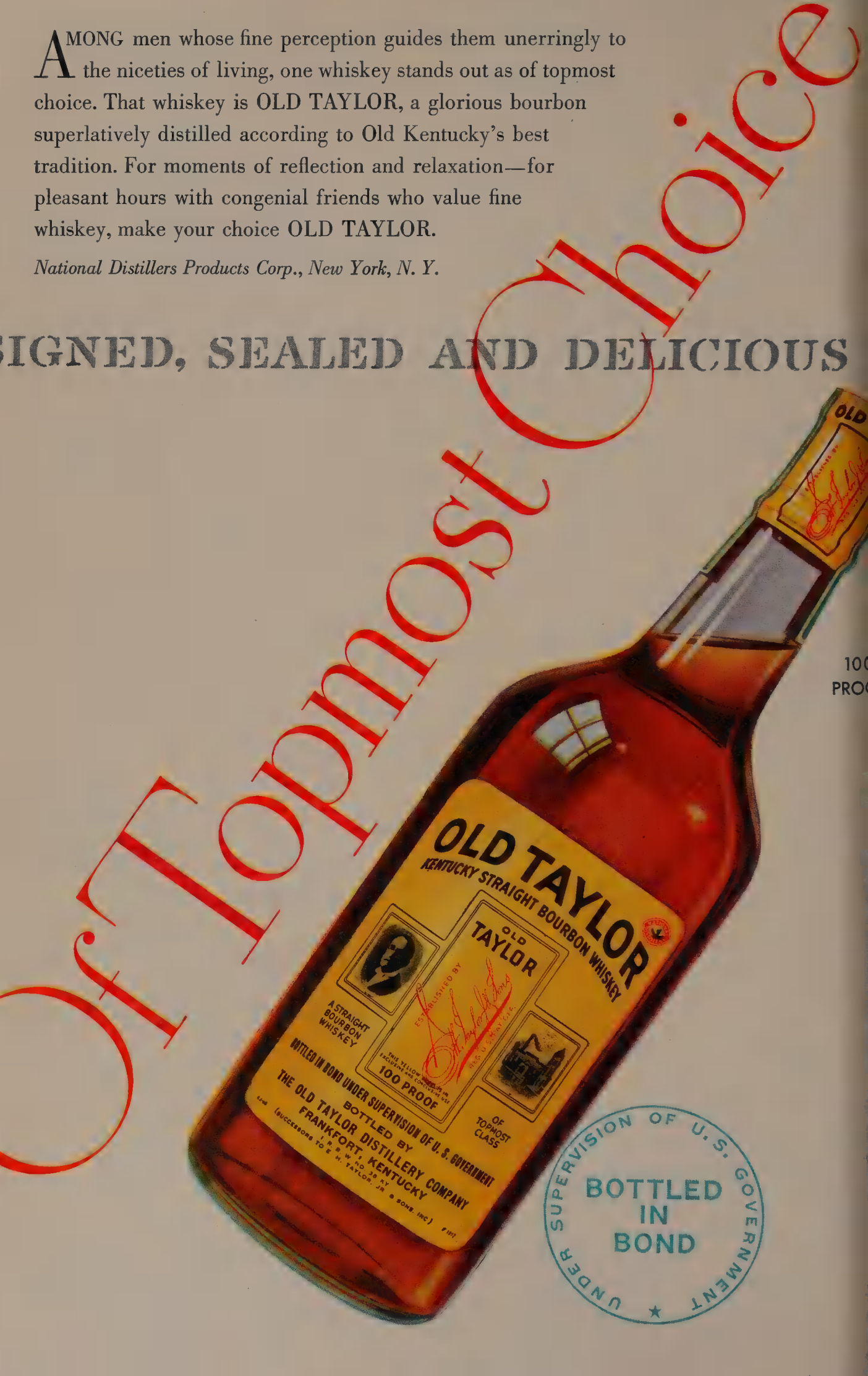
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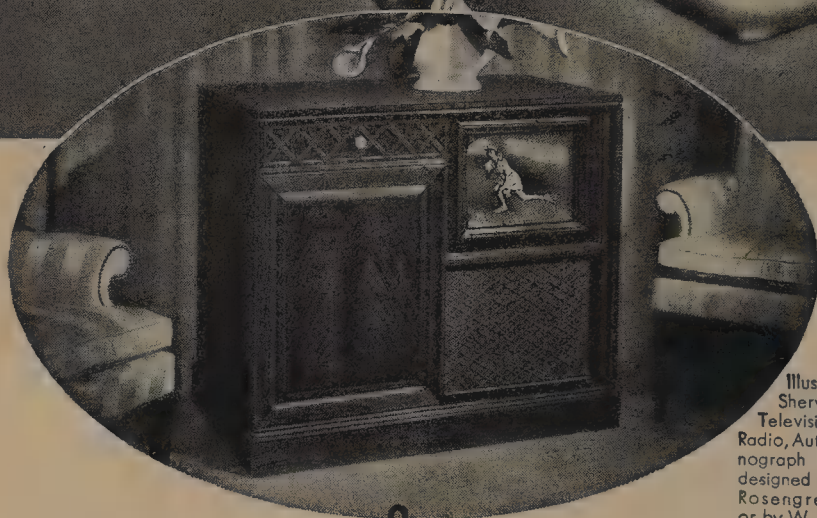
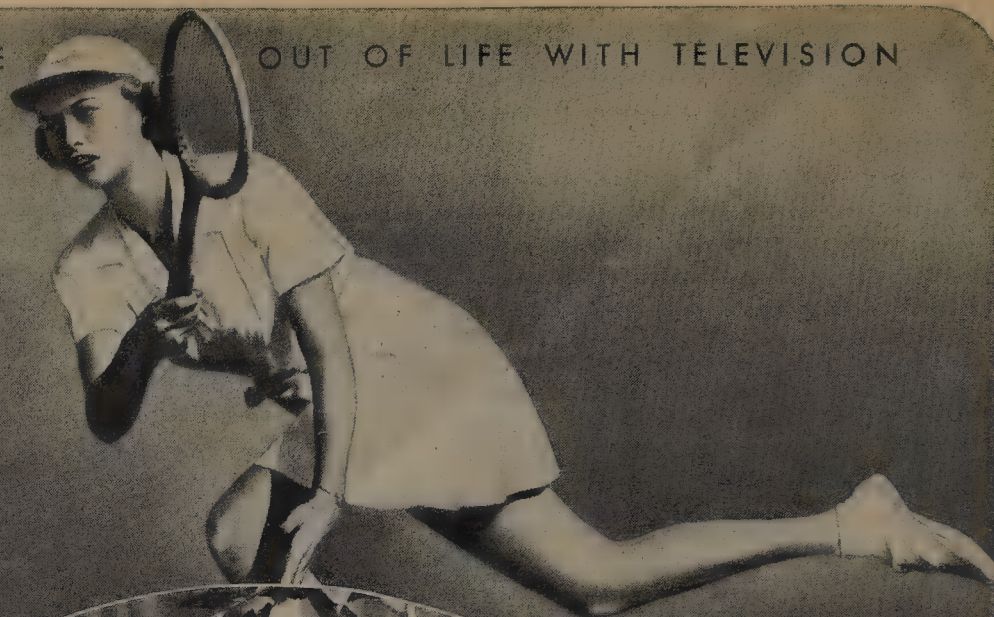
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Harper's Magazine: Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 40 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year. Vol. 195. Serial No. 1167. Issue for August 1947. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as Second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

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The occupation of Japan looked easy at first, but making a modern democracy out of an ancient feudal system was another and tougher matter. **Robert B. Cochrane** considers the fading picture of our success as conquerors, and makes some telling suggestions as to the way we should make the most of our dwindling opportunities.



Postponed from last month to enable Gluyas Williams to do the illustrations in Boston itself rather than in Maine, where he has been holidaying, **Cleveland Amory's** two-part examination of "The Proper Bostonians" will begin in our September issue. Crammed with wonderful anecdotes about Boston's more durable families, it belongs alongside *The Late George Apley*.



"An atomic Pearl Harbor might well cost us our life as a nation," and yet we are making an organizational muddle of our most important defense against surprise—our intelligence service. **Fletcher Pratt** has strong misgivings about "How Not to Run a Spy System."

And also—"Why the Professor Fell Out of Bed," by **Dr. Carl Binger**; "The Great Toll Road Mirage," by **Myron Stearns**; "More Fallacies About Art," by **W. M. Ivins, Jr.**; a miscellany of stories, poems, and other entertaining and revealing articles.

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therwise

The Hero as Accumulator

THE story of the Collyer brothers, Homer and Langley, and of their tragic house on New York's upper Fifth Avenue, is almost over. The brothers are in their graves; the tons of junk and litter which they accumulated have been rummaged through, and whatever was salvageable has been auctioned; and, as we go to press, the fetid, water-logged, and crumbling old house has been condemned. The story that made the front pages of newspapers, and was pictured in *Life* and the newsreels, is just about played out.

Yet, from the time when the police, tipped off by a mysterious telephone call, found Homer dead, to the time three weeks later when they finally discovered Langley's partly decomposed, rat-gnawed body buried under bundles of old newspapers, tin cans, metal bread boxes, and suitcases only ten feet from where Homer's had been, the Collyers and their weirdly pathetic story were a national preoccupation.

The story itself has been told so often and in such detail that there isn't any point in retelling it here. But in all the comment which the case provoked, we don't remember seeing any speculation as to why the story was so fascinating to so many people. Partly, of course, it was interesting because it was a mystery: Where was Langley? Who made the phone call? Why had the brothers secluded themselves? Partly, it was what's known merely as "human interest," appealing to people's sympathy; loneliness and eccentricity are always news if there's a new angle involved—and this story had plenty of new angles.

But there was a special quality in our interest in the Collyer case, something that felt like

awe. As the three-week search went on and well over 120 tons of accumulated junk were carted out of the house, it was as if the crowds of people (sometimes two thousand or more) who watched from the street and from neighboring buildings, and the millions more who followed the newspaper and radio reports, felt instinctively that this was more than a mere sensation. It was almost as if the Collyers were heroes, in Emerson's meaning of the term. We make heroes, Emerson said, of those individuals who carry some particular human trait to its completest development: Plato is the hero as philosopher; Napoleon, the hero as "man of the world." In those terms the Collyers were something very like the hero as accumulator. Almost all of us are squirrelish about something: we save pieces of string, or old letters, or cardboard boxes; we "collect" stamps, or match-folders, or books. Perhaps one of the most fascinating things about the Collyers was that they carried this almost universal instinct to heroic limits. They collected *everything*—dressmakers' dummies, rusty bedsprings, books, theater tickets, pianos (fourteen of them), newspapers, any relics of the past that they got their hands on.

In a way, too, the story of the queer brothers was an allegorical travesty of our history-conscious civilization. P & O remembers a lecture Mark Van Doren gave a good many years ago in which as an example of the way history piles up he asked his audience to think of the school children a hundred years from now trying to learn the list of Presidents of the United States. If that staggers you a little, think of some of the other ways in which the world is getting cluttered up with the past. Suppose, for instance, that the great libraries go on acquiring material at their present rate for another century. The last time we looked up the figures, the New York Public Library

was adding books, pamphlets, and papers at the rate of approximately a half-million items a year. Almost a hundred years ago Hawthorne's imagination was obsessed with the idea that the past lay upon the present "like a giant's dead body." Give us another century of accumulation and who knows? Meanwhile, Homer and Langley Collyer, buried alive under the collapsing heaps of relics and old junk with which they had pathetically tried to wall themselves off from the present, have acted out their grotesque and touching parable. They aren't news any longer, but they are still a story.

Going and Coming

JOHN FISCHER of our editorial staff has been appointed editor-in-chief of the General (Trade) Book Department of Harper & Brothers, succeeding Edward C. Aswell, who has resigned to become editor-in-chief of Whittlesey House and Vice President of the McGraw-Hill Book Company. This doesn't mean that Mr. Fischer's services will be entirely lost to the Magazine, for he will consult with us frequently and write for us now and then. But since the bulk of his time will be devoted to book editing, he moves this month from his previous position on the masthead to a position among the contributing editors. We are sure the readers of *Harper's* who have enjoyed his excellent articles—not only his Russian series which were later expanded into the book *Why They Behave Like Russians* (which was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice for May), but his articles on the Truman Administration, the Civil Service, "The Lost Liberals," etc.—will wish him success in his new publishing duties.

As a result of Mr. Fischer's transfer, by the time this issue of the magazine appears we shall have added to our editorial staff **Merle Miller**, a graduate of the University of Iowa who, after a year at the London School of Economics and a couple of years with the *Philadelphia Record*, went into the Army, organized the Pacific and later the Continental editions of *Yank*, and later became its executive editor. Since the war Mr. Miller has worked briefly for *Time* and then for *Project X*, a magazine that never was brought to birth. He is the author of two novels, *Island 49*, published in 1945, and *That Winter*, to be published in October by William Sloane Associates.

One at a Time

■ ■ ■ As far as the Russians are concerned, the verb *to negotiate* is always used in its transitive rather than its intransitive sense. They never just negotiate; they always negotiate *something*, and the meaning of the word is pretty close to the colloquial usage in phrases like "to negotiate an obstacle." The obstacle which Mr. Molotov and his comrades are currently trying to negotiate is, as **James B. Reston** suggests in our leading article, the United States and its ideas. And the implications of Mr. Reston's analysis seem to P & O to be that they will do pretty well at it until we abandon our predilection for negotiating *about* things and consistently negotiate the things themselves. The trouble, of course, is that we aren't anywhere near as certain as Russia is just what obstacles to negotiate. But that's a subject Mr. Spigelman deals with elsewhere in this issue (p. 124).

Mr. Reston, who is the *New York Times'* diplomatic correspondent, is well qualified to analyze the difficulties of "Negotiating with the Russians" (p. 97). He has had a very distinguished career as a newspaper reporter and correspondent with the Associated Press and the *Times*. His long series of articles on the Dumbarton Oaks conference won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1945. All three of the biggest news stories out of Washington this year in the international field (the resignation of Byrnes, the decision to replace Britain in Greece and Turkey, and the Marshall plan of continental aid to Europe) were first announced under his by-line.

■ ■ ■ After the frightening series of accidents which occurred on the airlines last winter, Congress opened investigations with a view to determining the underlying causes of those disasters. Most of those who testified before the investigating committee urged better navigation aids and blind flying equipment. But among the witnesses called, **Laurence LePage**, a consulting engineer specializing in aviation design, went beyond the others to point out the underlying problem which must be solved before air safety can be adequately insured. The substance of his testimony is developed in "Wanted: A Plane That Can Slow Down" (p. 107).

Born in England, Mr. LePage holds a degree in aeronautical engineering from London University and the diploma of the Institute of

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Aeronautical Engineering. His professional career in England, France, and the United States has been a distinguished one. From 1938 to 1946 he was president and chief engineer of the Platt-LePage Aircraft Company, which won the Army Air Forces design competition for helicopters in 1940, and subsequently built helicopters for the Air Force. Since 1946 he has been a consulting engineer in Philadelphia.

The illustrators of Mr. LePage's article are *Sigman-Ward* of New York, specialist illustrators who handle technical drawing of all kinds, including cartography. Their work appears frequently in *Harper's*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, the *Architectural Record*, *Popular Science*, and other magazines. The two maps accompanying another article in this issue, "Steel: The Great Retreat" (p. 145) are also done by this engineer and architect-turned-illustrator team.

• • • *W. M. Ivins, Jr.* has had ample opportunity to encounter more than "A Few Fallacies about Art" (p. 114). From 1916, when he was appointed curator of prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to the time of his retirement in 1946, he was in the thick of things. For a number of years he was assistant director of the Museum, and for a time he was acting director. But we may as well quote some of the things he says about himself:

For a while in my youth I thought I wanted to be an economist, and did a certain amount of work on the theory of value. At various times in the past I read a good deal of history, a lot of poetry, some philosophy and epistemology, and a little aesthetics, pattered about in Old French, participated in the preparation of some railway mortgages, knew something about Massachusetts trusts and the law and the practice of the Paris Bourse, did a certain amount of accounting, was a mad photographer, spoiled a lot of good paper making bad watercolors, fussed over perspective and perspective geometry, wrote articles about Alberti, Desargues, and other early students of perspective, wrote a little book on the rationalization of sight and another on the historical evolution of the visual intuitions, knew something about Dürer and Rembrandt, Goya and Daumier, sailed a boat, rowed on various crews, was a bad golfer, played rotten billiards, and raised some handsome peonies. I also had heard of Vesalius, Early Florentine woodcuts, French books of hours, Renaissance pattern designs, the history of printing, and old writing books. I have worried a good deal about

roofs and boilers, but I have never learned to play the typewriter or make English behave. The only thing I have ever become expert in is how to burn my fingers while sticking my neck out, but so far I have eluded arrest.

• • • *John Bell Clayton* was born and brought up on a farm in August County, Virginia, west of the Blue Ridge. After three years at the University of Virginia he left to get married and start work as a reporter on a small daily newspaper. Except for brief intervals of publicity work and a job with the Federal Communications Commission during the war, he has been a newspaperman ever since. "Visitor from Philadelphia" (p. 121) is his second story in *Harper's*. His first was "The White Circle" (April 1947).

Both Atomic, Sort Of

• • • Several items ago we mentioned the fact that *Joseph H. Spigelman* was back in *Harper's* this issue. Just a year ago we were running a series of three articles he wrote, but since then he has been hard at work on the manuscript of a book dealing with the problems of policy and of government, to be published early next year by the Yale University Press. His article, "What Are We Afraid Of?" (p. 124) is an adaptation of the first chapter of this book.

During the war Mr. Spigelman was a specialist on reconversion policy for the WPB's Planning Division. Before and since he has been a contributor to *Harper's*, *Barron's*, and other magazines, and he was for a time on the staff of *Fortune*.

• • • *R. Bretnor* (p. 137) was born in Siberia in 1911, lived as a boy for four years in Japan, and since 1919 has lived in California. From 1943 to January of this year he was with the OWI and the State Department's foreign information office. Then the need to recuperate from an illness gave him an excuse to resign and to free-lance, which, he tells us, with the major emphasis on fiction, he is "doing happily enough."

The illustration for "Maybe Just a Little One" is by *Eleanor De Pree* of Bronxville, New York. This drawing is her fourth appearance in *Harper's*. She has also done illustrations for the *New York Times Magazine*, *Tomorrow*, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

Coincidence and Comment

MAYBE it was an intuitional coincidence, or editorial extra-horsesensory perception. Anyway, at an editorial meeting this spring we were discussing the signs and portents of a major shift in the location of America's steel industry and the consequent effects upon our entire economy. It looked like a subject which we ought to cover. Next day came a letter from **Marvin Barloon**, chairman of the department of economics at Western Reserve University and a former contributor to *Harper's*, suggesting an article on this very subject. The result, of course, is "Steel: The Great Retreat" (p. 145).

Professor Barloon is a native of Iowa, a graduate of Iowa University and the Harvard Business School. He has taught labor problems, personnel management, and factory management at Western Reserve, Tulane, and the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. One of the inducements that led him back to Western Reserve last year was Cleveland's central location with respect to the steel industry and the machine and metal-working industries which it supplies. Soon after his arrival he began hearing rumors that the steel industry was likely to move "lock, stock, and barrel" to the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, leaving him and his fellow-citizens high and dry. As his article indicates, he has busily investigated these rumors and found that the reports of the decline of the Middle West, like those often-anecdoted reports about Mark Twain's death, had been greatly exaggerated. Some of the steel industry will almost certainly move to the coasts over a period of years, but, as Professor Barloon puts it, probably just barrel, not lock and stock, too.

• • • In May 1945 we published **John P. Marquand's** first piece of war correspondence—"Iwo Jima Before H-Hour," and we subsequently ran a short story and a short novel (*Repent in Haste*) which in one way or another grew out of his Pacific junket. Fortunately for us, he has recently returned from an inspection trip with Admiral Louis E. Denfeld which took him from Honolulu to Kwajalein, Truk, Guam, Manila, Nanking, Tsingtao, Tientsin, Peiping, Tokyo, and Okinawa. It was a short, quick trip, but Mr. Marquand had been to most of these places before and it was, in effect, like taking a quick,

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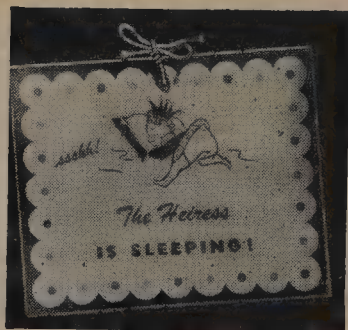
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fresh look through a book he had read before. This time the guns out there were silent; but, as "Why the Navy Needs Aspirin" (p. 160) indicates, there's some sniping going on back home, and at least one obsolete big gun is still going off in retirement.

• • • "The Last Days of the Machine Age" (p. 169) is **Stanley Edgar Hyman's** commentary on these curious times. A *New Yorker* staff-member, he has taught literary criticism and folk literature at Bennington College and is writing a book about criticism, *The Armed Vision*, to be published late this year.

• • • **Hugo Johanson**, author of "Report of a Death Knell" (p. 171), tells us, under protest, that he is "a hold-over from the nineteenth century" who received "no education and some schooling" in Scandinavia until he was fourteen.

During the next dozen years I followed the sea (forecastle) when not soldiering (buck private). My twenty-five years in the United States may be divided into two distinct periods—the footloose (sweating it out with my soul-mates in labor camps, hired hands' quarters, and soup-lines) up to 1935; and the benched (contributing to the *Atlantic Monthly*) intermittently from then on.

• • • **Oscar Williams**, whose poem "Jeremiad" appears on p. 178, was the editor of the "War and the Poets" symposium in *Harper's* in April 1945 and of *A Little Treasury of Modern Poetry*, published last year by Scribner's. His own fourth volume, *Selected Poems*, will appear in September. Aside from these, he says, "I'm a normal person who would like to be able to pay my rent and to eat fairly regularly—but who does not think that both of these activities are quite as important as writing poetry."

• • • **John Herling**, author of "What Perón Is Up To" (p. 179), spent five years in Washington during the war with the Office of Inter-American Affairs, winding up in June 1946 as director of the labor relations division. Since then he has returned to newspaper work. In January and February of this year he was in Argentina, mostly in Buenos Aires, with the delegation of the AF of L and the Railroad Brotherhoods and a group of correspondents. He is free-lancing as a contributor from Washington to various magazines and such newspapers as the *Washington Star*, *Providence Journal*, and *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. He also serves as Washington correspondent of the *Beloit Daily News*.

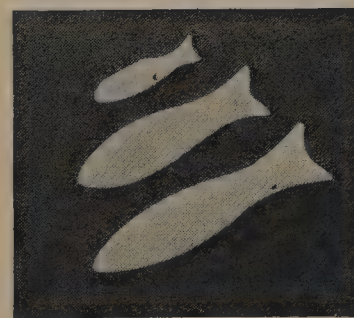
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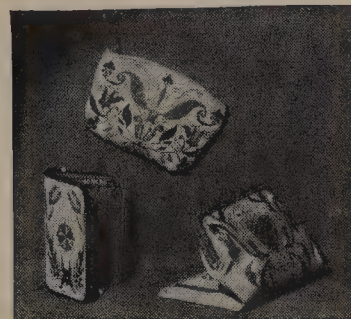
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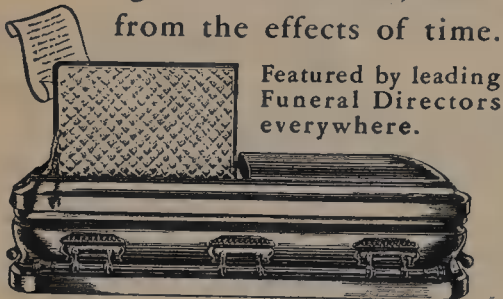
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Mr. DeVoto Gets a Hand

Dear P & O:

The announcement of Bernard DeVoto's retirement as literary editor of the Mark Twain Papers demands a note of appreciation.

Nine years ago when DeVoto first confronted the swelling tide of Mark Twain's literary and unliterary remains, he must have felt like the policemen who had to burrow, recently, through the tons of Collyer junk. Cartons and trunks loaded with priceless manuscripts, scrapbooks, mildewed clippings, and worthless trash are a headache to any housekeeper; but even trivial bits of Twainiana can't be cast into the fire. A century from now a canceled check might prove extremely valuable to a biographer.

DeVoto's inventory was complicated by the fact that Paine's checklists were fragmentary and occasionally erroneous. Instances arose where famous manuscripts which should have been in the collection were missing. Their search and recovery make an exciting story which I hope he someday tells.

His main achievement was to sift, sort, and order the Mark Twain Papers, which now can be passed along to Dixon Wecter of the Huntington Library as one of America's most valuable collections — well systematized and ready for use.

The thirty-nine Twain notebooks were all neatly transcribed, and another primary source, the original collection of letters, was supplemented by copies from the Huntington, Howells, Berg, Morse, and other collections, and from many individual donors.

Mark Twain's America is still DeVoto's best contribution to scholarship in the field. If he hasn't equaled it in the past eight years, his time and energy, nevertheless, are well accounted for. *Mark Twain in Eruption*, 1940, is a skillful bit of surgery on that Gargantuan typescript which Mark labeled the Autobiography, less than half of which Paine used in his 1924 edition. What remains unpublished of Mark's bewildering effort to "defeat the copyright statute" is of no interest to the general reader. Two years later DeVoto published *Mark Twain at Work*, a revealing study of the composition of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*.

But what the scores of us who were given free access to browse among the Mark Twain Papers will remember most warmly was DeVoto's generous and democratic execution of his responsibilities as curator. We met no red tape, no petty discrimination, but always the spirit of friendly co-operation. We congratulate him for the wise and human accomplishment of a difficult job well done.

JOHN B. HOBEN
Colgate University
Division of Arts and Letters

LETTERS

Test of Soundness? —

To the Editors:

My heartiest congratulations on your securing Edith and Sidney Sulkin's excellent "Report on the Europeans" for the June *Harper's*. It is by far the sanest and most penetrating comprehensive account I have seen of the attitudes of the people of that war-torn region.

I am able to check at first hand only what the Sulkins have to say about Norway, where my wife and I spent eleven months as American teachers from September 1945 through July 1946. . . . The only thing I would like to add is the effect the German occupation, the resistance movement, and above all their experiences in concentration camps had upon most of the Norwegians we knew. I knew many of them before the war and during the first few months of the occupation, and I do not think that I am overstating the case when I say that they have been transformed into the same breed as the young Jews who returned to Jerusalem after the Babylonian Captivity or the young Greeks who came back to the ruins of Athens after the Persian Wars. They realize as never before what were the positive values in prewar Norway and are on the verge of a tremendous outburst of creative activity. . . .

And perhaps it is not too much to draw the conclusion from the Sulkins' article that there is a definite relationship between the soundness of the social and economic system before the war in any given country and the rapidity of that country's recovery from war. Perhaps we may even test the soundness of the United States by our own progress in recovery.

FRANK G. NELSON
University of Denver
Denver, Col.

Misunderstanding —

To the Editors:

I am in possession of a copy of *Harper's Magazine* of the month of April 1947, which I got

from a Dutch friend, who receives it from American relations, so that I am late in writing you. I am always much interested in your fine paper and I read it from the first till the last page.

This time I came across in the above mentioned number a letter, addressed to you by a certain G. Megow, of Württemberg, Germany, in which he said some terrible things about the people in German concentration camps.

I am sorry to say that I cannot understand how you could print the contents of that letter. You *certainly* know that many of the people of Holland and other European countries suffered in concentration camps in Germany, and were maltreated and died there on account of medical treatment, etc., by the Germans. I am able and will send you, if necessary, proofs that NOT a large part of these camp inmates was made up of "criminals, outcasts, antisocial elements." No. Thousand times no. Most of the men and women in these camps belonged to the bravest, worthiest, morally most valuable members of human society. They did not surrender to the whims of those beasts of Germans. They fought for freedom of their country . . . they did not want to be slaves of the Germans. Liberty was their parole for all the people of the whole world. . . . Let me tell you that it was Germany and Germany only which caused War I and War II and still there is something rotten in the brains of the Germans.

I will end by expressing my everlasting gratitude to your country. . . .

P. G. HOMMES

Amsterdam, Holland

The letter to which this correspondent refers was an excerpt from a long screed attacking "Secrets by the Thousands" by C. Lester Walker. In his article Mr. Walker described, among other things, medical experiments on live human "subjects" carried on in German concentration camps. We published the letter under the heading "Reconstructed?" Evidently Mr. Hommes missed the implication of our question mark. He is dead right; the letter was a remarkably distasteful, even frightening, one.

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The Side of the Angels—

To the Editors:

Being a young painter I was perhaps more than ordinarily irritated by Russell Lynes's article on the Art World ["The Taste-Makers," June 1947]. Not that I like 57th Street and its coterie of super-circus-barkers, but because Mr. Lynes has a few things to say about painting which seem to me to betray a strain of close to dangerous intolerance.

To wit: "It has been difficult for a long time to justify painting as an essential part of communication, or even as a kind of revelation that means much to many people." The implication . . . is that we might as well let the business of fine art go and wait for the movies . . . to catch up. . . . What I particularly object to is the idea contained in that phrase "to many people." . . .

The perfect answer to Mr. Lynes appears in the same issue of *Harper's* in C. Hartley Grattan's article on Herbert Read: "Art is of the brightest human significance because it employs a mode of thinking which, in Read's view, affords us insights at once profound and true beyond those available to the discursive intelligence." It is a particularly malignant factor of the discursive intelligence which condemns something because it does not appeal to many people. . . .

I fear that Mr. Lynes is on the side of President Truman [who is mentioned in the article as being against modern art] rather than on the side of Mr. Read and the angels.

LUCIEN B. DAY
Craftsbury, Vt.

We showed this letter to Mr. Lynes who in turn showed us a letter he had received from Herbert Read about "The Taste-Makers." In his letter Mr. Read said: "I . . . need hardly say that I fully agree with the line you take on this prickly subject."

Girls Together—

To the Editors:

"Yes, Very Interesting" [May 1947] was one of those informal and friendly pieces that stir up questions in the mind of the reader, and compel recourse to the typewriter.

I am sure Victoria Lincoln is right in her analysis of the woman writer's anomalous position in ordinary society. Even the unestab-

lished, sporadic writer is liable, unless she keeps her aspirations very dark. In fact, unless she does herself over, inside and out. Otherwise the guilty fact announces itself.

But I think, Mrs. Lowe's humility is undue when she claims that the vanity of the writer is greater than other people's. What about the woman who is such a good housekeeper that you could eat dinner off her kitchen floor? Is it possible that she labors in a passion of utter cleanliness, careless as to whether or not anyone knows that you could eat your dinner, et cetera? Why are those rich and secret recipes guarded through the generations, and why are the garments of women fair, and why are little children curled and pleated and polished?

The trouble is, our ambitions are *outré*. Mrs. Lowe mentions her hat: "And my hat was becoming, too." How justly put. We like to keep a fair and orderly house, too; and to serve tasty food, too. But we are, or want to be, writers because success in dealing with things alone does not satisfy us. Because the meal is gone so much quicker than the appetite; because the evanescent moment of a home's perfection (especially the home of children) means to us not an achievement, but a birth and a death: the end of long hopes and the beginning of their destruction; the symbol of our safety and of other women's loss; the measure of our happiness and our danger. We are, in fact, always trying to look around the corner. We insist on noticing the shadows that lie long behind the sturdy objects of our life.

To this our only answer is in thoughts, painfully broken down into words, and this is only half an answer until somebody else has read our words and responded to our thoughts. This response is the praise we thirst for, and if we become avid, it is because the praise is rare. To most people we simply seem like rather eerie folks, apt to fall over nearby obstacles, and to embarrass the well-content.

Well, anyway, once we get a few Works behind us, we can go to New York occasionally and bask in the appreciation of those to whom our craft exists. And then go back, for our soul's sake, to the bland indifference of Columbus, Ohio, or Peoria, Illinois, to astonish or impress which we really have to be something!

Sincerely yours,

ELEANOR HULL
Peoria, Illinois



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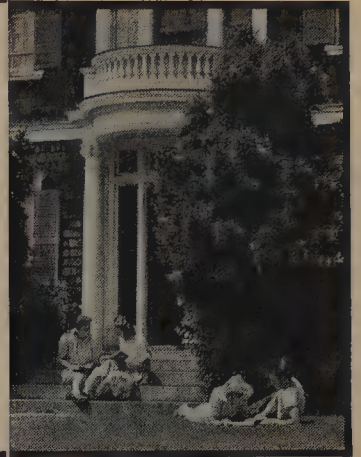
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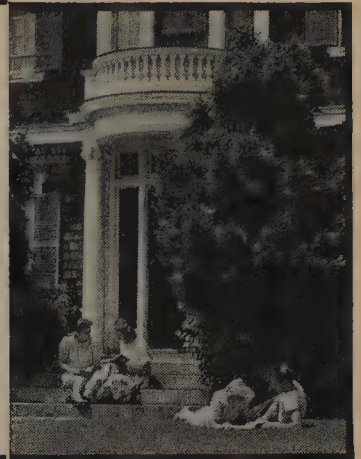
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MAGAZINE

NEGOTIATING WITH THE RUSSIANS

JAMES B. RESTON

ONE of the stubborn facts of life, deplored by many but denied by none, is that the Russians are likely to be part of the world for quite a while. There are nearly 200,000,000 of them and their birth rate is about 40 to the 1,000. It is never explained how the experts know about these things, but they say that this birth rate will continue and that the population of the Soviet Union will increase in the next two generations by 60,000,000. That is 12,000,000 more than the total population of the British Isles.

As our more breathless colleagues intimate, it is extremely inconsiderate of the Soviet Union to have so many people (all potential communists, too) and, as for the birth rate, it can be taken for granted that the House Committee on Un-American Activities takes a very dim view of that. Nevertheless, there you are: there is nothing in the United Nations charter about having a birth rate of 40 to the 1,000, so you have to adopt one of three courses

about the Russians: you either have to fight them, which is not a very moral or practical policy; or you can ignore them, which is not likely to be very profitable; or you can try to negotiate some kind of settlement with them.

That is what this piece is about: negotiating with the Russians, and it is addressed primarily to young men who are looking for a useful career, and to old men who think that if they could only have half an hour with Uncle Joe they could fix everything up.

NEGOTIATING with the Russians is like playing tennis on a court without lines or umpire. If the indefatigable Mr. Molotov hits one into the net (as he often does) and cries "good," there is nothing you can do about it except argue. If you call in the French, the British, and the Chinese, and they all say, sorry, it went into the net, Mr. Molotov is not only adamant but angry. Did we not agree, he

James B. Reston, noted diplomatic correspondent of the New York Times, writes with the advantage of close contact with those who confront the Russians across the conference table.

says, on "the rule of unanimity"? If he is in a bad mood, or if the Politburo feels that they need the point badly, Mr. Molotov will veto the others; if not, Mr. Molotov will "compromise": he will agree to play the point over.

This does not remove the need to negotiate some kind of live-and-let-live agreement with the Moscow government, but it complicates the process. The European Advisory Commission, which was established long before the end of the war to co-ordinate the postwar policies of the Big Three, met over 500 times and accomplished virtually nothing. The Council of Foreign Ministers, established at Potsdam in 1945, held 122 meetings over fifteen months before it reached the basis for agreement on the minor European peace treaties, and some of the most important aspects of these, such as the future of the Italian colonies and the governorship of Trieste, had to be set aside and are still unsettled. And, of course, the Japanese peace has not been tackled and six weeks of negotiation at Moscow on the German and Austrian treaties last March and April ended in stalemate.

The reasons for this are that we and the Russians start with different objectives and mentalities, are suspicious of the objectives of each other, and adopt totally different methods of negotiation. It is not, by any means, as some people say, a question of semantics alone (one wishes it were); it is not merely that we *define* "democracy" and "freedom" and "liberty" in different ways, but that each is determined to get a world in which his ideas of the individual and the state will prevail. It is not only that we negotiate in different ways, but that the entire role assigned to negotiation and diplomacy is more limited in Soviet strategy than in ours. (We think we can settle most things with talk and dollars; they use more diverse weapons; they are more effective in attaining their ends by political organization, infiltration, and bribery than diplomacy.) "The difference between us," former Secretary of State Byrnes told Molotov toward the end of the Paris peace conference in 1946, "is that we start with the facts and try, however falteringly and even selfishly, to reach true and fair conclusions, while you start

with the conclusions you want and try to select and twist the facts to your own ends."

There is a good deal in this, but it is not alone that they select and twist the facts to suit themselves. The trouble in trying to define their methods is that their actions are so contradictory. They were willing to break up the first meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London on the legal technicality that the Potsdam Declaration did not state that France should be represented in the council. One was impressed after that conference with the legalistic quality of their minds. But several months later, when the second meeting of the Council was held in Paris and they wanted to impress the French electorate with their friendliness to France, they insisted that France should participate in the discussions.

On the issue of conceding U. S. trusteeship over the Pacific islands, they opposed any discussion of the question for months, arguing that the whole thing should be left over until the Japanese peace conference; but just before the German and Austrian talks started in Moscow last March—where they wanted to argue that those who had contributed most to the military victory should get special concessions in the peace treaties—they switched their line completely and led the fight for our getting the islands on our own terms. As one diplomat put it recently: "You can't define their mentality; you can only report specific illustrations of how it works, and let the reader judge; they balance the books every day."

THE most obvious fact about their negotiators is that they are held on a very tight rein by the Politburo. They do not attempt to conceal this. During the Greek border investigation last spring, Mark Ethridge, the U. S. delegate on the United Nations' commission, asked A. A. Lavrishev, the Soviet delegate, to look over a U. S. proposal. The Russian agreed. He read it and said it looked all right to him but added that, of course, he would have to send it to Moscow. Forty-eight hours later he came back to Mr. Ethridge and said: "I oppose every word of this. In fact I oppose it twice as violently as I ever thought I could."

The tight rein applies not only to junior officials like Lavrishev but to Molotov as well. When the latter agreed at Paris to hold a general peace conference last year, he was suddenly disciplined by Moscow and made to hold up the Big Four discussions for four days while Moscow argued about whether to go along with the public announcement that a general conference would be held.

Again, at the last Moscow conference, Molotov read a half-hour speech one day in reply to Secretary of State Marshall's proposal for a four-power treaty to keep Germany disarmed. Usually his remarks on subjects of this sort were printed in detail by *Pravda* next morning, but the following day nothing appeared. That afternoon, however, Molotov opened the meeting by saying he had a statement to make. He then proceeded to read almost precisely the same statement all over again: a half hour's speech, followed by an hour's translation in French and English. Everybody was astonished, but next day the explanation was clear. He had omitted to make one point about keeping the question on the Council's agenda. He had evidently been instructed by the Politburo, therefore, to repeat the argument, to sharpen it up a bit and include the point he had overlooked. This he did without the slightest trace of embarrassment, and the following morning *Pravda* then printed his statement in detail.

Rigid instructions like these make the peace negotiations after this war much more severe and formal than in 1919. The Russian thrives on conflict, perhaps because conflict has been so inseparable a part of his political life. Thus, for example, Soviet negotiators never agree to anything the first time it is discussed. When in doubt, their answer is "*nyet!*" As a result, our negotiators have adopted the tedious procedure of running over the agenda as quickly as possible so that the Russians can demonstrate to the Politburo that they are in the proper disagreeable frame of mind. When that demonstration has been made, we can then begin to think about negotiation.

Unlike the British and ourselves, who find it useful and illuminating to discuss the question at issue informally and with-

out commitments, they do not like to "explore" topics outside the council chamber. Occasionally, at critical points in the negotiations, they will discuss the crisis on the side, but in general they look on the habit of informal discussion before the conference opens as an Anglo-Saxon trick designed to outmaneuver them in the formal negotiations.

II

IN THE formal meetings, either at the Council of Foreign Ministers or in the United Nations, they are tireless. Both Molotov and Vishinsky are men of immense physical endurance. The New York meetings of the Council coincided last autumn with the sessions of the UN General Assembly. When he had finished with four or five hours of tense debate in the Waldorf Towers, former Secretary of State Byrnes was usually exhausted—but not the Soviet team. They shuttled back and forth between the meetings of the Council and the various sessions of the UN at Lake Success and Flushing and (unless it suited their tactics at the moment) were usually prepared to keep the discussions going long after everybody else was ready to quit.

This is perhaps not a matter of first importance in our negotiations with the Russians but it is worth noting. Negotiators who are working under rigid instructions do not tire as quickly as men who are given broad powers of discretion. The former can merely repeat their instructions over and over; the latter have authority to use discretion and must take responsibility for the concessions they propose. This imposes on the negotiators of the Western Powers much more responsibility and a great deal more tension.

This raises another interesting comparison between the negotiators of the East and West. In his book on the Paris Peace Conference of 1919, Harold Nicolson commented on the perils of weariness and friendliness in diplomatic negotiation. On the one hand, he noted that the negotiators then were tired from the great war and that their ordeals of exhaustion at the council table encouraged an aptitude for the superficial rather than for the essential,

for the expedient in preference to the awkward, and for the improvised as an escape from the carefully studied conclusion.

Also, he observed that one of the most persistent disadvantages of all diplomacy by conference was the human difficulty of remaining disagreeable to the same set of people for many days at a stretch. Thus, he concluded, many false decisions and misunderstandings grew out of hasty agreements which were, in turn, the result of weariness, and of such pleasant human qualities as shyness, consideration for others, affability, and ordinary good manners.

The observation is relevant now because it provides so many interesting parallels and contrasts with the negotiations after this war. Franklin Roosevelt was a friendly man. He had great confidence in his ability—as he often said to Harry Hopkins—to “deal with Stalin.” But these very qualities of weariness and friendliness sometimes led the late President into the very imprecisions, improvisations, and impetuous judgments against which Nicolson had warned.

LATE in the Yalta Conference, Marshal Stalin mentioned that he wished to raise, in connection with the organization of the new United Nations security organization, the special position of some of the Soviet states. Mr. Roosevelt was ready for this one.

He had heard rumors that Stalin might wish to give all the Soviet Republics a seat in the future council of nations. This rumor had been discussed by Mr. Roosevelt with some of his aides and they had all agreed that the entrance of these states into an association of sovereign nations would not only establish a Soviet voting bloc, but would enable the Soviet Union to manipulate the rules of the organization to suit itself.

When Stalin raised the question, therefore, Roosevelt immediately tried to head him off. He said that he hoped Marshal Stalin would not ask for separate representation, for if he did, the United States would feel obliged to ask for separate seats for all forty-eight states of the American federal union.

Stalin listened to the interpretation of this remark and then did something Roosevelt had never seen him do before. He rose from the table in obvious displeasure, walked all the way round it, came back to his seat and said, in effect, to Roosevelt:

“You think that you in the West are the only ones who have internal difficulties. I assure you this is not true. I have serious difficulties in several of my own states, particularly those that have suffered grievously in the war. I am not asking for separate representation for all the Soviet Republics, but only for Byelo-Russia and the Ukraine.”

The sympathetic nature of Roosevelt was touched by this admission; the politician in Roosevelt was moved. Here was the very symbol of authoritarian power admitting that all wasn't jake at home and that he had to find some way of doing with several of his states what Roosevelt had had to do so often with some of the American states: devise some way of appeasing them.

Well, said Roosevelt, that was different. He didn't realize Stalin had a problem like that, and since he did, he (Roosevelt) would instruct the American delegation at San Francisco to support the acceptance of the Ukraine and Byelo-Russia into the UN. The point is, unfortunately, that while what Stalin said was interesting, it did not really alter the essential point of principle: that the UN was an association of independent states, and the Ukraine and Byelo-Russia were no more independent in the formation of foreign policy than New York and Texas. But the President let it go out of friendliness; and though Churchill demurred slightly, he too passed it by because it was difficult to oppose Roosevelt and Stalin.

As a result of this casual act, the United States had to go to San Francisco and make a deal with the Latin American states to bring Argentina into the UN so that we could make good our promise about Byelo-Russia and the Ukraine. And today we see the consequences: under the terms of the UN charter, the USSR is deprived of the right of vote or veto in the early stages of a dispute to which it is a party. But all it has to do to evade this is to have the Ukraine start the dispute. Then

the USSR can retain its right of vote and veto on the fantastic assumption that the USSR and the Ukraine are entirely sovereign and independent of each other.

"Much of the time of the [Versailles] Conference," Colonel House wrote in his diary, "was wasted in a grotesque effort not to offend." This was true not only of 1919, but of some of the American negotiators in the conferences since 1944. In this sense, Western diplomatic tactics have been repeated in recent years; what is strikingly evident, however, is that the Soviet negotiators are not noticeably handicapped by shyness, consideration for their fellow negotiators, by affability or ordinary good manners.

Like Franklin Roosevelt, Jimmy Byrnes is a friendly man. He went to the first meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers convinced that he could reach an agreement fairly soon. On the way to London on the *Queen Mary* he remarked—quite accurately—that he had spent his life on Capitol Hill settling violent differences of principle and personality, and he concluded—quite inaccurately—that human beings were, after all, about the same everywhere.

He carried this idea into the London meeting, but he was soon disillusioned. At the start of the conference, all the ministers agreed that France and China should sit in on the peace treaty discussions without votes. Eleven days later, Molotov announced that the French and Chinese representatives would have to leave because, he said, their presence was a violation of the Potsdam agreement. Nobody else agreed with this interpretation, but Mr. Byrnes, to end the argument and get on with the questions of substance, finally agreed to their exclusion. He soon found, however, that friendliness did not beget friendliness and compromise did not beget compromise, as it usually had in Washington.

Nevertheless, he kept his patience: while Bevin reacted to Molotov's calm, maddening persistence on technical details with angry speeches (which led him often into embarrassing overstatements), Byrnes plodded on patiently, prefacing his remarks on Molotov with: "My good friend," "But my excellent friend," etc.

The conference, however, concluded in stalemate. At the end, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, chief European correspondent of the *New York Times*, reported that Mr. Molotov addressed his colleagues as follows:

"The previous meeting of the foreign ministers was a success, first, because it was held in Moscow, and second, because Cordell Hull and Anthony Eden were there."

IN SPITE of this sort of thing the Soviet negotiators are not personally disagreeable. During negotiations, they do not hesitate to use any tactic, including the provocative personal attack, to gain their ends or even simply to make a point. As soon as the session ends, however, they are generally courteous and even affable. They do not say one thing in the council chamber and another outside, for except on rare occasions they do not fraternize very much with their colleagues except at formal functions. A session may end, however, in the most bitter harangue, and while Bevin is stalking off, still angry at charges made against him or his country, Molotov and Vishinsky will treat the whole thing as a day's work done and immediately drop the manner assumed before adjournment.

The Russian ideas on compromise and interpretation of agreements, however, are vastly different from our own. In the UN Commission on Conventional Armaments, the United States put forward a proposal on the procedure to be followed in the discussions. Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet delegate, countered with a different plan of procedure. After studying his suggestions, the United States delegation thought it saw a way in which the two proposals could be co-ordinated, so our representative later introduced a compromise, combining the two plans. Mr. Gromyko's reaction to this was not that we were trying to meet him half-way in the interest of understanding. He remarked that our compromise merely proved that we must not have had much confidence in our original proposal, and therefore, he concluded, since the Soviet delegation did have confidence in theirs, why shouldn't it be accepted?

Even when the representatives of the West meet almost all the points in a Soviet

argument, the Moscow negotiators sometimes do not go along with the final proposition. When Syria and Lebanon appealed to the UN to get British and French troops out of their territory, Vishinsky took up their argument and led the fight on their behalf. One by one, the British and French met every major demand. Finally the Syrians and Lebanese accepted the concessions and agreed to an American resolution which contained them, but in the end Vishinsky vetoed the resolution because it was not worded precisely as he wanted it.

Sometimes concessions made by the West to meet the objections of the Soviet negotiators merely result in the weakening of international institutions, without winning the support of the Soviet Union. The protracted negotiations over the constitution of the International Refugee Organization were a case in point. The Russians took an active interest in these negotiations. The other powers weakened the constitution of that organization considerably in order to meet Soviet objections, but in the end the Soviet Union did not join. There is now in operation, consequently, an organization that not only does not have the membership of the Soviet Union but is much weaker than it would have been but for Moscow's amendments.

The Soviet Union has, of course, accepted many compromises in the postwar negotiations. The charter of the United Nations, and the texts of the satellite peace treaties abound in them, but the actions of the Soviet Union in many cases suggest that, to them, compromise is not a terminal adjustment of differences but a half-way station to their original goal.

THE best illustration is the case of Trieste. The United States, Britain, and France felt that this predominantly Italian city should remain under the Italian government. The Soviet Union argued that it should go to Yugoslavia. After months of contention, it was decided to reach a compromise. We recognized that there was something in the Soviet argument: the area outside Trieste proper was predominantly Yugoslav, and the port had been created originally as an outlet

for the trade of the old Austro-Hungarian empire. The port, therefore, was important not only to Italy and Yugoslavia but to Austria, Czechoslovakia, and all the "succession states."

We proposed, consequently, the compromise of internationalizing the city. The Soviet Union accepted the compromise. As soon as it was accepted, we operated on the principle of compromise; we gave up trying to get the city for Italy, but the Russians defined the compromise not as an end but as a means to their original end. For additional months thereafter, they sought to twist the rules of the compromise in such a way that Yugoslavia would have the control of the city, if not the actual sovereignty over it. First they tried to stipulate that Yugoslavia should run its foreign affairs; then they proposed a customs union between the city and Yugoslavia; then a series of railroad arrangements; then an autonomous area in the port for Yugoslavia; and finally, a loose constitution open, like the old Danzig constitution, to endless manipulation. None of these succeeded, but the campaign continues.

Two or three other cases sustain the point. The Allies agreed at Yalta to "concert" their policies in the satellite states and to help establish representative governments in those areas. After Yalta, the United States and Britain did not think the Bulgarian government was representative and after much argument a separate agreement was reached to include members of the opposition parties in a coalition government. This agreement was carried out to the letter. The opposition nominees were sworn into the agreed cabinet posts; they were given their cabinet salaries and many of the superficial trappings of office, but they were given absolutely no power. They did not run the cabinet posts; they were not allowed to attend important cabinet meetings; they were not informed officially of the activities of the government; they were not even provided with personal staffs. They were left in their offices without any vestige of real power.

Stalin and Churchill had a specific agreement that Greece was to be left in the British sphere of influence, but not only did the Soviet Union concentrate the

weight of its propaganda against the British there after the agreement, but U. S. official information shows a direct chain of command from Moscow to Yugoslavia to the direction, by a Yugoslav general, of the guerilla bands in Greece.

Even the specific letter of agreements among the major allies has been openly violated. The most famous case is the clear and direct Potsdam agreement: "Germany shall be treated as an economic unit." Another was Paragraph 6(c) of the statutes of the Allied Control Commission in Hungary. This stated that the United States and Britain, members of that commission, should have the right "to receive copies of all communications, reports, and other documents which may interest the governments of the United States and the United Kingdom." The Soviet authorities, however, arrested Bela Kovacs, a parliamentary deputy of the majority Smallholders party, denied his parliamentary immunity, held him incommunicado, elicited a report from him which was used as a pretext for overthrowing the majority government, and even denied the U. S. and Britain the right to see this and other documents on which these charges were made. We were clearly "interested" in these, asked for them, and were told in effect that it was none of our business.

The effect of this sort of thing has been disastrous. For the negotiators of the United States, the first reaction was one of dismay. When they observed the same tactics applied, not only to issues involving Eastern Europe but to issues in the UN—like the veto, the creation of the security organization's military force, and so on—dismay gradually developed into opposition, and finally into a kind of resentment and frustration.

The sense that compromise is not a settlement but a way-station; that diplomacy is not only a means of settling issues but a device for preventing settlement so that other agencies of the Soviet Union can attain national ends; and that even clearly-stated written agreements can be violated with cynical contempt—these have developed an attitude of mind in which effective negotiation is extremely difficult. The lack of agreement on basic things like the control and development of atomic

energy, Germany, Austria and Japan is bad enough; what is worse is the growing sense in Washington that even if all these questions were wiped off the agenda tomorrow on our terms, the agreements would mean very little. The circle of suspicion is now complete.

III

WHAT is the explanation of these disturbing incidents? What is the strategy behind the Soviet tactics? And what, if anything, can we do about it?

To explain the foreign policy of any country, it is usually necessary to look at its philosophy and tactics at home. If we do this with the Soviet Union and ourselves, the explanation of differences over the council table is more apparent.

To begin with, the United States and the USSR differ on the very nature and purpose of intergovernmental negotiations. The process of negotiation lies at the very heart of our national lives in this country. We negotiate with each other on almost everything: workers negotiate with their employers; employers negotiate with each other; industries negotiate with agencies of the government; the legislature negotiates with the executive; the executive "negotiates" with the people every four years, etc., etc.

In these negotiations, the combative and acquisitive habits of man being what they are, each side tries to achieve what is best for himself, but that instinct is usually qualified by this principle: that both sides must be reasonably satisfied with the final agreement if there is to be a continuing and satisfactory relationship between the parties concerned. For all the harsh words spoken between Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers and C. E. Wilson of the General Motors Corporation in their collective bargaining discussions, both sides accept this principle and the principle induces compromise.

Russian traditions and Russian life, however, are different. For all the propaganda out of Moscow about the "town meetings" of the peasants, and votes of the people, *life* in the Soviet Union does not mesh through the lubricating devices of

negotiation. In the Politburo itself, there is undoubtedly an active exchange of ideas, but for the rest, the workers, the peasants, the managers, and even the artists are told by the state what to do. Even Molotov does not "negotiate" with Stalin.

In short, the principle that lies at the heart of what we, in *self-government* countries, call "negotiation" does not predominate in the Soviet Union: the Russians do not come to the council table with the idea that it is in everybody's interest for the other parties to be satisfied with the compromise too.

They appear to have started the postwar negotiations with their allies, not in a mood of compromise, but on the assumption that the experience of the war had changed nothing; that this was the same old United States and Britain which had opposed their revolution at the end of the first world war and sent expeditionary forces into the new Soviet Union to bring them down; that we were really out to encircle them and that Stalin's analysis of the situation (in *The Problems of Leninism*) was right: "The world," wrote Stalin, quoting Lenin, "has been severed into two camps, the imperialist camp and the anti-imperialist camp. . . . We are living, not merely in one state but in a system of states; and it is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist interminably side by side with the imperialist states. Ultimately, one or another must conquer. . . ."

From time to time, Stalin has expressed the view that the two systems could live peacefully together, but the attitude of his negotiators from the start of the peace negotiations was one of extreme suspicion. They appeared from the end of the war to accept the melancholy assumption that we were really out to create an anti-Soviet bloc for the purpose of destroying them; they seem to have based their diplomacy on that premise, and that was undoubtedly one of the greatest diplomatic blunders of our time.

IT is not difficult to see how the blunder was made. We did intervene in their affairs after the first world war; we did send our troops into their country; we did try to bring them down; we did outlaw

them and ridicule them and refuse to recognize them for a generation; and the men we ridiculed and vilified for nearly twenty years (this rabble from the gutters and ghettos of Eastern Europe, Churchill called them), these men who lived like hunted animals in their formative years and were forced to govern against a hostile world after they took power—these men (who had naturally developed a conspiratorial mentality in the process) were precisely the same men who were now negotiating for Russia in the settlement of a second world war (which they did so much to win).

Though the blunder, therefore, is easy to explain, it is nonetheless real. For the central fact is that while the leaders of the Soviet Union were the same, the United States and Great Britain were not the same, as they assumed. It is, of course, a matter not of fact but of opinion, but can it seriously be argued that the United States and Britain ended the war in a mood to create an anti-Soviet bloc and encircle the Soviet Union?

I worked during much of the war in London, and the rest of it in Washington. From the end of 1941 until the latter months of the European War, the feeling in Britain for the Soviet Union was not only one of sympathy but of genuine friendship. Indeed, so profound was this British friendship for the Russians that, if it had not been squandered by Moscow's campaign of vilification of the British and its roughhouse diplomacy in Eastern Europe and the UN, no British government could have remained in office if it had opposed the Soviet Union's legitimate territorial and political ambitions.

In Washington, the feeling toward Moscow was much less friendly, but here again it can scarcely be denied that, despite all the shouting against the Soviet Union by many of our conservatives, the United States government and the American people were willing to collaborate generously with Moscow in rebuilding the world and preserving world security.

The Soviet government, however, apparently did not believe this. It overlooked the spectacle of a noisy, friendly, casual, generous, fair America coming, like itself, out of isolation, and fumbling toward a

policy that would look forward instead of backward. It seems to have chosen instead to believe the barbaric yawps from the Tribune Tower and to believe, God help us, that these represented America.

Once this deeply pessimistic analysis of the United States and Britain was made, the pattern of their diplomacy developed with ruthless consistency: they seized at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco on the American proposal of the "veto"; they interpreted the "rule of unanimity" among the Big Five, not as an obligation to work out a compromise program of leadership for the security of all nations but as a device to achieve security for themselves; they defied their written agreements at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam and in the process created the very anti-Soviet coalition they feared the most.

Finally, that most disturbing prospect of all began to haunt the council tables: it began to settle in the minds of the negotiators on both sides that what they were really seeking were two different worlds of the mind and spirit. The East wanted a world in which the state was supreme; the West a world in which the individual was above the state; the East assumed the right of the big state to dictate to the small; the West fought for more equal responsibilities for the small; the West argued for the reconstruction of Europe; the East divided it, denied it the raw materials of reconstruction, and played politics with its misery.

IV

NEGOTIATING with the Russians under these conditions is a new and delicate problem for the United States. These two countries are not only the two most powerful nations in the world, they are the two most different countries in terms of ideology and, what is equally unfortunate, they also happen to be the least experienced of the big states in the conduct of international negotiations.

Our inexperience has been aggravated in recent years by constant shifts at the top of the State Department. Our Secretary of State at the first Moscow Conference in 1943 was Cordell Hull; the Secretary of State at the Yalta Conference was Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.; James F.

Byrnes was our chief negotiator at the third Russian conference in Moscow in December, 1945; and General Marshall represented us at the last meeting in Moscow.

It would seem that in such an intricate and sensitive situation as this the United States will probably have to devise some way of getting a little more stability at the top, and may, indeed, have to build up an experienced team of young men to study and concentrate on the technique of negotiating with the Russians.

The point of this is not that our negotiators have been outwitted by the tactics of the Russians, or that they have been deceived by the amiable qualities of the human heart. The point is that this new diplomacy by open conference and by exhaustion is a unique problem, requiring exceptional and unusual powers of physical, intellectual, and moral endurance; that the problem will persist for many years; and that our capacity to deal with it will influence the fate of millions of people, the security of the Republic, and perhaps the peace of the world.

It is necessary, therefore, to define it accurately, to see where we have gone wrong in the past, to look to the future and prepare for it, and this cannot be done in a magazine article alone. The essential problem on both sides is lack of faith in the other. This lack of faith cannot be removed quickly, as Henry Wallace thinks, by some dramatic gesture like destroying all the atom bombs, or, as Molotov has intimated to Byrnes, by doublecrossing the British and dividing the world into two neat spheres of influence. It can, however, be minimized in these conferences by greater clarity on the part of our negotiators, and by the development, if possible, of a stable policy, supported by both political parties in the economic as well as the political field of foreign policy.

Also, it might be helped by direct negotiations between the President and Marshal Stalin. It is an astonishing fact, but nevertheless true, that the heads of these two states and their deputies have tried to make peace with everybody on the other side in the war but have never yet made a single attempt to run over the basic questions that keep them from making peace with each other.

Nevertheless, in conclusion, the limitations of diplomacy in this situation should be emphasized. There is no "solution" to the Russian problem, in the sense of there being some neat quick way of getting rid of it. We are, as the diplomats say at the United Nations, "seized of the question," and will probably have to deal with it for the rest of our lives. It is akin to the "Negro problem" and the "labor-management problem" in that it cannot be removed by theory or dismissed by pure reason. Diplomats can *solve* some problems: they solved the Canadian Fisheries question and it took only 128 years (1783-1911) to do it. But problems like the Russian problem are different: you do not solve them; you devise ways of living with them.

ONE of these ways is diplomacy, but it is only one way. Diplomacy, as Mr. Nicolson defines it, is not an end but a means; not a purpose but a method. It seeks, by the use of reason, conciliation, and the exchange of interests, to prevent major conflicts arising between sovereign states. It is the agency through which nations seek to adjust their objectives, *by agreement*, rather than by war.

For the present, however, the process of adjusting objectives by agreement at the council table is not making progress. There has been very little reason or conciliation between Washington and Moscow in recent months. The real conflict, indeed, is taking place in an area between diplomacy and war; not in direct negotia-

tions between the Russians and ourselves, but in a test of political and economic strength outside the council chamber in key areas in Europe and Asia.

It is in this area between diplomacy and war, the area of political and economic organization, that the Soviet Union is really effective. Diplomacy, as the Soviets wage it, is, as Joseph Alsop says, a process of erosion. But the vital thing is that while this incredibly tedious process is working in the various capitals, the more effective *political techniques* of the Soviet Union are changing the history of the world with incredible speed. By organizing the shop stewards in the labor unions in Germany; by controlling the supply of newsprint and food in Europe and doling it out to the weak and the faithful; by organizing and financing the Communist parties and destroying the center parties on the continent; and by appealing to the dreams of hungry men, the Soviet Union has created a political technique that can take over a country in little more time than it takes to translate one of Mr. Gromyko's speeches.

It is definitely in this area that they have progressed rather than in the field of diplomacy. Indeed, if they are sincere in their protestations that what they are looking for is peace and understanding in the West, they are diplomats of dubious ability. But on the other hand, if they are seeking at the council table to create and sustain conditions in which the political technique of infiltration will work, then they have succeeded brilliantly.

Congress Getting Out of Hand

IT is time to begin to consider our legislators in their true character; not as sentinels to watch the executive merely, but as those of the public servants the most likely to exceed their delegated authority. . . . If this Union shall ever be destroyed by any error or faults of an internal origin, it will not be by executive, but by legislative usurpation. The former is easily enough restrained, while the latter, cloaked under the appearance of legality and representation, is but too apt to carry the public sentiment with it.

—James Fenimore Cooper in
A Letter to His Countrymen, 1834

WANTED: A PLANE THAT CAN SLOW DOWN

LAURENCE LEPAGE

THIS was one of those new airliners. I had read a lot about them and, of course, I had seen them passing overhead; but I'd never been in one. We were doing about 280 miles per hour according to the bulletin just back from the pilot's compartment. It hardly seemed possible that we were going so fast; it was so smooth and there was practically no noise, just a whining sound from the propellers, and no vibration. Consequently, it was not in the least fatiguing, even though we had left New York some hours ago.

The weather had been clear so far although it was now dark, with a galaxy of stars overhead and an occasional man-made galaxy below as we passed over a city here and a town there.

Looking up and down the cabin aisle I noticed that all twenty or so passengers had decided to call it a day and were deep in slumber, so that I was the only one awake to chat with the copilot when, at that moment, he came strolling back from the control compartment. They like to find a passenger to talk to, you know; there is not much glamor left in their jobs. Everything is now so automatic and with these new planes you no longer have to be a near superman to be a good pilot.

I remarked about the weather and

about the plane, told him it was the first time I had flown in one like this. The weather would not hold, he said. There was a heavy overcast over the Rockies, which we would reach at dawn, and zero-zero was the prediction for Los Angeles, where we were due to land at breakfast time. As for the plane, the pilots liked these new ones very much. They were beautifully equipped and easy to fly, and the low speed and landing characteristics were excellent. Bad weather no longer held the dire potentials of earlier days in air transportation. There was no more "stacking" over airports, and while the skies were crowded, especially within fifty miles of an important terminus like Los Angeles, the airplanes were very well marked by radar; only ordinary skill, not super-skill, was needed to navigate safely even in the worst kind of weather.

The weather prediction was a great disappointment. I was not the only passenger aboard who was looking forward with enthusiasm to the sight of the Rockies in the dawn sunlight and to watching the blue water of the Pacific emerge over the wing as we "let down" at Los Angeles. It seemed we were to have none of these pleasures next morning so, with nothing more pleasant to contemplate than fog, I settled back and joined my fellow passengers in slumber.

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I slept well, too well, for when I awoke we were only a few minutes out of Los Angeles, and "letting down" slowly. This was fog indeed; I could scarcely see the wing tips, and at times the engines even were lost in the murk.

I asked the stewardess where we were and she explained that we had passed over the mountains at reduced speed and were then about five miles from the Los Angeles Air Station and moving at about 30 miles per hour. This was pretty unusual weather, she said, and because of it we were about fifteen minutes late. "But," she added, "we should land in about ten minutes now." It seemed funny—ten minutes to go five miles!—and yet last night we had been doing 280 miles per hour over Kansas. But that was the way with these new planes.

We had received the clear approach signal and were traveling along the radio beam. Now I could just see the ground. The visibility was about a quarter mile and, at thirty miles per hour, everything was, of course, moving past us quite slowly as the pilot cautiously steered his way in.

I could not help thinking to myself how different this was from the old days of air travel when this particular flight, because of the weather, would probably have been grounded in Albuquerque or else—and I didn't like to think about that! At that moment I felt a slight jolt and we were down. We had settled the last fifty feet vertically, and found ourselves at an air station located in the South Gate section of Los Angeles just a few minutes by taxi from my hotel.

THIS flight to Los Angeles which I have been describing has been a flight of fancy, to be sure. No present-day airliner can travel at 280 miles per hour over Kansas, slow down to 30 miles per hour as it approaches the air station at Los Angeles, and then settle gently and vertically to the landing stage. In fact, no aircraft exists with any such range of speed. If these are, indeed, the qualities needed for safety in the air, the problem is obviously one for the engineers. The quest? *A flying machine that can slow down.*

Yes, the principal danger in flying is

speed. There should be no argument about that, since excessive speed is likewise the chief cause of accidents in all other forms of transportation. Yet speed is the most essential ingredient of a modern means of travel. The horse and buggy were outmoded not so much because of the limited endurance and frequent independence of mind of the four-legged motive power as because this romantic vehicle of a bygone age was not fast enough. But hazard and speed go hand in hand.

The engineers who designed our automobiles and our railroad trains early came to grips with this problem of speed versus safety. Speed was safe enough when the going was clear, they argued, but vehicles must have brakes to slow them down when obstacles loom in their path. Even the buggy had had brakes; so, too, must these high speed mechanical vehicles. The faster the vehicle, the better the brakes must be. Allowable speeds have increased in direct proportion to our ability rapidly to control these speeds in moments of emergency, in bad weather, or when traveling in congested traffic. Even the great liners of the ocean highways can go quickly into reverse with a retarding action that will, at its maximum application, throw passengers to the deck.

Yes, all high speed vehicles have their effective means for slowing down, even stopping in emergencies; *all, that is, except the airplane.* It is astonishing to contemplate but it is true; this fastest of all modern means of travel and potentially, therefore, most vital, cannot slow down in the accepted sense, cannot stop quickly, must, indeed, keep right on going through good weather and bad, through traffic congestion over airports, in take-off and even when landing.

If we take an impartial look at today's air transport system, against the backdrop of the accidents of last winter and this spring, we shall be astonished that these facts about flying have received so little attention. The traveling public unwittingly has come to take them for granted as inevitable, and aviation men generally focus a complete blind spot on this glaring limitation of the modern airplane.

The Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics

Board, which is charged with the job of regulating air transport, told a press conference recently that the type of low-visibility approach accidents that occurred on the airlines last winter had been eliminated by a change in the Civil Air Regulations. If safety in air travel can be had so easily, we are all making a mountain out of a mole hill. But can it?

Last May, thirty-eight people were killed when a DC-4, taking off from a short runway at LaGuardia Field, failed to leave the ground owing to a last second wind shift. The pilot worked desperately to stop the plane before, at 100 miles per hour, it ran off the end of the runway and burned in a ditch. The New York Port Authority promptly changed the regulations—that runway was closed to four-motored (large) transports. Does that fix it?

We are told that weather—bad weather, snow, fog, sleet—is the cause of many airplane accidents and that so-called “pilot-error,” either inadvertent or from negligence, is responsible for most of the rest. The answer lies, the experts say, in a whole flock of alphabetical aids to air navigation—GCA, ILS, DME and VHF.

These aids are not unlike the radio devices used at sea. Yet, when the *Queen Elizabeth* sailed on her latest trip, neither the exigencies of the weather nor the state of the captain's reflexes gave the passengers much concern. She sailed from Southampton with 2,200 people aboard and, under sunny skies, pointed her bow toward New York. But the weather did not hold. As the vessel approached the American shores, the fog came in off the Grand Banks. In the old days a vessel under these circumstances would have slowed down, to a stop if necessary, and sounded the horn. But on the *Queen* the radio room got busy. They picked up signals from Ambrose Light, from other ships and from shore stations, and radar went to work plotting the ship's whereabouts and discerning other vessels. Even so, the Captain ordered reduced speed and the “lookout” was sent to the bow. Furthermore, weather or no weather, when the vessel approached the narrows and proceeded up the Hudson River, she slowed down to a speed of a few knots, for no pilot

could navigate the ship safely otherwise.

Are we not altogether too prone to blame the weather and the pilot for airplane accidents, forgetting that the weather up there is essentially no different from the weather on the ground, and that pilots are, after all, human beings?

CERTAINLY commercial aviation must have all available and suitable electronic aids to air navigation. They will add measurably to the safety and reliability of air travel. They correspond to the signal system, interlocking mechanism, and ATC (Automatic Train Control) of the railroads, to the traffic signals of the highways, and to the ship-to-shore radio and radar of the steamship lanes. But until the airplane as we know it today can be slowed down, to a stop if necessary, we shall continue to hang the basic safety of air travel on the slender thread of these outside aids or else run into mountains, crash-land on beaches and in meadows, crack up on runways, and be “stacked” over airports until the gas runs out. We shall continue to have “pilot-error” in moments of emergency. The airliner approaches the airport at 120 to 150 miles per hour and comes down the runway at anywhere from 80 to 100 miles per hour. It weighs 30 to 50 tons. So remarkable has been the development of aeronautical engineering that it is usually possible for a properly trained pilot to bring this huge and heavy air vessel into smooth and gentle contact with the ground at 100 miles per hour; that is, provided he can see! And sometimes with luck he can perform this feat even when he cannot see.

But to be able to do this today's air transport pilot must be a near superman. He must not only have the necessary skill to handle this most complex of all mechanisms, the multi-engined transport plane, but he must have an unusual temperament and character. Flying itself is not greatly demanding but, when bad weather sets in, the job of watching scores of instruments, of manipulating a multitude of levers, while space moves by at three or four miles a minute, becomes prodigious. Could he but slow down, his responsibilities would be no less, but they would be within the normal range of human capacity.

II

INTRINSICALLY it is not hard to slow down an airplane as we know it today. Add more wing area, and the effect upon the minimum flight speed will be pronounced. Double the wing area of a Douglas DC-4 and you will reduce the minimum speed at which it can sustain its weight and therefore will reduce its landing speed, very appreciably. But in doing this you will so reduce the top speed and cruising speed of the plane that it will cease to be of value as an air transport. The problem of speed range in the airplane has always been a serious one to the aircraft designer. He must design an airplane with a high top or cruising speed, an adequate load-carrying capacity, and a landing speed somewhere within the limits of practicability.

The speed range of the first successful airplane in history, the Wright biplane, was unity. This machine took off at about forty miles per hour, flew at about forty miles per hour, and landed at forty. More power in its engine would have enabled it to fly faster but would have entailed more engine weight and bigger and heavier propellers (it had two), so that take-off and landing speed would also have been increased, with no net benefit.

As engines have become more powerful but lighter, and as aeronautical research has developed ever more efficient wing forms, the airplane has acquired a speed range. Thus, a good modern airplane has a certain top speed, an economical cruising speed somewhat less than top, and a minimum level-flight speed, below which it will lose altitude in a steady glide. At a few miles per hour less than this gliding speed the airplane must be landed. Any speed less than that will be disastrous.

For many years two-to-one remained the best speed range of a good airplane. Such a machine, if it were capable of doing 150 miles per hour, landed at 75 miles per hour or thereabouts. Worldwide research and experimentation have resulted in still more efficient wing-forms being developed. Special slots and flaps have been incorporated in airplane wings for the purpose of increasing the lift capacity at "slow" speeds—100 miles per hour or

so—with the result that the speed range of the modern airplane has been substantially extended. Today a speed range of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 or even 4 to 1 is possible. Thus, an airplane with a top speed of 400 miles per hour may land at 100 miles per hour. Once the plane is on the ground, the new reversible pitch propellers can take the "wind" out of this 100 m.p.h. fairly rapidly, but the worst hazards of the landing are then largely past.

To examine these inherent characteristics objectively, we start with the realization that an airplane wing must be moving through the air or in relation to the air if it is to lift; it will never lift standing still and it must continue to move if it is to continue to lift. This is precisely where the trouble comes in; we dare not slow down in flight, and we cannot possibly stop.

This is the basic fact which has set the pattern of our air transport system today, the pattern indeed of practically all categories of flying, civilian and military, the world over. It is this pattern which has made necessary the large airport located far from the city center, where approaches are unobstructed and arriving and departing planes can indulge their long, flat high-speed glides or climbs to and from long, flat high-speed runways. The pattern includes all of the special devices and instruments intended to take the curse out of "visibility one-half mile," which, at usual transport plane approach speed, would be more accurately expressed, "visibility fifteen seconds." This is the pattern which must somehow be changed if the equation, speed versus safety, is to be resolved for air travel.

III

IT WAS the inventor of the autogiro, the famous Spanish engineer, Juan de la Cierva, who made the first real contribution to the solution of the problem. He based his work upon the simple fact that, since an airplane wing must keep moving, the only way to slow the plane down effectively was to arrange for the wing to move independently of the aircraft. The birds do this by flapping their wings, but reciprocating motions are never, in mechanics, as effective as they

are in nature. Consequently, for very good reasons Cierva chose the cyclic method of moving the wings of his machine.

Cierva's autogiro, flying on wings which rotated freely as in a windmill, was not very fast and, therefore, not very useful; but it could slow down and maintain flight at less than half the minimum speed required by a similar airplane with fixed wings.

The helicopter goes still further. This type of aircraft, which has been the subject of experimentation by a handful of engineers and inventors for a period of years longer than the history of the airplane itself, can actually stop in flight without losing either altitude or control. It, too, accomplishes its amazing flight characteristics by reason of the fact that its wings move independently of the body of the aircraft. Since it drives its rotating wings with its engine, unlike the autogiro in which the wings turn freely, the helicopter is able to utilize its rotating power-driven wings for propulsion as well as lift, and no "propeller" as such is needed.

While the helicopter is more efficient than the autogiro, it, too, is neither fast enough nor efficient enough to replace the highly developed fixed-wing airplane in air commerce. But the helicopter may well point the way. Certainly a combination of the qualities of the two types of aircraft—the high speed and carrying capacity of the airplane combined with the hovering characteristics and vertical landing and take-off features of the helicopter—certainly a combination of these is what we are looking for, or should be looking for. If engineering can accomplish supersonic speed in flight and, in another type of aircraft, can demonstrate an ability to slow down and hover, is there any good reason for believing that engineering cannot combine these two accomplishments?

Here are some interesting and simple facts which may point a way:

(1) Transport airplanes have more wing area than they need for cruising or top speed flight. The residue is required to hold take-off and landing speeds down to a practical minimum of 80 to 100 miles per hour and sometimes more.

(2) The large, slow-turning rotors of a

helicopter are very efficient propellers and could propel a fixed-wing transport plane at high cruising speed if used as propellers.

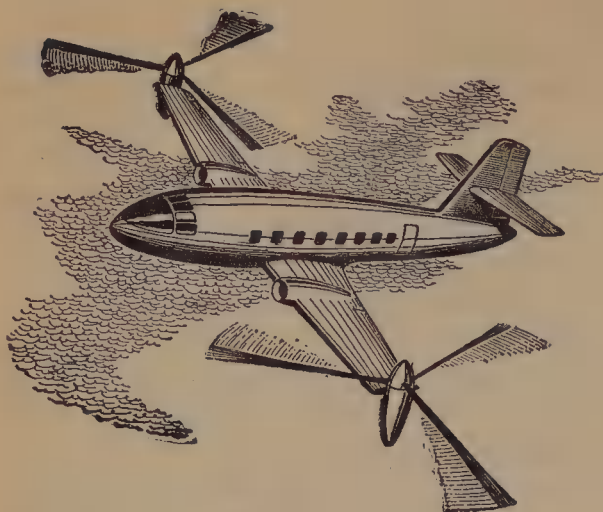
(3) When a helicopter in hovering flight starts forward it does so by inclining the axis of its rotor or rotors forward, and they then become partly propellers.

These facts at once suggest a type of aircraft capable of efficient high speed flight coupled with an ability to slow down and even hover, as can a helicopter. Such a machine would carry wings of an area adequate for efficient cruising or high speed flight and would be equipped with large slow-turning propellers which would become lifting rotors for take-off, slowing down, and landing. Swiveling propeller hubs with properly designed gears would permit inclining these rotor-propellers gradually from vertical to horizontal thrust or pull as flight gets under way, and vice versa when the time comes to slow down.

IV

SUCH an aircraft is entirely practical, and it was in a hypothetical airliner of this type that we made that flight of fancy from New York to Los Angeles at the beginning of this article. We can now take a closer look at the plane. It is no Buck Rogers device but quite conventional in most respects. There is the long streamlined body with its cabin windows and tail surfaces. The wings are not unusual either, though somewhat smaller and swept slightly forward to allow for propeller clearance.

The propellers are the most unconventional part of the aircraft since they are, by accepted standards, very large and are not, as usual, located close to the engines. Instead, we find at each wing-tip a large streamlined hub supporting long slender propeller or rotor blades, which are folded in toward the body of the plane when the aircraft is at rest on the ground. The engines, two or four of them depending upon the size of the machine, are in the wings as in the conventional airplane of today; but these engines, having no propellers attached, may be totally enclosed within the wing surface and their presence indicated only by smooth streamline bulges in the wing contour and by



louvers to permit the entry of air for their operation.

Inside the wings these engines are connected by long driveshafts to the two rotor-propeller hubs at the wing tips. In this way the propeller hubs draw power from all engines so that the failure of any one engine, while reducing the total power to the two "rotor-props," will not stop either of them. Overrunning clutches, not unlike the free-wheeling devices on some automobiles, make this possible.

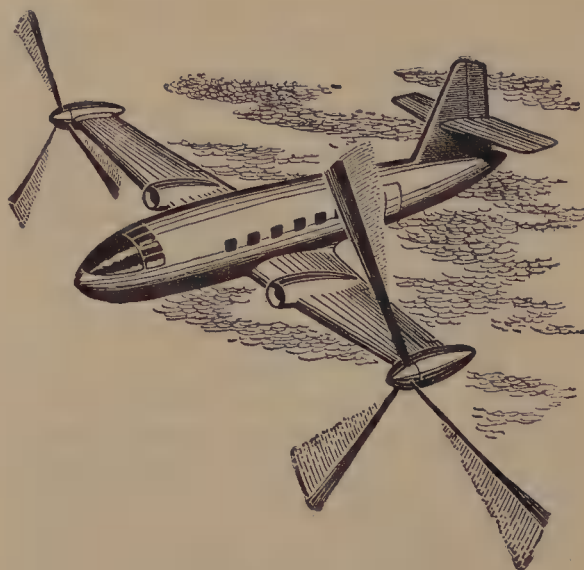
Seated in the comfortable cabin of this plane as a passenger prior to take-off, we would faintly hear and feel the motors being started, but they would make little noise for they would be fitted with exhaust silencers. Why are exhaust silencers not fitted on today's transport planes? Because the comparatively small high-speed propellers now employed, one propeller to each engine, turn so fast (1,700 to 2,000 revolutions per minute) that they themselves create a noise which rivals that of the engine exhaust. Consequently, silencing the engines accomplishes little apparent reduction in total noise. Propeller noise is closely related to the aerodynamic action of producing thrust, and most attempts at silencing propellers by changing blade form have so reduced propeller efficiency as to be impractical. But, of course, the "rotor-props" of this new airliner turn so slowly—only two or three hundred revolutions per minute—that they make, in operation, but a swishing sound.

All engines are now running and we notice the long propeller blades being

automatically unfolded or swung around into proper radial position. "Pretty big propellers," we say to ourselves, but then this is a pretty big airliner. It has twenty-one seats and is about comparable in size to the old Douglas DC-3. That machine weighs 25,000 pounds or $12\frac{1}{2}$ tons fully loaded and has a wing span of 95 feet, whereas the span of the "rotor-prop" plane is only 75 feet. The diameter of the rotor propellers is, however, 64 feet, which seems quite large—but we shall very soon get used to that.

Watching intently from our seat in the cabin we see the big rotors slowly start turning; they rotate in a horizontal plane, in opposite directions, the blade tips passing high above on each side. In a few seconds the blades are spinning quite fast and we become aware of a sense of buoyancy as the airliner climbs slowly into the air, going straight up. It could continue to climb vertically but, if there are no surrounding obstructions, the big ship will start moving forward as it climbs.

Not until we are quite high and moving along at a good clip do we realize that the "rotor-props" are no longer turning in a horizontal plane but have begun to tip forward and are now slanted at about 45 degrees. Watching closely from the window on our side, we can distinctly see the big egg-shaped hub at the end of the wing turning steadily toward a horizontal position; and in a few seconds both "rotor-props" are operating like normal



propellers, exerting all of their force in propulsion, and we are borne entirely on our wings in the most conventional airplane manner. There is only a gentle high-pitched whistling sound and little or no vibration, since the slow-turning propellers are much smoother in operation than the high-speed propellers of today's aircraft. Moreover, because of the high propulsive efficiency of the large "rotor-props" and the fact that our new transport has no more than the optimum wing area for cruising performance, we are winging along at better than usual speed for an airliner of this size.

We are comforted as we fly with the realization that this airliner will not only slow down in an emergency but stop if necessary; and that, should the weather turn bad and the visibility drop, even to zero-zero, the pilot will be able to pick his way cautiously at reduced speed and, upon reaching his destination, proceed to enter the airport in a slow, deliberate manner completely unlike anything possible today. Our approach to the terminal will be more reminiscent of the entry of the Broadway Limited into the Chicago yard limits than of the approach of today's transport plane to the Chicago Airport. Furthermore, should there be a complete failure of engine power en route, the pilot will immediately start bringing the "rotor-props" back into vertical position, and our airliner will slow down and settle gently into the first available clearing with comparatively little forward run.

When air transport can slow down in

this manner there will be certain dividends accruing, too. There will no longer be the tiresome bus ride out to the airport, the ride that sometimes takes almost as long as the subsequent air trip for which it is made. No, New York and other municipalities will no longer find it necessary every few years to build new hundred-million-dollar airports, bigger and more remote from the city, in order to take care of the growth of air transportation. LaGuardia, Idlewild, and all the other city airports throughout the country will still be in use, but as maintenance and make-up depots and as storage yards. The air station will be in town, like the railroad station, perhaps over the railroad yards, and its size will be governed by the volume of traffic, just like any other traffic station, not by how many thousands of feet are required by one air transport plane to take-off or land.

FANTASTIC, you say? Yet when aeronautical engineering succeeds in combining the two great forces of speed and retardation, we shall be well on the road to air safety; that simple, inherent safety common to all other accepted forms of transportation. The sort of plane I have just described may not be the precise answer, or even the best answer, to the problem; but at least it illustrates the engineering approach which is essential to the solution of the problem. If we don't want more and worse crackups from time to time, this is the direction in which the aircraft industry must go.

A FEW FALLACIES ABOUT ART

W. M. IVINS, JR.

IN THIS world there is so little time or courage for thought that men have to act on "common notions" which they take for granted. So long as these notions work all goes well. But very frequently they do not work—and for the simple reason that they are fallacies. This is no less true in art museums and college art departments than it is anywhere else. It would seem, therefore, that a well-catalogued and systematically arranged public reference collection of the more usual fallacies about art would be one of the most valuable time- and labor-saving devices that any progressive institution of that kind could possibly install. As was said by a Lord Halifax of an earlier creation, "Men must be saved in this world by their want of faith."

To show the interest of such a collection, the following specimens have been selected from a very unsystematic private accumulation, the owner of which looks upon many of them with the slightly amused affection that men display toward the enthusiastic mistakes of their own pasts.

From the point of view of the museums the particular fallacy that takes precedence over the others in the lot is one that all curators, historians, and other workers with original material have without ex-

ception committed. This can be called—

The Basic Vicious Circle

MUCH as we may boast of our modern scientific methods in the study of the history of art, we have as yet, apparently, discovered no way of obviating the logical vicious circle which was pointed out in 1936 by Dr. Edgar Wind. Perhaps, however, it might help a little to become aware that the problem exists. It might also help if we were more artistic in our appreciation of artistic problems and less inartistic in our handling of them.

We discover a hitherto unknown object, either one that no one has seen before or one that has been lost in a wrong pigeonhole. It bears no date and no signature, and there is no extrinsic evidence that settles its business. It has unique and very distinct characteristics. We proceed to attribute it, that is, to fit it into the pattern of the work of some known master or of a time series; but we can do this only on the basis of the very curious assumption that before making the attribution we have known an aspect of the master's work or of the time series which it is literally impossible for us to know until *after* the attribution has been accepted.

As we think over the possibilities in-

W. M. Ivins, Jr. was for thirty years (1916–1946) curator of prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This article (the first of two) is based on a lecture given at the Frick Collection in New York.

herent in this situation, we can easily understand how it was that the forger van Meegherens could make pictures that fitted so exactly into the hypothetical early work of Vermeer. The prescription had been made, not by Vermeer in the seventeenth century, but by art historians in the twentieth century. Dossena was the hero of a slightly earlier *contretemps* of much the same kind, that unfortunately gave headaches to art collectors who were more estimable than the Germans and the Quislings in wartime Holland upon whom van Meegherens imposed.

The next important fallacy is possibly of—

The Golden Age

THE early Greeks thought that the old Egyptians were the fountainheads of wisdom, the late Greeks thought this about the early Greeks, the Middle Ages thought this about all antiquity, the Renaissance thought it about all the Greeks and Romans, and there are learned and humorless persons today who ask us to believe it about various periods and places that they happen to have specialized in, to their own great ignorance about things in general.

This fallacy was undoubtedly in full force and effect thousands of years before any such thing as a Greek appeared on the face of the earth, but for practical purposes it may be taken as one of the major ideas that the Greeks passed on to modern times. It not only colors Greek thought on almost all subjects, but it tinges the thought of a great many modern students of the history of art.

It has been said by no less an authority than Professor J. B. Bury of Cambridge—he that edited Gibbon and wrote a well-known history of Greece—that nowhere in classical thought can any trace be found of the idea that change in human affairs can be an evolution toward order, or that change can bring about a betterment of any kind. In classical thought order was imposed in the beginning by some lawgiver, a god or a Lycurgus, and change was seen only as a regrettable divergence from it. Thus all that time could bring about was a worsening, and both time and

change were the great enemies of mankind. This seems to be the notion that underlies not only the predominant pessimism of classical thought, but also the Greek concept that the permanent is a finer and better thing than the transient. It undoubtedly had much to do with the fact that the Greeks, thinking of geometry as the study of the permanent and unchanging, rated it so highly but never discovered any of those mathematical forms of transition that are the basis of so much of modern mathematics. It is also the reason why so many Asiatic and barbarian religions, especially Christianity, with its faith and hope for the future, eventually displaced the old Greek cults and most of the pessimistic Greek philosophy.

In a crucial and famous discussion that took place between St. Ambrose and Symmachus in 384 A.D., Symmachus pleaded for tradition, for the ideas of the Golden Age. Ambrose pleaded for progress. Among other things he said this—to quote from the late Professor E. K. Rand, the great Harvard mediaevalist:

Why cite me the examples of the ancients? 'Tis no disgrace to pass on to better things. Take the ancient days of chaos, when elements were flying about in an unorganized mass. Think how that turmoil settled into a new order of the world and how the world has developed since then, with the gradual invention of the arts and the advance of human history. I suppose that back in the good old days of chaos, the conservative particles objected to the advent of the novel and vulgar sunlight which accompanied the introduction of order. But for all that, the world moved.

If the last sentence reminds us of Galileo, the whole passage reminds us of Thomas Henry Huxley.

Thus it is interesting to notice that so many books on Greek art inform us, either forthrightly or by necessary implication, that Greek art was the greatest of all arts. In the attempt to give this an appearance of reasonability we are further told that the basis for the greatness of that art was the unique ability of the Greek artists to keep their eyes on the essential and to bring out the permanent. This is one of the corollaries of the Golden Age Fallacy, but it is so important in its own right that it deserves separate treatment under the name of—

The Fallacy of the Essential and the Permanent

NOTHING has done more to reduce the theory and, incidentally, the history of art to a hopeless muddle than the desire of so many specialist connoisseurs to convert the world to their own unreasoning and highly subjective faiths in the universal and dominating greatness of the particular arts of their specialization. Fully as ignorant as the rest of the world of the general histories of art and thought, and far more ignorant than much of it of the art of logical thinking, these proselytizing specialists dream up, or adopt from science or philosophy, high-sounding phrases which they reiterate again and again in the innocent belief that by so doing they provide philosophical bases for their faiths. But, alas, you draw no more logic and philosophy from taste and connoisseurship than you do taste and connoisseurship from logic and philosophy. The fact might just as well be faced that the animal sharp-sightedness and long visual memory on which connoisseurship is based are accompanied very rarely by dialectical competence and quite often by most dubious taste.

The views of these specialist connoisseurs are put forth with such obviously great familiarity with the technicalities of their artistic subjects and such dogmatic certainty about rather tricky and purely logical questions that a great many people accept both without critical examination. It is thus doubly unfortunate that these deep thinkers should be drawn as by an unerring instinct to the most ancient and authentic of fallacies. Today the ancient notions of essence and permanency, to say nothing of the even more ancient notion of substance (of which they both are side issues) are mere historical curiosities, while the meanings of the words true and truth have also been subjected to acute logical analysis of the most trying and devastating kind.

This is no time or place to do more than to indicate a very few of the many and complicated questions involved, and so it must suffice to ask: What constitutes permanency? How is permanency to be determined or recognized? and by whom? Can

permanency be predicated on anything but an evolving process? If a quality can be permanent, just how permanent does it have to be to be permanent? As to essence—can we know the essence of anything we have not defined? and if we do define it, is the essence not a part of our definition rather than of the thing defined? As to the truth of beauty—with all due respect for John Keats—is it exact to speak of the truth of anything but a purely logical proposition involving no being or thing? These questions seem serious enough to throw the very gravest doubt over every statement in which the existence of permanency, essence, and the truth of beauty is asserted or implied.

Without going further back into the history of these notions than the eighteenth century, Bishop Berkeley in 1713 showed, by a logic that seems to be irrefutable in logic (whatever it may be in unthinking faith) that the distinction between the objective, permanent, essential, primary qualities, and the subjective, transient, particular, secondary qualities, is a fallacy. He did this four years before Winckelmann, the future founder of the science of classical archaeology, was born and repeated it again later on; but in spite of that Winckelmann, when he grew up, built a handy theory on that distinction. Winckelmann's books, especially his great *History of Ancient Art* (1764), became very famous and were translated into many of the European tongues. Just about every fact that it was possible to get wrong, Winckelmann got wrong; but he had such nice ideas, which are so useful no matter how wrong your facts, that later archaeologists and art historians have constantly had recourse to them in time of need.

Although Winckelmann saw only a very few pieces of Greek sculpture and thought that all the many pieces of classical sculpture he liked were Greek, his genius overrode these little difficulties and enabled him to enunciate many of what have since become the guiding principles and assumptions in the aesthetics and apologetics of Greek art. He had a blind faith that real beauty—pure, eternal, and true—was to be found only in Greek art. Thus he failed to see that when he thought he was thinking about beauty he was actually only

thinking about what he imagined was Greek art—which is not at all the same thing.

We find the proof of this in the way he was bothered by the absence from Greek art of expression and personality. Being a patently honest man, he thought it necessary to effect a reconciliation between this lack that he saw and the notions in which he believed. Being a muddle-headed man, he did not examine into the validity of his beliefs, as for example by asking just what he meant by pure, real, and true beauty, or by the words permanent and essential. Also, having but very recently been taken into the church, he forgot or was ignorant of the personality of God. And so he effected his reconciliation by enunciating the well-known hocus-pocus formula that expression and personality, being transient and particular, are incompatible with true beauty, which is to be found only in the essential and permanent.

It is difficult to imagine any larger collection of fallacies and nonsequiturs packed in smaller space than that. And so the collection naturally appears as a whole in many of the most learned and authoritative treatises on classical art, while the notions of essence and true beauty have become the common property of almost all writers about art of all kinds. Thus it is impossible to overrate the importance of Winckelmann's contribution to aesthetic theory. It is a marvellous and typical example of what you can do when, overlooking a great deal, you start with a phony answer and then slip a phony question in front of it. By using this method you can prove almost anything about anything, and if you are skillful in the method you can fool a great many people.

This method is probably the only way there is of proving your pet a priori ideas about the Good—though in historical practice the desired ends have been more efficiently achieved by exterminating with fire and sword all those who disagreed with you. This is the reason, aside from mere boneheadedness, that the method has always been so popular among the less bloodthirsty writers about ethics and aesthetics, and has been ever since the time of Socrates, who was one of its greatest exponents.

The a priori knowledge of the Good leads to still another very popular fallacy, that of—

Progress and Decadence

THIS fallacy tells us that there are such things as progress and decadence in art, and that these things can be definitely perceived and appraised. It lies very close to the foundations of much of the most widely read and authoritatively written criticism of art of all kinds.

As the only difference between progress and decadence is one of direction to and from an ideal end, it is not necessary to discuss them separately. The discussion turns on the end. It is to be noted with care that the notion of progress is not the same as the idea of evolution, because the notion of progress is definitely associated with betterment. Of course it is not possible to recognize a betterment or worsening unless you know beforehand just what the ultimate Good is, and just what the only course of development toward it must be. For many reasons knowledge of this kind is rather impressive—and very questionable.

The idea of the Good is based not on any logical analysis of observed situations—much to the distress of the students of ethics—but either on the notion of the Golden Age or the teaching of some prophet to whom it has been personally revealed by an inscrutable Providence. The prophetic branch of this doctrine is peculiarly charming because it is necessarily accompanied by a knowledge of just what are the *essential* qualities which art must have if it is to be *real* or *true* art, and without which it can at best be mere illustration and sentimentality.

Much of the most authoritative opinion on this subject can be brought together under the heading of—

Pure Art

THE prophets of this doctrine proclaim that their own ignorance of the subject matter of a work of art renders the art of that work of art so pure for them that they can see and appreciate its essential characteristics freed and disentangled

from the vulgar and inartistic interests which, not understanding, they refer to contumeliously ■ literary and sentimental.

Mr. Bernard Berenson, who is one of the greatest living connoisseurs of Italian Renaissance art, and who is also one of the leading exponents of the pure art idea, asks rhetorically: what would the people of another culture find in the work of Raphael—and, going on, he says:

He [Raphael] would not embody their ideals nor express their aspirations, nor be conjuring up to their minds subtly appreciative sensations, feelings, and dreams, imprisoned, since the glowing years of childhood, in the limbo of their unconscious selves, and needing the artist to fetch them out to the light. They could enjoy him, only as we who know nothing or next to nothing of the myths, poetry, or history of China and Japan, yet take pleasure in the art of those countries—as pure Art, independent of all accidents and all circumstances, confined to the divine task of heightening our vital and mental processes. And as pure Art, what supreme distinction would they discover in Raphael? *

I knew a charming old lady who had inherited a large library. She could not read German and greatly disliked its sound, so, needing a door stop, she took a big fat volume of Goethe's poems, sewed it up in a pretty piece of carpet, and thus made of it a most remarkably practical door stop that she could push about with her foot. I know from the joy the old girl took in her door stop that it greatly heightened her vital and mental processes—which I suppose was the divine task for which the genius of Goethe and the talent of the printer had been brought into being, and by which they were to be judged in the light of perfected aesthetic theory.

It is interesting to notice how Mr. Berenson, in all his voluminous writing about Italian Renaissance painting, manages so consistently to sidestep the problem of subject matter and all the things of all kinds that the old painters found in it. You do not solve a problem by derisively baptizing it or disdainfully refusing to think about it; and he has never gone much further than that. To be straightforward about it, the irreducible fact is that the subject matter of a picture is fully as

much a part of it as its pigments. A man cannot paint an organized picture that has no subject matter, for organization flows out of subject matter. The trouble with the so-called literary pictures is not that they have subject matter but that their subject matter has not been adequately dealt with. Imagine what either Giotto or Rembrandt would have said if he had been told, even by so clever a person as Mr. Berenson, that the important things in his picture of an episode in the Life of Christ were its "tactile values" and its power "to stimulate our ideated feelings of touch and movement." The one thing we can be sure of is that the old painter's words would have raised blisters. That kind of criticism can be very fairly compared to the criticism that was made of *Lady Chatterly's Lover* by a refined maiden lady: that it was interesting for its unusual system of punctuation. One can imagine few things more presumptuous than a so-called appreciation of a pictorial composition by a person who neither knows nor cares what the picture represents; for this literally means that he has no understanding of what the composition either is or does.

Under the lead of Mr. Berenson, the critics who have gone in most heartily for the doctrines of the "essential" and of "pure Art" have also developed a wonderful patter about something they call "significance"—which, if it is significance, is not (as they think) a quality but a relation, that all by itself can have no existence, for either it relates at least two things or it is not significance. Mr. Berenson and his followers also go in for "intrinsic" and "inherent" values, merits, and beauty, deal with "masterpieces intrinsically fine," and are at home with "things in themselves beautiful"—notions based on such patently fallacious ideas that even the economists had abandoned them before Mr. Berenson began to write. For its "pure beauty" his notion of "intrinsic significance" may be specially recommended.

Mr. Berenson even carries his certainty of aesthetic absolutes so far as to speak of "ages of bad taste—not of different taste." It must be very life-enhancing to have valuations which are eternally right, "in-

* This, like the later quotations from Mr. Berenson is taken from his *Italian Painters of the Renaissance* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1930).

dependent of all accidents and all circumstances," but it must be very boring, for it undoubtedly interferes with the making of discoveries that bring excitement and interest into life. As one thinks about it one wonders whether there can be anything more desperately inhibiting.

It is not improbable that Mr. Berenson's best known contribution to aesthetic theory is his doctrine of "tactile values," which was promulgated in his *Florentine Painters* (1896). The history of thought shows few if any periods of fifty years in which greater or more fundamental changes have taken place than in the years that have passed since this book was published. To quote Mr. Berenson's own words:

Psychology has ascertained that sight alone gives us no accurate sense of the third dimension. In our infancy, long before we are conscious of the process, the sense of touch, helped on by muscular sensations of movement, teaches us to appreciate depth, the third dimension, both in objects and in space. In the same unconscious years we learn to make of touch, of the third dimension, the test of reality. . . . Later we entirely forget the connection, although it remains true, that every time our eyes recognize reality, we are, as matter of fact, giving tactile values to retinal impressions. . . . It follows that the essential in the art of painting—as distinguished from the art of coloring, I beg the reader to observe—is somehow to stimulate our consciousness of tactile values, so that the picture shall have at least as much power as the object represented, to appeal to our tactile imagination.

AS WE read this we should remember that the "psychology has ascertained" of the 1896 essay contains the same implicit warning as does the "science says" of the 1947 club corner. Also one wonders whether, if Mr. Berenson habitually drove his own car in swift and crowded traffic, he would be quite so certain about the necessary relation between our sense of the third dimension and our sense of touch. But, over and above all considerations of this kind, any doctrine which so blandly dismisses so great a part of what the world has always thought to be art and artistic comes to little more than its author's attempt to redefine common words to conform to his own very personal and private tastes and intuitions. It inevitably recalls how everyone in the regiment was out of step except Johnny. Even had the world

accepted Mr. Berenson's linguistic legislation, his reform of the vocabulary could have had no effect upon the actual facts with which any sound aesthetic theory has to cope. "A rose by any other name. . . ."

In spite of the elaboration with which Mr. Berenson has developed his doctrine of tactile values, he seems to have overlooked some of its intrinsic beauties. Thus he tells us that tactile values are essential to real art, in fact that they are *the* essential to real art. When one quality alone is essential to something, it would seem we have that something when we have nothing but that one quality. For a moment it seems as if the Cheshire cat were beaming upon us, but then an odd thing happens; for Mr. Berenson tells us that while most painters have no sense of tactile values, including some that the world has always regarded as being very great artists, this tactile sense "is something which the great painter possesses at the start, so that he is scarcely, if at all, aware of possessing it. His conscious effort is given to the means of rendering." This makes our situation very complicated, for apparently something more than the essential is essential, or else we have degrees or classes of essential essentiality, as the French do of funerals, some with more and some with fewer plumes. It becomes much like peeling the skins off an onion in the hope of reaching *the* onion.

However, to waive this point, if our last quotation means anything it is that the most important thing in art is something that the great artist is not aware of and never consciously thinks about and therefore should morally and intellectually receive no credit for, but which the critic is aware of and does think about and therefore should receive the moral and intellectual credit for. Before we finish unraveling this, it appears almost as if the real work of art is not the handiwork of the artist but the creation of the much more sensitive and intelligent great critic. And some of us, on occasion, have actually had our suspicions that this might really be the case.

It will have been noticed that the fallacies we have examined are almost inseparable from a belief in absolute aesthetic values and importances which not only are untouched by accident and

circumstance but are beyond the contamination of relativity and indeterminacy. It is amusing to see that while the hard headed physicists, at length heeding the word of David Hume, have softened their old beliefs, many of the specialists in art have, if anything, hardened their faith in theirs. Possibly there is some qualitative difference between thought that can prove its results by factual demonstration and thought that can only assert superior sensitivity and wisdom.

In any event, very closely associated with this certainty of aesthetic absolutes are the ideas, firmly held by many special students and cultured people: (1) that extended acquaintance with many works of art necessarily brings a vast wisdom about their meanings and values; (2) that understanding of a bygone period can be reached through study of its artistic remains; (3) and that, in either case, it is quite all right to remain in the most complete ignorance of the problems which the contemporaries of the makers of these works of art thought most interesting and

important, and of the earlier and later histories of those problems. This leads to the notion that it is possible to read out of a people's carvings and pots dependable knowledge of its ideals and its philosophy. Thus it becomes possible to reach very remarkable conclusions with an absolute minimum of competent evidence and intellectual labor. Were it not for this possibility, many most scholarly compilations would lose their one great redeeming virtue of pure imagination.

I shall discuss this major fallacy in the concluding portion of this essay, preceding it by a hasty glance at a lesser one that leads up to it. This lesser fallacy is in many ways of peculiar interest because it may almost be regarded as a sort of occupational disease that comes as the result of narrowly confined specialization in any particular subdivision of the history of art. Both of these fallacies are prevalent in all the archaeologies, beginning with that of the most primitive Egyptian times and coming down to the no less recondite early period of cubism!

[*"More Fallacies about Art," by Mr. Ivins, will appear next month.*—The Editors.]

Don't Give It Another Thought

PEACE throughout all the earth will come to the race only when the genius of invention shall have so thoroughly armed nations and individuals as to equalize their power or render death a sure result to all combatants in the field of war. It would be a mercy to the race if some gigantic means of slaughter, cheap as well as effective, and thus within the power of every nation and tribe to possess it, could be invented, whereby a whole army at a time could be swept out of existence. As a step toward the achievement of so desirable a result, the vast progress in the United States within the last few years should be a matter of pleasure and pride to every humanitarian American.

—*The Great Industries of the United States*, Hartford, 1873.

VISITOR FROM PHILADELPHIA

A Story

JOHN BELL CLAYTON

THE boy who was spending the summer at the Haywoods' and who asked all the questions and did not talk like us Churchfield boys came up the road bouncing the tennis ball and stopped at our gate.

"Come on in," I called out.

The honeysuckle had grown so thick up the front of the porch that Grandma could not see the road very clearly from where she sat in the swing.

"Who is that?" Grandma asked.

I said, "Willard."

Grandma's tatting shuttle continued its unbroken darting stroke into the thread that had by now begun to trail its fashioning design like a kite's tail into her small lap. "I knew a family of Willards in St. Louis," Grandma said. "They were fine aristocratic Southern people."

"His first name is Willard," I told her.

"That is a peculiar first name," Grandma said.

Willard stepped over the low gate without breaking the bounce of his tennis ball, without looking in fact at either the gate or the ball but appraising the house with that distant and faintly sniffing expression with which he seemed to view each new thing, and came on up to the porch and said, "Is this where you live?"

I said, "Yes."

Grandma said, "How do you do, Willard?"

Without looking at Grandma, Willard said, "Hi."

He caught and held the tennis ball at the top of a bounce and gestured broadly toward Grandma with the closed hand and asked, "Is she one of your relatives?"

Grandma said, "Eh?"

I said, "She's my grandmother."

Willard started the ball again and said, "What's she so grim about?"

I said, "I don't know what that means."

"Skip it," Willard said.

Grandma looked up at Willard. "Young man," she asked sharply, "where are you from?"

"Philadelphia," Willard said. "Why?"

Grandma's mouth clicked shut in its customary thin straight line and for the time being she said not another word.

Willard chucked the ball against the porch wall, parried it with a practiced flat palm, and then tattooed it between palm and concrete.

"Do you have a room?" he asked me.

I said, "Sure."

"Let's look at it."

I said all right and arose from the steps and Willard came up the steps and started across the porch and into the house still bouncing the ball and Grandma said, "Young man!"

Willard said, "Yes?" Not "ma'am"—just "Yes?" leaving the question hanging there nonchalant and unanswerable.

And Grandma said, "Do you do that in Philadelphia?"

Willard paused, puzzled, and said, "Do what?"

Grandma said, "Bounce tennis balls in the homes of your friends in Philadelphia?"

Willard gave me a peculiar patronizing sidelong look and pocketed the tennis ball and with the index finger of his right hand described four small quick circles on the side of his head, the side away from Grandma.

WE WENT on up to my room and I showed Willard the pennants Ray had sent back from the Military Academy and the big colored picture of Ray that Mother had ordered from the man who came that day and took away with him the snapshot and Mother's check for forty-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents and then sent back the picture of Ray behind the thick convex glass and the big oval gilt frame and along with it, as the promised surprise bonus, behind the same thick glass and in the same kind of frame, the picture of General Pershing. And we were not certain at first who either picture was supposed to represent and then we figured it out and hung up the picture of Ray but not the picture of General Pershing because Grandma, actually and using profanity for the only time in my hearing, said, with her lips pursed in that tight and inexorable manner, "Take that damn Yankee's picture out and put it in the woodshed!"

Willard looked at the picture of Ray and pulled the ball out of his pocket and began to bounce it idly on the floor and said, "What's *he* so grim about?"

I said, "I don't know what you mean. It's not a very good picture of Ray."

Willard said, "Skip it. What else do you have?"

We went downstairs and out the back and I showed Willard the cellar and then the stable and the Maxwell and the ice house and the acetylene lighting plant and then we came back into the living room and I showed him my tinfoil collection and then his eyes fastened on the big picture over the piano and the ball halted in mid-air and he pointed and said, "Who is this one?"

I said, "That's my great-uncle or somethin'."

"What's the uniform—Western Union?"

"He fought in the war," I said.

"What's he mad about?" Willard asked. "Somebody steal his marbles?"

"Mad because we lost the war, I reckon," I said.

"What war?" Willard said. "We didn't lose the war. The Germans lost the war. Or hadn't you Virginians heard?"

"I'm not talkin' about that war," I said. "The other war."

"He looks like a Western Union messenger to me," Willard said, flopping into an armchair and beating the ball against the rug in short, rapid strokes. "What kind of bush-league war did he fight in?"

Through the open window I heard Grandma clear her throat.

"The War Between the States," I said.

"Never heard of it," Willard said flatly. "World War. And the Revolutionary War and the Civil War—"

Through the window I heard Grandma clear her throat again. She didn't have a cold. She never had colds in the summertime. It was not the sound of a throat being cleared. It was the sound of granite being chipped.

"Young man, that is a likeness of my brother, General John J. McCausland of the Army of the Confederacy!"

FOR just a moment we could hear only the renewed slight rocking of the swing and I knew that after the one single pause the tatting shuttle was now dipping in its sure undeviating stroke.

Willard gave me a slightly supercilious grin and said, "How much does that make eggs sell for?"

"That Grant!" I heard Grandma say. "That Grant!"

I knew she had started now and the remembered venom would have to spin out and trail away like the fashion of the thread spilling faintly into her thin lap.

I heard Grandma bite off the words: "Less Sheridan than Grant! Less their deeds than their manners!"

Willard transferred the ball to his left hand and once more described the quick turns with his right index finger. "Who's she talking about? What Grant?"

"The General," I said. "The one my great-uncle fought against."

"I have seen him," Grandma said, not to Willard or to me or to anyone, "—many

times! Lying there in the gutters in St. Louis—*dead drunk!*”

Willard patted the ball against the surface of the rug while listening incuriously to Grandma's words.

“What's Grant being drunk have to do with it?” he asked.

“I don't know,” I said.

“Why don't she just forget it?” Willard asked.

“I don't know,” I said.

I knew that now the shuttle would be flashing back and forth as Grandma's remembered bitterness must have flashed and Grandma said, “I never blamed John—not once. Not one single time did I ever blame him for burning Chambersburg—”

Willard glanced up at the picture in quick seriousness and with a faint tinge of alarm and pointed at it with the ball-contained hand.

“Did he burn down a town?” he asked incredulously.

I said, “Sure.”

“Chambersburg. Where is that?”

“In Pennsylvania,” I said.

Willard got slowly out of the chair and looked at me with curious injury and hostility. “That's my state.”

He took a sharp noticeable breath.

“—I would have done the same myself,” said Grandma, “whether the orders came from Early or whether they never came at all. I have seen him not once but more times than I can count, stretched out there in the gutter—”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourselves,” Willard said angrily.

“What for?” I said.

“For keeping that picture in here!”

“He was my great-uncle,” I said.

“The dirty old barbarian!”

I gave his shoulder a shove. I could not help it. “Don't you say that in this house,” I said.

Willard took one tentative step toward me and then halted and turned abruptly to the door. “Don't shove me,” he said.

“I am going to leave.”

“I hope you don't come back,” I said.

I FOLLOWED him to the porch and watched him start down the walk. Halfway to the gate he hauled the tennis ball from his pocket, slammed it once against the concrete, caught it, turned his head and said over his shoulder, “Cuckoos!”

I started down the steps.

“Tucker!” said Grandma.

I said, “Yes ma'am.”

“That young man is still our guest.”

Willard bounced on out to the gate; flung a knee across it with strained casualness, and Grandma leaned forward in the swing and peered out toward the gate, holding the thin lips compressed, and sat there until the moment—the instant—Willard's right foot touched the ground on the other side and the left foot cleared the fence and after exactly one second of grace, for good measure and perhaps through some lost tradition, and she even now beginning again to ply the flashing shuttle with the nervous but undeviating fingers, the occupation that would absorb her complete attention so that she could not at the same time observe or deter my pursuit, settled back in the swing and said quietly, “Tucker, that young man is no longer our guest.”

WHAT ARE WE AFRAID OF?

JOSEPH H. SPIGELMAN

THE end of war did not allay our fears. But it did change their character. The fear of clear and present dangers that we more or less knew how to handle has given way to forebodings of evil which, though horribly real, are yet intangible and elusive. In place of the sharp prick of fear—the healthy, useful response to actual danger—there is the dull, insidious gnawing of anxiety. Instead of deliberate, sharply-focused action, there is indecision and apathy, or else an indiscriminate wasting of energies in impulsive and haphazard ventures.

Of course, there are plenty of smart people perfectly ready to pin the danger down for us; to tell us just what to do about it. What could be plainer than the menace of unloosed nuclear energy; of Russia's might and vaunting ambitions; of economic collapse after the present boom has run its course; of exacerbated racial prejudice, class conflict, popular unrest; of the apparently illimitable growth of both private and public power; of reaction or revolution or both successively; of all the corrupting and disintegrating influences of our time? Sometimes we are even persuaded that there exists a sure defense against one or another of these dangers; that we know not only what is wrong, but just how to make it right.

But we don't stay persuaded. People have never felt more strongly that they must do something to avert disaster; and

have never perhaps had less real conviction about any of the policies urged upon them. The truth is that nothing we might do, nothing that might happen to any of the things that particularly worry us would lessen our anxiety or the reasons for it. For the particular dangers on which we try to focus our anxiety are no more than the superficialities of our peril. Disposing of them can no more bring us security or rid us of our anxieties than disposing of the Nazis and the Japs did. The whole country today is like a person afflicted with a neurosis, who takes all the remedies his physicians may prescribe, but is still as ill as ever—and for perfectly good reasons. So, too, our peril and our anxiety outlast not only whatever we might do about them, but all the specific forms they may assume.

Consider first the atomic bomb. Surely here are perfectly obvious reasons for concern. Its very nearly absolute destructiveness; the almost certain inadequacy of any possible defense against it; the probability that within a few years our present monopoly will be broken; the likelihood that the atom bomb in hostile hands would deprive us of the "cushion of time" that we have always hitherto enjoyed and that, as a supposedly slow-moving democracy, we seem especially to need—what better explanation could we find for the terror that pervades our lives?

But if it were possible to destroy the

Last year Mr. Spigelman wrote a series of three articles for us on the possible ways of protecting society from itself. He is now writing a book on the same subject.

atomic bomb, to destroy it utterly and forever, as if it had never been and could not be, we would not therefore be in any less jeopardy. The weapons already standard in warfare—all, of course, marvelously improved and multiplied—will quite suffice, in the event of war, to ruin us. What need of atomic bombs, when our enemies no less than ourselves will be able to send hundreds of thousands of pilotless planes, loaded with greatly improved chemical explosives and incendiaries, at 3,000 miles an hour against any target they choose? What need of the fuss and fury of an atomic air raid, when pestilence can be quietly sprayed over town and countryside alike, or unobtrusively introduced by the enemy's ground agents into our food and water supply?

Indeed, society has never lacked the means of self-destruction. Attila, Genghis Khan, Timur Lenk, needed only the simplest weapons to annihilate all who dared resist them. Nor has there ever been a limit to the havoc that even more civilized belligerents could inflict on each other. The Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, though indecisive, cost Germany relatively much more in lives and resources than the two wars she decisively lost in the twentieth. So, too, our own Civil War, fought with weapons primitive by modern standards, still remains by far our costliest. The destructiveness of warfare is never a matter of the physical means of destruction, but only of the restraint or lack of it with which the available means are employed.

If the next war is among the most destructive ever, it will not be because of the bomb, but because it promises to be a war between radically different ways of life, like the cataclysms that shattered the Roman Empire, like the religious conflicts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It would probably be just as ruinous if it were fought with no weapon more advanced than the spear and the firebrand.

IF THE atom bomb alters the basic situation at all, it is only to our advantage. Because the bomb is so devastating, because there is no sure protection against it, attacking us would be the most unmis-

takable madness, the most unthinkable of undertakings. Since we have the atom bomb, no matter who else may later acquire it, no nation could hope to profit from war with us, even if it "won" that war. For even if our major cities were all destroyed in the enemy's first assault, this could not, in all probability, prevent us from counterattacking. The main military airports of the near future will almost certainly be so constructed, so carefully concealed, so far removed from the main population centers as to be virtually proof against any attack. No enemy could therefore expect to save its own cities from destruction, no matter how effectively it struck us first. Nothing the enemy could conceivably gain from war could be worth that. If the Germans and the Japanese were crazy to think they could profit from a war in which we might be involved, how much crazier would a nation have to be still to think so?

Let us, however, assume such madness. We should still have greater assurance of victory than in any previous conflict. It is true that the atom bomb in hostile hands would perhaps deprive us of the "cushion of time" we have hitherto counted upon. But we shall probably no longer need such a cushion. It is now feasible for us to win without allies, without advance bases, before our industrial and psychological mobilization for war is completed. Thanks to the atom bomb, blitzkrieg has for the first time become a genuine possibility. As General H. H. Arnold reported on November 12, 1945 to the Secretary of War: "It is entirely possible that the progressive development of the air arm, especially with the concurrent development of the atomic explosive, guided missiles, and other modern devices, will reduce the requirement for or employment of mass armies and navies." If these weapons are used early enough, they "may remove the necessity for extended surface conflict." So long as we remain superior in atomic weapons and in the means of conveying them to their target—and we have every requirement and every determination to do so—we can destroy more of the enemy's productive capacity than he can of ours, until our advantage becomes so tremendous that the enemy is

compelled to surrender to escape annihilation.

It might, of course, be a most costly victory. But the apocalyptic light of Hiroshima has only made us see what is true anyway, atom bomb or no atom bomb. Were we armed only with spears and firebrands, we should hardly hesitate to use them today. Because we are armed—as soon the whole world will be—with atom bombs and other contrivances as horrible, there has never been less appetite for war. We shall have to manage badly indeed to neutralize the will to peace that the atom bomb has so mightily reinforced.

II

IT IS not really the atom bomb that people fear. What does worry them is Russia. Some of us fear that she may some day, for whatever reason and with whatever means, decide to attack us. Others are, more realistically, afraid that she may become so strong and influential, so much the master of the situation on which our safety and prosperity depend, that she could dictate terms to us. In the wider perspective of the looming Russian menace, so assiduously cultivated today by publicists in and out of government, the atom bomb appears only as a highlight, already half-observed by the more fanciful horrors with which the story has been embellished.

Certainly, the peril *represented* by Russia can hardly be overemphasized. *But Russia herself is not the danger.* Let us suppose we could somehow rid the world of the Soviet incubus. Suppose Stalin's dictatorship were overthrown and a state of anarchy precipitated that would eliminate Russia as a power to be reckoned with, permit us to do what we please with her. Would we feel any more secure? Probably not. We would still have quite as good, or better—though somewhat different—reasons for uneasiness as ever.

For one thing, there would be reason to fear the new power that might emerge from anarchy; a power perhaps more efficient, more dynamic than Stalin could marshal; a power that could really organize the Eurasian hordes—as Stalin never could—for world conquest.

Suppose that, in anticipation of such an outcome, we were able to establish a capitalist democracy in Russia. That would still afford no assurance against renewed aggression and expansion. In their day, the Anglo-Saxon capitalist democracies were the most aggressively expansive systems the world has yet seen. A new capitalist democracy in Russia, just feeling its oats, could hardly be expected to be less dynamic, less expansive, than we were. And because Russia would be capitalist, it might be expected to go about its expansion more efficiently than a communist system could.

Finally, suppose we undertook to occupy Russia permanently in order to make quite sure that she never could get out of hand. We should inevitably provoke a desperate resistance, not only in Russia, but in all countries for whom our hegemony, no matter how benevolent, would be quite intolerable.

It is the sheerest folly not to recognize that we are more feared and hated than loved, that we owe most of our friends abroad to the simple fact that most people fear and hate Russia somewhat more than they do us. But with the elimination of the Russian bogey, we would automatically become world bogey No. 1. We would inherit all the suspicions, the hostility that Russia has drawn upon herself. (It need hardly be noted that American capitalism is at least as alien to the socialism of most other countries' adoption as communism is.) Eventually, some coalition of nations would rise to challenge our ascendancy: probably a European coalition at first, headed by a socialist Britain and France, and with allies around the world; and should that fail, then in time an infinitely more formidable coalition, centering in a rejuvenated China or India, organizing the colored races of the world against white world-dominion.

The United Nations could not protect us against such coalitions. With the Russian menace deflated, we could no more prevent the use of the United Nations against us than Russia can today prevent its being used, with greater or lesser effectiveness, against her. Should world government replace the present United Nations, our peril would probably become still

graver. To maintain the peace, world government would require military forces exceeding that of any possible combination of powers. But such a government might then easily develop toward world despotism. Like the Holy Alliance—the only international organization of modern times fairly effective in preserving peace—like the League of Nations, like any government whatsoever, a world government would be bound to favor whatever interests came to dominate it. There is no assurance that we would always be among those interests. It is far more likely that the opportunity to control our resources for their special advantage would prove so tempting to a sufficient number of less well-endowed nations that we would find ourselves at their mercy.

Whichever way we turn in world politics, we find potentialities of the gravest peril, potentialities that might well mature with the elimination of the occasion for our present concern, just as the rash removal of an offending pimple can poison the whole organism.

IT MAY be objected at this point that these are all remote and conjectural dangers, while the Russian menace is obvious and immediate. But they are no more remote and conjectural than the latent threat of Russia was during the decade when Japan and Germany occupied the forefront of our anxiety. The Russian menace is one ephemeral phase of the dangers we face abroad. It is naïve to think that the termination of that phase, whether spontaneously or through our active intervention, need profit us any more than the termination of the Nazi-Nipponese phase of our peril.

More pertinent is the objection that none of the conjectured dangers are likely to mature once Russia is put in her place, if only we play our hand right. That may be true. The point, however, is that we have a much better chance of playing our hand right with Russia in the game than with Russia out of it. So little skilled are we in world politics that we shall need all the help that Russia alone can give us to keep from losing.

For as long as Russia appears to threaten the free peoples of the world, they will be

disposed to accept our leadership as the champion of a better way of life than the one Russia offers them. So long as Russia is in the picture, our alternative is enormously attractive. Our power, our wealth, our high living-standards, our technical dynamism, our basic good will that even the most incredible blundering cannot altogether obscure, has made much of the world ready for American influence. Even among those who find little that is attractive in America, there are many who are inclined to accept our leadership as a lesser evil than the "leadership" that Russia may seek to impose. They will be the more inclined to follow us, the more hateful the way of life she represents, the more impressive her power to enforce its adoption.

But to the extent that Russia weakens, that her weakness becomes evident, our leadership potential would decline correspondingly. The nations today held together under our aegis by a common horror of Russia would tend to fall apart, tend more and more to redirect their free-floating bitterness and hostility against us, the natural object of their envy, their fear, their hatred.

Yet the eclipse of Russia would not lessen our need for intervening abroad. Virtually every country in the world is today developing in ways incompatible with our interests as a capitalist economy. If we wish to preserve the American free enterprise system, we shall remain under necessity of applying economic and (if need be) military pressures to prevent the continued narrowing of the world's free trade area, to create and protect the outlets our producers and investors will so desperately need. The Russian menace affords us an almost unexceptionable, a God-sent pretext for doing what we should have to do anyway if we are to secure an environment abroad favorable to the perpetuation of the American enterprise system.

Our danger, accordingly, is not Russia's strength but her weakness; not the unattractiveness, the iniquities and abominations of her way of life, but the possibility that our own may come to appear still less attractive. Against the Russian blackness, even our failures look white. But if, having

defeated Russia and presumably destroyed the communist menace, we were still unable to solve our domestic problems, then in despair and disgust at our failure, not only the free peoples abroad but our own people would turn to the alternative that vanquished Russia would supposedly represent. As with the Paris Commune, the idea of Russia, unencumbered by reality, can be vastly more potent than the reality itself ever could be.

What we fear, therefore, is not Russia but *the idea of Russia* and our failure thus far to come effectively to grips with that idea where we must, in the last analysis, reckon with it: at home.

III

THE commonly alleged reasons for our fears about the domestic situation seem at first blush quite convincing. Yet again, they somehow evade our inquiry. Actually, circumstances have never been more favorable to the solution of the problems that especially worry us.

Consider the danger of depression, for example, with which people's minds are almost as much obsessed as with Russia. We have much less reason for anxiety about that than we had in the twenties, when the idea of depression scarcely entered our heads.

Whether or not we can ever wholly escape depression, one thing is nevertheless fairly certain. We can check and moderate whatever depression does get started, keep it from getting out of hand, as the last one did, hold it within manageable limits.

For one thing, we know vastly more than we did in the twenties about what makes for depression, what keeps it going and aggravates it, how it can best be controlled. More important, most of the needed means of control, private no less than public, are already available or within easy reach. Since the last depression, business has quietly contrived an arsenal of contracyclical devices and arrangements. For example, it has altered its inventory control methods so as to check both speculative hoarding during the boom and drastic losses during the subsequent deflation. It has developed,

and in some cases actually adopted, long-term corporation budgets to assure that in time of reduced demand for its products its own expenditures will nevertheless not be too sharply curtailed. Despite strikes and other surface bitterness, it is co-operating increasingly with the unions to stabilize employment, to cushion the impact of technological advances, to put floors below workers' income, to do whatever else may be feasible towards ironing out the business cycle.

And where private means prove inadequate, government has today methods of dealing with depression and its concomitants that were not even thought of in 1929. Its social security system, its public credit facilities, its special aid programs, its public works projects, its fiscal planning, though all still imperfect, even crude, are nevertheless able to keep economic activity from falling to disastrously low levels. Of hardly less value are the endless possibilities of refining government's taxing, spending, and regulating powers into specifics against depression—possibilities of which we have only just become aware. Finally, to guide the use of these and other means of economic control, there is the President's Council of Economic Advisers and its expert staffs, created by the bipartisan Employment Act of 1946.

Government is gradually becoming aware of how, through the discriminating use of its powers, prices, wages, and profits, spending, saving, and investing, can be kept from getting out of line with each other; how economic relationships and propensities once thought unalterable can be shaped to the nation's need; how we can become the masters of the economic system, not its victims.

Since no government can today evade responsibility for assuring continuously high levels of employment, and since it has the means of doing so—or, if need be, can learn from other countries how to devise whatever means it may still lack—a major depression is quite unlikely. So frightful is the thought of what depression would cost us both at home and abroad that government can stop at nothing in its efforts to check it. The people will not tolerate anything less than that. And obviously, government can always—if only

as a last resort—itsself employ those who cannot find employment in private enterprise, itself plan production as it did during the war, itself keep the economy operating at any desired level.

What we fear, accordingly, is not depression so much as the methods we may be compelled to use in combating it. We are afraid that controlling depression may require a tremendous expansion of government's scope and power. In trying to escape one danger, we may, some fear, run full smack into what is to many the far more serious risk of forfeiting our traditional liberties.

IV

BUT once again, the precise cause of our anxiety eludes us. For there is very little reason for assuming, as so many people apparently do assume, that democracy cannot solve its economic problems. Recent advances in the theory of democratic planning seem to have rendered almost meaningless the attempts of certain orthodox economists to demonstrate the necessary incompatibility of planning and freedom.

There is, for example, no reason why government controls need feed on themselves, as they are commonly supposed to do. They can be oriented instead toward lessening the need for control. The way the SEC's controls were gradually assimilated into the pattern of security trading, so as almost to lose their imposed character, is a case in point. There is no reason why government spending should deter private business expenditures. It can instead greatly encourage business spending, as it has done so notably in the TVA region. There is no reason why government's help and protection need perpetuate—let alone create—dependence. Instead government can help people to become less dependent, as it did when it helped the farmers on the eroded, overexpanded, submarginal cotton plantations in the South to shift to soy beans, peanuts, and other crops with better marketing prospects.

If we shy away nonetheless from direct government planning and control, there are other possibilities more in keeping with the accepted practices of liberal gov-

ernment. There are scores of soundly-reasoned proposals for bringing taxation, banking and credit, patent law, foreign trade relations, and other traditional concerns of democratic government into line with the requirements of continuously high employment. Of course, none of these proposals is perfect; none is the whole answer; few are entirely practicable in their present form. But, in the hands of competent officials, they can contribute enormously to the democratic solution of our problems.

We may not know much about what makes a free enterprise economy tick, about what is needed to keep it ticking, but we know vastly more than we ever knew before. And our chances for solving the problems of a free enterprise system, in terms of that system, are correspondingly good.

V

WHY then are these problems nowhere near solution? Why, for all the favorable aspects of the present situation, do we feel that our democratic way of life is more gravely imperiled than it has ever been?

The answer is quite simple. We have everything we require for an impregnable defense against whatever it is that threatens us. But we have no assurance that government can effectively mobilize in our defense the means at its disposal. We are insecure, both at home and abroad, though we possess all the components of security, because government, the most crucial link of our security system, the one on which all the rest utterly depend, is also the weakest and least dependable.

Things would be different if we had only to deal with immediate and obvious dangers.

Were Russia, for example, obviously stronger than we; were she mad enough to commit some overt act that would make it evident to America and the whole world that she is bent on war and that she must accordingly be beaten to the war she seeks, whatever the cost; then government—even the Truman administration—might know how to handle her.

What gives the administration pause, however, is that Russia is obviously weak,

exhausted, desperately in need of peace; that her very expansions reflect her insecurity, her fear of us, rather than strength and confidence. Under such circumstances, we wonder if our "toughness" may not look like unprovoked aggression that can only serve to win for the Soviet government increased support from its people. If we persist in being tough, we say to ourselves, might we not alienate world opinion from our cause? Might not Russia react desperately against what she is bound to regard—not without apparent justification—as an intolerable threat to her very existence? Might not the continuance of our present course thus invite the war we want to avoid, and compel us to fight it under conditions far less favorable than they might otherwise be?

Were we in the midst of depression, then again the administration might know what to do. The pressures at least would be irresistible for doing at least as much to stop it as Roosevelt did.

But we are still enjoying a boom, though a somewhat less vigorous and less solidly grounded boom than a year ago. So long as things are going fairly well, most people prefer to have government keep out of them. By meddling it might only make matters worse. There is accordingly little pressure for decisive action in anticipation of depression, much pressure for letting well enough alone. Thus it is that the Truman administration is doing almost nothing to prepare for the depression it itself expects.

The tragic irony of our situation today is that our dangers are so great precisely because they are not the kind we have encountered in the past, the only kind our government knows how to reckon with: the obvious dangers.

Never, up to now, has the United States government had to act importantly except in direct response to an immediate and self-evident challenge. The more immediate and self-evident that challenge, the more clear and present the dangers that had to be countered, the more explicit and pressing the needs that had to be met, the more appropriate was government's response likely to be. Only in periods of unmistakable crisis has it been able to rise above the particularisms, the irresponsibilities that characterize it normally. Only

then has the nation's interest in a particular course of action been sufficiently compelling to override the deflecting influence of partisan and sectional considerations. Only when there were things that obviously had to be done, and done in a certain way, could government be depended upon to do them that way.

But it is no longer sufficient for government to rise magnificently to crisis. We can no longer afford to have government wait until we are actually attacked, or until our economy collapses. We must anticipate these possibilities. We have no other choice. Unless war and depression and the alienation of our liberties can be effectively anticipated, they may explode into so much more than we can manage, for all our genius at improvisation, that we shall be overwhelmed.

For the first time in our history, government is compelled to act vigorously, specifically, forehandedly, during peace and prosperity, when there are no palpable needs or dangers by which it can take its bearings through the vast uncharted seas of policy it must traverse. It must take the offensive against the forces that threaten us.

VI

THE Truman administration has not yet shown itself capable of offensive action, but only of an irresolute, though sometimes obstinate, defensive. But however ill-equipped it may be to do so, it must seek to gain the initiative against our peril. Uncertain though the future be, it must make up its mind about what it will bring, and then act to anticipate it.

If it really believes that Russia will someday attack us, that nothing can deter her from this, then, by Heaven, let us beat her to it. Let government provoke an incident the first chance it gets that will get us into war while we still have the edge in atomic weapons, while we are strong and she is weak, while there is still a chance of winning without being ourselves utterly ruined in the process. If, however, it feels that peace with Russia is possible, then it must pursue a policy of peace. This means, among many other things, withdrawing our support of governments hostile

to Russia among her neighbors. It means trying to save democracy where it can yet be saved and where saving it could not reasonably be regarded as a threat to Russia: saving it accordingly in England and France and Western Europe generally, not in Poland or Hungary or Turkey.

What a positive leadership would *not* do is just what the present administration has been doing: provoking Russia without weakening her; holding positions—as in Korea and Greece—which we have no possibility of holding; abandoning positions—or, what amounts to the same thing, stinting on our support of them—which we can hope to hold and desperately need to hold, particularly in Western Europe; arming nations, like those in Latin America, that can be of no real help to us in the event of war, and that will only use these weapons against one another; supporting reaction in Spain, Argentina, China, and elsewhere, thus sowing distrust of our motives throughout the world; and all the rest of that weak and inconsistent concoction of infelicities that today passes for foreign policy.

The Marshall proposal is a stab toward a positive foreign policy. But it is so encrusted with the commitments created by antecedent policies, particularly the unconsidered Truman Doctrine, that even if Congress goes along with it there seems little chance that it can come vigorously to life.

If the administration is convinced that private enterprise can beat depression, then let it help release the energies that will enable enterprise not only to scale the peaks but to level off at the high plateau on which it must forevermore remain if it is to survive. Let government, so far as possible, get rid of whatever restricts and burdens enterprise. Let it, in addition, create, by recasting the tax or credit systems, by redefining the rights and obligations of property, or in other ways—there are ideas enough to choose from in the economic literature—new, powerful, and dependable incentives to continuous production.

But if the administration is convinced that only through planning can depression be licked, then it must assume full and forthright responsibility for planning. It

must budget our needs and resources, as the National Resources Planning Board was trying to do before it was cut off. It must plan for the continuous and complete meshing of resources. And it must do these things before depression hits us.

But whatever it does in a positive way, it must abandon its present ridiculous shilly-shallying: the playing with planning without engaging in it; the labor reforms that by undermining labor's bargaining position, and therefore its buying power as well, will make it impossible to sustain the levels of mass consumption to which the economy is geared; the sniping at management that, by aggravating its already strong sense of insecurity, will leave it even less well armed psychologically for the next depression than it was for the last one; the whole mishmash of false starts and confused reactions that takes the place of economic policy.

TRUE, our problems are subtle and complicated and can only be answered in kind. But however subtle and complicated the treatment, it must be all of one piece, as bold and decisive as the issues to which it is addressed. Taking a weak and confused middle course will not do, when the situation calls for decision on one side or the other. To compromise and temporize is all right when government is marking time, waiting for things to happen. It is no good when it must prevent their happening.

The Truman administration may be inherently incapable of forthright decision and positive action. Mr. Truman himself is only a poor proxy for leadership. And were he a much bigger man than he is, the Republican Congress would still probably get in his way and frustrate his initiative. We can only hope therefore that there will still be time for decision in 1949. But the nation's future depends on the election in 1948 of a man capable of decision, of anticipating crisis, and not merely of reacting to it.

Not until our dormant capacities for purposive action gain the ascendancy over the fears that today inhibit action can we master our anxieties. Since anxiety is fear that remains unresolved in action, only action despite our fears can relieve it.

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

FROM what I read in the papers, trout fishing in the West is getting better and better. Colorado seems to be the angler's paradise, with fishing a most impressive item in what we modestly refer to as our \$90,000,000 tourist industry. But personally I find the fishing pretty terrible. Maybe I ought to turn myself over to some displaced-persons bureau to find out if I have any business considering myself a fisherman at all. I'm actually happier up in the attic fishing for imaginary trout than for what is left of the real ones on most of the trout water I grew up with. Let me start in the attic and work my way out of the dilemma, or maybe into it all the deeper.

In the attic is my grandfather's fish basket, a large Seneca Indian basket he packed on his back when he wandered off into the North Woods with his companion Billy-Knee-Canna-Wa. Grandpa John had a fishing tackle factory in Rome, New York, and must have toted a good deal of the factory around on his back judging from the weight and variety of what is left in the basket. For years I've snagged my fingers sorting out hundreds upon hundreds of Limerick hooks, corroded spoons, motheaten flies, crumbling gut, silk floss, gilt cord, peacock herls, and tufts of chenille. There's even a gavel for hitting big fish on the head and, for some very useful purpose, a curry comb wound with trout line. The basket reminds me of the wreck in *Swiss Family Robinson*; I can find almost anything in it including myself—the background of my own angling pleasures and prejudices.

I wish I could remember Grandpa John but I can't. He was born in 1823 and was 44 when my mother, now 80, was born. But, in these days of nervous hypertension, I cherish the legends of his laziness, his indifference to business, and how he built up his fishing tackle factory—or rather let it grow up—as an adjunct to his own angling. It must have been like a grist mill. Hunters would bring in wild duck, partridge, and woodcock and take away flies made from the quills and hackles. They tell me that Grandpa would sometimes vanish into the woods for weeks, leaving everything to Providence, and Providence took care of the family table with a vengeance. The family would have to eat quantities of birds, because birds were the byproducts of feathers for making flies—whole flocks of guinea hens and white turkeys, but they did draw the line on munching down roosters and peacocks; the factory girls would take them home and nobody knew what happened after that, but sometimes a scrawny peacock corpse would be seen floating in the canal.

My mother, her sisters and brother, and all the aunts and cousins could tie flies with their eyes shut. As a pioneer bride in Colorado, Aunt Jo improvised a fly from a pheasant breast on her hat while her husband was stripping an aspen to make a pole; then he backed the wagon into the Fraser River and hauled out one whopping trout after another as fast as the fly hit the water. It took days to reach the Fraser from Denver, but last fall, at 4:45 in the afternoon, I caught two small trout in the

Fraser, dropped over Berthoud Pass and was in my seat in the Denver University stadium in time to see Sammy Baugh heaving touchdown passes. That's one thing that's happening to fishing, fast automobiles and good roads. I'll come to that but, for the moment, I want to continue with my own evolution as a fisherman. (And speaking of evolution, isn't it pleasant to remember that in one stage, as foetuses, we all have gill slits and try to turn into fish, and some of us make a pretty good stab at it after we grow up. Max Eastman once told me that every poet goes through a distinct fish stage. He wants so much to be a fish that he can't write about anything else.)

Anyhow, I have no idea of how many odds and ends of Grandpa John's fishing tackle factory drifted to Denver with mother and Aunt Jo, but our attic was always cluttered up with baskets, chests, sections of rods, and paper cards on which no flies had been sewn. I'd give away trout flies to all the kids in the neighborhood, like giving grass from the lawnmower to some neighbor's cow, and I didn't even know I was being cheated when I sold whole handfuls of flies to the big boys at fifteen cents a grab. But it worked both ways because boys never seem to know very much about how to fish, it's the idea of *going* fishing that gets them; and my artful customers, instead of picking out small flies suitable for Colorado streams such as, say, No. 12 Gray Hackles, Coachmen, or Ginger Quills, would invariably make off with huge, gaudy Parmachene Belles or Silver Doctors, dangling, perhaps, three inches of spoon, designed to beguile salmon or muskallonge in the St. Lawrence.

MY FATHER was a fanatical angler long before he married into a fish-hook clan. May 25, the opening of the trout season, was his New Year's Day as long as he lived; and, with fishing boring in on me from both sides of the family, I should have grown up, I suppose, detesting it; but I didn't, I always loved it, yet I never remember being taught or learning anything about it. I have never read a book on the subject. Fishing was simply something we did, like having

breakfast or shoes or Christmas trees. Going to the mountains, always a delightful prospect because the mountains were so far away and hard to get to—actually fifteen miles away—meant going fishing. There was no other earthly reason for going to the mountains. All I resented as a child was the fatigue. It takes time to acquire the psychic drive that gives stamina to the truly possessed. But fatigue was gone forever when, knee-high to nothing, I caught my first trout—something bright, like an ornament, tumbling down from the top of a silver spruce and quivering on a shelf of needles level with my eyes. I had whipped him over my head and all the darkness of Craig Creek canyon was suddenly luminous and there was a smell I'll never forget, wet currants, wet spruces, willows, aspens, alders, lichens, needle-mould, everything wet, my sneakers, my clothes, my face, and everything shining, roaring, and resolved. What the fish had to do with it I will never know.

The fish, of course, has everything to do with it. You fish to catch fish; if you don't you fail; yet, when you do, there flashes this ecstatic corollary, as if some primeval equation had suddenly crossed itself out. You don't think it through because fishing is a trance, not a philosophy, but clearly it's a question of man and his earth being pitted against fish and his water, and it seems to me that difficult canyon fishing, above all other, gives this sense of equation and resolution, akin to climactic experiences of love or music. In the canyon, if you blunder, you'll get hurt or drowned and, if the fish had blundered, he couldn't have worked out his own life amid such thundering chaos.

But into this practical reality may I inject one note of personal mysticism. I almost feel sheepish to admit that I was old enough to know better before it ever occurred to me that trout had been planted in the canyon for me to catch. I must have been daydreaming when people talked about stocking streams and I'm glad of it. To me, the fish were just there, they had always been there, they must always be there; the river would be meaningless without them.

But I don't need to defend my innocence because there were many, many fish, both

native fish and planted fish, that somehow survived and seemed to increase in spite of what are now regarded as very bad stocking techniques, namely putting millions of tiny fry in the streams to shift for themselves, most of them being gobbled up by bigger fish. Today they put large fish in the streams, upward of seven inches. But when I was a boy, as between the numbers of fish and fishermen, the balance favored the fish.

In 1910, going by wagon through Crystal River canyon from Crested Butte to Marble, two men and a boy—I was the boy—caught fifty native trout while resting the horses an hour. Boys, I repeat, don't fish too well, yet a group of us high school students, before World War I, would catch literally hundreds of big trout on the South Fork of the Platte and swap them for groceries at the store at Decker's Springs—illegal, of course, but we were close to Nature and refused to come home after our vacation allowances had run out. After the war three of us in an old Hupmobile went uphill, downdale, and crosscountry all over the headwaters of the Gunnison River. If we didn't catch the grandfather of all fish every ten minutes we thought we had been robbed, and we made it a rule to throw back anything that weighed less than the bottom of the river. There were miles of unfenced land and, if you did hit barbed wire, you could nearly always find that last courtesy to the stranger, what was known as the "drop wire" in the West, a wire hung on nails, not stapled down, and we could ease the Hup through. I haven't seen a drop-wire in fifteen years.

Today nearly everything is fenced off. There's little unposted water left in accessible areas, there are too many people, too many automobiles and even airplanes. One of my friends goes to Sagauche Creek in one hour and twenty-five minutes from Denver in his own cub plane—perhaps a six-hour drive by car and a long trip by train in the old days. And in spite of the most abundant stocking program we've ever had in Colorado, the stream fishing, it seems to me, couldn't be worse. Last summer I sampled public water on ten rivers, the Rio Grande, the Gunnison, the Roaring Fork, the Frying Pan, the Colo-

rado, the Williams Fork, the Blue, the Fraser, and both forks of the Platte. Ten rivers, and I'd hate to tell how few I caught. Most of the time my empty basket bounced around like a clapper in a cow bell. It was a bit late, I admit. The streams were low and clear and, for some strange reason, when water is low and clear you are supposed to use worms instead of flies, just as you use worms when the streams are high and roily. But I wouldn't use bait, I had caught too many trout in the same kind of water with a submerged Pink Lady fly. I didn't even see any fish to speak of. Public water was fished out for that year, and that's what I don't like, the very idea that a stream can be fished out as fast as it's stocked. But that's what we've come to in Colorado.

HOWEVER, as a loyal citizen, eager to lure millions of tourists to this fisherman's paradise, let me paint the brighter side. The best solution to the fishing problem is to have been born rich and, fully twenty years ago, to have tied up a sizable river acreage patrolled by Doberman Pinschers. Another suggestion is to have made a wartime killing in Texas and to have bought out the rich fellow who got the river first. These Texans are strange and wonderful. They collect mountains and rivers the way they collect prize bulls, oil stocks, and ornamental women.

Another solution is to forget stream fishing and turn to the reservoirs created by reclamation and power projects; also there are ponds built by farmers as part of the soil conservation program. These can be fertilized and planted with bass, crappie, blue-gill, perch, chubs, and such-like—thoroughly abominable fish. If you like lake fishing for trout, you can have it, but it's a sorry come-down for the lonely stream-whipping angler. It's boating, it's trolling, it's sitting on your hind end, it's lodges, it's cocktails, it's organization, it's paraphernalia. I can't get used to seeing trailers dragging boats all over this segment of what Daniel Webster called The Great American Desert. And to top it off or, let me say, bottom it off, the lake fishing doesn't amount to much. Its moods are tricky. The old-time bad manners on the

stream of asking a man "How many have you got?" have given over to the bad reservoir manners of asking "Have you got any?" Most of it is messy bait fishing with worms, salmon eggs, or embalmed minnows; your hands and steering wheel get to smelling like anchovy paste. If some despondent lake trout actually hits a fly it's news; you want to put it on the AP teletype. I may be out of step with the times, but all this highly touted reservoir fishing has about as much excitement for me as dragging for dead bodies with grappling hooks.

I except, however, the high altitude lakes, those little snow-fed basins feeding timberline streamlets where many a choice beaver dam is hidden in the high woods. Here you may still fill a good basket, but neither you nor the fugitive fish have much business being there. Like the bighorn sheep and the grizzly bear, originally plains animals driven to the high country, the trout are out of place; food is scarce and the trout are always the same size, usually small, but uniformly big if conditions are right. Curiously, one generation seems to take hold and stay until all its members are gone. Put in new fish and in a year or two they have vanished. It's spooky. Nobody bothers you in this kind of high country, it's free as air, but often the approaches to it are posted, patrolled, or padlocked. If you find a good place, you keep it dark and it's often quite a conspiracy to work your way through the approaches to it. I'll call up, say, a Mr. Cooper, and whisper "How's the Gore range deal for Saturday?" Mr. Cooper will whisper back, as if through the grating of an old-time speakeasy: "It's in the bag. We get horses at Dillon, go five miles up the sawmill trail, and ask for Joe. We are supposed to say we know Henry over on the Troublesome and Joe will let us through."

A FINAL solution to the fishing problem is to follow the fish tumbril to the hills. I've never tried it, but it is highly approved. The tumbril is a magnificent, oxygen-conditioned, plastic-baffled, glass aquarium mounted on a huge truck bearing the legend "Colorado Game AND Fish Department." It reminds me

of a hearse and might as well be one, so soon are the fish in it dead. This highly publicized contraption, designed for "educational as well as practical purposes," meanders into the mountains laden with six hundred pounds of "sparkling, cavorting rainbows," all legal size, including two or three colossal trout for show purposes that look blankly out of the bottom window like hippos in a circus parade, and they are just as safe. The tumbril is followed by a gay funeral procession of bumper-to-bumper, red-blooded sportsmen. The fish are now dumped into unposted water, a little private water too on condition the public will be let in (which rarely happens after the landowner gets the fish); and the planting is all random and uniform—it's the merest coincidence if the heaviest plantings are within a stone's throw of crowded beer joints whose illegal slot machines have never been discovered by state authorities.

The frightened fish scurry for shelter and the dry-fly fishermen now take over in the grand tradition: perfect costume, hip-boots, automatic reels, aluminum-tubed rods, and wondrous belts holding more gadgets than a telephone lineman packs around in his belt—plastic containers for each kind of fly, trick boxes and loose-leaf books, gut leaders, nylon leaders, tweezers, scissors, vials of oil to keep the flies floating, and even DDT bombs. Some go in for thermometers and barometers. In no time most of the planted fish are in the basket, trundling back down the same road they just came up, while the doomed remainder seek food and shelter in a river they don't understand, sure to be caught before they have made adjustment.

These fish are good size, they look like trout. Colorado is doing one of the best fish-planting jobs in the union. Propagation of legal-sized fish had steadily increased since 1940 to something like $1\frac{3}{4}$ million by the end of the war. But, in today and out tomorrow, the poor critters don't have time to turn into trout; they are trout in name only. Over the counter in a Longmont restaurant, Ellen, a waitress, told me she'd gone up the St. Vrain the opening day and caught three rainbows and one brown trout, nice big ones. "Only," she protested, "they weren't trout,

just dishrags!" I had had the identical experience at Grousemont on the Platte—three 10-inch rainbows and one brown, only my pitiful zombies weren't even dishrags. Seeking sanctuary from the river itself, these nursery trout had blundered onto my hook. I felt like a Judas-goat leading pet lambs up the ramp to the killing floor.

Fish planting on unposted water is a losing game for the citizen who puts up the money. He doesn't own river land, he doesn't belong to a club; if he goes to a dude ranch he pays through the nose for the fish he catches from the private pool, around \$1.40 a pound; and even if he catches fish out of the state-stocked river flowing through the dude ranch, he pays, through room and board, a high tribute for the right to get at his own fish. Nor is this a Colorado problem especially. It is the universal predicament of too many people, good roads, motor cars, airplanes, and too easy access to what little wild country there is left. At that, the dilemma is older than we think. By 1857, the year before the Pike's Peak gold discoveries, America was following England's lead in turning from the long, heavy pole and the downstream cast to the light, shorter, limber rod and the upstream cast. The angler had to become more artful, hiding himself from the fish lying with his head upstream. In seaboard America, with stream fishing drying up except for the financially elect, light tackle has gone to sea, one authority stating that sea angling has grown faster than any other sport since 1918.

IN ALL this elbowing around, what I lament most is the psychic compensation of fishing alone in a wild canyon. Yet for the new fisherman, who doesn't miss what he never had, the emotional rewards of going fishing, even if he brings back little, may be just as satisfying. He is repaid by group activity, organization, totem paraphernalia, and that universal

wampum of our culture, personal publicity. Western dailies run fishing columns as impressive as the society columns. They work in cahoots with sporting goods dealers. Everybody wins. You can read the following item anywhere. Keep score on how the blessed lightning of publicity strikes nine times:

John Doe (1), who has just joined the Izaak Walton League (2), is going after some of those big rainbows Sunday at Dreamy Drowsy Ranch (3) with his charming wife (4) and daughters Shirley Mae (5) and Candy (6). John is out to win this week's Tribune prize (7) on a Dare-Devil (8) from Abe McIntosh's Sporting Goods Store (9).

After hooking all that glory, does it matter whether anybody brings home a fish?

When my spirit is low, I covet the fabulous waters of elsewhere. I try to believe what they tell me about the marvelous fishing in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, or up in Montana on the Stillwater, Boulder, or Madison. What would it be like to tie into one of those whopping Pend Oreille rainbows in Oregon? Or a ten-pound steelhead in the McKenzie River? Or one of those golden trout in the High Sierras of California "where trout are dying of old age because of the shortage of fishermen"? And King's Canyon sounds good, "where the brush shades the water but never entangles the line." But it's things like that last one, about the brush that never entangles the line, that slow me down. Why not? That's what brush is for. What fun is it if you don't duck your head, shut your eyes, and go bulling through the willows to figure out how to cast without getting snagged? Somehow the wilderness is too well stocked with helpful words. The typewriter has got there first. But now and then even the typewriter cheers me up. The press agents at Lake Tahoe warn you that you still have to buy a special fishing license from the Piute Indians on whose property you are trespassing. That's some sort of wistful salute to the Stone Age where it all started, isn't it?

MAYBE JUST A LITTLE ONE

A Story

R. BRETNOR

MAXIMUS EVERETT, who taught physics at Woodrow Wilson Union High School for nearly twenty years, was the first man to accomplish nuclear fission in his basement. It really wasn't much of a basement either. Along one side was the work-bench, littered with tools and wire and dusty old books. On the other side was an empty birdcage and a stationary tub with a dripping faucet. A couple of shabby trunks stood in a corner next to a broken lawnmower, and some baled magazines the Red Cross people had forgotten to call for were piled up behind the cyclotron.

The final result of his scientific labors pleased Mr. Everett. After observing it quietly for a while, he went upstairs to the kitchen, where his wife was making chopped-olive-and-egg sandwiches. He sat down on a stool, wiped his long bald forehead, and remarked that it certainly was hot in the basement.

Without turning around, his wife assured him that this was not abnormal. "Here in Arizona," she observed, "right near the border, it's always hot in summer."

Mr. Everett did not dispute the point. "Oh, it's not only that," he told her. "I've just been working pretty hard. It's been a tough job." He leaned back with a little sigh of satisfaction. "I've invented atomic power, hon."

"So that's what you've been doing," said Mrs. Everett. "I thought it was still perpetual motion." She cut the last sand-

wich diagonally in half, put some sliced pickle on the platter, and turned around, smoothing her ample apron. Then suddenly she looked accusingly at her husband. "Why, that's ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean, *you* invented it? How about Hiroshima?"

"That was different," said Mr. Everett simply. "That was just a big bang. Anybody can invent that kind."

Mrs. Everett—a librarian, and rather dogmatic—showed signs of irritation. "All the *authorities*," she declared, "say that you have to have uranium, and that it's very rare. Then you have to make it into something else, and it costs millions and millions of dollars."

"That's what *they* think," replied Mr. Everett, shaking his head mildly.

"Well, they ought to know, if anyone does!"

"I have the utmost respect for them," he conceded. "After all, their work did help to make mine possible. It's just—well, you see, it's just that I don't need uranium. I discovered a new element about a week ago, and"

Mrs. Everett was wearing the expression she usually reserved for people who tried to explain away overdue books. "Just *how* could you discover a new element when they've all *been* discovered?" she asked bleakly. "And what is it called?"

"*Frijolium*," said Mr. Everett. "I discovered it a week ago Tuesday. And it hardly costs anything."

"Yes, but where did you get it?"

"I made it. That is, I purified it. Pure frijolium, for the first time in history."

"Well, it sounds sort of familiar to me," mused Mrs. Everett. "Frijolium—now wherever . . .?"

"Sort of familiar?" echoed Mr. Everett.

"Well, it should be! Frijolium. You know, from *frijoles*."

Marriage and the public library had hardened Mrs. Everett; she took it all in her stride. "*Maximus Everett!*" she snapped. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you've found a new element in plain old Mexican beans?"

Mr. Everett hooked his thumbs in his belt and tilted the stool back on its hind legs. "We-ell," he said, obviously weighing the question carefully, "it would not be quite correct to say that frijoles *contain* a new element. As a matter of fact, they *are* the new element."

"But frijoles are just beans!" protested Mrs. Everett, rather loudly. "Anybody'll tell you that. They contain proteins, fats, and carbohydrates."

"Those substances," said Mr. Everett, "are impurities. Fresh frijoles are 92.733 per cent pure frijolium. I have isolated it. It has a relatively low atomic weight, but is adequately unstable. The nucleus may be split quite readily by . . ."

"Oh, never mind!" cried Mrs. Everett, stamping her foot. "Do you really expect me to believe that? Why, there would have been an explosion."

"No, there wouldn't. I didn't want an explosion. I used the frijolium from one small frijole—that's the minimum critical mass—and it's really quite easy to control. You can turn it on and off just like a vacuum-cleaner."

"Well, I don't believe a word of it! All the experts say atomic power can't be controlled like that."

Mr. Everett shook his head pityingly. "That's what *they* think. I've had it running the washing-machine for three hours. . . . And," he added, "if I didn't turn it off, it would run for almost exactly seventy-two years. What do you think of that?"

After this, of course, Mrs. Everett followed him back into the basement to see for herself. The washing-machine was

busily churning away next to the cyclotron, quaking and rattling just as it always had. Mrs. Everett sniffed. Warily, she walked around it, peering at the chipped enamel of its framework. As far as she could determine, its appearance had not changed—and she said so rather acidly. "If this is your idea of a joke," she said, "I don't think it's at all funny. Of course, if you haven't broken my washer, there's no real harm done, but . . ."

Mr. Everett interrupted her. He pointed to the back of the washer. "Look!" he said, with great dignity.

LOOKING closely, she saw a small aluminum box, with a round hole in the top and an insulated cord leading to the motor. "Wasn't it there before?" she asked.

"It was not!" said Mr. Everett. "That is the generator. You drop the frijolium through the hole. That little switch on the box works a shield inside that turns the energy on and off." He flipped the switch, and the washing-machine chugged twice and was silent. He flipped it again, and the machine came back to life. "See?" he said triumphantly.

Mrs. Everett was still dubious. "Where do you plug it in?" she inquired.

"You don't," replied her husband patiently. "That's the whole idea. The generator converts atomic power from the smashing of the frijolium nuclei directly into 110 volts A.C., just like the house current."

"You—you mean we won't have any bills to pay?" said Mrs. Everett, beginning to be impressed.

"Not a penny. Not after I get the rest of the house wired."

"Why, Maxie! Why, that's wonderful! And we could put it on the car too, couldn't we?" Mrs. Everett patted the washing-machine with genuine affection. "Just wait until I tell Mrs. Myers," she exulted. "Ever since they made Henry principal, she's been acting as if we were below them socially or something. And it was she who told the grocer-boy that you were all thumbs, not handy around the house like Henry was."

"Oh, Henry's all right," said Mr. Everett. "I think he'll be pleased when he

hears about it. After all, it'll be nice for the school, too; it'll help to keep up interest in the physics classes."

"I should think he ought to be pleased," snorted Mrs. Everett. "*He* couldn't invent atomic power."

"Maybe," said Mr. Everett wistfully, "maybe he'll let me give up coaching basketball."

"I'll phone her right after lunch," said Mrs. Everett, with a gleam in her eye.

MRS. EVERETT was as good as her word. She was sweetly condescending to Henry Myers' wife, who responded with a gratifying display of irritation, awe, and envy—and this reaction encouraged her to call up quite a number of other people. It was Saturday, and she didn't have to go back to the library, and so she was able to spend the rest of the afternoon at the telephone. She was still there at five o'clock, when the reporters started to arrive.

The first journalist was a brash young man with an unhealthy complexion. "I'm from the *Bulletin*," he announced, cleverly getting his foot in the door as Mrs. Everett opened it.

"There must be some mistake," said Mrs. Everett coldly. "We paid the boy two months in advance, and anyway we take the *Tribune*."

"No mistake," said the journalist. "Here's the card." He thrust a card at her menacingly and, as she retreated, thrust himself after it, craning his neck to peer around the room. "Where's the guy with the atom bomb?" he demanded.

"Oh, you're a reporter!" said Mrs. Everett, wide-eyed.

"Where's the atom bomb?" repeated the journalist, peering into the fireplace.

"Atom bomb?" gasped Mrs. Everett. "Dear me, no. There isn't any. It's just atomic power. It's running the washing-machine."

The journalist seemed disappointed. "You sure?" he said.

"Why, of course," replied Mrs. Everett. "Maximus—that's Mr. Everett—will be here in a minute or two. He'll explain it to you. If you'll just have a seat for a minute, I'll go and get him." She started out. "If you'd like to look at the new *Geo-*

graphic," she offered, "it's on the mantel."

The journalist grunted politely as she left the room. Then he took a quick look at the bookcase, discovered two volumes by Jules Verne and one by H. G. Wells, noted down their titles. Having done so, he opened the door for his cameraman, and together they began examining Mr. Everett's desk for matters of scientific interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett, entering, did not notice this investigation; they were momentarily blinded by the flash-bulb that greeted their return. Mr. Everett tried simultaneously to rearrange his hastily-assumed necktie with one hand and to shake hands with the journalist with the other, and succeeded in looking quite confused and slightly wild. Mrs. Everett blinked and said something about how clever Mr. Everett was. The journalist promptly asked about the atomic bomb again, and did not conceal his resentment when Mr. Everett assured him that there was nothing so dangerous in the house. He slumped down into the nearest chair, muttered indignantly that he had flown down from Phoenix, flipped his notebook closed. "Well," he said to Mr. Everett, "give."

And, modestly enough, Mr. Everett gave. He told of his search for practical atomic power. He exhibited his home-made cyclotron and the converted washer. He posed for a dozen or more photographs, and he answered all questions with the utmost patience. "Of course," he said, "I could have made a bomb if I'd wanted to, but I think this is so much more useful, don't you?"

The journalist made a note of this remark. "Yeah," he said, "sure. But all the big shots say it can't be done for ten or twenty years."

Mr. Everett grinned. "That's what *they* think," he said. "You see, they haven't heard about my new element. It's the new element that does the trick. And it hardly costs anything; that's the nice thing about it."

The journalist poised his pencil.

"I call it frijolium," said Mr. Everett. "From frijoles, you know."

The journalist's face twitched suddenly. He darted a quick, covert glance at his

companion. "No kiddin'!" he said, with a nasty smile. "You mean it comes from frijoles—from *beans*?"

"That's right," Mr. Everett assured him. "From common old Mexican beans. They're full of it."

"Say, that's something! That's really something!" The journalist slapped Mr. Everett heartily on the back. "Isn't that *something*, Pete?" he cried.

Pete took another photograph.

The first journalist didn't stay very long after that. He remembered that he was in a terrific hurry, and he delayed only long enough to use the telephone very briefly. Mrs. Everett, overhearing part of the conversation, marvelled at the strange jargon of his craft, ". . . Yeah," he said, ". . . uh-huh, a squirrel . . . but good! . . . sure . . . runs the washer on frijolium . . . from frijoles . . . you heard what I said, as in beans! . . . Willie'll eat it up. . . ."

But that was all Mrs. Everett heard, because just then the other journalists started to arrive.

There were a lot of them, male and female, and they gave the Everetts a very busy evening. As a matter of fact, it was two and a half hours past midnight when the last journalist—a heavily-mustached lady who had been questioning Mrs. Everett about the more intimate details of her married life—folded her notes and departed.

After the door had been securely bolted, a strangely demure Mrs. Everett looked up at her husband. "Oh, Maxie," she fluttered, "that woman asked me the most embarrassing questions."

"Dear me," said Mr. Everett uncomfortably. "I wonder why?"

There was a moment of silence. Then Mrs. Everett sighed. "Well anyhow, you'll probably be quite famous now," she suggested. "They . . . they may even ask you to go to Washington."

"That would be nice," said Mr. Everett, "but I don't see how I possibly could before the end of the semester."

Mentally reading future headlines, Mrs. Everett ignored the objection. She glimpsed a brief and garbled vision of honorary degrees, speeches, movie contracts. "All those newspaper people were so disap-

pointed because you hadn't made a bomb," she reflected. "It does seem a shame, too, after they went to all that trouble. Don't you think you could make just *one*? Maybe just a little one. . . ."

"No," said Mr. Everett, "I'd rather not. I don't like to seem obstinate, but whatever would we do with it?"

THE Everetts were given no chance to stay in bed that Sunday morning, for the press returned in force on the heels of the milkman, and soon the household was as agitated as it had been the night before. The telephone was constantly in use; light-hearted journalists came and went; and Mrs. Everett whispered a thousand confidences to ladies who knew just how to contrive high romance from the most unpromising materials.

At fifteen minutes to twelve, Maximus Everett was perched on the pile of old magazines in the basement, rather hoarsely lecturing on the peculiar merits of the frijole as a fissionable material, while several members of his audience examined and photographed an assortment of rusty plumbing installed for an experiment long since abandoned and forgotten. It was here that Mrs. Everett found him when she descended the stairs to announce the arrival of Henry Myers.

"I do hate to interrupt," said Mrs. Everett delicately but firmly, "but could you come upstairs for a minute, dear? There's *someone* to see you."

"Tell him to come down," replied Mr. Everett. "I'll start over again so he won't miss anything."

"But it's *Henry*!" protested Mrs. Everett, leaning out over the rickety railing. "He says it's important!"

Mr. Everett came suddenly alive. "Henry?" he cried. "I told you so! He's changed his mind about my coaching basketball. I'll be right up. Tell him I'll be right up! Boys," he said to the journalists, "do you mind waiting down here? Just browse around. I won't be a second."

"Go right ahead," they answered, as one man. And they followed Mr. Everett enthusiastically as he took the stairs three at a time.

Henry Myers was waiting in the living-room, standing with his broad back to the

fireplace. He held his hat in one hand, a folded newspaper and an envelope in the other. His eyebrows slanted down toward the bridge of his nose with administrative severity—and they relaxed neither at Mr. Everett's entrance nor at his hearty greeting.

"Henry, old boy!" At the head of his escort, Mr. Everett swept across the carpet with outstretched hand. "I'm sure glad to see you! Come on down and . . ."

AND then Maximus Everett was checked in full career. Henry Myers spoke. His voice was sharp and metallic, an unkind voice, the voice of a man who for years has dealt none too gently with refractory adolescents. "Everett," he said, "I had hoped to see you privately; I see that privacy is impossible. However, I anticipated such a contingency. I came prepared, and I shall do what is necessary without further discussion." He thrust the newspaper and the envelope into Mr. Everett's welcoming hand. "One," he declared, "will explain the other."

Then he turned on his heel, jammed his hat on, angrily brushed aside two questing newsmen—and the front door banged behind him.

Now, quite understandably, this interview knocked Maximus Everett slightly off-center. He stared open-mouthed at the quivering door, only remotely conscious of a buzz of voices, of questions being asked, of objects in his hand—until a voice more

strident than the rest made itself heard.

"Let's see!" it shouted. "Let's take a look! Take a look, Maxie!"

So Mr. Everett looked. Mechanically, he started to unfold the newspaper, recalling vaguely that it was the first he had seen since his discovery was made public. As the black headlines appeared, there was a sudden hush.

At first, Mr. Everett only realized that he was reading about himself; though the meaning was seeping through, he was still protected against its full import.

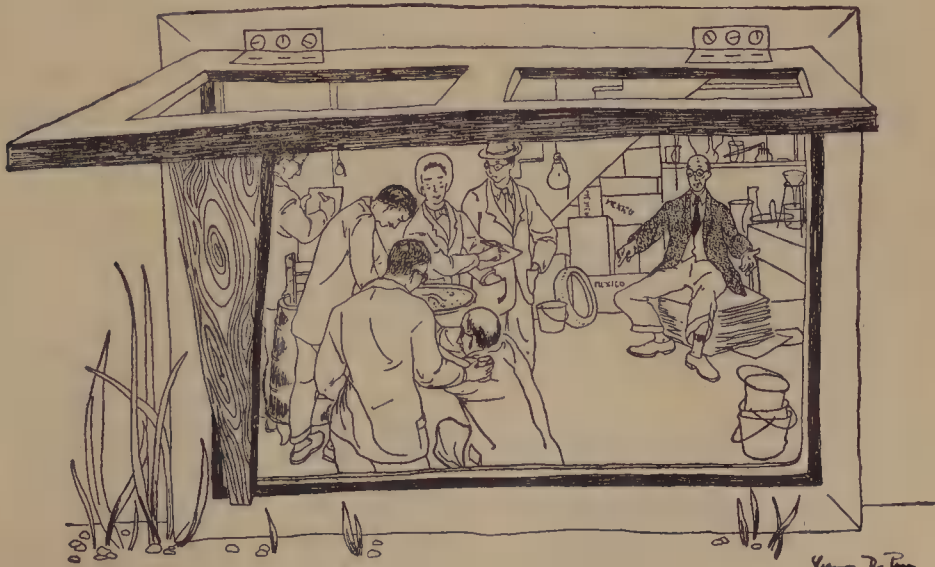
WHOOPS! yelled the headlines gaily, BEAN ATOM BUSTED.

Below that, two lines of smaller type proclaimed: *Frijole Fission Runs Washer For Basement Einstein: Clean Undies Prove Plutonium Now Obsolete.*

And there, to illustrate the point, was a picture of the Everetts, grinning idiotically as they displayed the significant article of apparel against the side of the cyclotron.

Still functioning mechanically, Mr. Everett by-passed the caption to find the story.

Mighty forces—[he read]—which Arizona's old-timers have always suspected to lie lurking in the redoubtable Mexican frijole have at last been liberated, according to Maximus Everett, high school physics teacher and self-proclaimed basement genius of Concho County, who yesterday took the wraps off his home-grown Oak Ridge project for the first time and let everybody in on the swell new world now looming up (says he) on the bean horizon. . . .



Numbed as he was, Mr. Everett might very well have gone on to read the rest of the story, but just then some more black type, off to one side, caught his notice:

BEAN-BUSTER MAXIE NO
GOLD FISH, SAID MRS.

Atomic Love Brings . . .

But that was as far as Mr. Everett got. Full comprehension, long delayed, hit him with a solid rabbit-punch. The paper fell from his fingers to the floor. A large round tear, forming at the corner of his eye, began to slide slowly down his cheek.

Observing these phenomena, Mr. Everett's audience found it expedient to melt away, motivated perhaps by delicacy, perhaps by an intuitive appreciation of the fact that the really worthwhile part of the show was over. One by one, unnoticed by their host, they made their departure, until only two or three of the unregenerate were left. These waited patiently until Mr. Everett recovered enough to open Henry Myers' letter. Then they read it over his shoulder, finding it brief and to the point:

MY DEAR MR. EVERETT:

In view of the scandalous events of the past two days, the Board of Trustees has instructed me to notify you of the termination of your contract. The Board is granting you an extended leave of absence (without pay) until the end of the present semester, at which time the termination will take effect.

The Members of the Board and I agree that, under the circumstances, no additional explanation of this action can be necessary.

Very sincerely yours,
HENRY T. MYERS, *Principal*

Nobody said anything. After a moment, Mr. Everett carefully folded the letter again and returned it to its envelope. Then he walked to the door and held it open until the last of his remaining visitors had filed out, and only when it was locked behind them did he permit himself a brief outburst of emotion. He tore the letter in half. He threw it on the floor. He said, "That's what *you* think!" angrily several times.

BEAN-BUSTER MAXIE was a nine-days wonder. The press, finding him suddenly unco-operative, confined its efforts to questioning friends and neighbors,

fell back on its already large store of photographs, and explained the working of the Everett washer by hinting broadly at hidden wiring and compressed air. Before fresher wonders forced frijole fission back through the want-ads into oblivion, its every aspect had been thoroughly explored. There had been several jolly interviews with lesser physicists, several with screen and radio comedians, one with the spiritual leader of a vegetarian cult, and one with a rather bawdy admiral.

But the giants of the scientific and political worlds had held themselves aloof, refraining from all comment. The powers-that-be had not summoned Mr. Everett to Washington. No academic senates had honored him. No universities had invited him to join their faculties. Even the FBI, hastily checking up on all known foreign agents and finding them uninterested, had dropped him from its social register.

During the weeks that followed this brief period of international notoriety, the Everetts kept very much to themselves, scarcely stirring out of the house, and greeting even their oldest friends with a frigid reserve. Mr. Everett buried himself in his work, first converting the house-circuit to frijolium-power, then installing a generator in the family car. Mrs. Everett, who had resigned from the Public Library after a determined but futile resistance, was his constant companion; and many were the long evenings they spent together, reading Walt Whitman aloud and making nebulous plans for a frijolium factory. Even after small boys stopped hooting at Mr. Everett in the street, they hesitated to venture far abroad; only the inexorable operation of economic law finally forced them out of the fancied security of their retreat.

Mr. Everett had never been too provident a man, and people of moderate means who invest in cyclotrons—no matter how small—seldom retain respectable bank balances. After about two months, Mr. Everett started job-hunting. He hunted in person and he hunted by mail, and he found both methods equally fruitless. Whatever he tried, there were—curiously enough—no vacancies. Once he was offered temporary employment as a sheepherder, but this was while he still was rela-

tively solvent, and the chance did not come along again.

In six more weeks, the Everetts found themselves reduced to exactly seventy cents in cash and a dubious charge account. They discovered this just after lunch, and they moved to the living-room to discuss the matter.

"All this would never have happened," said Mrs. Everett bitterly, "if it hadn't been for that Henry Myers. I warned you against him the first day you met him, Maximus."

"Oh, Henry's not so bad," protested Mr. Everett. "It wasn't his fault, dear, I'm sure. The press just treated the whole thing with such a complete lack of understanding." He shrugged. "Well, I guess we'll just have to take out a second mortgage to tide us over. I hate to do it, but . . ."

"What?" cried Mrs. Everett. "And stay in *this* town? I'd sooner scrub floors! We ought to sell the place, and go away where nobody knows us, to . . ."

But Mrs. Everett was not fated to reveal her intended destination, for at that instant the doorbell rang. It rang once; then it rang again. It was starting its third summons when Mr. Everett opened the door, blinked into the sunlight, and found himself looking at three strangers—all of whom were dark and obviously foreign.

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Everett rudely.

There was a tall dark man with a mustache and a black Homburg hat. There was a small dark man with a mustache and a black Homburg. There was a very large dark man with neither

The tall dark man bowed profoundly over his stick and gloves; so did his small companion. The very large dark man kept his hands in his pockets and looked straight ahead. "Do I address Doctor Everett?" inquired the tall dark man with grave courtesy and a marked accent.

Mr. Everett, who had obtained his B.A. with some little difficulty, was pleased in spite of himself. He blushed, cleared his throat, and coughed affirmatively.

"Then permit me to introduce myself," said the tall dark man, handing him a visiting card.

Mr. Everett took the card. *Antonio L. MacJones*, he read, *Ph.D., LL.D. (Columbia*

'22), *Minister of the Interior, The Raptarian Republic*. "Won't you come in?" mumbled Mr. Everett.

Once inside, the Minister of the Interior presented his colleague to Mr. Everett. "This," he announced, "is our General Troppo. In our country, he is Minister of—of Education."

The general clicked his heels and bowed at Mr. Everett.

"Education?" said Mr. Everett suspiciously. "And he's a general?"

The Minister of the Interior explained that in his tranquil land military rank was largely honorary. ". . . in memory of our great liberator, who died in battle one hundred and twelve years ago," he added.

SO MR. EVERETT introduced them both to Mrs. Everett, who was properly impressed; and everybody sat down except the very large dark man, who stood with his hands in his pockets, and kept peering out of the windows. There was some further exchange of formalities, with flowery Raptarian solicitude for the good health, past, present, and future, of Mr. and Mrs. Maximus Everett. Then the Minister of the Interior spoke at length about what his government was doing for the Common Man, and about a President so well-beloved that no other had been elected for nearly thirty years—and throughout his speech the dove of peace cooed a gentle obbligato.

The Everetts were enthralled. They saw the peaks and plains, the lush groves and verdant jungles of Raptaria. They beheld the clean, hard-working Raptarian peasant leading his chubby children to a new and splendidly-appointed school provided by a government whose watchwords were Benevolence and Progress.

The Minister of the Interior paused, and the Everetts sighed longingly—and as they did so he rose suddenly to his feet, lifting a hand to heaven. "That is why we are here today," he cried out. "So that you, Maximo Everett, can aid us in our great humane task! In our country we have a physicist, a good man. He tells us that his work confirms your wonderful discovery. Already we have formed a Frijole Control Commission!—Come to us! Though we are poor, you will have everything you

need. You will be Vice-Minister of Education. You will work directly under General Troppo!"

Having finished, the Minister of the Interior opened his arms in a magnificent gesture of ardent welcome, bowed, and sat down, quite winded by his exertions.

"Ah, not under me!" expostulated General Troppo with equal fervor. "Not under me! Say rather as a colleague, a comrade!" He smiled, radiating good fellowship. "Of course," he said to Mr. Everett, "you can make explosives?"

Mr. Everett frowned, but before he had a chance to reply Mrs. Everett answered for him. "Mr. Everett could make an atomic bomb just as easy as pie," she told the general, "but he doesn't want to. He thinks they're very destructive, and he can't see any point to making them."

Mr. Everett nodded vigorously while the Raptarian dignitaries exchanged swift glances; then the Minister of the Interior stepped into the breach with hearty laughter. "My friend!" he exclaimed, as soon as his amusement had subsided. "My very good friend! I fear that you mistake the general's meaning! What use would we, in poor Raptaria, ever have for an atomic bomb? But we have mines in our mountains. We must build dams across our so-swift rivers. We need many roads and bridges. That is the kind of explosives the Minister of Education means—for blasting! Is that not so, General?"

"Yes, yes," said the general blandly.

"But of course," smiled the Minister of the Interior, "for that—and for our national holiday, when the happy people celebrate with fireworks. That is why we may want a very few explosives, though

we want power-plants even more."

"Power-plants?" echoed General Troppo.

"Yes, yes."

"We-ell," said Mr. Everett, scratching his head, "I guess that is sort of different." He hesitated. "I . . . I won't have to coach basketball, will I?" he asked diffidently.

SOME time has passed since the Everetts went to the Republic of Raptaria. As Vice-Minister of Education, Mr. Everett naturally did not have to bother with any of the details of his departure. Everything, including a Raptarian passport for two, had been arranged by the Minister of the Interior, and it all went off very smoothly—so smoothly, in fact, that for a long time even the Everetts' neighbors did not know that they had moved out of town permanently. Nobody ever dreamed that they had gone abroad.

Nobody. Not even Henry Myers, who happened to mention the Raptarian Republic when he delivered his weekly speech on world affairs in the assembly hall of Woodrow Wilson Union High School a few days ago.

". . . and by contrast," he informed the student body, "we have news of another quiet, orderly election in Raptaria, a little country many of you may not even have heard about."

He paused, to smile benignly at the upturned faces. "A lucky little country, too," he told them. "Too small to worry about the great quarrels that rend the world. Too poor," he continued, "to follow any ways but those of peace."

That's what *he* thinks.

STEEL: THE GREAT RETREAT

MARVIN BARLOON

THE steel industry faces a momentous change which will have a profound effect upon the future of the United States, and may in time touch the lives and fortunes of every one of us. Costly new processes are going to have to be added to steel-making, and much of the industry is going to have to move to other parts of the country. These changes—which are already beginning—are not the result of the inventions of engineers or the discoveries of prospectors. The simple fact is that the iron ore is running out.

The strategy of the industry, by necessity, is one of retreat. As the ore is exhausted, mining engineers must devise processes to refine Minnesota taconite, a mineral so meager in iron content as not even to merit classification as ore. Taconite processing will add permanently to the cost of steel. Also it will require the construction of a large industry of fixed capacity in the north woods of Minnesota; and the rigid capacity of this new industry will demand a public policy having in view the varying need for steel in war and peace. Nor is this all. For the United States will need much more steel than can be got from taconite. So it will be necessary to explore ore beds in Labrador, Venezuela, Mexico, and Brazil; and because it will be uneconomic to ship ore from such remote places to the Pittsburgh-Gary region, a new steel industry will have to be built along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts. In addition, we

shall find that this shift of location gives us a new concern with the politics of Latin America. Altogether, the change which is coming is worth serious and careful study in advance, lest we botch our national adjustment to it.

THE central steel region of the United States extends from Pittsburgh and Buffalo on the east along the shores of the Great Lakes to Chicago on the west. This region produces over three-quarters of America's steel. The industry has gathered there because that is the region in which its chief materials, iron ore and coal, can most conveniently be brought together.

The great markets for steel, which have grown up around the steel-producing centers, are the automotive and machine industries, building construction, and railroads. The metropolitan center of the machine and other steel-consuming industries lies between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes, from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi; it is roughly coextensive with the central steel region. This area is the nation's machine and blacksmith shop. Most of our automobiles, locomotives, freight and passenger cars, structural steel, machine tools, farm implements, mining, excavating, and road-building machines, and subassemblies and parts for electrical equipment are constructed there. During the war the region was the home plant of the "arsenal of Democracy" upon which

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the remainder of the nation's industry drew, as the automobile assembly plants along the coasts draw upon Detroit. Over sixty per cent of the metal-working capacity of the country is within two hundred miles of the Great Lakes. The basic material of all these industries is steel.

The chief materials of steel are iron ore and coal. Geographically the main sources of these two substances are nearly a thousand miles apart. The ore beds lie along the western shores of Lake Superior, mainly in northern Minnesota. The primary deposits of bituminous coal lie in western Pennsylvania and northern West Virginia. But the long distance between the ore and the coal is to a large extent annihilated by the Great Lakes, which are navigable for nearly eight months of the year. Of the thousand miles that lie between the mines of northern Minnesota and Pittsburgh, 832 are across the lakes. Water transportation is so cheap that eight hundred miles on the lakes cost no more than one hundred miles by rail; in effect, lake shipping brings the ore mines within an equivalent of three hundred overland miles of Pittsburgh. The ore is shipped to Pittsburgh for only \$3.50 a ton. Pittsburgh lies in the midst of coal. The market, the ore, the lakes, and the coal explain why Pittsburgh is a steel-making center.

The steel plants along the shores of the Great Lakes, at Buffalo, Cleveland, and Gary, draw upon the ores at an even lower transportation cost—about \$2.00 a ton across the lakes. But they must pay for the overland haul of coal from Pennsylvania and West Virginia. What they save relative to Pittsburgh on the movement of ore they lose in the movement of coal, so they compete for these materials in approximate equality with Pittsburgh; and they have the extra advantage of being near the great steel markets of Michigan and the Corn Belt cities. Along with Pittsburgh these lakeshore steel centers comprise "the American Ruhr," which in 1940 produced about twice as much steel as all of France and Germany combined.

That is the present situation. But already the bodies of ore upon which this industrial metropolis depends are approaching depletion. The ore beds of Lake Superior lie in elongated areas

called "ranges," varying from fifteen to one hundred miles in length and from one to ten miles in width. The six major American ranges extend along the shore line of Lake Superior through the northern peninsula of Michigan, northern Wisconsin, and into northern Minnesota to the Canadian border. Two ranges lie off the north shore of the lake in Canada. The greatest of the ranges is the Mesabi, in northern Minnesota.

THE Mesabi Range supplies nearly two-thirds of the iron ore needs of the nation and contains over three-quarters of all the ore in the lake district. When the Mesabi was opened in 1892, it contained two and one-half billion long tons of ore. Today nearly sixty per cent of this has been consumed. Since 1939 we have withdrawn the Mesabi ore over twice as fast as between 1920 and 1939. There is a divergence of opinion as to whether or not we shall continue making steel at the present rate very long; but if we are to achieve our national purpose of maintaining high production and employment we shall pretty surely need steel in quantities very close to the present rate. If we are to play a major part in restoring the ravaged industries of Europe or in developing those of Latin America and Asia, we shall have to supply them with their greatest need—steel and things made of steel, especially railroad equipment and machines. Yet at the present rate of steel production we shall have used up the last of the Mesabi ores by 1964.

One striking effect of the depletion of the Mesabi Range will be that the steel industry will no longer be able to expand its output rapidly in response to unexpected needs, as for example the needs of war. Sixty per cent of the Mesabi ore lies so close to the surface that it is mined simply by removing the overburden of earth and attacking the ore with mechanical shovels. This "open pit" mining has made possible a rapid increase in the quantity produced. By contrast, the underground ores, some of which are thousands of feet below the surface, can be withdrawn in larger quantity only after shafts and tunnels have been built—and this takes both

money and time. Consequently every rapid increase in steel production has drawn heavily upon the open pit ores of the Mesabi. Open pit mining offered us a tremendous advantage in our belated and hasty rearmament program in the early years of World War II. From 1940 to 1945 the steel industry drew upon the open pit ores at three times the rate of the 1930's; it did not increase its use of the underground ores at all. But as Mr. L. S. Hamaker of the Republic Steel Corporation said then, "This is the last World War that will be fought off the Mesabi Range."

The ores will not, in fact, be exhausted as soon as 1964 because we will taper off our use of them. Some steel and mining companies have extensive holdings of Lake Superior ores; the United States Steel Corporation, for example, can draw from the reserves of its subsidiary in the Lake Superior region for another generation. But other companies are less well provided. Within the next five or six years these latter companies will begin to encounter increasing difficulty in getting adequate supplies of Lake Superior ores to the steel plants along the lakes. Meanwhile by 1949 the industry will begin to get concrete results from its present experiments and explorations—results in the form of new ores, at first in small quantities, and thereafter in constantly increasing amounts. Perhaps by 1980 the shipments of the present Mesabi ores will have dwindled to insignificance.

But there is no single substitute for the Mesabi Range, even at higher costs. In the absence of some improbable bonanza the Mesabi will have to be replaced by ores from many sources. For instance, the Republic Steel Corporation has turned to the reserves in the Adirondack Mountains, ores which have been used in small amounts for nearly two centuries. But the Adirondack deposits require tunneling to a vertical depth of 1,300 feet in addition to smelting at the mine; they are badly located with respect to the Midwestern market, and they are relatively small. In fact, they promise to replace only about one-tenth of the output of the Mesabi. Yet these are the only substantial ore reserves to be found elsewhere in the United States,

II

WHERE, then, shall the industry turn to get the materials it needs? There are only two answers to this question. First, the processing of taconite in northern Minnesota; second, the development of reserves abroad.

The United States Steel Corporation and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in association with two mining companies and in competition with a third mining company, are building pilot plants (experimental factories) to process Mesabi taconite. Now taconite is not an ore. It is the basic rock from which, during geologic time, the silicon was leached to leave the present range ores as a residue. After the present ore beds are exhausted, taconite will remain in the greatest abundance. If the engineers can devise economical methods to repeat the geologic processes in a factory and unlock the ores from the taconite, the steel industry of the Great Lakes will be assured of ore for many generations.

But the engineering and financial problems of refining taconite are so discouraging that this mineral is certain to be only a partial solution—and an expensive one at that. Inasmuch as taconite cannot be economically transported across the lakes, it must be refined at the mine. This means that an entire new industry will have to be established in the semiwilderness near the Canadian border. In order to provide a flow of ore equivalent to the lake shipments of 1946 nearly half a billion dollars would have to be sunk in mine development, plants, inventories, and operating funds. The mining executives would have to induce 25,000 to 35,000 workers and their families, altogether perhaps 60,000 people, to move into the Mesabi Range. To bring them there, the executives would not only have to promise them high wages and year-round jobs—because of the absence of other sources of livelihood in the region—but also would have to provide community facilities and housing suitable to the severe climate. The aggregate investment would expand the steel industry as a whole by ten per cent without increasing its output a single billet.

Whether or not the taconite smelting

industry is set up on ~~no~~ big a scale, inevitably it will be highly rigid in capacity. But the demand for steel in America has traditionally been very uneven—sometimes big, sometimes small. If there is a sudden expansion in the nation's need for ore, the processing plants will be a bottleneck between the taconite deposits and the blast furnaces. On the other hand, if there is a sharp decline in demand, the big smelting industry will be unable to contract. This will confront the steel executives with an unprecedented problem.

It is true that American public policy is now directed at preventing another major depression. One might imagine that such a policy would prevent wide fluctuations in steel production. But the demand for steel is sensitive to even moderate variations in business. The Roosevelt administration in 1937 could hardly have been accused of indifference to high employment, but the shipment of Mesabi ores fell off seventy-one per cent that year. The steel industry and the American public are already heavily burdened with the fixed costs of our colossal steel plant: interest, taxes, maintenance, depreciation, and insurance—costs which continue undiminished in the years when little steel is made. The taconite industry would have to carry all these costs—and also would be saddled with a fixed cost for labor. Every new plant in the taconite country will be a hostage to high employment and steady production.

A PART from the great investment, present methods of processing taconite are very costly. The studies of Professor E. W. Davis of the University of Minnesota indicate that the best processes now known would add over ten per cent to the cost of pig iron. The new pilot plants will doubtless uncover economies, but drastic reductions in cost seem unlikely.

The added cost of ore made from taconite, by present processes, would amount to nearly five dollars a year for every American family. At present the cheapness of steel is a vital factor in the material abundance of our living. Steel is used to harvest our food crops; steel trains transport the food over steel rails. Cloth and garments are made on steel machinery.

Iron and steel plumbing, stoves, refrigerators, and appliances powered by electricity from steel dynamos equip the dwelling shop which is the modern home. The average five-room house contains over 4,500 pounds of castings, mostly iron and steel. The high cost of processing taconite will therefore add a hidden charge to the price of every need and amenity of living—a tax on the American people for the exhaustion of the Mesabi ores.

The taconite movement will be a producing industry within the next twelve months. Within the next two or three years it will be a ponderable factor in the ore supply. Within five years it will probably be providing five per cent or more of the Lake Superior ores. The Reserve Mining Company is making specific plans for an investment approximating 200 million dollars in taconite properties, railroads, and docks, including a 30 million dollar processing plant. In time perhaps as much as half the nation's ore will issue from the industry. But the rigidity of cost will retard the growth of taconite processing beyond the minimum requirements of the Pittsburgh-Gary region; and in time of great need for ore the steel and mining executives will prefer to backlog orders rather than spend additional hundreds of millions providing new facilities for an uncertain future. In the meantime, the high cost of ore for the Middle Western steel industry will make it more vulnerable to competition from the coasts.

The result will be inevitable. In planning new locations for making steel, executives will decide that the Pittsburgh region and the Great Lakes ports no longer offer the most favorable sites. Considering the whole complex of markets, coal, and waterborne ores, they will find the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf Coast much more attractive. In short, much of the steel industry will find itself on the move to these coasts.

III

THE Bethlehem Steel Corporation has operated an Atlantic Coast plant at Sparrows Point, Maryland, near Baltimore, since 1916. This plant relies primarily not on ore from the Mesabi, but on ore from abroad. Sparrows Point

has flourished against the competition of Pittsburgh and Buffalo; now in 1947 it has become the largest plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and the company is making it even bigger. Inasmuch as the coastal location has done well during the thriving years of the Mesabi Range, its favorable outlook in the coming era of taconite can hardly be questioned.

Sparrows Point is on Chesapeake Bay. The Chesapeake Bay area and the vicinity of Mobile, Alabama, are both good steel locations; they have access to large and growing markets, are fairly well situated with respect to coal supplies, and in the future, when Pittsburgh must rely on ore made from taconite, they will enjoy a clear advantage in access to ore.

As to markets, steel mills on the Atlantic Coast can generally ship anywhere within two hundred miles of the ocean more cheaply than their Middle Western competitors. Although Buffalo and Pittsburgh do sell steel to the industries of New England and the Middle Atlantic region, they have to trim their profits to meet the prices of Sparrows Point. The north Atlantic Coast from Virginia to the Maine border consumes about one-fifth of the nation's steel; it is the second largest steel market in the country. The large machine industries of Philadelphia, New Jersey, and Connecticut are important steel consumers. The eastern railroads carry the heaviest traffic in the country along the nation's "Main Street" from Washington to Boston, and in doing so they wear out steel rails and rolling stock at an unusually high rate. An enlarged coastal steel industry could have this market more to itself.

Moreover it would have an advantage in competing for the Pacific Coast market and the Texas market. For a plant like Sparrows Point is *economically* closer to Texas and California than are the steel mills of Pittsburgh or Gary, Indiana. The ocean freight rate on steel bars from New York to Houston, Texas, is less than two-thirds of the rail rate from Gary to Houston. Los Angeles must pay a freight rate on steel from Gary of 92.5 cents; the corresponding rate from Baltimore is only 62.5 cents. This advantage is of some importance; it amounts to over ten per cent of the price of the steel.

CALIFORNIA and Texas are growing users of steel. The war greatly increased the population of the Pacific Coast and doubled its steel-consuming industries. With the end of the war this growth is continuing. Los Angeles is becoming an automobile assembly center second only to Detroit. The manufacture of automobile parts is moving to Los Angeles to be near the new assembly plants. Between January 1945 and September 1946, 1,663 new manufacturing plants were started in California and 1,292 existing plants were expanded. The growth of Texas is less spectacular but important. Its need for structural steel and industrial and farm equipment of all kinds has increased beyond precedent.

New steel mills in the Baltimore area or near Mobile would have a fine opportunity to profit from this growing California and Texas business. Supplies of steel in the Far West and the Gulf South are inadequate to the increasing need. Hot rolled sheets selling for \$2.50 in Baltimore are quoted at \$3.24 in Los Angeles. Many of the "steel mills" on the Pacific Coast are steel-finishing, not steel-making, facilities. The small blast-furnace and steel-making industry of the Far West is too remote from abundant supplies of coking coal for economical growth. Some of the Western steel plants compensate for the lack of coal by using inordinate amounts of scrap iron, producing a finished steel of limited usefulness at high cost. It is true that the Kaiser plant at Fontana, California, and the United States Steel plant at Geneva, Utah, are ore and coke consuming plants. But they do not represent the beginnings of a growing industry; the federal government built these plants as war facilities without regard to their long-run economic soundness. Furthermore, Geneva, Utah, is economically only a little closer to California than is Baltimore; the rail rate from Geneva to Los Angeles is only 14.5 cents lower than the ocean rate from Sparrows Point. Even apart from the coming depletion of the Mesabi Range, the steel companies have good reason to plan new plants on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts.

Furthermore, Chesapeake Bay and the Mobile area in Alabama are close enough to coal to be satisfactory steel centers.

Sparrows Point obtains coal from northern West Virginia at about the same cost as Gary, Indiana; Mobile, from northern Alabama at a cost comparable to that of Cleveland. As one moves either north or south along the Atlantic Coast from Chesapeake Bay, the distance from Appalachian coal increases. On the Gulf, Mobile is the port closest to Alabama coal.

Inasmuch as Baltimore and Mobile are well situated with regard to both markets and coal, the basic problem of their expansion as steel centers is: "Where will they get their ores?"

IV

THE Bethlehem Steel Corporation has already solved the problem of ores for its Sparrows Point plant. Chile has been the primary source in the past; Venezuela is an important present and future source. From Chile the company obtains ore which is ten per cent richer in iron than the Mesabi ores, thereby compensating for the long ocean voyage and the cost of movement through the Panama Canal. The ore mines of Venezuela are new; but the increased reliance which Bethlehem is placing on them indicates that in location and quality combined they are superior to Chile. Meanwhile other steel and mining companies are seeking additional foreign ores. The M. A. Hanna Company has been exploring two bodies of ore, one in Labrador and the other in the territory of Amapa near the mouth of the Amazon in Brazil. The Republic Steel Corporation, in addition to its holdings in the Adirondacks, has acquired for future development ore properties in Mexico. The United States Steel Corporation is prospecting for ores in Venezuela. And all of the companies are alert to the possibilities of the greatest of all deposits, the Itabira mines of Brazil.

Unfortunately, none of these possible sources appears to be as good as the Bethlehem holdings in Chile and Venezuela. Deposits which are promising on preliminary survey often turn out to be subject to any of several handicaps. Some are too small. Others are unsuited to blast-furnace processing. Still others are badly located. The M. A. Hanna Company has already suspended its explorations in the Amapa

territory. The outcome of explorations now in progress in Venezuela and Mexico is highly conjectural. The only known ores of high quality and great abundance are those of Labrador and Itabira, Brazil. These are both difficult of access. But the standards of good ore location will become less exacting as the Mesabi Range plays out.

The Labrador ores will almost certainly be worth exploiting. They are 350 miles inland in the wilderness and will therefore require an investment approaching 200 million dollars in railroad construction and development. But once the railroad has been built, the continuing costs of mining and shipping will be low. Unlike the Great Lakes, the route from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Chesapeake Bay is salt water and will not be closed by ice through as much of the year. The Labrador ore beds lie near the surface and can be mined by open pit methods or shallow tunneling. Their quality appears at least as high as that of the present Mesabi ores. Although their extent is unknown, they promise to replace from ten per cent to fifty per cent of the present production of the Mesabi Range. We can predict, therefore, that by 1964 a large Chesapeake Bay steel industry will probably be drawing on the ores of Labrador.

V

EVEN more spectacular are the prospects for Brazilian ore—if it can be put to use. The Itabira mines of Brazil are located in the greatest ore deposits in the Western Hemisphere. These deposits lie in the Rio Doce Valley about 325 miles from the sea. They are big enough to supply the entire steel industry of the United States for one hundred and fifty years. Vast portions of them are richer in iron than the good Mesabi ores, and they are very low in contaminating elements. Lying at the surface for open pit mining, and under none of the climatic handicaps of Minnesota and Labrador, the Rio Doce ores could be shipped from the coast of Brazil to Chesapeake Bay or Mobile over ocean routes no more costly than the long-proven Bethlehem route from Chile. But they are subject to two

discouraging limitations: one topographical and the other political.

The 325 miles between the Itabira mines and the sea are very mountainous. The mines are now served by an antiquated railroad of nonstandard gauge with sharp curves and steep grades, inadequate to bring out a quantity of ore even one per cent as great as Mesabi production. The Export-Import Bank has lent 14 million dollars for the improvement of this railroad. But even when the improvements are completed, the railroad will be able to handle only about two per cent as much ore as the present output of the Mesabi. Obviously, a far greater investment is needed. If private investors will put nearly 200 million dollars into the Labrador region, surely a comparable investment might be made in railroad construction across the Brazilian mountains.

But the development of the Itabira mines is seriously impeded by politics. The Brazilian mining code and Brazilian taxation are discouraging to foreign capital. Under the mining code, all ore deposits are the property of the Brazilian government. The deposits may be developed only by Brazilian companies, in which, under special decrees, foreign capital may participate. There is no possibility of getting the degree of control which American steel corporations regard as essential.

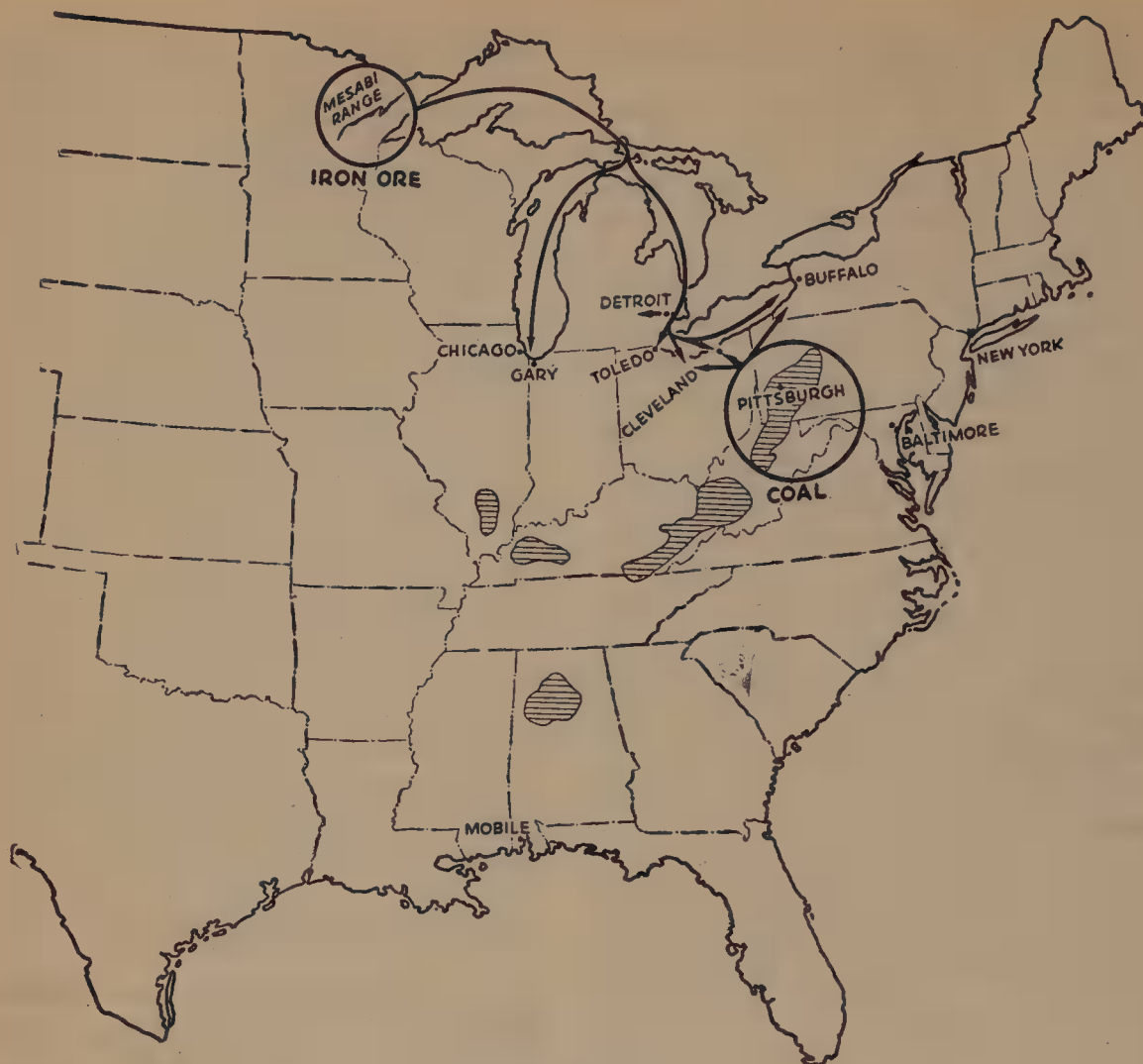
The Itabira mines were taken over from a British company in 1942, and a new company was formed of which the governments of Brazil and the United States are joint owners. The steel corporations do not regard either of the two governments as well-disposed partners in the ore business. The United States government has not yet become sufficiently disturbed over the depletion of the Mesabi Range to finance adequate improvements in the Brazilian railroad. At some future time it may take positive action, but no one can predict what complex of domestic and foreign political pressures may then prevail. The steel executives can only conjecture with misgivings as to the terms under which some future administration may build a new Brazilian railroad and offer to sell them ore.

Political uncertainties are a fatal defect

in an ore supply. When a corporation constructs a new steel mill on the Atlantic Coast it must be assured of sufficient ores for at least twenty-five years at a predictable cost. An ore-consuming iron and steel plant represents an investment in the neighborhood of 200 million dollars. It is not adaptable to any other purpose and is as immovable as the Brooklyn Bridge. Unless it can operate at a reasonably high rate for many years the investment will be lost. The present administration of the Brazilian government under President Dutra is concentrating on constitutionalism. If some American steel corporation and the State Department could reach an understanding with the Dutra administration it would doubtless be in the best of good faith. But communism is very strong in Brazil; no one can predict the shifting political winds of a Latin American country for the next twenty-five years; and it has often been our experience in the past that after each revolution the solemn contracts of the preceding regime are set aside as betrayals of the people.

NEVERTHELESS, the economic pressure for new ores is increasing. In spite of the losses the steel companies took in the Mexican expropriations ten years ago, they are resuming exploration in Mexico. The known reserves of Chile and Venezuela are inadequate. Unless the searches of the United States Steel Corporation in Venezuela and of Bethlehem and Republic Steel in Mexico discover unexpectedly large deposits, the steel companies may overcome their reluctance to work out the development of the railroad to Itabira.

The American steel executives and the government of Brazil have a basic mutuality of interest in the Rio Doce ores. Brazil is intent on industrializing. She has devoted large sums to new mills and factories, but she is seriously handicapped in the absence of a domestic steel industry. The Brazilian government built the first unit of such an industry, the 100 million dollar plant at Volta Redonda. But Volta Redonda is failing for lack of sufficient coking coal. There is not enough well-located coal in all Brazil for an economical steel industry of any size. Now, if the United



STEEL TODAY—BASED ON COAL AND IRON ORE
BROUGHT TOGETHER VIA THE GREAT LAKES

States will supply coking coal for future steel plants on the coast of Brazil, Brazil can supply ore in return.

The American steel executives will have a strong incentive to sell coal to Brazil, the incentive of a return cargo. The importation of ore requires unusually large ships of 22,000 tons capacity and of special construction costing about four million dollars each. The opportunity to carry coal to Brazil on the return trip would greatly reduce the cost of ore importation and help to absorb the investment in ships, and this two-way traffic would mean cheaper ore for the American industry and cheaper coal for the Brazilians.

An American steel industry on the Atlantic Coast would be a hostage to good inter-American relations. A Brazilian steel industry dependent on coal from the United States would likewise be a hostage

to good inter-American relations. There is, therefore, a real prospect that in building an industrial interdependence with Brazil we might make ourselves good neighbors by nature instead of by policy. Our mutual interest in the success of the ore fleet could assure the supply of Itabira ores in Chesapeake Bay or Mobile regardless of a succession of political regimes.

Could these foreign sources of ore, either in Labrador or in Brazil, benefit directly the steel plants of the Middle West, as well as those of the East Coast or the Gulf? Only in minor degree. It is true that the Secretary of the Interior has suggested that the projected St. Lawrence Seaway may bring foreign ores to the plants in the Great Lakes region. But although it may possibly bring Labrador ore to the vicinity of Buffalo, it will never bring inland any great quantity of ocean-

borne ore. Fortunately, ores can be loaded into river boats in protected water on the coast of Labrador and moved upstream in the St. Lawrence without exposure to the ocean, and so this route offers real promise for a growing steel industry in western New York. (Although the St. Lawrence is frozen for five months of the year, this handicap will prove little greater than the present freezing of the Great Lakes.) But the St. Lawrence offers no real hope for ores from Latin America.

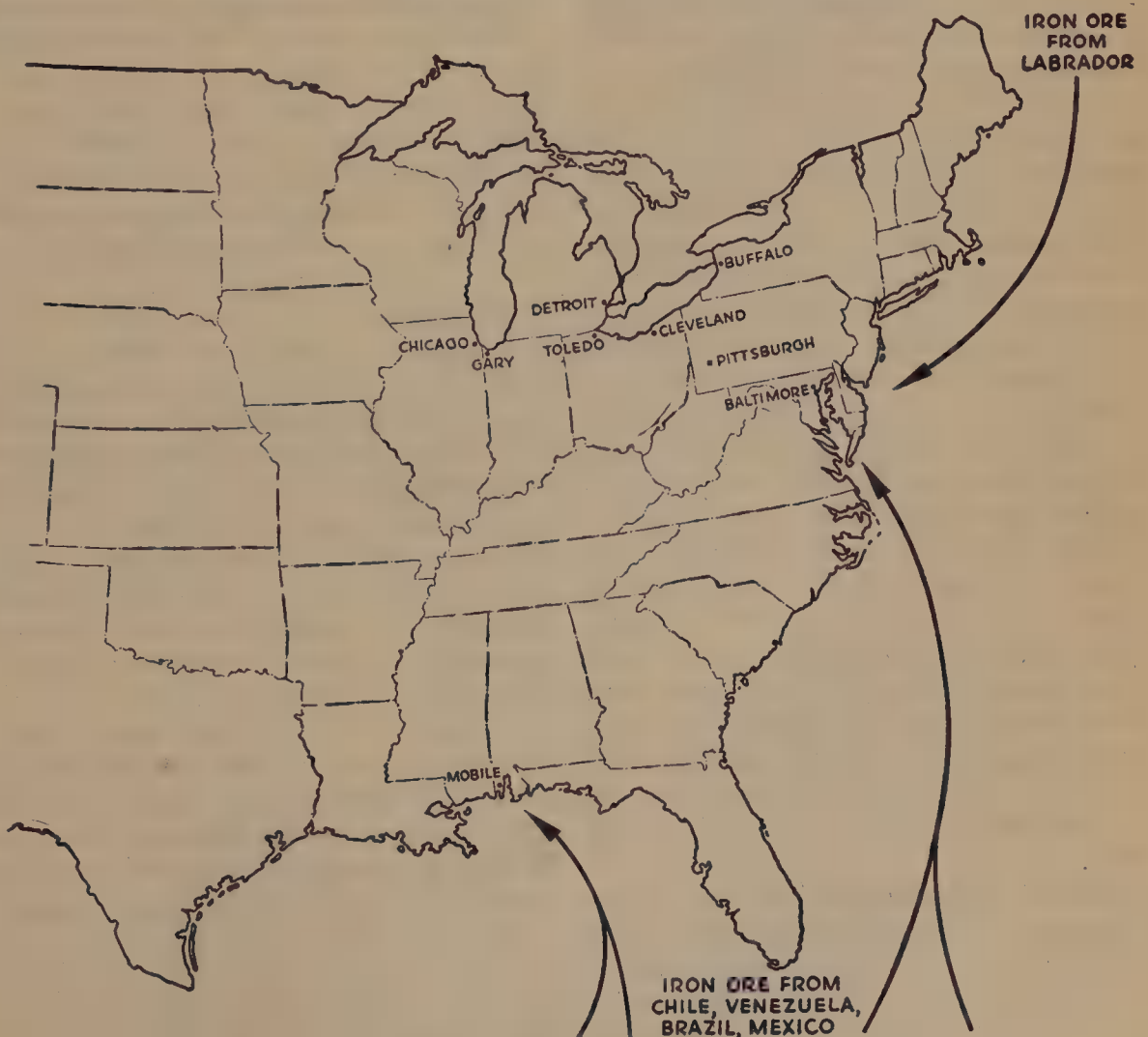
The reason is that the ocean-going vessels would have to be unloaded in the East and the ore loaded into inland ships—a costly procedure. An economical ocean ore carrier has a capacity of 22,000 tons and a draft of thirty-five feet. Because of the shallow channels and harbors of the lakes, the lake carriers typically have a capacity of less than 10,000 tons and a

draft of twenty feet. Any project for dredging fifteen feet of lake bottom from the channels and harbors between Gary and Montreal would be a staggering and uneconomic investment. The combined disadvantages of trans-shipment and seasonal closing of the river channel will prevent the inland industry from placing much reliance on the ores of Latin America. The steel companies will find it more economical to build new steel plants on the Atlantic Coast.

VI

THOUGH the impending transformation of the steel industry will bring new business to the East, we must be under no delusions as to the steadiness of this business. Clearly, the coastal steel industry and the foreign mines will be an

STEEL TOMORROW?—CHESAPEAKE BAY AND MOBILE AS POSSIBLE CENTERS OF FUTURE STEEL-MAKING



operating unit: the location of the ores will determine the location of the mills, and the composition of the ores will influence the design and technique of the blast furnaces. In the fortunes of the market the mines of Brazil, Venezuela, and Labrador will be in close partnership with the mills of Chesapeake Bay. And unless we take precautions these fortunes will vary from feverish prosperity to the most abysmal depression.

For steel is a "feast and famine" industry. The output of steel declined by 42 per cent between 1937 and 1938, of ore by 60 per cent. Steel production more than doubled between 1938 and 1940; ore production nearly tripled. We need not assume a great depression in expecting variation in steel. Half of the market can evaporate in a few months.

In the coming days of taconite, most of the big companies will own steel plants in the Middle West as well as plants on the coasts, just as today Bethlehem operates a big plant at Lackawanna, on Lake Erie, as well as the plant at Sparrows Point. Most of the large steel and mining companies will possess taconite smelters as well as foreign mines. Bethlehem already has an interest in one of the new pilot plants near Lake Superior. When the market for steel recedes, they will try to keep the smelters in northern Minnesota operating at a steady volume, because of the rigidity of their heavy costs, even if this means closing down the coastal plants. Conversely, when the nation's demand for steel reawakens or surges suddenly to new heights, the coastal industry and the foreign mines will take most of the increase, because the fixed capacity of the taconite industry will set a rigid ceiling over its output. In short, while the taconite smelters and the Middle Western steel plants dependent upon them operate more or less steadily, the fluctuations of a fluctuating industry will be concentrated chiefly in the plants along the coasts and in the foreign mines upon which they draw.

This will introduce to the East something new to it—the heavy industry type of depression. In the past the East has enjoyed the relative stability of industries making nondurable goods, of cloth, knit

goods, and garments in Philadelphia, Paterson, Manhattan, and Lowell, and of shoes in Brockton. These industries are subject to depression, but in milder degree. While the output of textiles declined one-quarter during the Great Depression, the output of iron and steel fell off three-quarters. When the fluctuations of the entire steel industry are concentrated in its coastal fragment, the East will experience a new severity of regional depression and boom.

But there will be nothing new in the impact of American recession on foreign peoples. In the past we have precipitated grave crises upon small and specialized countries through our varying buying practices. When we used fewer tires, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies suffered; they had lived too exclusively on their sales of raw rubber in the United States. Cuba has suffered for her dependence on our sugar market, Brazil for too heavy reliance on the American coffee habit. The foreign suppliers know us for a fair weather patron. The fickleness of the American market is one of the reasons they are trying to diversify, to develop their own industries, to be self-sufficient. The Brazilians will think first of this problem if our steel executives ever approach them with regard to the ores of Itabira.

THE impending change will raise still another problem—a military one. The steel industry is the foundation of our military security. The exhaustion of the Mesabi Range will promote a wholesome decentralization. At present, one bomb in the locks of the St. Mary's River could shut off the ore supply for a long time. But on the other hand there is certainly no security in having to rely upon imported ores. During the submarine campaign of World War II, the Sparrows Point plant had to draw heavily upon Minnesota ore carried uneconomically across the Appalachian barrier. A large steel industry on the Atlantic Coast will be highly vulnerable to the severing of the marine ore lines as well as to direct attack.

A war would therefore plunge us into a terrible dilemma. Either we would have to commit a major naval force to protecting the ocean-going ore fleet or, as an

alternative, would have to build up the taconite industry with feverish haste. To make this latter choice would be to embark on a program comparable in scale and complexity with the synthetic rubber program of the recent war. Probably we would undertake it. But its success would mean a great, continuing waste. For our coastal steel plants would be badly located with respect to the interior ores and could be supplied across the mountains only by a sizable diversion of precious manpower and railroad equipment.

VII

THE best answer to all these problems would be stockpiles of ore. If we adopted a stockpiling policy, during an American depression the mines of Labrador and Latin America could continue to produce at nearly normal volume. The surplus ores could accumulate near the coastal blast furnaces in the United States, to serve as a reserve in the event of war. At the same time the taconite smelters in northern Minnesota could continue to operate at a rate only slightly diminished. But instead of feeding the excess ores from the taconite country into the Middle Western furnaces, the managers of the industry could allow these ores to pile up at storage places along the southern shores of the lakes, a policy which would allot to the Eastern steel plants no more than their share of the industry's recession. It is probable that the political complexities of arranging for ores from Latin America would be considerably reduced by such an understanding; and certainly the presence of large stockpiles on the East Coast would provide bargaining leverage

in the event of future political difficulties.

However, the industry can hardly accumulate stockpiles without the co-operation of the federal government. For the treasuries of the steel companies are not big enough to keep both the foreign mines and the taconite smelters operating during a depression. The high fixed costs of the taconite industry can be covered only by using ore, not by stockpiling it. A year's supply of Lake Superior ores at present rates of production would cost over 300 million dollars; an adequate military reserve would be a one billion dollar investment. In view of the importance of stockpiling to our national security and our foreign relations, as well as to the maintenance of sustained employment, public financing of such a program would be highly appropriate. And in view of the financial limitations of the steel companies, it would be essential.

Up to now the grand retreat of the steel industry has been under strictly private administration. The executives have brought to bear upon the problem the large financial and administrative resources of the industry. They are drawing to the fullest upon scientific talent and are applying their own personal energies and inventiveness to the major readjustments ahead. Under private auspices the industry will doubtless make the most economical adaptation to the exhaustion of the Mesabi. But in the course of that adaptation grave issues of public policy will almost certainly arise; and because they will involve our foreign relations and our military security, they will call for a new spirit of understanding and partnership between the steel industry and the agencies of the government.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

BEFORE the world turned gray a superstition of the publishing business held that the summer months were no time for serious reading, that people put away brainwork with their woolen clothes and would read only light novels while dressed in seersuckers. The phrase "summer fiction" is a vestige of that belief and even today you will find few books listed at more than \$2.75 in the summer lists of publishing houses. The magazines have discarded the notion entirely; their brows remain high and their chins firm throughout the hot weather; and as I write this the editors of *Harper's* are not, as they would have been ten years ago, sweating out the last week of June making up what we used to call the Midsummer Fiction Number.

In those days the Easy Chair piously observed the convention and every August turned away from the salvation of mankind to discuss matters of no importance whatever. I am moved to take up such a matter now because a few days ago while cleaning out an old file I found a manuscript which I was unable to find some years back when Henry Mencken asked me to write out for him what I remembered of the episode it was a part of. I wrote that reminiscence and Mr. Mencken filed it, I believe, with other documents in the New York Public Library to await a literary historian who may sometime be curious about the minor literary folkways of the 1920's. He has never found occasion to tell the story and it had no importance at all, so why not tell it now when old subscribers can read it between showers on the porch overlooking the golf course?

It takes us back to a year that seems

never to have existed, 1926. Some two weeks after the April 1926 issue of the *American Mercury* reached the stands and was distributed through the mails, one of the finest gentlemen of Harvard Square sold a copy of the issue to an agent provocateur of the Watch and Ward Society. He was arrested for selling obscene literature and was found guilty and fined, as everyone was in those days when the Massachusetts courts regularly held that the presence of a single word in a book could make that book obscene. Later, someone came to his place of business by night and anonymously left there greenbacks to the exact amount of his fine. Those greenbacks may perhaps be evidence of the peculiar conscience of the then celebrated but now forgotten Jason Franklin Chase, who was by far the most expert detector of obscenity that the Watch and Ward Society has ever had.

Meanwhile two developments had occurred. The Postoffice Department had barred from the mails the April issue which it had finished distributing and Mr. Mencken had reacted with his usual vigor. He got an injunction against the Postoffice Department forbidding it to deny his magazine the use of the mails. He came to Boston, sold a copy of the April issue to the Rev. Mr. Chase himself (biting the half-dollar for soundness in the presence of reporters), was arrested for selling obscene literature, and was found not guilty. That verdict was the first check the Watch and Ward had ever received and marks the beginning of its slow decline, though the suffering was more severe four years later when Mr. Chase won the Dunster House Bookshop case but had his

heart broken by a judicial bawling out.

Mr. Chase's attack on the *Mercury* was his way of replying to an article which it had previously published describing the all but incredible—quite incredible to people who did not live in Boston—methods that his organization used in what was then called vice crusading. The article in the April issue which he alleged to be obscene was an amusing piece by Herbert Asbury about rural manners in Missouri. It was called "Hatrack" after the small-town, part-time prostitute who appeared in the last part of it. I have just reread it and I am sure that the historian who finally gets round to it will seriously misconceive our culture, for he will read it with the knowledge that at least one person could say he thought it was obscene. I am sure that in 1926 no one, not even Mr. Chase, considered it obscene; it must have been cited as improving reading by at least metropolitan Sunday schools. The historian should take into account the fact that John S. Sumner, Chase's runner-up, did not proceed against it.

THE inside back cover of that April *Mercury* announced as the lead article for May a piece called "Sex and the Co-ed." The announcement said, "For some time past the newspapers have been full of dark, smirking hints about the carnal doings going on in the great co-educational colleges, especially in the Christian Middle West. The *American Mercury* commissioned an intelligent and respectable professor to investigate the subject and report on it. . . ." But when the May issue appeared it contained no such piece; instead the lead article was "On Learning to Play the 'Cello" by Doris Stevens. Ten days before it appeared the press services carried a story about a burst of excitement at the plant in Camden (or was it Newark?) that printed the *Mercury*. The AP and the UP said that several thousand copies of the May *Mercury* (one of them made it sixty thousand) had been burned there because it contained an obscene article. To this the INS added an account of how Alfred Knopf, the *Mercury's* publisher, had ordered this destruction without consulting the editor, Mr. Mencken, and how, smoking and

flaming, Mencken had arrived at the printer's too late to prevent Mr. Knopf's orders from being carried out. And the managing editor of the Evanston, Illinois, *News-Index*, of which my wife was the literary editor, was a good newspaperman, for when this story came over the wire he phoned me and told me about it. I said, how surprising but I don't know anything about it and it's none of my business.

Whether any copies of that May issue actually had been printed and were destroyed I don't know, for when I came to know Mr. Knopf and Mr. Mencken personally they were both a little reticent and all of us soon forgot about it. But the lead article was killed before publication—and for a very simple reason. The lawyer who was conducting Mr. Mencken's case in Boston and trying to get a restraining order against the Postoffice Department thought it imprudent, while the cases were going on, to feature a piece that had the word "sex" in the title. I have just reread that article too, for the first time in twenty-one years, and I am sure that the title is all he could have objected to.

For the news sense of my wife's editor was sound and the article that turned up in my files a few days ago was "Sex and the Co-ed," written by myself. (I was tolerably intelligent and phenomenally respectable but Mencken promoted me three full grades when he made me a professor. On the faculty of Northwestern University I ranked as an instructor in English.) I had been writing for the *Mercury* for a year or so and for this piece Mencken paid me either sixty-five or eighty-five dollars, I can't remember which. I do remember that it bought me a dinner jacket, an elegance I had not previously been able to afford at Northwestern, and that when I wore it at a scholarly reception the most worldly of my colleagues asked me to dinner for the first time, having theretofore guessed that I lacked the ceremonial garments. Also, in order to keep my job, I had signed the article with a pen name. Since it wasn't published, John August made no public appearance till nearly twelve years later, when for reasons I cannot remember either I or someone else decided that the editor of the

Saturday Review ought not to sign the mystery stories he was writing. I wish I could relieve the abdominal spasms of the literary thinker who has been so concerned about that name, but I honestly cannot remember what its provenance was. Maybe there was some association with the dinner jacket I proposed to buy. The Harvards will remember the name of a haberdashery in the Square.

IN THOSE days journals of opinion and of family life as well were obsessed with what they usually called the revolt of youth. Mostly they called it flaming youth, because there had been a silly novel of that title. The President of the United States himself, during the years when he was Vice President, had looked into things and told the circulation of a women's magazine that a hellish revolution was being preached and produced in the colleges, especially the women's colleges and most especially and most oddly Radcliffe. What had horrified Mr. Coolidge was some nameless threat to economic orthodoxies but there was nothing nameless about the horror of his fellow alarmists: they devoted themselves to morals, meaning sexual morals. Their fervor and a credulousness characteristic of the period sufficed to convince literary people, who in turn erected a cliché that nothing has been able to overturn. It is either Miss Skinner or Miss Kimbrough who has given us an affecting account of her failure to convince a niece born in the 1930's that she had not spent her college years drunk and in someone's bed. The fashion seems to have begun with *This Side of Paradise*, though I have never understood why that pleasant book shocked anyone. The hero formally asks his sweetie's permission before he kisses her and though he does indeed carry an intrigue farther than that at last it is a terrific climax and the girl is clearly shown to be not of His Class. But all publishers at once rushed out novels which showed that the colleges had kicked the moral code to pieces.

Mr. Mencken had commissioned me to inquire into the facts. Such an inquiry was easy. Far more students than members of the faculty came to my apartment and I had a wide acquaintance among North-

western boys. I enlisted the services of my wife, who had been a Northwestern coed and had retained her sorority connections, and since she was a married woman was repeatedly consulted by undergraduate girls about the mysteries that most fascinated them. And I soon found out that they were mysteries. I began with the assumption that, like the mean annual rainfall, the amount of sexual intercourse had been one of the most dependable constants in the world since Eve's time. The assumption proved not to hold for Northwestern in 1926 or, by extension, for the other Midwestern universities. There was plenty of rumor about how debauched the coeds were but it nearly always turned out to be some other girl, some other group, some other college. The Kappas would confess that they were humiliatingly chaste and envy the glorious debauchery of the Gamma Phis, who in turn knew that it was the Tri-Delts who sinned. Wisconsin would report its own campus shamefully pure and hold that Michigan was a voluptuary's paradise.

My article hazarded no guesses about Northwestern men. It did make a numerical guess about the girls but I am not going to tell you what that guess was. My sense of history balks: this was a long and patient inquiry conducted by an experienced newspaperman who was also a trained researcher, who was trusted by the boys and whose wife was trusted by the girls, and still I cannot believe that the reality was so small as the figures John August arrived at after analyzing the evidence.

REREADING the article, however, has brought back a lot of that evidence to my mind and, whatever it may have indicated about chastity or unchastity, it demonstrated an altogether amazing ignorance of the physical, mechanical, and psychological facts of sex among Midwestern college girls in the mid-1920's. An ignorance, may I say, that had not characterized the girls of that age in Ogden, Utah, a few years before. There was the girl who understood that conception occurred during sleep, because there was that phrase about sleeping with a man. The girl who regularly gargled with Listerine after she had been

kissed, as a contraceptive measure. The girl who, though she knew how women became pregnant in nature's way, thought there was also a way of achieving the same result verbally. And so on, dozens and scores of such girls and, through their reports of their friends and the reports of boys about them, hundreds all told. And there was the faculty woman who had been delegated to confer with all coeds who announced their engagements—a hundred or more every year—and lecture to them about what the professional jargon called sex education. She had an apartment on the floor below mine and by a happy coincidence she herself became engaged while my surreptitious inquiry was going on. So she sought out a neighbor, my wife in fact, and inquired just what happened, physically, when one got married. Later on I used that one in a novel.

John August's article is mostly concerned with this ignorance and with the ways in which a typical university dealt with it in the mid-twenties. It is quite true, on evidence repeatedly checked then and still attached to my copy of the article, that one dean of women regarded taxi drivers as habitual rapists, forbade her charges to wear red dresses when going out with boys since red would excite the male passions, cautioned them against crossing their legs, and warned them that their own eroticism would be aroused if they ate meat. That last meant a solid saving to undergraduate boys, if the girls did indeed confine themselves to lettuce sandwiches. More astonishing still was the annual lecture on sex that was compulsory for freshman girls. My wife had heard it as an undergraduate and went back and heard it again on my behalf. The woman physician who gave it was so handcuffed by restrictions that she never managed to talk realistically about anything except catamenia and could not discuss that very long. There was, however, a movie about

reproduction. It showed a collie bitch frolicking with some puppies, a diagrammed sperm breaking the outline of a diagrammed ovum, and a bee entering a rose. Mr. August could not see that the lecture taught the coeds anything except possibly to avoid bees.

THE colleges are conducting sex education very differently now. It is all frank, informative, white tile, and antiseptic. I wonder, though, whether these careful classes in the unpredictable get any farther than the idiocies that made John August so indignant in 1926. Dr. Marynia Farnham recently reported some results that have turned up in her consulting room and they show the well-informed undergoing painful embarrassments because experience proved to be unlike the rational science of the textbooks. Meanwhile the reports of other clinics in the colleges, those that investigate the mores of undergraduates, suggest that this is a field of education which they may now safely abandon altogether. Or are the clinics like the fiction that appalled people of my age during the 1920's? Whenever a public institution inquires by questionnaire how much I smoke and drink, I invariably reply a carton of cigarettes and four-fifths of a gallon of whiskey every twenty-four hours. Maybe the undergraduates don't like questionnaires, either.

At any rate in 1926 the press services found news in the fact that someone had written an article about sex at a temperature of 33° Fahrenheit and I would certainly have been fired if that article had appeared under my name. The eventual historian can triangulate something from those facts. Today nobody would be fired from a college for writing about sex, though of course it remains dangerous for a college teacher to write readably about anything. And what temperature about sex would, in 1947, start the bell ringing on a teletype?

WHY THE NAVY NEEDS ASPIRIN

JOHN P. MARQUAND

EASILY the best twenty-five cent meal ever sold in the world is now being served in the spacious and startling main dining room of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. Even though the place is run by the Army, officers of the U. S. Navy are broad-minded enough to concur. If you are a guest there now, all you have to do is to buy a ticket at the main desk, paying for it in occupation currency. The room has its old prewar appearance. The waitresses are bright, obliging girls in green kimonos, with pretty obis. There is the same rather mechanical but diligent Japanese orchestra in the gallery, but a lady soloist has been added. The napery is prewar and exquisite. The Japanese always were good with textiles. The plates are of fine porcelain, with heavy gold embossing, and the service is as impeccable as the plates—quite a relief from meals in a ship's wardroom. To strains from "The Red Mill," accompanied by the gentle clatter of wooden geta on the white-stockinged feet of the waitresses, roast beef and vegetables follow the consommé. A salad, from refrigerated lettuce, follows the beef, and ice cream follows the salad, and there is also a demi-tasse, if you want it—all yours for twenty-five cents at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo.

And this, says the Navy, goes to show that the situation in Japan is pretty well

in hand. Of course it may be that the Japanese are waiting for a second chance, but right now they seem well disposed and happy and relieved. They have pulled up their socks and they have cleaned up most of the rubble in Tokyo. It is a good place to be stationed, Japan. If the wife and children come out, there is a good chance of getting a nicely furnished unbombed house with impeccable Japanese servants who are pathetically grateful if you occasionally give them a chocolate nut bar above their wages. As a matter of fact, the Japanese government is building a lot of new houses and apartments and stocking them with shiny new furniture and supplying free maid service with each apartment, all for navy personnel down at Yokosuka—and if you are going back to the States and want to bring something home, they still have some good strings of pearls at the ship's store for around thirty dollars a string, and bolts of silk, but you have to be quick because everybody passing through keeps snapping them up.

The reason for things running so well here seems to be largely General Douglas MacArthur. He may be somewhat theatrical about it, and on occasions he has intimated that he has beaten the Japs almost single-handed, without the aid of the Navy, but let's face it, MacArthur is doing a good job, even if he had no Annapolis

John P. Marquand, the novelist, returned recently as the guest of the Navy to the Pacific islands which he visited during the war as a correspondent for Harper's.

training—and there's a big difference between Annapolis and West Point training. Annapolis turns out a more versatile, abler type of officer, but there are exceptions. Let's face it, MacArthur is an exception.

THE situation in China is not so good, what with the Marines pulling out and everything being rolled up. It is not such a good place to be stationed, China, although Tsingtao is still a nice place. There is really a very comfortable hotel in Tsingtao, but don't drink the water out of the tap. Don't even brush your teeth in it. Ask the boy for "chow water." There are still some embroidered linens and luncheon sets in Tsingtao, but these only come in irregularly. You see, the trouble is that there is a Red Army about thirty miles outside the city and the Chinese General in Tsingtao doesn't seem to be doing much about it except to build pillboxes in the main squares and to barricade the streets at night. This is why it is hard to get embroidery. You see, most of it is made in Cheefoo and has to be smuggled through the Red lines, with the aid of what they call "squeeze" in China. The Chinese, though sociable, are a funny people. For instance, at Tientsin they are digging a moat all around the city. This shows why it is hard to understand the Chinese, and it is hard to understand how they will get along without the Marines.

They don't seem to be pulling up their socks very well in Manila, naval officers will tell you. As in China, it is very difficult to keep a jeep for long in Manila. Those Filipinos can get away with a jeep just exactly as fast and noiselessly as the Chinese. Leave your jeep in a compound with a five-foot wall around it and as likely as not it will be gone in the morning, and this is why there are so many civilian jeeps in Manila. Manila has really taken an awful beating in the war. Look at Dewey Boulevard. Look at the old walled City. Look at the Army and Navy Club, still shot up—but you can get good lime drinks there now. The Filipinos, in spite of all the surplus equipment and other help that has been given them, seem a little confused about what to do, but still, it is not so bad to be stationed around

Manila. You can get your clothes washed and ironed there overnight and there are good tailors if you want some whites. And if you want to bring something home to your wife, there are those embroidered purses that a girl named Anna sells, and Scotch is a lot cheaper there than it is in the States.

When you move back over the Pacific toward Pearl and into the Japanese mandated islands, the situation on a lot of them is still somewhat rugged, but everything is picking up out there because they are Navy-run, in spite of all this political effort to get them away from the Navy. Some of them are pretty peculiar, lonely rocks and reefs like Truk and Kwajalein, but it won't be long now before Guam will be a comfortable station. They are talking about building an eighteen-hole golf course in Guam and about putting up a hotel there. It is remarkable what has been done on Saipan already. Nearly all officers and dependents there are still living in Quonsets but the Club—you may remember it as the old Submariner's Club in the war—is quite a place, all fixed up with native mats and decorations. You can buy those mats and model canoes, too, at the store, if you want to take something home. Those mats and cigarette cases and those woven pants for glasses are all very well made and are well received back in the States, and if you go to Truk, don't forget to bring back one of those native lovesticks. The natives are sometimes, frankly, hard to understand in the light of one's previous experience, but the natives are going to get along all right because the Navy is taking care of them.

THIS is not far from being a fair picture of what impresses the average naval officer, or at least of what he may reveal of his reactions and complacencies to a stranger who tours the postwar Pacific. It does not cross the minds of most officers on duty in this area that their views may sound narrow or superficial, but if you draw them out you will be surprised to find how much they actually know—more, I think, about the rocks and reefs and natives of the central and west Pacific than any other group of Americans knows at present. Naval officers are not

Marco Polos, but people not much different from you or me, except that they have dwelt in so many strange places during their careers that they instinctively try, wherever they are, to bring parts of their own lives with them. They try to collect old friendships and old associations, and they call their friends by their Annapolis nicknames; and they are not anxious right now to discuss political implications or the world of tomorrow, but prefer to indulge in anecdotes about what happened to so-and-so once, or else to play continental gin rummy.

II

IT IS unfortunate that the combination of these homely desires and predilections tends to create a mental climate that is often called the "navy mind," as opposed to the civilian mind, which it antagonizes and which is now at loggerheads with the navy mind in the Pacific. At present the navy mind is making the political civilian mind, especially in Washington, exasperated to an extent that may eventually affect our prestige, particularly in the East. It is being stated or implied, verbally or in print, that the navy mind is not the type of mind to govern all those new Pacific outposts now under naval control. It is said that the navy mind is superficial, arrogant, and undemocratic, not a liberal, friend-of-man mind, not an intellect that understands natives, free government, or basic human rights; and there are lots of people, let us say in the Department of the Interior, who do understand these things.

In spite of often questionable records in the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and in Indian affairs, they are convinced that they are the ultimate authorities on the rights of racial minorities, on propaganda, and on model villages. They also can offer advice on agriculture, education, economic values, and general administration. Already an Ethnic Society is sending out a newspaper from Washington for the Guamanians to read, devoted largely to building up opposition to the Navy, and a number of propagandists and lobbyists are doing the same work on the home front. They are cataloguing every

complaint of authorized and unauthorized individuals, and they have already convinced themselves that naval government in Guam and our newly acquired Micronesian islands is "oppressive." Usually they operate behind a smokescreen in a miasma of gossip and innuendo with which few naval officials are able to cope. In a peacetime atmosphere the civilian mind forgets that these same "navy minds" are sufficiently creative to have combined a short while ago in building the greatest long-range striking force in the history of warfare, sufficiently creative to have perfected the sectional drydocks and other methods by which fleets were kept at sea for indefinite periods thousands of miles away from any base.

There is no doubt that the United States Navy was never intended, nor is it ideally equipped, to manage the temporal or spiritual affairs of Micronesian natives. The Navy does not regularly employ anthropologists, nor has the Navy any geologists, ichthyologists, entomologists, ethnologists, botanists, or politicians, except by accident, in its tables of organization; and individuals in all these professions will be badly needed before Micronesia can be finally made economically independent and politically happy. Like many other correspondents, I became conscious of this problem during my stay in these areas when the Navy was in action against the Japanese, and during a recent tour of the Pacific as the Navy's guest (the only way one can reach these islands at present) I discovered myself again looking at it as any civilian must. The former mandated islands present so many immediate and future intricacies that one wonders if there is any agency in our government that can manage all of them; but I believe that the civilians should give the peacetime Navy a break because while the minus quantities one sees are largely superficial, the plus quantities far outbalance them.

THE Navy Department at present has general responsibility for the mandated islands seized from Japan, Guam among them, for which, of course, the Navy had responsibility before the war. Superficially, the administrative problem

does not seem onerous. In cold figures, the United States has acquired control, under the United Nations, of a scant 903 square miles of land area in the central and western Pacific, with a total population of perhaps 78,000 persons, who, placed all together, would make only a small American city, or, if their lands were placed together, a state smaller than Rhode Island. Unfortunately, the hand of nature has tossed these people and these lands indiscriminately over a huge, lonely expanse north of the Equator, in an area of 2,000,000 square miles of the Pacific ocean. People live here on dots of land, most of which are too small to appear in any self-respecting atlas, in three island groups, the Marshalls, the Carolines, and the Marianas.

They occupy from necessity or choice some of the strangest assortment of land masses that exist on this planet. Some dwell on low coral atolls, which, though we have all known them from school geographies, are so fantastic in their circular form that they can only be seen to be believed. Some inhabit tiny sand spits just a few feet above the tide, others have built villages on higher coral masses, pushed above the sea by volcanic action, and still others, as is the case of Truk, live on the tips of submerged mountain peaks. In this 2,000,000 square miles of watery wilderness, the United States has fallen heir to 60 atolls, 17 single low islands, 16 high volcanic islands, and 4 bits of land which are known to scholars as "complex assemblages." These, exemplified by Truk, perhaps the most fascinating island group in the world, are a little of everything, atolls, mountain peaks of a submerged world, and volcanic intrusions. The largest island in any group is Guam, with a native population of 24,000, a small enough piece of land at that, about twice the size of Nantucket Island, off Massachusetts. Besides these more tangible land masses, there are also 2,148 islets, some inhabited, and some too small and barren and too often washed by storms to have tempted even the hardest Micronesian pioneer.

The people who live on these assorted ocean specks are, with the exception of the few most interesting Polynesian outposts,

all of the same Micronesian race—dark-skinned, intelligent, well-disposed people with straight hair and an approximately European cast of features, who came to these islands some time in the distant past, presumably from Indonesia. At some points, particularly the Marianas, which were so long under Spanish control, the strain is far from pure, but for the purposes of argument these people are of the same ancestral background. Yet, in spite of a common racial strain, they are most dissimilar in manners and traditions. There are six or seven different cultures or civilizations in Micronesia that range from educated and occidentally sophisticated Guamanians, who are undoubtedly capable of becoming good United States citizens, to people living back in the Stone Age. Indeed, there are islands in the group where people contrive to live happily even without stone, and who still make their adzes and other artifacts out of hard sea shells. Whereas the Guamanians are mostly ardent Catholics, owing to former Spanish indoctrination, one can visit islands where nothing is worn but the G-string and the lavalava, and where women know so little of the modern world that they hastily assume an inferior crouching position in the presence of a male.

THE secrecy that has veiled these islands during the many years of Japanese occupation, plus a reading of Conrad and Melville, appears to have created an illusion, in some quarters, that Micronesia has unexploited wealth, for already there is considerable pressure by certain business groups for various concessions. Actually, though a complete inventory has not yet been made, it would seem doubtful whether anyone will extract much money from this domain. The islands are on the whole poor, with thin soil, and with resources that do not run much further than coconuts, pandanus, and fish. Nearly all salable timber has been removed from them. They have suffered from soil erosion. There are small deposits of bauxite, worked by the Japanese but not great enough for serious interest, and also sufficient deposits of fertilizer to fill the needs of island agricul-

ture, and here the riches end. Even with air travel, dangerous beaches, coral, and algae will keep them from being winter resorts, and the hotel business had better look elsewhere.

Distance and disparity of culture and scant natural resources are, however, only basic elements of the problem which the United States must face. From the point of view of health and general economy, war has left this ocean world in such a bad condition that it is not nice to admit, though it is the truth, that most of its people were better off under Japan than they are so far under the United States. Many of them have been subjected for a century or more to the corroding effects of European civilization, to the rough justice of American whalers, of Spanish, German and Japanese governments. Their customs have been altered by these contacts, and so has their general health. Roughly, their population has been cut in half since white men first saw the islands, and now what adjustments they had succeeded in making to occidental contact have been grievously disrupted. In general, the birth-rate has declined in the war and postwar period; infant mortality is high, and so are the tuberculosis rate and the incidence of yaws and intestinal diseases. Means of subsistence have been largely ruined; outrigger canoes and other capital goods have been wrecked, the fishing grounds and villages largely destroyed. Coconut trees have died in great numbers, diminishing the copra crops. Even in the genial climate, the housing problem is acute.

The aftermath of war has not only threatened the Micronesians with new diseases, but has presented them with a series of insect pests which are endangering the whole balance of island agricultural life. There is the rhinoceros beetle, for instance, an unpleasant looking insect at present engaged in eating what coconut palms are still left in the Marianas. There is the taro hopper that is girdling the leaves of the essential taro crop, and then too, the most amazing of the pests that has recently appeared in this biological vacuum—the giant African land snail, said to be a native of Madagascar and capable of attaining a six-inch shell. Supposedly imported to the islands by the Japanese for

food, he can now be found by the million in parts of Truk and in the Marianas, swarming up breadfruit trees, consuming succulent foliage, and destroying gardens.

Something, no one knows exactly what, must be done about quarantine, about native labor and the wage scale, about industry and commerce and representative government. These are only a few parts of a puzzle that must be competently handled and our national prestige demands that the solution be outstanding. "The way these islands are governed," Mr. Harold L. Ickes has stated, "will constitute a tablet of imperishable brass from which the other nations of the world can read just what the United States of America and its protestation of democracy really mean."

III

IT WOULD seem that this question of administration is critical enough for thoughtful debate without indirection or venom, but this is not the way it is being handled at present. Instead, the Department of the Interior in its attempt to supplant the Navy is using tactics of disparagement by half truth and implication when it might be frankly setting forth its claims, many of which are valid. Spearheading this attack are two eloquent and widely read writers, Mr. Drew Pearson and Mr. Harold L. Ickes. Mr. Pearson may or may not be primarily interested in the Interior Department's cause but Mr. Ickes is very much so, and each in his own way has hit on the Navy's most vulnerable point, the navy mind.

For years now, Mr. Pearson in his syndicated column has been a thorn in the flesh, and also the still voice of conscience, for army and navy brass, not to mention congressmen, senators, cabinet officials and business men, although during the war President Roosevelt and Cordell Hull each took occasion to state publicly that Mr. Pearson was straying from the path of truth. It was Pearson who broke the news that General Patton had slapped a shell-shocked soldier, and the resulting public indignation came near to retiring one of our greatest and most effective generals. More recently, Mr. Pearson discovered that a general of Marines, whose personal

efforts were materially responsible for turning the tide of war against the Japanese on Guadalcanal, had employed marine enlisted men to check coats and to pass appetizers at a cocktail party. He neglected to add that these men surely did this of their own free will and not as a military duty. Not long ago, he also discovered that a four-star admiral in China was using navy transportation to bring his personal automobile to Shanghai for sale. He did not add that this officer, who had his family with him, was within his rights under regulations to have his own car shipped, or that this same officer wished to sell his car because he believed that he was to be assigned elsewhere.

Admittedly such disclosures tend to keep public servants within bounds, yet added together as daily reading they present a distorted picture. It is not fair to deduce that naval officers, as a class, are a lazy, selfish lot, engaged in exploiting enlisted personnel and government property for their personal comfort and convenience, when these men, particularly in the Pacific, are overworked and underpaid, and, with few exceptions, live lonely, uncomfortable lives that few civilians would tolerate.

FOR some time, Mr. Ickes has been concerned with the antics of unsocially conscious naval officers who allegedly abuse minorities on Guam and other Pacific islands. Without, as far as is known, ever having been in Guam or other parts of Micronesia, he has informed several million readers of a popular periodical that near the turn of the century a naval governor banished some Spanish priests from Guam and also banned religious processions, and because of this ancient tyranny he seems convinced that the Guamanians ever since have been subjected to a sort of drumhead justice and deprived of rights that belong to most Americans.

Actually, Guam has its elected native congress and its own constabulary. Its three trial courts are presided over by native justices, who act without external advice except in a final court of appeals. Out of about 24,000 Guamanians, only 19 appeared before these courts last year

in criminal proceedings, and no native homes were searched without warrant. This would seem to indicate that Guam is an orderly island with a law-abiding population, all of whom, by the way, were recently afforded ample opportunity for complaint during the investigations of the Hopkins Commission, which were conducted confidentially and without naval interference.

A story is also going the rounds that the Navy is now housing its charges in buildings made out of wooden boxes. There was a war on Guam, though propagandists are inclined to forget it. The island was subjected to heavy naval and air bombardment and the main town, Agana, was left in hopeless rubble. Afterward, Guam was a staging area for the attack on Japan, and last year it was swept by a devastating typhoon. It is still covered with abandoned camps and mouldering supply dumps. But great efforts have been made ever since the island was secured to get thousands of Guamanians under cover and to have them fed and clothed. They are living now, some in prefabricated dwellings, some in Quonset huts, and some in temporary houses they have built themselves out of surplus war materials. They now have in temporary but reasonably substantial structures their own hospital and bank, a civic center, and schools, and not one Guamanian family is living in such wretched housing as exists in quantity in the unhealthy slum swamps around the city of San Juan, Puerto Rico, long an interest of the Department of the Interior.

The story is also going the rounds that the Naval Governor of Guam does not live in a packing case because the Seabees were ordered to build him a house in the style of the Venezuelan Embassy in Washington. The plain truth is that the house in which Admiral Pownall, now Naval Governor of Guam, is living was built for Admiral Nimitz when he was there to conduct naval operations against Japan. It resembles the Venezuelan Embassy in Washington no more than do thousands of small suburban dwellings in a city like Los Angeles. It is a low, wooden structure that could not have cost much more than three thousand dollars at pre-

war prices, with a wide veranda that is protected from storms by second-hand strips of navy canvas. Its plumbing leaves much to be desired. There is no hot water, and ants have a way of invading its combined living and dining room. Civilian critics might have made a better point had they singled out the horseshoe pitching area on the parched lawn beside Admiral Pownall's residence. This was constructed solely for the delectation of Admiral Nimitz, obviously by enlisted personnel taken from other duties, and perhaps, these critics might feel, Admiral Nimitz should have been putting his whole mind on the war instead of pitching horseshoes. It has also been discovered by Mr. Ickes, on what has been termed "responsible testimony," that there is an officer in Micronesia who refers to island natives as "gooks"—and perhaps there is *one*, but the average military government officer in the Pacific has a genuine liking and sympathy for the people under his care.

THE Navy naturally has made an effort to defend itself against such frivolous attacks. Last autumn it invited a group of newspapermen to tour the islands as navy guests and to write home frankly about existing conditions. This trip the opposition has referred to as a "safari," the implication being that it was a propagandist junket. Last winter Secretary Forrestal also endeavored to answer criticism by appointing a commission consisting of Dr. Hopkins, former President of Dartmouth College, Dr. Knowles Ryerson, Dean of the Department of Agriculture at the University of California, and Maurice Tobin, former Governor of Massachusetts, to examine and report on affairs in Navy-governed areas.

These three appointees, whose positions must have placed them above ordinary blandishments, made a two weeks' tour of the islands. Though this was done under naval auspices, they were given every facility to go where they wanted and to talk privately and confidentially with whomsoever they wished. The report of their survey, as delivered to Secretary Forrestal, seems temperate and unbiased. In parts it was coldly critical of certain aspects of naval administration. It recom-

mended without qualification giving citizenship immediately to both the Guamanians and the Samoans, and it outlined other deficiencies, such as uncertainties about land appropriations, unfair payments for services, and delays in paying war and damage claims. "Indeed," they wrote, with reference to granting citizenship and the citizens' privileges under the Constitutional Bill of Rights, "an apology is due the Guamanians for the long delay, and they are also entitled to the nation's thanks and recognition for their heroic service rendered during the recent war. Their people are in all respects worthy of being welcomed into full brotherhood of the United States."

Instead of pigeonholing this report, Mr. Forrestal made it public, agreed with the principal recommendations, and promised to ask Congress to take prompt and favorable action in granting Guamanians and Samoans citizens' rights.

This ready compliance might have answered the main objections of agitators against the Navy if Messrs. Hopkins, Ryerson, and Tobin had not also concluded that navy rule was the best solution in Micronesia for the time being. They further concluded that naval officers might conceivably conduct civil affairs and understand democracy as well as bureaucrats in civilian clothes. In their conversations with the natives they found no expression of a desire to be removed from under the auspices of the Navy. On the contrary, the natives seem to have expressed an intelligent doubt as to whether any other government department could do as much for them as the Navy is doing.

Though Mr. Ickes has said that portions of this report are not the truth "within the customary and usual interpretations of the English language," it appears to have been instrumental in creating an uneasy sort of truce. The Departments of the Navy and the Interior issued at the end of May a joint statement, agreeing that naval control of these islands is the most feasible arrangement for the present. But this has had no effect on anti-navy propaganda in the press, or in Congress, where several bills for civilian control of Micronesia are now in committee. In fact the

last word from the islands is that the Guamanians themselves are becoming uneasy at the ardor of their friends and would like to have their own congress see these bills before they are submitted.

There have, of course, been other "safaris" and there will be still more before this undignified debate is ended. "Cap" Krug, present Secretary of the Interior, has gone out there himself to look things over, accompanied by two congressmen, presumably not hand-picked. Nevertheless, the hearts of these congressmen, after a visit that consisted, according to local rumor, chiefly of dinners and cocktail parties, bled for the inequities they witnessed, to such an extent that one on his return immediately introduced a bill to have affairs taken away from the Navy. It may be unfair to Mr. Krug and his associates to think that they were concerned with empire-building or an effort to enlarge a department. They had seen conditions at first hand. They spent four hours and three-quarters on the small island of Kwajalein in the Marshall group and they spent a few more hours on Guam, which was all the time they could allow in which to reach final conclusions on Micronesia.

The more guileless among the Marshallese and Trukese, and dwellers on Yap, Peleliu, Guam, Rota, Saipan, and elsewhere, must be flattered by the concern expressed for them nowadays, when champions are springing up like mushrooms and when a complaint from a single dissatisfied Yappian is enough to bring down forked lightning thousands of miles away. As one island chief said recently, he and his people are satisfied with navy government, but if there is anything better they would be very glad to have it. There must, however, be a few cynical Micronesians, who wonder just what this better thing can be. Inequity, independence, democracy, and the American Way of Life are broad terms with curious involutions, depending on the person who defines them. There may even be some people among the Guamanians who may be unkind enough to wonder just what it is these champions are going to get out of it personally if they step into the Navy's shoes.

IV

LIBERAL propagandists in the past few years have been partial to a stylistic approach that dispenses with the humdrum wares of plain criticism. Instead, they usually rely on suppression and distortion of fact, with personal invective. Yet real faults are not hard to find. The Navy has so far been slow with housing and has not yet given native shelter first priority, and the Navy has created inexcusable delays in giving back land to the natives and in deciding just what lands it needs to keep for permanent installations. There has been confusion in sending out proper supplies. There have been mistakes in handling native labor, in stabilizing currency, and in regulating the native wage scales. The Navy also has a system of rotating government officers so that persons are often removed just when they have grown familiar with local customs and problems. These faults and others like them cannot escape any island visitor.

It is only fair to add that most of them have not escaped the Navy either. Instead of attempting to conceal errors, the Navy has made a commendable effort at self-examination, and it seems amazingly anxious for outside advice. Aside from the Hopkins Commission, it has also called on the RFC, through its branch, the U. S. Commercial Company, to make a survey of the islands to find what natural resources can be developed, how native handicraft can be improved, and what steps should be taken to re-establish the copra and other export crops. About twenty-five scientists, who were engaged in this project for six months, have now turned in some four thousand pages of reports, which the Navy proposes to use as a basis for future planning. Further, the Navy has called for help from the National Research Council, which is sending this summer teams of scientists from American universities and museums to make a study of all the Pacific island peoples, their institutions, industries and their ways of life. It would seem that the Navy is acting anything but stupidly, arrogantly, or conceitedly.

Its fairest critics who do not favor permanent navy control admit that, in spite

of low appropriations and sniping, naval government has not done such a bad job, up to date. It is only too easy to forget, for it has never been advertised, that the Navy has at its disposal a large number of very practical and able individuals who have been taught by war to cope with assorted difficulties, and there may be more such talent in the Navy than anywhere else. An excellent naval government school at Stanford University is sending out a growing number of trained, adaptable and enthusiastic young officers, interested more in opportunities for service than in personal advancement, and already military government is becoming a distinct and distinguished branch of the service. The Navy has already developed a complete system of communications over this new two million square miles of ocean, so that even the smallest inhabited islets are receiving supplies and care. It has defended this world also from the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Though living standards are low, it has supplied sufficient food and clothing and medical service to ward off disease and malnutrition.

Navy doctors have not only averted epidemics but have improved health conditions steadily. A large medical center is being established on Guam for the training of native doctors, nurses, and health officials. There are now native hospitals on all the larger islands, managed by navy doctors assisted by native corpsmen and nurses' aides, and each of these hospitals is a school for public health. At Truk, to give one example, a service doctor, assisted by his wife, has organized health teams, made up largely of natives, which make regular visits to all the islands in the group. He has already succeeded in cutting the incidence of yaws, most widespread of Truk scourges, down sixteen per cent, and he is succeeding, too, with native co-operation, in combating parasite diseases and infant mortality.

THESE plus qualities are too seldom recognized at home, probably because of distance. It is unfortunate that only a few civilians so far have been able to see developments like Chalon-Kanoa on the island of Saipan, a native

town, built by navy government. It is a modest enough place of a temporary construction, but is still a sort of preview of the Micronesia of tomorrow. It is a town of neat wooden houses along broad and shaded streets, governed by its native mayor, with its own police and fire department. It has its school, busy not only teaching children but training native teachers. It has its Catholic church, and bells are allowed to ring and religious processions to move up the street. There is a hospital near Chalon-Kanoa with an excellent doctor and native nursing staff. There are stores and a moving picture theater, all native managed. There is a thriving fishing industry and several native handicraft establishments.

Chalon-Kanoa has its own Boy Scout troop and baseball team and its own showers and modern plumbing in separate convenient buildings for all its inhabitants. Any native wishing to live here can build his own home on easy terms. It can be designed for him according to his wishes by a native architect, though the final plans must be approved by native village authorities. A local native contractor will then undertake the work, using a good quality of salvaged war materials. You can own your own home in Chalon-Kanoa for a cost of about \$150. You can pay for it by fishing, agriculture, handicraft or day labor. Chalon-Kanoa has its own electric lighting. It is a thriving, modern town. It might not be right for the local traditions of Yap or Truk or the Marshalls, but it seems like an excellent unit for the Chamorro people on the Marianas Islands.

It would be easy to go further in listing what the Navy has been doing in the way of general education and road and farm improvement; but the main point is that the Navy has done a great deal and if it is left alone and given the help it needs from other government branches, one can safely assume that it will do still more in putting Micronesia on a safe and permanent footing. It has, at least, a long head start over any civilian authority that might take over, an authority which could not start where the Navy has left off but would have to make a wholly new beginning. Such an authority also would be obliged, whether it liked it or not, to depend on the

Navy for transportation and supplies, a prospect, particularly with the present animosity, which presents few encouraging features to a Micronesian or an American taxpayer. It is unpleasant to contemplate right now the headaches, the backbiting, and the incompetency of a government divided between naval and civilian influence. Later, perhaps, it may be advisable, but not right now.

Certainly at the present moment, if I were a Marshallese or a Trukese, a Guamanian or a dweller on Yap or some other Micronesian rock—and in many ways with the world the way it is I should rather like to be one—I think I should prefer the protection and the errors of the Navy to the problematical rule of Mr. Ickes or Mr. Krug. I had rather have things settled,

find a means of livelihood, have a good roof over my head and a good local doctor and a good school for my children, before worrying too much about “democracy” and my right to strike and other privileges contained in the Bill of Rights. I should like these eventually, very much indeed, but in the meanwhile I had rather string along with what has proved in the past a very efficient service. With Asia in a turmoil and with strange political clouds on the horizon beyond my understanding, I should rather like to enjoy a little intelligent and benign paternalism, and I think the Navy’s is a better brand than that of Mr. Ickes. I should prefer, in short, the navy mind to the political mind, and to stick close to nurse in case I might find something worse.

The Last Days of the Machine Age

IT is difficult to name the precise date when the Machine Age ended, but recent investigations would place it as early as the spring of 1948. The first crack in the structure appeared in November 1946, when a Japanese clerk in Tokyo, operating an abacus, beat an American soldier operating a calculating machine. A few days later the experiment was repeated over a New York radio station, with a Chinese student from Columbia on the abacus and one of the station’s payroll clerks operating the machine, with the same result. All through the spring and the summer of 1947 similar tests were conducted, some of them serious scientific experiments and some merely stunts on vaudeville and radio programs, but always the result was the same. An old typesetter set the first chapter of *Walden* by hand in slightly more than half the time it took a linotype machine, producing a much handsomer page. A Navajo woman wove a blanket faster than a mechanical loom, and all the judges agreed that her colors were better and her lines truer. In May, the tiny republic of Costa Rica announced that in a series of agricultural experiments, horses had proven more satisfactory on every count than farm machinery, and that eighteen horses for breeding purposes were being sought in the United States, in exchange for second-hand tractors and combines.

A questionnaire sent out to fifty major writers in July 1947, revealed that only one of them, who had picked up the habit in Hollywood,

wrote on a typewriter. The other forty-nine wrote with pens: two ball-point, five stylus, nine fountain, fourteen steel-nib, and nineteen quill, including all seven Nobel prize-winners polled. An insurance company discovered statistically that money was four times as safe in an old sock under the mattress as in a vault, and suppressed the information; but it must have leaked out, because bank deposits immediately declined almost to the vanishing point. A family of beavers dammed a river in Montana that had stumped hydraulic engineers for a decade. In the late summer, two Swedes in Minnesota, brothers, harvested an acre of wheat by hand in less time than it took a combine with two mechanics on it, and a Negro boy in Alabama, humming "John Henry" as he worked, outpicked a mechanical cotton-picker without even working up a sweat.

Late in 1946, a General Electric scientist had discovered a way to make artificial snowflakes by dropping dry ice from a plane into clouds. All through 1947, GE technicians worked to perfect them, and by December they had produced a model that was a technological marvel. They were 1/50 the size of natural snowflakes, much more regular in shape, easier for the robot snowplows to handle, and could be colored any shade desired. All through the winter of 1947-48 artificial snow was tested in selected communities throughout the country, and community sentiment then polled. The vote turned out to be overwhelmingly in favor of God's outsize snowflakes, coming aberrantly at His whim, but the only reason anyone would put down was the absurd one that the new stuff didn't pack into snowballs.

Everyone had been talking about the thing privately, but the first mention of it in print came in the *Old Republic*, which after Henry Wallace left had changed its name, reduced its staff, and taken to appearing, printed manually on good hand-made paper, for a nickel, with an enormous increase in circulation. "We now know," the editor, a man called Ned Ludd, wrote in an editorial in March 1948, over his own name, "that the machine is inferior to the hand and brain of man in every respect except the killing of great masses of people. Are we really sure that we want to kill great masses of people?" The editorial, which has since become famous, created quite a stir when it appeared, and public buildings in New York and Washington were mobbed by groups of unarmed but very determined men. A special election was called hastily, without voting machines, and when the ballots were counted it turned out that the new President was neither of the party nominees, but an eccentric middle-aged poet who lived in New Jersey, working by kerosene light and raising his own food. He took office in the late spring of 1948, put a confiscatory tax on anything using motive power other than the human limb, and the rest is, of course, history.

—Stanley Edgar Hyman

REPORT OF A DEATH KNELL

A Story

HUGO JOHANSON

UNDOUBTEDLY Rolf Wachencrantz was a great rogue. He had hoodwinked ninety thousand shareholders, and had long since left Europe for endless foreign adventure of uncertain repute. But to his niece and nephews—the three children of his only sister, Laura, who had married Herr Oscar Lundmark—he was a creature of enchanting legend.

They had never seen Rolf Wachencrantz. He had left the country many years before they were born; and though he was heard from now and again in some tantalizing manner, he never wrote to his old parents, his sister, or anybody else at the Sund. But the Lundmark children couldn't have enough of his story. Remoteness made him miraculous.

They were a conjectural lot, these children. From Svea, the oldest and going on eleven, the most was expected, for although not brilliant she was clever enough to be a pattern of conduct when it paid off to be one, and although common of face, she was healthy and robust. From Stig, the handsome and contrariwise in-between, the worst was expected; his father's rod and cane had quite failed to subdue him. What Inge, the youngest, would come to was pure guesswork.

Inge was six years old, and mousy for his years. At long intervals he went off his quiet tangent and was seized by convulsions, ending up in a hemorrhage. This "falling sickness" (it responded after a

fashion to cold water by the dipperful) coincided with ludicrous incidents: for instance, once it struck while he was offered ever so nicely at the table the tasty pope's nose of the speckled hen he had been wont to lead on a string; another time it overtook him when he found his Eulenspiegel book spread-eagled on the tract hook in the privy. He befriended earthworms and suchlike, and he kicked grownups in the shins when they picked wildflowers or otherwise raped nature.

A habitual beconer at nothing tangible with his thin hands, and a whisperer to nothing more of a listener than a filled-in crack in the ceiling, Inge undoubtedly teetered between sheer fantasy and bedecked reality. One of his many halfway-houses was the curing pantry, where for hours at a time he sat and hummed the Kingly Anthem in a throne he had built for himself of small, mellowing goat cheeses.

Whatever the cause—his unavoidable odor or his babyish aura—the boy was fetching to servant girls ruled by their appetites. Intellectual women preferred to discuss him knowingly. One governess (the one with the actual Ph.D. and the fancied Oedipus complex) spoke of him as "the little byproduct." Growing weary from edifying mummies, she overreached herself and said that the Lundmark family seemed so complete when the youngest was in hiding that he must have been begotten between parentheses instead of

between sheets. "Peeping Tom!" shouted Herr Lundmark, discharging her on the spot.

Rolf Wachencrantz, the faraway uncle, the creature of legend, was the invisible cord which held the three disparate siblings together. Svea and Stig doted on their small brother Inge because, being one with make-believe, he was the standard authority on Rolf Wachencrantz; Inge loved them, mostly because he didn't know better, partly because they subscribed to his daydreams. Inge gathered the frayed straw-man of rumors, whisked him free of adult ugliness, and paraded him anew with childish pomp and innocent circumstance. When Svea and Stig wormed out of their mother the unbearable secret that Rolf Wachencrantz was a "capitalist" by profession, Inge changed the term to "speculator"—which to them was a promotion. For practicing capitalists sat on folding money and silverware, but performing speculators were really interesting—they juggled other people's gold coins. It was Inge who upset the strict family etiquette by taking to speaking of Rolf Wachencrantz as "Rolf" instead of "Morbror" (mother's brother). He sensed early that Rolf's many-sided infamy was exhilarating and grandly elevated from the base level of ordinary relations.

Ordinary kinsmen bored the children with their patting and kissing and condescending remarks, but Rolf—a hearsay ennobled with moral turpitude—was another matter entirely. They knew of a telegram which had arrived one Easter, addressed to "THE SUNDLINGS, THE SUND," and reading, "SHORT LONG FRIDAY TO YOU STOP." The unsigned message came from Sao Joao do Principe, Brazil. Long Friday at the Sund fell at the height of the thaw and calving season, and slush and rennet pudding and admonitions were all the children ordinarily got out of that solemn, everlasting holiday. But was the opportune cheer aimed at them, had Rolf really sent it, and what did the "stop" mean? Stumped, the two oldest went to the youngest for guidance. He told them that Rolf had sent the telegram all right; Rolf operated in heathendom and never committed himself in writing.

As for "THE SUNDLINGS," it was hog Latin for "piglings," or tender Sund people; and the "stop" alluded to the rennet pudding—no more of it. The translation satisfied Svea and Stig no end. What Inge didn't know positively, he could be trusted to fancy for certain, and, furthermore, he was in close touch with Rolf's mother, who of course was their maternal grandmother. Inge was the only one of her grandchildren Fru Wachencrantz could stomach.

THE old Wachencrantz couple lived upstairs at the Sund. In his youth, the well-born Herr Louis Wachencrantz had traveled and quarreled extensively in foreign lands, broadening his mind when not preparing himself for the diplomatic service. Thrice he had attained the rank of consular agent's clerk, and as many times his superiors had thought the better of it and advanced him to the drudgery of the Home Office. Irked by the slow tempo peculiar to diplomacy, he had turned to commercial exploration. He had succeeded at least in finding a wife able to support him. "Peruvian bark treed him, Abyssinian papyrus swamped him, Turkish yogurt soured him, and I salvaged him," Fru Wachencrantz once explained when asked about the romantic events which had led to their marriage.

At eighty, Herr Wachencrantz' sight and hearing seemed to be better than ever, and his white hair cascaded in ringlets down his nape; his arms were lame, however, and he walked with difficulty. Every morning after breakfast, Fru Wachencrantz put him in a deep armchair next to the window, stuck a good cigar in his mouth, and spread the latest *Figaro* before him on the table. After five minutes the cigar had gone out, the scandal sheet was forgotten, and Herr Wachencrantz was staring intently through the window. At dusk he still peered out, a bit more eagerly if anything; when it turned coal dark he closed his eyes and sat upright, listening hard, quivering with suspense, until forcefully led off to bed. He was above speaking, at any rate civilly.

Nobody blamed Herr Wachencrantz for not behaving altogether rationally. In

addition to being thwarted and maimed, he came of an illustrious lineage which hadn't produced a doer in generations. There were times though when Fru Wachencrantz couldn't handle him herself and had to call in Petronella, the fowl woman. A shapeless spinster, hovering by nature, Petronella qualified as guardian angel. During the last week in April and the first in September, she enjoyed paid vacations—that is, she sat next to Herr Wachencrantz, practically in his lap, and knitted socks, the while keeping on the alert. At the first sound of the haunting come-along! come-along! of migrating birds, she jumped up, threw herself around Herr Wachencrantz' neck, and cried, "Fru Wachencrantz, they are honking around the bend!" Fru Wachencrantz would drop whatever she might be doing and join Petronella. Bearing down upon the straining little old fellow with their combined poundage, the two solid women prevented him from throwing himself against the window in his endeavors to join the trident-shaped formation above in its great seasonal flight, in the spring to the tarns of Lapland, in the fall to the headwaters of the Nile. As soon as the aerial summoning began to fade, the danger was over; earthed and wing-clipped, Louis Wachencrantz was released to sob in despair.

FRU WACHENCRANTZ took her husband's failings and her own comparatively good state of preservation for granted. Men and monuments will crack—they haven't a woman's bodily padding to fall back upon when pushed over, she said. Hard usage, middling dissipation, and no consideration for the consequences, had added corpulence to her tallness, sting to her speech, and a weakness for rendering to Satan the things that were Satan's. Born out of wedlock and therefore of kin to nobody and unencumbered, she had struck out for herself at an early age with a modiste's thimble in her apron pocket. She had made better than a competence designing hats, had invested and nearly lost it in the Sund, and then, curbed by the years, had turned the entire property over to her daughter and son-in-law and sat back to remind those who addressed

her as "Fru Retired Estate Owner" that she had merely reverted to her original status of penniless bastard.

It was whispered locally that she swilled Oporto, gulped French paperbacks, chewed her husband's neglected cigars, spat out blasphemies, and inhaled with gusto the blended fumes of freshly-manured potted plants and seasoned eel-cooking as she fell prey to the most telling symptom of senility—audible thinking.

Fru Wachencrantz didn't mind being overheard by good listeners but she detested inquisitive brats; that was the chief reason why her doors were closed to Svea and Stig. She wasn't certain how and when Inge got into her rooms; he appeared now and then, and there was little she could do about it even if she had wanted to. Sometimes when she was gambling for coppers with herself and swearing at the cards, she became aware of a child's hands gripping the edge of the card table. Raising her eyes she noticed that Inge's lips were busy at work emulating her pungencies. Though it didn't matter much (the child was all soul and could be trusted to swear with it), Fru Wachencrantz pruned her language a trifle and invited him to stay.

In the early hours of Sunday mornings, while she was flailing at the knickknacks in her salon with a peacock feather duster, Fru Wachencrantz often stumbled over the boy. The pictures on the walls were chosen from two schools: the violent and the peaceful. The raging torrent, the overwhelming cataract, the blizzard on the plains, the thunderstorm in the mountains, the tossed hulk, and the charging lancers, along with the tree stumps, broken barrels, and bloated corpses that go with upheavals, were as often and as painstakingly represented as were the sunlit dell, the moon-washed mesa, the munching herd, the joyful harvest. The disciples of Gericault and Meissonier had no warmer admirer and readier weeper than Inge. Sitting astride a three-legged tabouret, upholstered with yellow silk, he propelled himself, mentally and physically, from bliss to tumult to disaster. Fru Wachencrantz disapproved of rough handling and emotional sprees in her salon; and she saved both boy and tabouret from

going to pieces by promising him sounder fare if he would dismount and come and see what was new in the love seat.

"What was new" was usually a recent clipping from a Continental newspaper—*Le Matin*, or one of the leading German bourse organs—pertaining to Rolf's current swindles. These clippings were sent to his mother by a news bureau she subscribed to. The love seat had been a powder cask during the Thirty Years War; after it had been cut down to a barrel chair for two, its combustive reek had ignited the passions of many a groping couple. Himself excepted, Herr Wachencrantz had contributed nothing to the home but this cavernous, oaken, and copper-bound malformation. The seat proper was the old cask head, which when lifted disclosed a receptacle filled with tokens of Fru Wachencrantz' first-born. But in it were no toddler's shoes or beribboned tam; nothing in the exotic accumulation dated back more than a quarter of a century—to the year Rolf had gone abroad and cut himself off in a manner from the family.

Kneeling before the love seat and beating time with the feather duster, Fru Wachencrantz would first read a clipping about Rolf in melodramatic French or seriocomic German and then sum it up in buffoon Sund dialect. Inge would stand beside her, lapping up the rhetoric of the international preamble and nodding happily at the glad tidings of the native finale. Once the latter had been, "Rolf is up to his nose in guano now"; another time, "Rolf seems to have pawned off that gravel pit of his for a Matto Grosso iron mine"; and still another time, "Rolf's gutta-percha bubble is on the rebound."

ONCE in a long while, the love seat yielded more substantial evidence of Rolf. As if determined to keep intact the cloud he had left the Sund under, he sometimes ordered a curio dealer or a luxury shop to wrap up a bizarre memento and ship it anonymously to the Sund. At Christmas, it might be a bright tropical oddity, suitable to enhance the murk of the winter solstice that the Sund people dwelt in; near the time of an older's birthday, it might be an ornament,

the costliness and warped design of which would remind the celebrant of the futility of worldly goods and the frailty of man. Anything bearing the laconic address "The Sund" was turned over to Fru Wachencrantz, not so much because she typified the Sund but because, being the perpetrator of Rolf so to speak, she ought to bear the brunt of his output.

Over the course of the years, Fru Wachencrantz had received so many odd things from so many improbable places that, the sense of novelty having faded, she now put foreign-stamped and toll-marked mail in the love seat, to be left unopened until Inge happened to be present. A tolerable grandmother, she got more fun from watching the boy, half beside himself from anticipation and chafing underwear, cutting the strings of a parcel, insured for a preposterous sum of money, than from trying on the filigreed, sabretoothed necklace of gold that it contained; and, an adventuress at heart, she joined him in sampling vivid-labeled canisters, the while thinking aloud that xarque and maté were not a whit better than jerky and Paraguay tea.

In addition to letting it be known that he remembered the Sund, Rolf also insinuated that he wished to be remembered. And so, about once a year, he enriched the love seat with an unsolicited photograph of himself. When Inge suggested that the mounting collection of pictures ought to be preserved in an album, Fru Wachencrantz went and fetched Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, a hitherto idle tome at the Sund, and put it to use. Together they tore out all the pages except those with illustrations on them; then they pasted Rolf on Mr. Badman. The redecoration was all that was needed to make Bunyan wonderful to Inge. Printed in needle-sharp focus on steely platinum paper, Senhor Wachencrantz towered on horseback at the head of a mule train winding its unerring way across an unmapped campo; or lolled in a hamaca slung among lianas and pythons in a miasmal clearing; or clinked glasses with khakied pathfinders and dusterclad promoters outside an adobe tavern; or even popularized manual labor by washing pure gold from an Amazonian tributary.

One of the pictures was a poor likeness of Rolf, perhaps a counterfeit, Inge thought. If one could believe it, Rolf was a haggard, middle-aged person, wearing a planter's white linen suit, who sat in moody contemplation on a terrace beside a ferny ravine and a listless sea. Nothing lessened the dreariness of the vista unless it was the person's hands, holding out a stock certificate (de Wachencrantz Interbourse Preferential) as if floating it. Every time Fru Wachencrantz ran across that particular Mr. Badman entry, she regretted her love life. The streak of merciless honesty in her prompted her to tell Inge he was a whittled-down replica of Rolf; an inkling of pity for the undeservingly tainted forbade her to hint that the child's mouth was weak no matter how pretty, his eyes small no matter how dreamy, his hands restless no matter how charming, his nose a Wachencrantz hall-mark (a defiant ridge ending in a vague knob) no matter how childish just now. Unable to disentangle her simple-hearted grandson from her double-dealing son, Fru Wachencrantz hoisted herself up from the floor, leaving Inge to turn the pages. The foreign views transported him, and he became a towering, spurred, clinking Senhor who washed gold in the Sund love seat.

FRU WACHENCRAINTZ entertained on a modest scale. She was at home in her kitchen every Tuesday at three o'clock to Petronella and herself. If on these occasions the down-draft somehow wafted the cooking odors downstairs and Inge upstairs, his presence was blinked at. In the hallway he picked up Papagaio, the house bird, who lived on a crucifix made of two broom handles. The occasion was given over to eel in paper; tiny, spiced meat balls sautéed in butter; boiled potatoes, black bread dunked in the eel drippings; plum compôte, and Oporto. Fru Wachencrantz drank the Oporto from a gilded and enameled beaker, Petronella from a pewter mug, Papagaio from an egg cup, and Inge from an eye cup.

Since the hostess delighted in truly homey touches, any little mishap at the table was a godsend most apropos, a re-

minder of bygone follies and lapses, and an invitation to take the skeletons out of the family closet for a rattling; and since she was earthly in all manner of speech, her guests were all ears. They didn't hurry her, just let fortuitous events occur. Inge never knew that Papagaio, the parrot, was a retired Nemesis until the day when the bird overindulged and fell off his crucifix into Fru Wachencrantz' lap, where his thrashing about to the tune of lewd words brought to her mind Rolf's tantrums when crossed in love.

It seemed that in his early twenties, while professing attendance at the Royal Institute of Mining, Rolf had sought in liaison a pretty hussy named Dorcas. She was exacting; she told him to his face that in her station of life one stood off the pinch-fisted and unbent to the full-handed. Within a year Rolf had managed to borrow and spend so much money on Dorcas that Fru Wachencrantz had recalled him to the Sund and given him the choice of stepping into a pair of old-fashioned work pants or betaking himself to the Newfangled World. He left the country.

Dorcas drove up to the pier as Rolf's steamer pulled out for "Sydamerika." She flung him a bouquet of forget-me-nots and a hint that she would keep him posted on her affections if he could see his way clear to keep her in stamps and incidentals. Rolf waved and waved; and once out there among duskier charms and inflated prices, the memory of her dearness stood for all that was fair and true, and he worked hard and remitted on the dot—up to the day Dorcas answered, announcing across the sunset view of a penny postal her engagement to a civil servant of considerable means and years.

Rolf threw up his mean job in an assayer's office and fell to shopping for a pertinent wedding present. Finally in the harbor district of Pernambuco he found Papagaio. With the purchase went a one-hundred-year guarantee of the parrot's scurrility. Rolf's malice aforethought was excellent. He intended to hide the bird underneath the altar cloth in the church where the wedding was going to take place and then hide himself behind a pillar. As the pastor intoned and the dastards

clasped hands, he would crack Brazil nuts, which would touch off Papagaio, by then good and ready with hunger. After Papagaio had subsided sufficiently for someone else to be heard, Rolf would stalk up to the swooned Dorcas, crunch with his heel the dried-up bouquet of forget-me-nots, laugh bitterly, and take his leave, shaken to the marrow yet unbowed.

The plan miscarried. Arriving on the scene late at night to install Papagaio, Rolf found himself ankle-deep in confetti and rice. He had traveled nine thousand miles and was eleven hours too late. Good advice coming high, he sat down in a pew and consulted his traveling flask filled with expensive cognac. Then he went as straight as possible to the newly-wedded couple's home. It was a warm, dark summer night, and a soft, cooing laughter issued from the veiled persiennes of the bridal chamber, shot through with the several gleams of a dimmed magenta light.

Rolf recognized the stage only too well. Obsessed by a mad craving to shift the suggestive scenes and jumble the ribald lines, he climbed a porch rail; broke the window with his flask; threw Papagaio and his cage and the forget-me-nots at the four-poster within; drew his revolver and picked off the gingerbread on the headboard with a deafening six-gun wedding salute; bashed in the hateful magenta lights; jumped down, shouting, "Good night—sleep tight!" and caught a milk train for the nearest seaport and returned to South America, never to see his homeland again, never to skim and slave and remit, ever to taunt and contrive and destroy.

The civil servant succumbed in the autumn to old age, accelerated by shock. Looking very passionate and purposeful in her black-and-white half-mourning ensemble, Dorcas went directly from the burial to see Fru Wachencrantz and find out Rolf's new address. She countered Fru Wachencrantz' sardonic smile by declaring that Rolf had always been foremost in her bosom—well, others might have leaned on it, but while doing so they had filled her hope chest. Fru Wachencrantz offered to trade in what little she knew of Rolf's whereabouts for Papagaio. It was a bargain; a poor one for

Dorcas, however, for Rolf didn't answer her letters. Her subsequent career was catastrophic; she married a repeatedly widowed tanner, an imperturbable man with the leanings of a wife-tamer.

SOME time after Inge turned seven, his father, who lived up to his military profession by wearing tight riding breeches and talking in the lingo of the King's Horse Artillery, happened to lay his eyes on the child in earnest, and thereupon marched him to the servant girls in the big downstairs kitchen, and commanded, "Mobilize the man in this non-effective."

A great deal of laughter was spent and a few tears were wasted as the girls lifted Inge onto the meat block, undressed him, and sized him up. They decided that the Herr Warrant Officer and Estate Owner probably wanted Inge's long hair and pinafore to come off and a jacket and reinforced pants to go on; the most loving mused that though the boy's hair might not be of any particular color, it was like eiderdown to the touch, and that if his head must be shaved in the back he could at least wear a bang; and all agreed that the pants might well be prettied in the behind with bice moleskin and on the front with mother-of-pearl buttons.

Inge felt frigid. His father's gruff soldier talk and the servant girls' gush didn't fire his imagination. Nothing worthwhile seemed to come from all this chatter about manliness. No damnable longings and choice sins fit to envy were laid bare—only his goose flesh. And the church bells were clanking, too, hardly a sportive . . . Could it be Sunday with those bells ringing? Might not his grandmother be dusting around the love seat at that very moment?

Inge slid off the meat block, snatched at his clothes, got the pinafore, and was gone. The servant girls gaped at the slammed door.

Inge's visits to Fru Wachencrantz' apartment hadn't come off so well lately; indeed he hadn't heard anything about Rolf for months, because of the lamentable state of his grandfather's health. The sublime calls of a flock of whistling swans, circling the Sund for fully ten minutes

while taking bearings, had aroused Herr Wachencrantz to such dizzy mental heights that he had come down with a stroke, which, besides worsening the lameness of his extremities from partial to total, had loosened his tongue. The next manifestation from above would sod him; in the meantime he should be put on a liquid diet as an acclimatization to the spirit world, the doctor had prescribed. Fru Wachencrantz and Petronella took turns sitting at his bedside, spoon-feeding him Oporto and nodding assent to his poisonous dissertations on the differences between the swift flight of a wild goose and the sluggish waddle of a silly old goose.

But now intuition served Inge well, for Fru Wachencrantz was in her salon when he peered in. She wasn't dusting though. Dressed elegantly in gray velvet and bespangled here and there with the more wearable of Rolf's gifts, she was kneeling by the love seat. The Mr. Badman album was propped up against it, opened at the contemplative picture of Rolf on the terrace. In her hair bobbed a black crepe fichu, back and forth, precisely like the parish church bells, which were going full blast now. As Inge sidled up to her, she began to read aloud from a sheaf of newspaper clippings, headed with big fat words.

Fru Wachencrantz was in tiptop form. Head thrown back, she spat out the French version with sparkling bravado and mocking gestures, as to a frenetic gallery; changing into a bullnecked stance, she stormed convincingly in German. But she seemed to be in no hurry to translate the news into the dialect of the Sund. Instead she behaved as if the performance was ended. Slowly and deliberately she peeled off her fineries. From her bosom she took a sleek miniature chronometer, its case fashioned like a sea-shell and the dial graduated to tell, among other extraordinary information, the dog watches on shipboard; from her waist, a vanity case and coin purse of medieval robber-proof chain mail; from underneath her chins, an outsize cameo with amorino bowmen; from her ear lobes, clusters of Job's tears; from a wrist the sabre-toothed necklace, which had never fitted her neck. And she put them away in Rolf's concep-

tion of a jewel chest—a small imitation of an Assian stone sarcophagus. This chest she snapped shut, leaving the key inside.

Full of wonder, Inge touched Fru Wachencrantz' arm questioningly. "Oh, yes," she said, "the holders of Interbourse Preferential are going to seed because Rolf has been shot by hidden forces in the interior—in Boa Esperanza and between the shoulder-blades." She put the trinket coffin and the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* in the love seat, closed the lid with a bang, buried her head in her skirt, and sorrowed with her shoulders.

INGE knew at once what a death knell was. It was made up of sounds the ear might hear but only the heart could grasp—the nailing down of a memento casket, the closing of a reckoning book, the slam of a love seat, the crumbling of a life span, the anguish of a left-behind, all set off at the same time by the echoing report of a Mauser carbine fired from close ambush in the wilds of the world.

His grandmother's anguish sickened Inge. Whatever blood he had in his veins coursed upward, where it constricted his throat, thickened his tongue, choked his nose, blurred his eyes, clogged his ears, pummeled his temples. He knew he shouldn't scream and kick and roll on the floor, yet he felt he must or else suffocate. He had done it before, he would do it now. Nothing but air could save him . . . ice water couldn't, whipping couldn't . . . air could . . . would . . . oh, air was coming his way. . . . He could breath a little now, and smell a lot! Attar of roses? No, a delicious whiff of eel in paper. . . .

The breath of life cleared Inge's head. Suddenly he realized that, despite the sound of the bells, it wasn't Sunday at all: it was Tuesday, the day of Oporto and fortuitous events. After having received the newspaper clippings in the morning mail, his grandmother had started the dinner and put it in the oven, and had begun planning the funeral of what there was of Rolf at the Sund. She had sent word to the sexton to toll the bells; she had read the burial litany herself, from *Le Matin* and the *Boersen-Courier*; now she was kneel-

ing by the graveside; but she would surely arise in time for the collation. It was up to Inge not to disturb her—to forget his alleged new manliness and be non-effective.

The boy stood at ease behind Fru Wachencrantz. But for his pinafore he had not a stitch on, a shortage he was unaware of. Drops of blood trickled steadily from his nostrils, and on his lips red, frothy bubbles rose and sank when he breathed—just as other red bubbles had fallen in

Boa Esperanza: fallen from the saddle horn, against which Rolf Wachencrantz' lifeless body slumped—fallen onto a crested *sudadero*, askew and lashing the hoofs of a panicked horse. The *mestico* who had at last caught the running horse had not been able to see the image of the Sund imprinted in the outlander's glassy pupils, nor the crossed-out name *Dorcas* above his heart, yet he had sensed the importance of the slain Senhor. And soon a telegraph key had begun tapping.

Jeremiad

OSCAR WILLIAMS

WHEN the bird flew from the Columbus hull
And swung our canyons from its fabled beak,
Or gravitation donned long gloves of bough
To drop its apple in perception's lap,
How was the embattled Spirit to conceive
Monstrosities lay breathing in the good,
That limbs of lambs could grow the heads of wolves?

The multitudes who built a wall of graves
Around the golden calf of nothingness
And faced the deathrays of the deathless smile
Through the vast stretches of injustice brought
The flower brimming in the crack of light—
They open valves to brimstone on our sleep
And freight the air with tons of memory.

Now out of reservoirs of misery
Our language glistens with a flow of tears
And history sweats its worms out of the books;
While prodded by war planes of an angry day
Out of abstraction's bed we turn to meet
The gigantic sense of failure darkening
The many windowed framework of the skull.

And once again, and maybe more than once
Again, must we put down the clockwheel tools
And apron of our carelessness, and rise
And throw our bodies, our bags of blood, against
The rocks of Mammonhood and so blot out
The evil writing on the tidal wall,
The Red Sea running down the heart of God.

WHAT PERÓN IS UP TO

JOHN HERLING

THE antics of Juan Domingo Perón have always been distasteful, of course—but until now few of us have taken them really seriously. After all, if the Argentines seemed to be willing to put up with their slick-haired, slightly ridiculous neo-dictator, that was their hard luck, wasn't it? A bellicose dictatorship in Germany, Japan, or even Italy could develop into a danger to the whole world. But located in a remote Latin-American country, such a regime could hardly be regarded as anything more than an embarrassing nuisance. Or so it looked to most Americans.

Perhaps it is time to take another look. For Perón has made it quite plain within the last few months that his ambitions reach far beyond Argentina. His aim is to bring under his control at least five neighboring states. (Eventually he may hope to soften up another four farther to the north.) Around a strong core of Argentine industrial and military power, he plans to mold these satellites into a bloc capable of challenging America's dominating influence in the Western Hemisphere. With their varied resources, he hopes to build a virtually self-sufficient economic empire which might some day aspire to the rank of a major power. With their votes in the United Nations, he would carry a diplomatic weight approximating that of the Arab League or even the British Dominions. His bargaining possibilities—playing

off Russia against the United States—would then be measurably enhanced.

All this, of course, would mean the dismemberment of that hemisphere unity which has been a traditional goal of the American republics. For the United States it would add up to a first-class diplomatic disaster.

MOREOVER, Perón now seems to have a better-than-even chance of success. His campaign has been carefully planned so that its two wings—one domestic, the other foreign—are moving forward together, each supporting the other. Within the country, he is carrying out a Five Year Plan designed to create a large-scale industry and the most effective military machine in the continent. This requires raw materials, heavy machinery, and technical know-how. He expects to extract the raw materials from Argentina's weaker neighbors, and both the machinery and the technicians in large part from the United States.

In order to get them he is using ruthless economic pressure—a "peso diplomacy"—which he and his chief lieutenants have learned to apply with considerable skill. His main weapons are wheat, vegetable oils, and meat—all desperately needed by a hungry world. For every ton he ships abroad, he is demanding the last centavo the traffic will bear, both in economic and political profits.

After having spent five years with the Office of Inter-American Affairs in Washington, John Herling put in five months in Europe followed by a month in Argentina early this year as special correspondent for several newspapers.

These maneuvers are backed up by a propaganda campaign worthy of the late Dr. Goebbels. Day after day *El Lider* is inciting his people—proud and nationalistic in their very genes—to a fierce sense of aggressive mission. They are constantly reminded that Argentina is the largest Spanish-speaking nation in South America, and the only one which is not a borrower but a lender. Theirs is also a country of ancient greatness, once the seat of the Spanish vice-royalty which stretched to the outer boundaries of Paraguay, Uruguay, and Bolivia. And today, Perón tells them, they have fallen heir to the culture, faith, and lost grandeur of both Rome and Spain.

As counterpoint to this patriotic chest-thumping, his propaganda machine thunders ceaseless warnings about the dangers of Yankee imperialism and the corrosive evil of the dollar. On this point he merely chimes in with the world-wide propaganda of the Communists—who have become, at least for the moment, his gratified allies.

II

FOR handling his economic schemes, both at home and abroad, Perón leans heavily on one man. He is Miguel Miranda, president of the government-owned Banco Central. He combines in his own hands the functions of a Reconstruction Finance Corporation, an Export-Import Bank, a Federal Reserve System, and a powerful commercial bank, whose facilities are especially available to men and nations who hold sound views about the Perón government. Moreover, as chief negotiator for the purchase of foreign-owned holdings in Argentina, it is he who measures out the pesos from Argentina's bulging coffers.

Miranda is a large, tough business man who was one of the early converts to the putsch. Just as Perón had used certain key union leaders to decoy labor into the government corral, so he used Miranda to help cajole and intimidate business men into lending their support to the dictatorship. Few Argentines were so well qualified for this role. Miranda began life as a factory employee, became a foreman, and eventually opened his own canning busi-

ness. He now has some thirty plants scattered throughout the country.

Though he is not yet officially a member of the cabinet, his work transcends that of many of the formal government departments. He always has instant access to Perón's office. When the government is reorganized according to the prospectus of the Five Year Plan, he probably will become Minister of Economic Affairs. So far as the military men behind the regime are concerned, he will be able to run on a long leash as long as he produces the results they want.

A recent incident indicates the character of Miranda's relationship to Perón. Farmers in Argentina have grown very bitter because the government reaps an enormous profit on wheat which it sells abroad—often at three times the price the government pays them. A large delegation of the Argentine Agrarian Federation recently stormed into Buenos Aires to protest. Perón sharply reminded them that through its monopolistic foreign trade profits the government was buying national glory and economic self-sufficiency for all Argentines, including the farmers. He declared that both he and Señor Miranda worked hard every day from six in the morning to ten at night without receiving any personal benefit. He himself, said Perón, was as poor as a churchmouse, while Miranda, who owned so many factories and countless millions of pesos, was obviously beyond financial temptations. Perón added that Miranda has given up his time for the people, neglecting his personal interests, and thereby losing money. Skepticism about the character of this sacrifice is widespread in Argentina.

ASIDE from the confidence which Perón bestows upon him, Miranda is linked through a series of rewarding family connections with the Secretary of Industry and Commerce, Rolando Lagomarsino; with the president of the Perón-controlled Chamber of Deputies, Ricardo C. Guardo; and with the Minister of Agriculture, Juan Carlos Picazo-Elordy. Through the ramifications of this family group, he heads one of the most powerful nepotism-combines in the government.

A hard trader, Miranda has gone about

the business of buying out the foreign-owned railroads with brusqueness and dispatch. When the French haggled too long, they got less than the original offer. In negotiating for the purchase of the British-owned railways Miranda offered them two billion pesos—which he said was a “sentimental figure.” It took a great deal of finagling for the British to get a little more than that. At the same time he announced with malicious glee that he cleared 780 million pesos (roughly 200 million dollars) on the sale of linseed oil to Great Britain.

The recent Belgian wheat negotiations provide another instructive example of Miranda’s technique. A Belgian mission arrived in Buenos Aires to buy a hundred thousand tons of grain for delivery before mid-June. Belgian grain stocks were expected to run very low by that date; North American wheat could not be shipped until after the fall harvest; in no place but Argentina could the Belgians hope to find supplies to tide them over the lean summer months. Perón & Company used their bargaining advantage so ruthlessly that the Belgians finally complained that “the Argentine government gripped Belgium by the throat to wring an exorbitant price out of her”—a price even higher than Britain had been forced to pay.

By cashing in on the world’s hunger in this fashion, Miranda hopes to finance a good part of the Five Year Plan. At the moment he is making a killing; but whether the scheme works in the long run will depend on how long the seller’s market lasts. If world food production gets back to normal within the next two or three years, Argentine wheat, vegetable oil, and meat prices are bound to drop sharply—and Perón will then have to find some other way to finance his costly military and industrialization schemes.

This prospect apparently weighs heavily on Miranda’s mind. He has warned the British Chamber of Commerce in Argentina that if England did not pay “proper” prices for cereals and meat, “it will oblige our country to look for new markets, or use our land for growing other products.” And he explained Argentina’s refusal to enter any international agreement for the control of wheat prices in these terms:

“It seems that all the world is agreed upon establishing a low price for wheat. I ask myself why do they not hold a conference to establish prices for raw materials and industrial products that we need, prices which would be in conformity with those they want to fix on wheat?”

III

MEANWHILE, before Argentina’s temporary economic advantages disappear, Miranda is hurrying to enmesh the weaker neighboring countries in a web of loans, trade agreements, and commodity deals. Once their economies have become dependent on Argentina, political dependence is not likely to lag far behind.

Miranda’s most useful tool for economic penetration is the Banco de la Nación, now subordinate to his Banco Central. A branch of this bank in Asunción, Paraguay’s capital, has helped tie the economies of the two countries closely together. Other branches are being planned for Santiago, Chile, and La Paz, Bolivia, while feelers for similar establishments are going out to Peru, Ecuador, and even Brazil.

Paraguay was the first and easiest economic conquest. For some time, in fact, prior to Perón she has been little more than an Argentine colony. Aside from the bonds of trade and banking, Paraguay is entirely dependent on Argentina for access to the sea; if she does not behave politely, Perón can cut off all foreign trade—including food supplies—at a moment’s notice. Strict control is exercised over the goings and comings between the port of Buenos Aires and Paraguay cities upriver. For example, last February a group of immigrants on their way to Paraguay were arbitrarily diverted by the port authorities away from their original destination to settlements in Argentina.

Chile also is being brought into the Perón fold by means of a five-year Agreement on Economic and Financial Cooperation. The declared purpose of this agreement is to strengthen the economic and social ties between the two nations—which had long been said to lie, not side by side, but back to back. The agreement called for an Argentine credit of 700 mil-

lion pesos, or about 175 million dollars, with which Chile expects to speed up the development of her transport facilities, plus coal, iron, and timber resources.

From the purely economic standpoint, the deal may well prove to be a sound one for both parties. Chile really needs financial help, and Argentina needs Chilean iron, coal, copper, and nitrates to stoke her industrial and military machine. Yet the agreement, as originally drawn, met determined opposition from a large section of the Chilean Chamber of Deputies. Mindful of their country's traditional independence, these deputies feared that the economic pact might become a forerunner for Argentine political penetration. If Perón dominates so large a part of Chile's economy, any political demands he may lay down in the future clearly will be difficult to refuse.

The Chilean Communists, however, enthusiastically supported the loan, on grounds that it not only would greatly benefit Chile's economic development but also would strike a blow against "Yankee imperialism." Moreover, since the Argentine Communists were supporting Perón's Five Year Plan, their Chilean brethren felt obliged to back the agreement as an example of party solidarity. Because the sentiment of other parties was almost evenly divided, the Communists held the balance of power.

WHILE this pattern for economic penetration was being set in Chile, Perón widened his embrace to bring in Bolivia—whose government he had previously viewed with great disfavor. Its leaders had overthrown the Villaroél regime, which had long been friendly to Perón; and in retaliation he had cut down food shipments to Bolivia to a starvation trickle. This effort to starve the Bolivians into submission failed, however—partly because of an American promise of food-stuffs—and last January the little country demonstrated considerable stability by electing a new president in an unexpectedly orderly campaign.

Thereupon Perón reversed his tactics, without any noisy shifting of political or economic gears. He sent a mission to the Bolivian capital, bearing a horn of plenty

brimming over with offers of food and credits. Moreover, he moved at a strategic moment. The United States had just refused to raise its price of 67 cents for a pound of tin to meet the Bolivian demand for 76 cents—and, since tin mining is Bolivia's only important industry, the price deadlock was causing a good deal of ill-feeling.

"Let **us** not haggle about price," the Argentine mission proclaimed grandly—and promptly committed itself to buy eight thousand tons of tin a year for five years at 76 cents a pound.

This deal was curious, because Argentina has no tin smelters. What does Perón expect to do, then, with all that raw ore? One shrewd guess is that he may expect to sell it, eventually, to the United States for at least as much as he paid for it. Americantín stocks are low; and Argentina is in a much better position than little Bolivia to hang on to the ore and wait for a better price. If the United States finally has to buy on Perón's terms, he will be able to chalk up a double victory. He will have purchased a valuable parcel of Bolivian good will, and he will have succeeded in making America pay for it. (On the other hand, if the United States is able to get all the tin it needs from the reviving mines of Malaya and the Netherlands East Indies, the Argentines may have to take a heavy loss on this little speculation.)

From its triumphs in Bolivia, Perón's trade mission moved on to Peru. That country needed nearly two hundred thousand tons of Argentine wheat in the year just ended, and she will need just as much next year, along with other items such as lard, butter, and meat. In return Peru is ready to supply Argentina with coal, petroleum, cotton, rubber, and metals which Perón needs for his industrial program. Moreover, Argentina reportedly is dangling an offer of about thirty million dollars in credits to enable Peru to develop coal resources, build new industries, and expand transport facilities. The proposition sounds attractive to the Peruvians, who presumably will not have ready access to the funds of our Export-Import Bank because they have been in default for the past seventeen years on private

loans from individual American investors.

To justify Peru's failure to repay these loans, Perón's political missionaries have worked hard to steer Peru, strongly anti-totalitarian, away from the United States. They have harped on two propaganda themes: (1) Uncle Sam was a Shylock in making the loans in the first place; (2) since Peru was in the grip of a dictatorship at the time they were made, the loans were a bad risk which Wall Street ventured only for the sake of the large commissions involved. In such an atmosphere, the Argentine mission hardly needs to bother with making overt anti-American propaganda of its own; it can merely sit tight while Peru is encouraged to search its memory for past grievances against the United States.

IN TACKLING Uruguay—one of the most articulate exponents of democracy in Latin America—Perón has adopted another course, or rather series of courses. Economic pressure, though it is not neglected, would be inadequate in this case. Consequently, Argentina is putting on political pressure as well by encouraging the ultra-nationalist, anti-democratic Herrerista party. Its leader, Luis Alberto de Herrera, has been hailed by Perón as "the greatest statesman in the Western Hemisphere." Although he failed to win last year's election, his group registered surprising gains. His henchmen are within easy reach of Argentine moral support—and perhaps someday military support—since Uruguay's capital is barely an hour's plane flight across the bay from Buenos Aires.

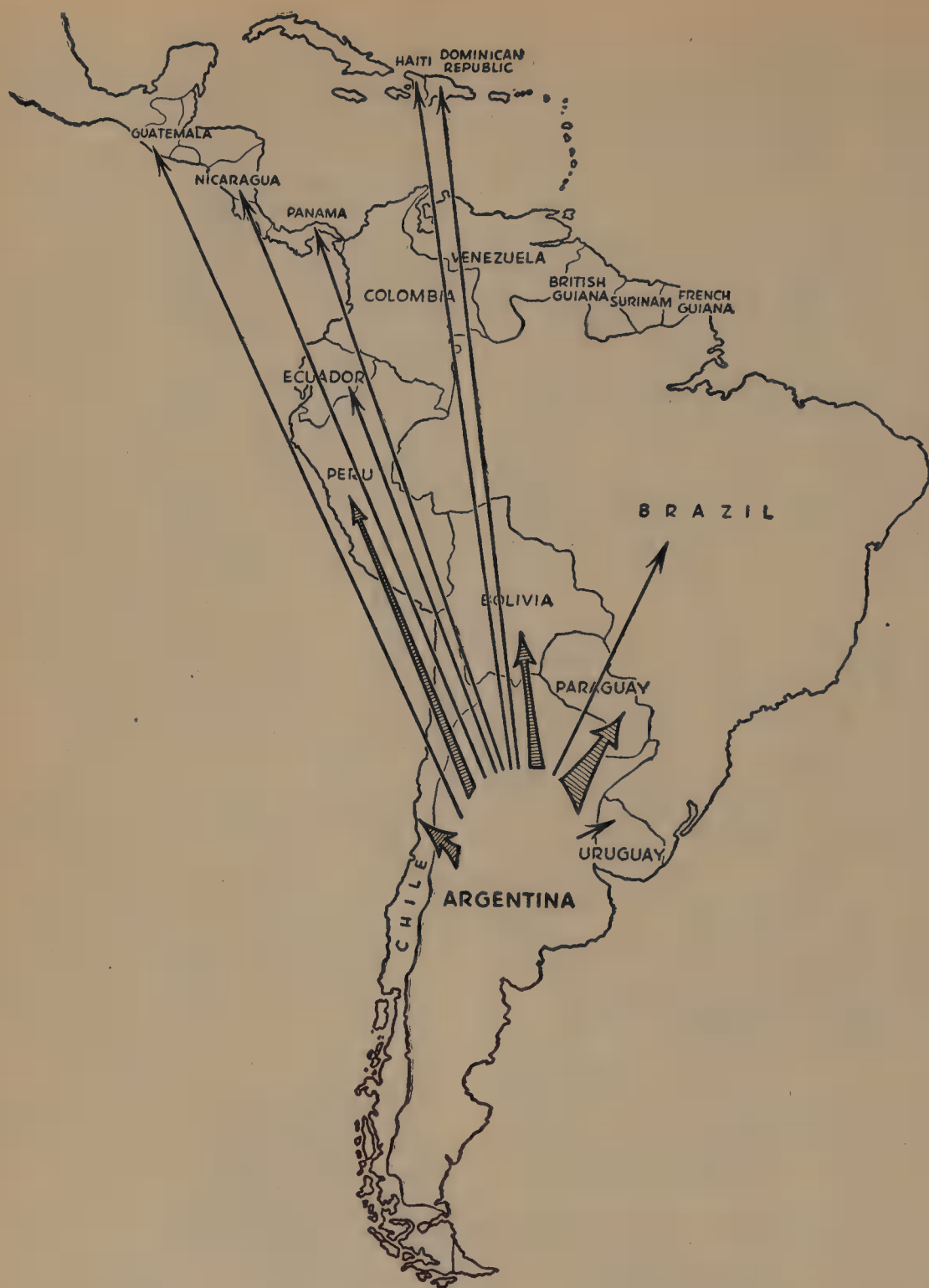
Although the Herreristas are fiercely conservative and were bitterly hostile to the Allies throughout the war, they now are joined in a working alliance with the Uruguayan Communists, who control at least half of the country's labor organizations. Here, as in Argentina, the extreme Right and the extreme Left have united in an assault on middle-of-the-road democracy, and in denouncing the United States and the Truman Doctrine. As long as eighteen months ago, the Moscow newspaper *Trud* quoted with approval the anti-American sentiments of *El Debate*, the organ of the Herrerista party.

While these elements are working to loosen up the democratic fiber of the Uruguayan people, Perón can rely on still another argument to persuade them to come along quietly. Uruguay's second largest industry is the tourist trade, largely made up of Argentine visitors. From time to time Perón threatens to cut off the tourist traffic from across the bay—and Uruguay winces every time he waves this club.

A similar Argentine experiment in psychological warfare was defeated last year by prompt American countermeasures. During the Uruguayan election campaign, Perón tried to help his Herrerista friends by indicating that he might no longer be able to supply wheat to Uruguay. Such an embargo might have meant considerable hardship, because the little country—normally an excellent grain producer—had just suffered a severe drought. The United States, however, announced that it would ship wheat to make up the deficit, and Perón quickly withdrew his bluff.

WHILE Miranda has been manipulating the apparatus of pressure and economic penetration, a diplomatic road company led by Diego Luis Molinari has been touring the capitals of Latin America to dispense flattery and blandishments. This group has paid particular attention to the smaller republics—notably those in the Caribbean area—whose weak economies and low living standards make them especially susceptible to diplomatic cajolery. Its recent trek was carried out in high style, complete with a warship, the *Rivadavia*, a four-motored plane, and a detachment of spectacularly uniformed grenadiers. Molinari himself, leader of the Argentine Senate and a former Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, provided a maximum of prestige.

He bore warm fraternal greetings to the President of the Dominican Republic from the President of Argentina, in full confidence that the dictator in this Caribbean island would surely be an admirer of Perón. In Haiti, Molinari could depend on the easily-revived memory of its occupation by U. S. Marines, and referred slyly to "the chain of gold" that binds the country to the United States.



Guatemala presented another type of problem. Here Molinari was able to give the impression that Argentina would support Guatemala against Britain in its demand for British Honduras, if Guatemala would back Argentina in its claim to the British-held Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic. Both have been British possessions for a century or more. This kind of issue may have interesting possibilities for

some future agenda of the United Nations. Argentina could pose as a defender of Guatemalan sovereignty, win the sympathy of many Latin American states, and find allies among the delegates of the Arab League as well as Soviet Russia and its satellites.

Nicaragua was reminded by the Molinari mission that U. S. Marines once hunted Sandino through its jungles, and

also was offered the prospect of credit from Argentina as an escape from dependence on the United States. For good measure, its briefly retired president, Somoza—who has bounced back to power—was warmly invited to visit Argentina. In Panama, whose sovereignty is bisected by the canal, even a covert appeal is effective when made to groups like those headed by the bitterly anti-American former president, Arnulfo Arias, recently returned from exile in Argentina. The sensitive surface of Pan-American relations reveals many a blotch which can be rubbed until it becomes a rash. Molinari rubbed with a fine Argentine hand.

IV

PERÓN's conception of diplomatic action was outlined in a famous speech he delivered at the University of La Plata three years ago, when he was Minister of War. "Diplomacy should be exercised in the same way in which a campaign is carried on in wartime," he said. "It has its own forces and arms and can wage its own battles if necessary to attain objectives dictated by policy. If the objective can be obtained by diplomacy, then the task is lessened and the matter rests. But if diplomacy is not sufficient to obtain the particular objective, then steps must be taken to achieve them by force—naturally taking into consideration that this is the most extreme step."

By way of illustration he cited at admiring length the Nazi diplomatic technique from 1933 to 1939, culminating in the Nazi-Soviet pact, and pointed out that "political maneuvering and diplomacy played an important part in preparing for military conquest."

He then stated: "Our diplomacy, therefore . . . is backed up by our armed forces; and these must increase until they insure the respect and consideration they deserve in the continent and throughout the world."

Without the internal mobilization which is being carried out by the Five Year Plan, the effectiveness of Argentina's foreign policy would be considerably lessened. Perón has a clear chart of action. There are two parts to his Five Year Plan—one

advertised, the other not. The first is largely concerned with economic development, cultural control, and tight centralization of the government structure. According to the cost itemized in a two-volume document entitled *Plan de Gobierno*, a sum of 6,600 million pesos is to be expended on this phase alone in the five-year period. The other part—"national defense"—is described as confidential. Nothing is made public about the allocation of manpower or money to carry through the military plans.

With this document, part propaganda and part blueprint, Perón has given Argentina's fourteen and a half million people an agenda. It includes everything from folk-dancing to hydro-electric dams, compulsory Catholic religious instruction, social welfare, votes for women, and the intensive exploration and mining of strategic minerals.

The chief architect of this plan is a Catalan, José Figuerola, who fled his native Spain in 1931 in the same automobile with his leader, Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator who had just been ousted. One of its energetic promoters is Heinrich Doerge, disciple of Hjalmar Schacht. One of its technicians is Royal B. Lord, former general in the U. S. Army Engineers and onetime employee of Henry Wallace in the Board of Economic Warfare. Whether you call the plan a prospectus, an *omnium gatherum*, a full employment program, or no plan at all—there is disagreement about how precise a mechanism it is—undoubtedly it has become an effective institutional advertisement for the Perón regime. Everything built in the next five years will be a part of the plan, everything imported or exported contributes to it, and every newborn child spanked into life will become a squalling evidence of its progress.

FOR the intensive job of carrying out the industrialization and rearming of Argentina, Perón warns that it is necessary to develop "warlike virtues." Dictatorships in the past have shown the way clearly enough. Argentines are to be trained in their duties to the state rather than taught their rights. Moreover, as additional powers are telescoped into the

hands of the executive, Perón makes an increasing number of decisions about what are rights and what are duties.

Argentina theoretically enjoys the traditional separation of powers—but today that theory is a long way from actual practice. Supreme Court judges have, after a lengthy farce, been adjudged guilty of malfeasance and ejected. The National Congress has become practically Perón's rubber stamp. About two-thirds of the deputies and all but two of the senators are "Perónistas." In one afternoon the Senate approved, without changing a word, 1,176 executive decrees which had been issued during the three and a half years before the elections. It took only twenty minutes to authorize the funds for the Five Year Plan.

In the development of an obedient citizenry Perón has made a determined drive on the schools, universities, and free trade unions. He has had the traditional nonsectarian school law revoked and has had installed compulsory Catholic religious instruction, to which exemption is granted only on special petition. Certain sections of the hierarchy are gratified by this development, which they anticipated in return for support given to Perón during the election campaign. Large numbers of Catholics in Argentina, however, do not trust his motives. They are concerned lest Perón bring pressure on the Church, and they suspect that in days to come it might be politically disadvantageous for the Church to be identified with his regime. They cite with distaste the analogous situation in Italy, when Mussolini and the Church developed a formula of political collaboration.

Since he controls the education of all youngsters from the age of six through the high schools, Perón eventually may be able to feed a well-disciplined student body into the universities. In the meantime, he has eliminated twelve hundred faculty members from the six Argentine universities. He also has destroyed the universities' self-government, bringing them under the direct jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education, which will appoint the rectors, approve professors, and screen out the trouble-makers among the students.

While many of the trained intellects of

Argentina were being evicted from the educational institutions, Perón found particular satisfaction in welcoming an advance body of "*tecnicos*" from the United States, headed by General Lord and Rear Admiral Howard A. Flanigan (both retired) and also Lauchlin Currie, former assistant to President Roosevelt. (Currie has since withdrawn.) Other business groups and technical specialists from the United States will most certainly be invited. The Argentine President was especially pleased to have Lord and Flanigan working on the problems of the Five Year Plan, since they were fresh from the handling of supply problems in Europe during the war. Moreover, they were military men and so is Perón. Having Lauchlin Currie there, even temporarily, gave the enterprise a New Dealish flavor which Perón's press was quick to exploit. The government publicity went into great detail about each of the *tecnicos*—one was a doctor of philosophy from Harvard, another from the University of Wisconsin, another from Purdue, and so on.

Government officials triumphantly trotted the U. S. *tecnicos* around to various government agencies which had been largely swept clean of anti-Perón or insufficiently compliant personnel. Many of the discharged officials had been let out because, like the discharged professors, they had displayed considerable temerity in standing up for constitutional government at a time when the military were usurping power. The arrival of these Americans and their reception aroused ironic feelings among some of the ousted professional people. To the Argentines it seemed as if the American technicians were crossing an international picket line, with only decency as the intangible picket.

IN WARPING Argentina's labor organizations to the service of the state, Perón has exhibited his most adroit technique. In engineering terms, his labor policy is simply to develop a docile working force to carry out the Five Year Plan; and by a combination of rewards, threats, bribery, and naked compulsion he has brought the country's unions completely under his control.

His labor policy also has international

facets. Through the state-supervised unions Perón widely advertises himself, both at home and abroad, as "the first worker of Argentina." He has dispatched labor attachés to more than forty countries—all of them carefully selected henchmen who have been schooled in Perónista propaganda. Their mission is to sell *El Lider* as a "friend of the workers," not only in every Latin American country but also in the United States, Great Britain, all the European countries, Syria, Lebanon, the Soviet Union, and the Vatican.

In spite of his heavy spending on this phase of his diplomacy, Perón has had some disappointments. A recent delegation from the American Federation of Labor and the U. S. Railway Brotherhoods was notably unimpressed with the strait-jacketed Argentine unions. And for the past three years the worker representatives at the International Labor Organization have refused to seat the Argentine workers' delegate as an authentic representative of a genuine labor movement. Such incidents have aroused hot indignation in the governmental bosom in Buenos Aires.

The Communists have given Perón their full sympathy in these difficulties. They roundly condemned the visiting American trade union people as "imperialist" traducers of the Five Year Plan. They also are urging an alliance between Perón's labor federation and the CTAL, the hemisphere labor organization run by Lombardo Toledano. Eventually Perón may do this—or he may attempt to create his own Latin American labor federation, if that device seems more likely to enhance his influence. He would not find it distasteful to be publicized as "the first worker in Latin America."

In their strange enthusiasm for Perón and his friends in neighboring countries, the Communists have come full circle. They are now back just where they were during the period of the Nazi-Soviet pact, between 1939 and 1941—in alliance with those nationalistic, semifascist groups which are most feverishly hostile to the United States. Their position is in many ways comparable to that of the Nazi agents in Latin America in the early days of the war; like the German fifth colum-

nists, the Communists find Argentina a convenient and hospitable base for their propaganda.

Their honeymoon with Perón started immediately after he took over the presidency, when it became clear that he was about to establish diplomatic relations between Argentina and the Soviet Union for the first time in thirty years. The deal had certain obvious attractions for both sides. For Perón, it would break the back of the Communist opposition to him not only in Argentina but throughout the hemisphere; and it would put him in an ideal position to play off the United States against Russia. Russia also profited, since Perón's success in organizing a bloc of Latin American countries will automatically raise Soviet bargaining power against the United States. Every dislocation and friction in relations among the American republics increases the Soviet Union's relative strength in dealing with the Western world.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that when Federico Cantoni, the Argentine ambassador, arrived in Moscow (with a diplomatic staff ranking in size only below that of Great Britain and the United States) he promptly issued an optimistic statement on Russo-Argentine relations. He expressed sympathy with the views Henry Wallace had expounded during his recent European tour, and suggested that Roosevelt's policy toward Russia had been far preferable to Truman's. He did not, Cantoni said, regard Soviet Russia or Communism as a threat to other countries, and specifically Argentina had nothing to fear. He added that Argentina would draw upon all countries to expand its economy, and recalled that it had traded with the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, regardless of ideological differences. Incidentally, he mentioned that Argentina had plenty of money and would buy any machinery or industrial products Russia was prepared to sell.

BUT there are many mansions in the diplomatic house of Juan Perón. At the same time that he was welcoming the Communists to one wing, his Foreign Minister, Juan Atilio Bramuglia, was wooing the Vatican and Franco

Spain in another. Bramuglia originally was a disciple of Mario Bravo, one of Argentina's most valiant democrats, who died at the height of the opposition to Perón and the military junta. Bramuglia deserted the democratic forces and soon became one of Perón's chief strategists. Upon assuming his portfolio, which charges him with supervision over religion as well as foreign affairs, Bramuglia—who is widely known as an atheist—pushed through the program of compulsory Catholic religious instruction. His reason was clear: "It is a pledge of honor contracted by Perón with the clergy for their support during the electoral campaign."

Originally an ardent opponent of the Franco regime, he dispatched an ambassador to Madrid when all other members of the United Nations were withdrawing theirs. Franco also has been awarded the Order of the Liberator, highest Argentine decoration, plus something more substantial—a commercial agreement involving, among other items, a revolving credit of 350 million pesos for the next three years. To cap this pleasant interchange, it was announced that Maria Eva Duarte de Perón, the President's wife, would go to Spain to receive the order of Isabel la Católica at the hands of Franco himself, after which she planned to visit the Vatican.

MEANWHILE, Perón continues to spend (according to reliable estimates) almost half of his country's total budget on the military establishment, as he has done for the past three years. No modern nation—except Germany, Italy, and Japan—has ever in peacetime devoted that much of its income to armaments. Moreover, Argentina hasn't been

involved in a war since 1870, and no threat from any foreign enemy is now discernible to even the most far-sighted observer.

Under these circumstances Argentina's warlike preparations naturally are causing some nervousness among her neighbors—particularly Brazil. The two nations have traditionally competed for the political, cultural, and economic leadership of South America, and since the war their rivalry has taken on a cutting edge. Many Brazilians fear that Argentina—with its bulging treasure of famine-earned pesos, its forced industrialization, and its high-g geared central government—will soon outbid them both in prestige and in the arms market of the world. Their uneasiness has not been soothed by the contemptuous manner with which Perón has occasionally treated them, or by his recent symbolic meeting with Brazil's President Dutra. On one occasion he even threatened to withhold wheat from Brazil, implying that she could be handled with the same casual blackmail he had applied to tiny Uruguay. He alternates between lead pipe and the pipe of peace.

Whether or not *El Lider* plans eventually to use his new army in a military adventure, he quite obviously expects to employ it as a tool of power politics. By fusing economic and military strength under the relentless pressures of a totalitarian government—described by his apologists as "not fascist, not Nazi, but Perónist"—he is constructing a kind of giant diplomatic magnet. Its pull may well prove strong enough to drag into its destructive orbit enough countries to strain or split the entire framework of that inter-American system on which the American republics have labored with vitality and optimism for nearly two decades.

After Hours

IT WAS before the war that Lionel Barrymore got Death up into the apple tree, but we are still suffering the effects. Fantasy is on the increase in the movies, as you have probably noticed from the recent deluge of ghosts, goddesses, and miracles as close to home as 34th Street. This is nothing new, at least it is not new that movie-makers should take advantage of the supreme suitability of fantasy to the film. The movies are so much *like* life that the temptation has always been strong to use them to make real what is clearly not real; and they have long been devoted to the improbable, if not the impossible, as it existed in pre-movie days. But on the screen of the darkened theater, of course, all things are possible; and the line between fact and fancy in the movies has become increasingly hard to draw. Two recent and excellent books—Siegfried Kracauer's *From Caligari to Hitler* and Parker Tyler's *Magic and Myth of the Movies*—have treated most commercial entertainment films as the tangible fulfillment of vast, unspoken desires. The movies are produced by one multitude for another much larger multitude, and here—if anywhere—is the explanation for this bumper crop of film fairy tales. One of the film industry's many opinion-sampling devices must have uncovered in the American public a vast, unspoken demand for the supernatural in any form.

Rather than attempt an exhaustive survey of the many examples, I'd better limit the field to one film alone—one that has the additional merit of being new, so that I won't have to worry about what other critics have said of it. It is called "Down to Earth" and is conspicuous chiefly for the presence of Miss Rita Hayworth and Mr.

Larry Parks. It is a routine technicolor musical, but I am going to express part of my gratitude to Columbia Pictures (who let me in with the professionals to look at it ahead of time) by telling you that you ought to go see it. You really should, because "Down to Earth" is by all odds the most vigorous statement yet made of Hollywood's case against all non-Hollywood art.

It is Hollywood at its most self-conscious, trying to prove simultaneously that it can produce Serious Art but that Serious Art is silly because nobody likes it except Philadelphians with beards—and Terpsichore, the Muse herself, who if faced with the choice will sacrifice Serious Art to Sex and to American Civilization, which is literally represented in this movie by a bottle of Coca-Cola. Art is represented by an astonishing ballet that seems to be about half Martha Graham and half Katherine Hepburn in "The Warrior's Husband." It is agonizingly dull and pretentious, as most of the cast remark shortly after it is over—except Terpsichore, at this point still standing up for Art, who asks, "How can you mix art with jive and baseball and hotdogs?"

The Hollywood answer to that one is that you can't—"We're going to throw all this phony art overboard," says Mr. Parks—and the film returns to a routine musical-comedy pattern that is now so familiar that it is almost worse than the ballet. You have probably guessed by this time that "Down to Earth" is concerned with that old problem of putting on a Broadway show, variously aided or obstructed by Miss Hayworth as a genuine immortal Greek. She is here in the flesh through the offices of Mr. Jordan, a very

high-level official from Up There, who was left over from the Bob Montgomery picture "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" and the play "Heaven Can Wait." Claude Rains was an earlier Mr. Jordan, which led someone to remark—so striking is the expression of genteel dishonesty on his face—that there must be some kind of graft in the Hereafter. He has been replaced by the capable British actor, Roland Culver, who substitutes for Mr. Rains' noble corruptibility the impeccable correctitude of the Foreign Office.

Well, what has this to do with fantasy? Mr. Jordan, somewhat like Mr. Truman shortly after he became President, gives the impression of being unwillingly shackled to high office. He is the most incredibly powerful person in the picture, yet there is nothing much he can do about it. Mr. Jordan can look into the future, but what he sees is himself (as he puts it) "still on the job," the dull old routine of being omnipotent. He pretends to be merely a functionary as he assures Miss Hayworth that "you can't change destiny," and when she asks to be allowed at least to cry, he replies, "You can't any more. Tears are only for mortals. It's an advantage they have over us." In other words the problems of immortality and great power are really very tiresome (remember "I'm glad I'm not an Alpha" in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*?) and we'll all be much better off if we stick to our jive and baseball and hotdogs—provided we keep that "phony art" out of it and hold on to our ability to weep. Seldom have the aims of mass entertainment been more precisely put.

If you do not believe that Hollywood means all this to be taken seriously, remember that "Down to Earth" was one of the *ten* films sent last month to Brussels to represent this country at the international film festival. Who selected these pictures or by what criteria I do not know, but presumably the American film industry is willing to stand or fall by the qualities shown therein—including this morbid preoccupation with "highbrow art." "Down to Earth" measures the full range of this neurosis from fascinated posturing to righteous disdain, and it contains the germ of an answer. Until Hollywood real-

izes that art is an essential derivative of jive and baseball and hotdogs and everything else it is secretly ashamed of, until then it will go on shadow-boxing with itself and all our movies will continue to be more or less fantastic.

A Complicated Business

ONE hot afternoon at the Yankee Stadium I watched the Du Mont Television people broadcast a game between the Yankees and the St. Louis Browns. I came away with the feeling that by contrast ordinary radio is a rather inflexible and dated means of communication—pleasant, sometimes, but *fin de siècle*.

Mr. Alexander, in whose charge Du Mont put me (I invited myself), sat me down in a box directly behind the television platform, which hangs like a wire soap dish from the balcony just back of first base. By the time we got there the telecast was already on the air and Bill Slater, the announcer, was sitting quietly (quietly, mind you) by his microphone while the public-address system played the National Anthem and one of the three television cameras was making a close-up shot of the flag, four hundred feet from us in front of the center field bleachers.

Television, as everyone knows by now, is a complicated business. It takes eleven men at the park to put a game on the air, and all but one of them were crowded on the platform in front of us. There were three cameras (two on the platform and the third on the edge of the second balcony directly behind home plate) and a row of four monitors, electronic gadgets about the size and shape of a large overnight bag, on the back of which were small television screens. Three of the monitors were directly attached to the three cameras, and each screen showed the picture its particular camera was taking. The fourth monitor (are you still with me?) was controlled by the "director" who talked with his cameramen like a bomber pilot over an intercommunication system. By pushing a switch he selected which of the images on the other three monitors he would put on the air, and the picture which showed on his screen was the one you would see at home if you had a set. There was a fifth

monitor (with a much larger screen) at the announcer's elbow so that he could see what the audience was seeing.

As I watched the monitors (the pictures, incidentally, show up perfectly in broad daylight) I noticed that one camera with a telephoto lens was concentrating on close-ups of the infield and another on the outfield, while the one behind the plate, with a wide angle lens, was taking in the whole infield. All of the cameras were going all of the time, but the routine of what went on the air was something like this. When a batter came up to the plate, the infield close-up camera showed him and the catcher and the umpire, and then just before the pitch the director switched over to the image from the camera behind the plate and you could see the pitch. If there was a hit to the infield, the infield close-up camera focused on the player who would field the ball. There was one excellent shot of Rizutto sliding into second flat on his face. "We got a beautiful close-up of that slide," the director said afterward.

"The idea," Bill Slater explained to me after the game, "is to follow the play just the way somebody here in the stands follows it, and the field of vision of the camera is just about what you would see from your seat if you had the best seat in the stadium. The picture may look restricted, but so is what you can see at any one time. Incidentally, this is the first time we've had a camera behind the plate. It makes a lot of difference. Up to now we've been working with just two cameras."

I asked Slater how he liked announcing a telecast and how it compared with standard radio broadcasting. "It's more fun," he said, "and I don't talk as much. I'll tell you what it's like. It's like home movies. You say, 'See that fellow over there? That's Pete. You know Pete; he's Buddy's roommate from Oshkosh.' You don't have to tell them what Pete's doing. They can see that."

The television audience that Bill Slater talks to is, of course, still very small. In the New York area, where there are three companies telecasting, there are only 25,000 receivers, 18,000 of which have been bought since the first of the year. Even if ten looker-listeners were at each set this would make a total of only 250,000

to be divided among three stations. But the audience is growing as fast as manufacturers can turn out sets. There is no trouble selling them, even the most expensive ones (Du Mont's best, which includes AM, FM, and short wave broadcast, a record player and a television screen $17\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{7}{8}$, costs \$2,495). They are bought up as fast as they come out. RCA puts out sets at \$250 and \$350 and Du Mont has a table model which will be on sale in the fall for \$450. Eventually the industry hopes to get the prices down around \$150, but that won't be for some time.

Mr. Alexander told me that by 1950 there will be two hundred television stations servicing all cities over twenty thousand population (there are now nine hundred radio stations). One of the big stumbling blocks, of course, is that television signals carry only as far as the horizon, and if you live in deep country it may be many years before you can watch the Yankees beat the Browns in your own living room. Maybe by that time the Browns will beat the Yankees.

Most telecasts are now sporting events (baseball, wrestling, boxing, and tennis at this season) and other public events such as parades and speeches. Some movies are being telecast (Du Mont does this when a night game gets rained out), but the movies still look with some suspicion on television and won't give them new releases or even recent ones.

Nobody I talked with seemed worried about creating a new art form. They see their job now (and for some time to come) as mainly one of reporting. They are just about as much concerned with art as Marconi was. Their minds are on technique. "We have a much more personal relationship with our audience than radio has," Bill Slater told me. "Anyhow, that's the way it seems to me." It seemed that way to me too—a happy little band of telecasters and television set owners full of the excitement of new marvels and the camaraderie of sharing new discoveries.

Special Family Dinner

IN New York's Chinatown, just around the corner from a basement mission which displays a sign saying, "If you

haven't a friend in the world, you'll find one here," is a restaurant called Wah Kee at 16B Doyers Street. You go down a steep flight of steps from the narrow street into a small room crowded with linoleum-topped tables and a mixture of local residents and uptowners. There are no silk lanterns in pagoda shapes, no beaded curtains or porcelain Buddhas with incense in their laps, no atmospheric effects. On the wall to the right of the door is a small blackboard on which the menu is written in Chinese characters, and directly ahead of you as you come in the dishwasher is busy at his zinc tubs.

Wah Kee's is not inhospitable, but its indifference toward its patrons is the businesslike attitude of an establishment which knows its own quality and rests its reputation on its product. No one bows you into a seat. If there is a headwaiter, he is indistinguishable from the other waiters who wear long white aprons and have their shirtsleeves rolled up. The service is prompt, efficient, quiet, and impersonal. The food is magnificent.

I say this without reservation. Wah Kee's is certainly one of the great restaurants of America, and I have found no other Chinese food to compare with it.

The menu on the blackboard isn't the only one, but it might as well be. Unless you know what Moo Goo Gai Pen or Walnut Gai Kow are, you have to put yourself at the mercy of the waiter anyway. There is, however, a section of the menu headed "Special Family Dinner, Served All Hours." The last time I was there I was with four friends, and we ordered the nine dollar dinner (with tip it came to two dollars apiece), which consisted of ten dishes and an inexhaustible supply of tea, put on the table in white enamelware coffee pots.

Though you eat your heart out, you get nothing (by American standards) to put your teeth into. Everything is bits and pieces, delectable, delicate, but ephemeral—gone before you know it and lost in another taste. Sweet is combined with sour, sharpness with blandness, crispness with smoothness, even bright colors with pale ones (acid-green cabbage leaves with slivers of breast of chicken). And nothing is by itself but the white rice, and that

doesn't come with the nine dollar dinner. You get fried rice instead, and with it are cooked bits of egg, cubes of pork, and bean shoots—to my taste, the best dish of all.

The kitchens are immaculate, and the chefs unhurried. Rows of wicker baskets hold prepared vegetables—mushrooms, snow beans, bean shoots, celery, tomatoes, green peppers, and Chinese cabbage, which is as like our usual cabbage as lettuce is like sorrel. Dried ducks hang by their tethered feet from hooks on the wall; deep pans are heaped with pure white pork fat, and others with shrimps and lobsters, both of which are fried by the time you get them. The stove is long, with a shallow metal bowl about thirty inches across over each of the big burners. "Very hot flame," the chef said and showed me. The gas flame under the metal bowls was very blue and nine or ten inches high.

As we were leaving Wah Kee's about ten o'clock the waiters were just sitting down to their own meal. I couldn't tell what it was that they were eating (even familiar things take on a strange appearance there), but it looked as though they had saved the choicest morsels for themselves, and they were obviously enjoying them. This is usually true in restaurants where the main business is eating and not selling atmosphere. Restaurants with their minds primarily on food are rare in Chinatown. As a matter of fact, they are rare anywhere these days. I've come across a few diners that haven't been slipcovered with glass brick and formica and German silver where a Western sandwich (or a Denver sandwich, as it is called in the West) is still a delight and the coffee is incomparable. But even these are disappearing, like the railroad-car architecture that distinguished them, into juke joints and pop palaces, where the fancier the Wurlitzer the fouler the food.

It is a hideous thought that the care that once went into Southern cooking now goes into crinolines for the waitresses and that maybe this little Chinese restaurant where food is everything and atmosphere nothing should be one of the few American eateries to hold out against the cult of the frivolous, the finicky, and the cute.

—*Mr. Harper*

NEW BOOKS

BRIGHT FACTS AND PLEASURABLE FEARS

Jacques Barzun

A NEW piece of literary jargon has been loosed upon us by our fertile friends the publishers. You may see it on book jackets and in catalogues, where it functions as a descriptive label. Pick up, say, *Dead as the Dodo*, and you read beneath the title that it is "A Novel of Suspense." If you are quick at translating you infer that the work is a detective story. The new tag probably sounds more genteel but it remains a tautology, and a silly one at that. Who would advertise "A novel of NO suspense?" Yet someone must have had an inkling that detective fiction was no longer the clear-cut category it had once been, and that a new phrase was needed to embrace the indiscriminate violence and chasing about which in these days passes for detection.

True detective stories are now seldom written, partly because the genre is dying of exhaustion, partly because of an economic fact: owing to the steadily rising cost of printing and the competition of cheap reissues, it has become impossible to publish detective stories at their old \$1.50 or \$2.00 price. To maintain the price the author's return would have to be cut. At the same time, there are now thousands of people capable of turning out "novels of suspense," fabrikoid grade. Older and more genuine craftsmen must then overproduce to make a living, borrow tricks from cheaper genres, or ape the latest literary pose. The result is a Roman decadence of detection, a gory inflation, a throwing of early Christian believers to a menagerie of dreadfully innocent wild beasts.

On top of this, a number of established writers in other genres have invaded this once highly specialized field. The latest is Miss V. Sackville-West, whose maiden effort, *The*

Devil at Westease (Doubleday, \$2.50) is a sign of our bad times. Though unpretentious, this short tale is neither a good romance nor a good detective story. As a romance, it is cluttered up with details put in for the subsequent process of detection; and as detective fiction, well—the author writes without a blush or a blink that in the house of the victim all the timepieces (including a watch and a traveling clock) were "found stopped at ten past nine." We know no more, though we ask: What does she mean by "stopped," when and how was it done, was there time for the murderer to do it—or does the author think that in a well-regulated household so violent an act as murder automatically stops the clockwork? Miss Sackville-West simply lacks the detective imagination. She is moreover ignorant of traditional lore, else she would not have her doctor rely on rigor mortis and fix the time of death *to within ten minutes*.

These objections are perhaps enough to show what the detective story proper deals with. It deals with physical fact in precise detail, and it builds up interest, plot, motive, and even character out of the revelations afforded by material objects. No one is bound to like such a refinement upon the technique of realism—even a realist like Trollope didn't—but many people do like it, and if a writer elects the form he must know and observe its conditions. Had Miss Sackville-West been a student of the Great Tradition since Poe, she would have known that her Box-and-Cox plot was both un-credible and quite penetrable (it can be guessed by page fifty) and she would have avoided the old dodge of making the murderer-impersonator say that he had once been an actor. As everyone should know, "once an actor, never a success."

This leaves her book rather shorn of virtues.

One or two psychological passages are first rate, but they do not belong in the same work with conscious clichés and worn-out conventions half understood.

Murder Most Pragmatic

How much better Mr. Thomas Kyd (another "outsider") grasped first principles was shown earlier this year when he published *Blood Is a Beggar*. He had mastered the essentials: invention, plausibility, humor, and the right dosage of character and mechanics. His more recent *Blood of Vintage* (Lippincott, \$2.50) has some equally good moments and one superb comic idea, but it is as a whole less well sustained. The mechanics is somehow ungainly, and it is an axiom that a detective story is no better than its chief device. The victim would very sensibly refuse to die, or else the murderer would be caught on page three, if the notion, gadget, bluff, or alibi did not work. Mr. Kyd, who is by name an Elizabethan and by profession a student of the drama, should know that there is no defense for ineffective staging. Let him henceforth work in a severely classical spirit: he may be the last of a great race.

But is there not a way out of those narrow limits, and hasn't it been found by the host of slick and tough producers of mystery? My feeling is that most of these innovations are not new—they are only the shilling shocker brought up to date—and their popularity only emphasizes the death of detection. As for the few novelties, they can only be temporary aids. For example, after two tries, Mr. Edmund Crispin has succeeded in wedding fantasy to detection. In *The Moving Toyshop* (Lippincott, \$2) he shows wit and makes tactful use of his expensive education, so that after accepting the initial improbability of his tale we receive very fair entertainment. He is but one of many who use the established good will together with the outward apparatus of Detection, ignore the claims of the art, and substitute another type of enjoyment. What we usually get is cloak-and-dagger in modern dress.

As a very workmanlike instance of the tough-guy subvariety I recommend Mr. Donald Hamilton's *Date with Darkness* (Rinehart, \$2.50). It is written in the Hammett-Chandler first-person form, with which goes the inverted sentimentalism of uttering all nasty thoughts as soon as they occur,

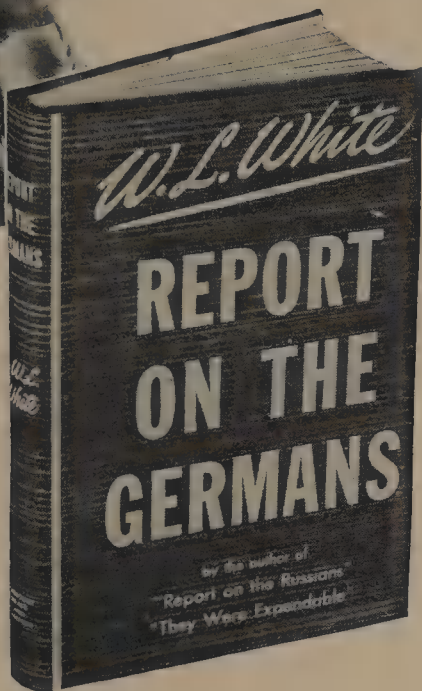
especially between lovers. This is as rigid a convention as the Victorian exchange of courtesies and it gives the author the same scope for adroitly varying a set formula, the modern formula being reducible to the one phrase: "So what?"

Sometimes other vicarious satisfactions are added. The characters, with physiques up to billboard standards, lust steadily for one another, at cross purposes, and to a round-the-clock accompaniment of highballs. In this neo-Mohammedan paradise no one ever gets drunk, but ice cubes and popping corks having dimmed the noise of mayhem, you can guess the murderer from the fact that he was the only member of the group with a hand unencumbered by glass or bottle for the commission of the crime. A middling sample of this type is *Rope for an Ape* by Dana Chambers (Dial Press, \$2.50), and a better one, Paul Whelton's *Angels Are Painted Fair* (Lippincott, \$2). More humdrum, but still acceptable despite the hero's being too frequently sapped ("Go to the mat, thou sluggèd") is George Harmon Coxe's *The Fifth Key* (Knopf, \$2).

It is a wide step from these modernizations of the Three Musketeers to the unrealities of *Ghost of a Chance* by Kelley Roos (A. A. Wyn, \$2). Though called a mystery, it is rather a mystification, written with all the sense of life of a retarded adolescent. The married pair who romp through this Rover-boy plot should never have been licensed, and the criminals who seek to blot them out are working in the interests of literature. The same can be said of *Murder on the Purple Water* (Random House, \$2.50) where another couple of wedded handholders wander about while the taxpayers get knifed.

The alarming thing is that this babble-tongued irresponsibility masquerading as adventure acts like a gangrene and attacks hitherto respectable members of the guild. Mrs. Leslie Ford, using—no doubt unwittingly—the original title of *Trent's Last Case*, namely, *The Woman in Black* (Scribner, \$2.50), gives us a spate of clichés in the guise of Washington society talk and disappoints us at every turn. Not only does she tell too much of her story twice, but she commits the worst fault of the modern school, which is to suggest motives in one situation which she could not possibly account for in the light of the denouement.

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Skits for the Schizoid?

Similar defects spoil *Final Curtain* by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown, \$2.50). Here is another torrent of chit-chat, another regular mad household working itself up by great effort from practical jokes to murder. Miss Marsh has always liked theatrical subjects and has always suffered from an oversupply of small talk. Only in *Overture to Death* did she strike the right balance among speech and action, description and "deduction." In this latest work deduction is nil and there was no need of two sleuths, Roderick Alleyn (back from the wars) and his artist wife, Agatha Troy. *Per contra* we hear a great deal of introspective musing about husbands and wives who have been long separated. The pair "readjust" before the end, even though it means that the criminal virtually has to step forward and say "I did it." What has happened to the noble sport requiring thought, science, and worldliness, by which crimes were reconstructed and brought home to the perpetrator? The new style is self-service—or does it conceal, as some critics have seriously suggested, a disease of the modern mind? Readers who want to know why current events and advice to the lovelorn have to be sugar-coated with homicide may consult the forthcoming issue of *Chimera*, which is wholly devoted to this Fanatics' Delight.

Rather than take substitutes for a dead art, I prefer a tale like Mr. Joseph Bonney's *Look to the Lady* (Lippincott, \$2.50) which is a very skilful paraphrase and elaboration of the Hamlet theme, with a gramophone instead of a ghost. Equally unassuming and satisfactory is *Think of Death* by R. and F. Lockridge (Lippincott, \$2.50). It sustains an ingenious situation with only occasional dips into the idiom of the So-what Indians.

Onward to the Last Century

A backward glance is also possible and indeed advisable. In *Famous Stories of Code and Cipher* (Rinehart, \$3.50) Mr. Raymond Bond has made a brilliant selection and edited it with both literary and scholarly skill. His notes avoid the all-too-common tone of radio salesmanship and his Introduction on ciphers is even better than the article in the reissue of W. W. R. Ball's *Mathematical Recreations* (Macmillan, \$2.95). *Four Novels of Mystery from the Victorian Age* (Duell, Sloan, \$3.95)

bring you Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu, Stevenson, and an anonymous who comes close to having written a masterpiece. It is worth noting that Le Fanu's *Carmilla* makes Bram Stoker's *Dracula* superfluous, and that even from this brilliant sample the reader cannot guess Le Fanu's imaginative range and stylistic power. In all but the anonymous story there is little detection proper, and the exception is marred by a legal flaw that would not have occurred had the indefatigable Erle Stanley Gardner written it. For pleasure at law, then, you must turn to his recent *Case of the Fan Dancer's Horse* (Morrow, \$2.50) which is much more sober than it sounds and does credit to his many talents. The byplay between Perry Mason and his secretary has become vestigial and more attention is given to thinking than to hiring taxis and dropping nickels into telephones. Mr. Gardner's is also the best of the *Los Angeles Murders* (Duell, Sloan, \$3)—real crimes, which are always tedious and untidy unless retold by a master.

Georges Simenon has the reputation of mastery, on grounds which are apparently incommunicable. Certainly *The First Born* (Reynal, \$2.75), stumbling along the borderline between psychology and adventure, is preeminently dull. Like the author's earlier works this one relies on swamping the reader with a mass of presumably ominous facts which are no sooner absorbed than they turn out unimportant. In contrast, it is a pleasure to re-read Mr. Rex Stout's *How Like a God* (Vanguard, \$2.50), first published eighteen years ago and unjustly neglected since. It is mysterious not only throughout but even beyond its ending, and at the same time each scene remains intelligible and moving, as if written by a supersubtle Stevenson.

Speaking of Stevenson, two selections of his works have appeared (Random House, \$5, and Duell, Sloan, \$3.95) of which the second is the better in legibility and proofreading. Stevenson stood at the crossroads of all the mystery genres and distinguished himself in the supernatural. The ghost story is of course the obverse of detection: it is the denial of science and of the attachment to general spiritual truths rather than to particular facts. After an overdose of detection, some good rattling ghosts are the proper antidote. It's a pity, therefore, that two new collections, *The Fireside Book of Ghost Stories* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.75) and *The Night Side* (Rine-

hart, \$3.50) are both so repetitious, at once of the same authors and of the same ghost patterns under different hands. In the first volume there are three stories by Marjorie Bowen, and no sample of Algernon Blackwood's work, no Robert Hichens, Phillpotts, Saki, or H. G. Wells; a poor Henry James and apparently no research into some of the hidden treasures by classic writers, from Dickens and Fitz-James O'Brien to Ambrose Bierce and Kipling.

Modern Americans predominate in the second volume, but only to show bad writing and little invention. In both books sentimentality prevails—in behalf of true love, childhood, and the virtue of generosity. There are more Little Nells than Mephistos among these witch raisers, and the upshot is a kind of *sorcellerie larmoyante*. What is the nether world coming to?

Permanencies Offered

Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* in a World's Classics of new format (Oxford, \$1.50) is worth owning despite the new format, because of the additional preface and the slightly altered text—a tightening up of dialogue here and there through the removal of topical allusions. The play is not Shaw's best, though it may be the most charged; yet it would be a mistake to underrate the satire of the Burge-Lubin scenes, especially after reading the life of Neville Chamberlain.

For readers of poetry: a nice thick *Treasury of Great Poetry* attractively printed by Scribner's (\$3.75) but indifferently edited by Mr. Oscar Williams. He uses absurd headings, ostensibly to "group poems of like theme," but scatters rather than groups them. We find, for instance, a very capricious distribution under "Love," "The Lasses O," "Inconstancy," and "Sex." What is worse, he fashions new titles for certain poems, so that a reader may look in vain through a Blake index for what Mr. Williams calls "Reeds of Innocence." Again some excerpts are marked "From . . ." (a long poem); others are not so marked. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* is cut, and the excuse given that its unity is not marred. What kind of great poetry is it that satisfies these two conditions? But the worst blunder is to combine under the heading "Jabberwocky" some hundred epigrams, limericks, nonsense rhymes, ballads (*Frankie and Johnny*), and satire such as Swift's "Echo on Woman" and

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Clough's "New Decalogue." Shall I add that in this section the editor calls anonymous the famous lines by E. C. Bentley about Sir Christopher Wren building St. Paul's? Here was a clear opportunity for the editor to assign the title "Clerihew" to the form which Bentley created forty-two years ago in his *Biography for Beginners*.

Nor will the reader find clerihews mentioned (as they should be) in Mr. Richard Armour's *Writing Light Verse* (The Writer, \$2); yet he will enjoy the simple analysis of other familiar forms by this facile practitioner. Mr. Armour illustrates his views with many lines of his own, which also illustrate his forgivable prejudices. He is, I think, too hard on the nineteenth century and too kind to some of his contemporaries. He does not stress enough the magic of the prosaic in light verse, and he certainly undervalues parodies and vers de société: not all fun should derive from homely observation. Let us have foibles in rime, certainly, but also a few foibelowes.

Books in Brief

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Story of Mrs. Murphy, by Natalie Anderson Scott.

James Patrick Murphy, James "Rags" Murphy (because he cared so much about his clothes) was beautiful, friendly to all the world, and especially adored by women. He had one consuming vice. He drank. But this is not the story of a man's fight against the demon alcohol; that is the extraordinary thing about it. Rags Murphy almost never fought against the desire to drink. He accepted the need for drink as the driving force of his life and made his plans accordingly. There is never really any question of "saving" him, though many women tried. He never even seems to want to be cured. And therein lies either the strength or weakness of the book. If it is true that the disease of alcoholism includes, at all times, the lack even of the wish to be free of the habit, then it is less of a tragedy for the victim than one has been led to believe. The tragedy for family and friends one has always known. . . . Miss Scott has done a direct and convincing job, otherwise, of showing that alcoholism is a disease, like

any other disease, and that there comes a time in the drunken cycle when another drink is not a matter of wicked craving but of medical necessity. One quarrels only with her choosing a basically weak, if moderately charming, man as the victim. One feels less sorrow for him since he himself doesn't seem particularly upset at the mess he makes of life. The sorrow is in part for the odd assortment of women who love him and who are witness to his charm. But Miss Scott makes it plain that the real horror is that such degradation can ever happen to anybody, otherwise good. . . . The greatness of the book is the calm, unflinching way in which the author describes the terrible consequences of a terrible disease. Nothing is left out and Jimmy's disintegration is shown as so gradual, yet so inevitable, that one is almost more satisfied than shocked at the awful, final tragedy. Miss Scott's triumph as a novelist is in making pity walk side by side with an inexorable fate.

Dutton, \$3

The Indifferent Children, by Andrew Lee.

New York's and Long Island's upper classes are cleverly spitted and done to a turn in this novel of manners so classic in its attitudes that it has been compared to Henry James and Edith Wharton. As Mr. Lee (a pseudonym for a New York lawyer) sees them, just before and during the War, the art dealers and art lovers of 57th Street, the busy and rich committee women of Park Avenue and Long Island, are people who have bred a tired and indifferent lot of children, incapable of dealing passionately with life. But there is nothing tired or indifferent about the writing. The book is amusing, often brilliant, though the overtones have the frightening ring of decadence.

Prentice-Hall, \$3

Prince of Foxes, by Samuel Shellabarger.

To millions who read his *Captain from Castille* Mr. Shellabarger needs no introduction. In his new book there is the same richness and quick pace of plot against an authentic Renaissance background, this time in Italy. As a student of the Renaissance, the author makes his background as alive and interesting as his people, which is saying a great deal. Fine romantic summer reading, and Literary Guild selection. Little, Brown, \$3

Non-fiction

News on the Air, by Paul White.

This is a fascinating book. In the manner of

the good newsman that he is, Mr. White (director of the newsroom at CBS from 1933 to 1946 and winner in 1945 of the Peabody Award for news coverage) has written a book which includes the most varied chapter heads: "The Story of the Press Radio War," "Some Notes on Personnel and Technical Operations," "Advice on Radio News Writing," "How the Pro's Do It," "News Judgment and Good Taste," "The Dramatization of Radio News," "A Discussion of Opportunities in Radio News." And no matter how far the subject may be from your interest, the newsman's sense of audience and of story value keeps you reading every word. When it comes to the story of how D-Day was broadcast—"Great Day in the Morning"—Mr. White has made of those moments that shook the world a moving record for posterity. He retells it in the present tense, the sublime mixed, as it always is, with the ridiculous, and I can't imagine a family who will not want it on the library shelf. A useful book, interesting even to those who, like this reader, are hardly on speaking terms with the radio.

Harcourt, \$3.50

It will be years, one supposes, before the final word is said as to the effect of the concentration camps on the human spirit. Two new books on the subject—different, but both valuable—are now in the bookstores:

Forest of the Dead, by Ernst Wiechert. Translated by Ursula Stechow.

"Offered to the dead, in memory; to the living, in shame; to those to come, in warning," this simple biographical narrative by a German, sent to Buchenwald in 1938, is inspiring in its probing of the dark places of the mind. In his search for motivations among the good and the bad, the captives and the captors, there is a poet's or a novelist's intensity, and the light he sheds is deeply revealing.

Greenberg, \$2.50

The Other Kingdom, by David Rousset. Translated by Professor Ramon Guthrie.

More vivid, more shocking than the Wiechert book, but no more impressive in its impact is this prize-winning (Prix Theophraste Renaudot) story, by a Frenchman, also imprisoned in Buchenwald. It, too, is a report on the physical and psychological cruelties of the Germans, made important not by the fact that they happened to the author but by what they signify in terms of man's history.

Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50

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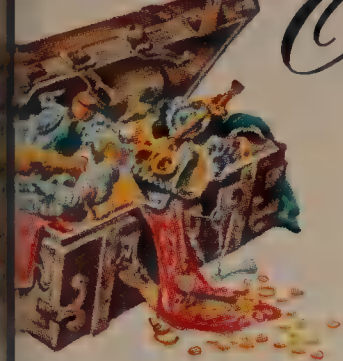
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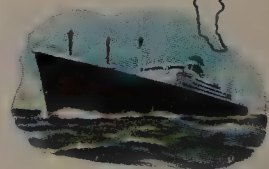
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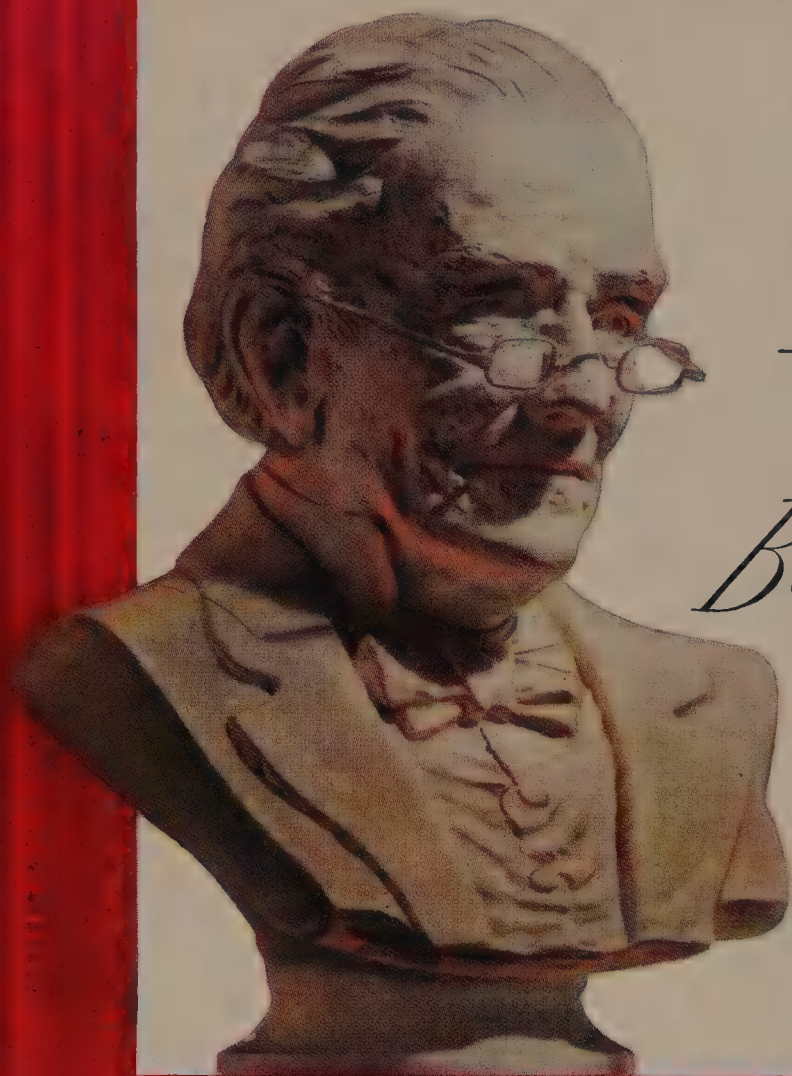
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Harper's Magazine: Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 40 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year. Vol. 195. Serial No. 1168. Issue for September 1947. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as Second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

Coming next month in . . .

Harper's

MAGAZINE

★ Rebecca West, familiar to all Harper's readers and to practically everyone else who savours the English language, has spent much of the last two years watching England's war-time traitors in the prisoner's box. In what we consider one of the most exciting essays we've printed in months, Miss West sums up her observations on "the meaning of treason" and points a few rather startling—sometimes painful—meanings for contemporary civilization

★ Anybody who's ever spent a lazy afternoon in a Viennese coffee house; in fact, anybody who's ever danced a Viennese waltz has probably been wondering what's been happening in Austria since the war ended. **John W. Vandercook**, who's done both, returns from a tour of postwar Austria to report on what he found out about this traditionally poverty-stricken, always romantic, usually progressive middle-European nation. He writes about what's happening there now—and what he thinks is going to happen.

★ Somerset Maugham has been so permanent a literary figure for so many decades now that most of us are too busy reading his latest best seller to ask whether or not his work will survive. **Glenway Wescott**, himself a distinguished novelist, takes a long look at Maugham and comes up with some conclusions that will surprise some readers, infuriate others, and interest everybody. Incidentally, this is the first of a series of articles we're planning in which writers who are themselves important will examine the influential figures of present-day literature. Just to give you a hint, **Katherine Anne Porter** is already at work on an evaluation of Gertrude Stein.

Since we feel you'll be as delighted as we were with **Cleveland Amory's** remarks about the Proper Bostonians in this month's issue, about all we need to say is that Mr. Amory next month makes a few gently lampooning comments on "Boston's Old Guard." . . . As for the rest, well, there are two short stories by **Elizabeth Taylor**, a third by the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, **Ralph McGill**, and enough other provocative and entertaining articles and poems to keep you occupied for any number of brisk autumn afternoons and evenings.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly; 40 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year; two years, \$8.00; three years, \$10.00. Foreign \$1.00 a year additional. Volume 195. Serial No. 1168. Issue for September, 1947. Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union labor at the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16. Copyright 1947 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to 49 East 33rd St., New York 16.

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O *therwise*

EVERY so often somebody bemoans the alleged decline of letter-writing in our time. It's a subject which is always good for a few plaintive paragraphs in a chatty book-column, and it has provided many a weary English teacher with an elegiac motif for his lectures. Not since Charles Lamb's or somebody else's day, we are told, have people written real letters.

The reasons for this alleged decline are variously diagnosed. The telephone, for instance, is said to have reduced the need for letters as a means of communication between friends. And one way or another, part of the blame is usually thrown at journalism. Newspapers, magazines, comic strips, and all the other popular media of our time put so much emphasis on compression and conciseness, it is charged, that they have deadened that capacity for expression and diffusion which makes for interesting letters.

Both of these explanations sound plausible enough, but neither is of much use unless one assumes that letter-writing has in fact become a lost or languishing art; and that is an assumption for which P & O can see no justification whatever. Sherwood Anderson, Justice Holmes, and John Jay Chapman, to mention only three, all lived in the age of terse journalism and telephones and all wrote unrivaled letters. Of course few letters are published in their authors' lifetimes, except in the reports of investigating commissions and other unsavory circumstances. Perhaps it would be a good thing if they were. It might serve to dispel the professional gloom about what goes back and forth in the U. S. mail.

We know of several letter-writers now in operation who turn out a creditable product. Take for a sample this one which came from a friend of ours who is spending the summer in a run-down hill town in Vermont. It's a nice

demonstration of the fact that a good letter isn't out to prove things, but just to share them. And the instinct to share a moving experience seems to be a pretty enduring one. (All we've altered in the letter is the proper names.)

Dear.....

This was a sad day. In the middle of the morning Gilbert Stratton, the neighboring farmer, came to the door, his hat in his fist and his eyes full of tears. His workhorse, Dan, had a broken leg, and he wanted to know if I'd help him. I could feel myself getting just a bit sick to my stomach and I asked him how it happened. He had harnessed his team up to work, and then it had started to rain; so he took the horses off the wagon and into the barn, took off their harnesses and shooed them out toward the gate. The gray horse, Dan, led the way down to the bars and the black mare came after him at a distance, so that Dan went through the gate first, then turned and waited. As the mare came through Dan laid back his ears and nipped at her. The mare was just getting over being in heat, and she wheeled around and let fly with her heels, one of her iron shoes catching Dan on his front leg just above the knee and sending him rearing and whinnying in pain.

Stratton came running with a halter, got Dan quieted down, and felt where the shoe-mark showed. He picked the leg up carefully and could move it in any direction. Dan stood there on three legs, and Stratton left him to come and get me. He thought he'd like to have me run him down to the village where his wife was working to see what she wanted him to do about it. He could sling Dan up in the barn and hope the leg would heal after it was set, or he could kill him with his deer-hunting rifle, or he could call up the "mink man" who would come up and kill him and use the meat for feeding his minks. Stratton didn't want to decide without asking his wife, and it was plain that he was too shaken to think without her help.

As we drove past the farm on our way to the village we saw the gray horse standing with his head up and bewildered, his right front leg

quivering. Stratton asked me to stop; nothing would do but I should get out and feel the leg to see what I thought. I cringed at the idea without showing it, and we got out of the car and walked over to where the old fellow was standing. He swung his head down and sniffed at his leg, then straightened up. I wrapped my fingers around the mark and pressed gently, not finding it at first because the break was above the mark. Then I felt it give under my fingers, and when Stratton moved the leg I could hear the bones grating.

So we drove on to the village, and I sat in the car while Stratton went up to the cottage where his wife was scrubbing floors. She came out on the porch with a cloth in her hand, and they talked too quietly for me to hear anything. She shouted to me to ask if I thought it was broken bad. Yes, I did. "Well," she said, "even if you sling him up he may break it again before it's mended." Stratton said, "I wish it was either of the others, or both. Dan was lead horse on the team, and clever with children. Never hurt anybody and was never mean." "No use standing talking about it," his wife said; and she went back into the cottage.

So we phoned the mink man, and a little while after we got back to the farm the canvas-covered ton truck came around the corner and two men got out, one of them carrying a shotgun. The man without the gun looked at the horse still standing where we had left him and said, "You must feel pretty bad, mister, to lose a horse like that. How long you had him?" "Ten years," said Stratton, trying to keep his voice even. "He looks like a good work horse," said the man without the gun; "Sure you can't save him?" "See what you think." The man walked over to Dan, patted him on the nose a bit, talked quietly to him for just a minute, and then stooped to feel the leg. It seemed to me he barely touched the leg before he said, "Jesus, that's mince-meat." "Well," said Stratton, "don't you do anything with that gun until I get in the house."

"I won't," said the man; "I don't want to do anything with him where he stands because there's no use messing up the yard. Think we could coax him over across the road where we could shovel sand after?" "Do anything you want," said Stratton and started for the house.

Dan refused to budge and the man shouted after Stratton, "You'll have to lead him over. I can't." Stratton turned back and walked over to the horse, reached up and took him by the halter. He was crying as he said, "Come on, Dan," and the horse started after him, hobbling on three legs and dragging the other one. "That's good enough," said the man as soon as they had crossed the road. "Now don't worry, because I ain't going to hurt him. He'll never know nothing about it."

Stratton said afterwards that he heard the shot even though he had both hands pressed over his ears as hard as he could. While the men were

skinning the carcass and cutting it up, they threw the leg aside to show Stratton, and after a while he came out of the house to find the truck loaded, the belly buried, and sand shoveled neatly over the blood on the ground. "You may not want to see the break," the man said, "and then again you may think you made a mistake if you don't see it." Stratton walked over and looked down at it, bent over it, and pushed the flesh aside with one finger where the man had made a cut lengthwise down the skin. "Crimus," he said, "they's nothing but splinters left." "'Twouldn't ever heal," the man said; "Here's ten dollars, and I wish I could pay you more, but you know it don't ever pay to sell a dead horse." The truck drove out of the yard, and Stratton walked over to look at the new dirt. "They do a clean job," he said, "don't they?"

The Movies and the Polls

A FEW pages farther along, among the "Letters," you'll find a comment on *Ernest Borneman's* "The Public Opinion Myth" which appeared in our July issue. The article seems to have stirred up considerable interest in a very complicated but important subject, and here is another item to add to that in the other column.

Paul Raibourn, vice-president of Paramount Pictures, Inc., tells us that certain references to Paramount in Mr. Borneman's article might give the impression (a) that Paramount has a large funded debt, or (b) that Paramount uses public opinion polls. Mr. Borneman, we are sure, did not intend to give either impression; but in case he unwittingly did, we are happy to point out (a) that Paramount's consolidated balance sheet, as of January 4, 1947, shows a funded debt extremely low in relation to capital, and (b) that we are assured by Mr. Raibourn that Paramount has not participated in the sort of opinion polling of which Mr. Borneman was writing. Mr. Borneman was, as a matter of fact, well aware of Paramount's success in retiring a large amount of its funded debt in recent years, and the reference to funded debt in his article was explicitly limited to the period of acquisition of studios, theaters, and equipment.

Hey, Skinny!

IF it weren't for Miss Florence Retzer of Waukesha, Wisconsin, we wouldn't have seen Gus Larson's "Farm Quizbox" in a



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recent issue of *Successful Farming* and would therefore have missed out on some curious information. Not that we couldn't get along all right, in our urban circumstances, without knowing whether the best way to stop odors in cistern water is "(a) dropping deodorant capsules into cistern, (b) building new cistern, (c) installing charcoal filter in inlet pipe." But number 10 on Mr. Larson's list was a revelation. The question was: "Thin people have different reading tastes than do fat folks. Which of the following magazines would most likely be preferred by the fat folks? (a) *Atlantic*, (b) *Saturday Evening Post*, (c) *Harper's*."

The answer, on another page, was that fat folks would read the *Post* and thin ones *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* because "fat people are seldom reformers, while thin ones often are." So, if Mr. Larson is right, you're probably not only skinny but a reformer to boot, or you wouldn't be reading this column. Happily for P & O, all this applies only to the readers. We writers can go right ahead pudging up on hot buttered biscuits and chocolate bars, and we don't have to reform anybody or anything.

Perspective on Loyalty

THE author of our leading article this month is **Henry Steele Commager**, professor of American history at Columbia University. His first book, written in collaboration with Professor Samuel Eliot Morrison of Harvard, was *The Growth of the American Republic* (1930)—still probably the most interesting and instructive one-volume history of our nation. Since then he has written and edited a number of volumes including a biography of Theodore Parker (1936), *Majority Rule and Minority Rights* (1943), and *The Story of the Second World War* (published in 1945 and based upon official documents to which he had access during his term of service with the OWI and the War Department's committee on the history of the war).

Since 1940 Professor Commager has done a great deal of writing for widely circulated publications like the *New York Times Magazine*, as well as for *Scholastic*, the *American Scholar*, *Current History*, and various professional journals. In these articles, as in "Who Is Loyal to America?" (p. 193), he has dealt less with history *per se* than with current problems seen in historical perspective.

Seeming Miracles

THE impulse to write "MacArthur Era: Year Two" (p. 277) was generated, according to **Robert Cochrane**, by the constant flow of news copy which iterates and reiterates the "seeming miracles" MacArthur has accomplished in Japan. Given the same circumstances, says Mr. Cochrane, "practically anybody from Harold Ickes to Drew Pearson could have done as well or better, in my opinion."

There aren't many people whose opinion in the matter would be entitled to so much respect as Mr. Cochrane's. As correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun* papers he entered Japan some hours ahead of MacArthur, on August 30, 1945, and he watched the first year of occupation at close range. He was one of the organizers of the Tokyo Correspondents' Club, to which all non-Japanese correspondents in the country belonged, and was its president from December 1945 until he was recalled to an executive job with the *Sun* last summer.


In Order

• • • **Eric Wilson Barker**, ("Spring Dusk, San Francisco," p. 199) was born in England but has lived for twenty-five years on the West Coast, and many of his poems have dealt with the wild and lovely country from Monterey to the Big Sur. He has published a volume of verse, *The Planetary Heart*, and a number of his recent poems have appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

• • • It's been axiomatic, since the days of Oliver Wendell Holmes, that the people with the finest talent for needling "The Proper Bostonians" (p. 200) are Proper Bostonians. **Cleveland Amory** thus continues an established tradition. He was born in Nahant, the rock-ribbed summer resort where the phrase "Cold Roast Boston" originated, and grew up on a street in Milton whose population has always figured prominently in Boston society. His father, Robert Amory, has long been associated with the New England textile industry, and his brother, Robert Amory, Jr., is a professor at the Harvard Law School.

Mr. Amory, however, left Boston soon after graduation from Harvard in 1939 (he had been president of the *Crimson* in his senior year), and got a job on a New Hampshire

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newspaper. Shortly thereafter he became the youngest man on the editorial staff of the *Saturday Evening Post*. During the war he served as a lieutenant in the military intelligence division of the General Staff. After he was discharged he put in a brief session as a newspaperman in Arizona, returning to Boston in the summer of 1945 to write the history of Boston society from which we have extracted his present article (and another next month). The book, which will also be called *The Proper Bostonians*, is the first in a series on American society which E. P. Dutton is bringing out under the direction of Nicholas Wreden.

The illustrative drawings are, obviously enough, by *Gluyas Williams*, whose affectionate irony and meticulously economical style have for more than thirty years recorded the fantastic commonplaces of American life. Of course Williams isn't a Proper Bostonian at all. He was born in San Francisco, a fact which has never been mitigated, even by his subsequent education at Harvard (where he was Ibis of the *Lampoon* in the days when Robert Benchley and the present editor-in-chief of *Harper's* were also on the staff) or by his long residence in the sanctified precincts of West Newton.

■ ■ ■ "The Collection" (p. 211) is the fourth story by *V. S. Pritchett* to appear in *Harper's*. A volume of Mr. Pritchett's stories, *It May Never Happen*, was recently published by Reynal and Hitchcock. Born in England in 1900, he has worked in the leather industry in Britain, has sold feathers, glue, photographic plates, exotic gums, and theater tickets in France, has been a journalist in Ireland and Spain, a traveler in the Tennessee mountains, a literary editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, and the author of several books, including (beside the volume of stories already mentioned) *Marching Spain* and *Dead Man Leading*, published in this country by Macmillan, and a new one, *The Living Novel*, to be published by Reynal and Hitchcock later this year.

■ ■ ■ Since *Bernard DeVoto* is, so to speak, right out of our own stable, P & O always finds it difficult to believe that our readers don't already know the salient facts about him. From our particular stall, of course, he is most highly valued as the regular monthly inhabitant of the "Easy Chair"—a column whose somewhat corny name is now, after

ninety-six years, so thoroughly established in American journalistic and literary history, that not even Mr. DeVoto's restless and energetic occupancy can alter it.

For the sake of the newcomers, however: Mr. DeVoto is a product of Ogden, Utah, who was graduated from Harvard, served two years as an infantry officer in the other war, taught English at Northwestern and at Harvard, edited the *Saturday Review*, and has meanwhile written novels (under his own name and under the pen-name of John August), several volumes of forthright essays, and two of the best books of history produced in the past twenty years: *Mark Twain's America* (1932) and *The Year of Decision: 1846* (1943).

His present article on the centennial convention of the American Medical Association, "Doctors Along the Boardwalk" (p. 215), is a sample of what he can do as a reporter when we let him have more than the Easy Chair's four pages, (p. 247) and give him a subject which he can get his incisors into.

■ ■ ■ "Connecticut River — Early March" (p. 224) is *Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling's* sixth poem in *Harper's*. Her most recent was "Foreign Professor" (July 1946). During the school year Mrs. Conkling is a professor of English at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts.

■ ■ ■ "More Fallacies About Art" (p. 225) concludes the genial animadversions which *W. M. Ivins, Jr.* began in last month's issue. Formerly curator of prints and long-time assistant director and acting director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mr. Ivins has now retired and lives in Woodbury, Connecticut.

■ ■ ■ *Bernard B. Smith*, who has frequently written for us on radio and on international trade, comes up this month with what may be called a byproduct of his law practice. "Divorce Is Cheaper Than Marriage" (p. 232) was, as a matter of fact, suggested to him by the high incidence of divorce among his radio clients in recent years.

■ ■ ■ *Rachel MacKenzie* of Port Byron, New York, in her own words says "My background is pretty solidly academic. I taught for a year in a college in China, and later was dean of women at the College of Wooster for eight long years. I came back to Cambridge three years ago to finish up work for my Ph.D. at Radcliffe, took a course in composition because I'd always been interested in

writing without doing anything about it; and after a year of tutoring and the fringes of research, I decided I couldn't bear to be a scholar and that, in fact, I could only bear to be a writer." Radcliffe College then made Miss MacKenzie head of Bertram Hall, and she has since been writing. "The Thread" (p. 234) is her first published story.

• • • **Robert Huff**, whose poem, "On Leaving Her in April," appears on p. 240, is a student at Wayne University in Detroit, Michigan. During the war he was an aerial gunner in the 8th Air Force in Europe. "I know this is far from new," he says, "but I believe it is fitting. I am writing what I feel as best I can."

• • • **Fletcher Pratt** has for a number of years been recognized as one of the country's ablest lay experts on military and naval affairs. His book, *The Navy*, is regarded as standard by naval officers; his biographical-historical studies of the Napoleonic era are classics in their field; and his books about the recent war (many chapters of which originally appeared as articles in *Harper's*) are among the most thorough and accurate contemporary accounts of the great Pacific campaigns. In "How Not to Run a Spy System" (p. 241) he turns to a consideration of one of the most serious problems in our postwar military organization. Since the article was put in type the President has appointed former Navy Secretary Forrestal to be Secretary of Defense in the new integrated setup. It is to be hoped that one of the Secretary's first jobs will be to reorganize intelligence along the lines which Mr. Pratt's article suggests.

• • • **Philip Garrigan** ("Silly Bird Dog," p. 246) has had a poem in *Harper's* ("Love-song," December 1946) and a trio of short stories ("Three Ways from Sunday," May 1947).

• • • **Michael Lindsay Hoffman** is a correspondent for the London office of the *New York Times*, writing about economic affairs in Western Europe and Britain. A native of North Carolina, he was graduated from Oberlin College and got his doctorate in economics from the University of Chicago. After teaching economics for four years he went to work for the Treasury Department in 1941, later becoming deputy director of the Department's Foreign Funds Control. During the war he served overseas for the Treasury in North Africa, London, and Paris. Resigning



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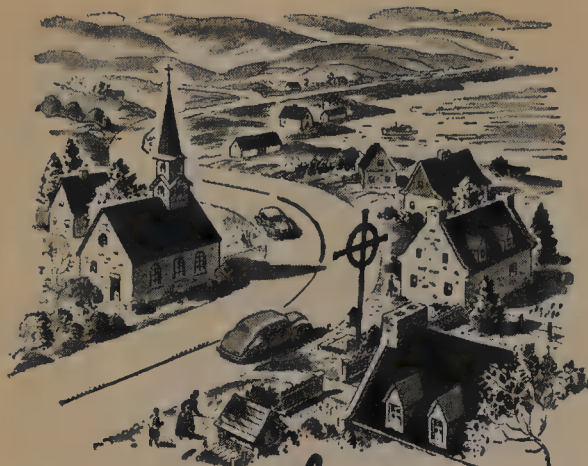
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CAVANAGH'S
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GAME COCK
WHITE TURKEYS
NINO'S
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COO ROUGE
Closter, N. J.
COACH TAVERN
Philadelphia, Pa.
BOOKBINDER'S

Baltimore, Md.
JOHNSON'S MEDICA
Washington, D. C.
HARVEY'S
OLNEY INN
Jacksonville, Fla.
FLITCHER'S
Miami, Fla.
MANNINGS
COACH GRILL
VICTORS
Miami Beach, Fla.
STEAK HOUSE
MAMMY'S
New Orleans, La.
ANTOINES
LA LOUISIANE

from government service in 1945 he joined the staff of the *Times*.

The drawings accompanying Mr. Hoffman's "The Best Thing in France Today" (p. 251) were done in France by **Edward Melcarth**. Born in Kentucky and brought up in Europe, Mr. Melcarth studied at Harvard and at the Boston Museum School. For a number of years he lived in Paris, but returned to America when war broke out. During the war he drove a truck in Persia and later joined the Merchant Marine. He is now traveling in Europe.

■ ■ ■ The author of "The American Master Counterfeiters" (p. 262) is **Stewart Robertson**, staff writer of *The Family Circle* magazine, whose hobby is criminology. His interest in the Lancaster gang began in 1940, when an assignment for a routine story on the U. S. Secret Service revealed that many old counterfeiters were unmatched by the current crop. The cordial co-operation of ex-chief Frank J. Wilson and the present chief, James J. Maloney, in making available the official files and other data of this almost incredible case encouraged Mr. Robertson to spend considerable time in the Philadelphia-Lancaster locale, talking with survivors who remembered the 1897 plot and checking through the files of old newspapers.

■ ■ ■ **Jacob K. Javits**, producer of "The Call of Adventure" (p. 273) represents the 21st District of New York in the House of Representatives. A graduate of the New York University Law School in 1926, he became a partner in the law firm of Javits and Javits. During the war he served as assistant to the chief of operations in chemical warfare in Europe and in the Pacific, and was a lieutenant colonel at the time of his discharge in June 1945. He is the author of a series of articles on a liberal political and economic policy for the Republican party.

■ ■ ■ **Myrtle Royster** spent her childhood in the Cross River Valley of Minnesota, lived for a while in Minneapolis, taught art in colleges in North Carolina and Texas, worked in an International Harvester plant during the war, and is now married and living in Austin, Texas. "And She Wore Diamonds in Her Teeth" (p. 274) is one of the tales that she remembers from the winter nights her family spent before the kitchen stove of the Minnesota farmhouse where she spent her childhood. This is her first appearance in *Harper's*.

LETTERS

Sh!—

To the Editors:

If I could as I would, I should like to congratulate you for Nathaniel Peffer's article, "Time to Get Out of China." [July 1947] But I cannot do so lest I become a fellow-traveler. It is true, even the *New York Times* for some years reported that Chiang's government is rotten and that that of his Communist opponents is comparatively better. But this is over now, gentlemen! We are being told that Chiang is fighting a "heroic battle." This is the official policy now and no doubt the Truman doctrine of "All Aid to Fascist Enemies of Communism" will be soon extended to China.

Yet worst of all is Mr. Harper's "After Hours" praise of foreign films. (I am sure many readers would like to know his list of the Ten Best Ever. Does it include *Der Absturz* with Asta Nielsen? If not, then it isn't complete.) Don't you know that Eric Johnston, that new *arbiter elegantiarum* of the film world, has testified (!) before the Un-American Committee a few months ago that it is Communist propaganda here and abroad that praises foreign films at the expense of American ones? You seem to think that the freedom of the press allows you to speak your mind, but our new Washington atmosphere is seeing to it that this old-fashioned idea is vanishing rapidly.

REGINALD PARKER
Silver Spring, Md.

Woodman, Spare That Tree —

To the Editors:

As one who has preached against the so-called comics for twenty years—without any result—I read Mr. Harper's little article "After Hours" [July 1947] on this subject with great interest.

It may be that they are no more gory or dirty than some other trash but when, toward the end of your article, you express the con-

viction that your children will outgrow them you are dead wrong. There is some drug in these things which arrests mental development. Witness the fact that generals, admirals, presidents, big business men, etc. keep on reading them till they die. Our troops in foreign countries cried, almost unanimously, for their "funnies."

The average American, and I do not exclude college-bred six-foot adolescents, reads the sports page and the funnies and *hardly anything else*. Witness the fact that your circulation, and yours is the best or one of the best magazines we have, is a fraction of that of any other stupid, vulgar, obscene pulp that you can at random pick from any newsstand.

We are ruining irreplaceable forests printing funnies, and the editor of *Harper's* says—so what? It is O.K.

LOUIS NECHO
Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't confuse Mr. Harper with the editor of Harper's. They are not the same fellow. Mr. Harper's opinions, prejudices, and idiosyncrasies are his own.

Myth and Fact —

To the Editors:

I read Ernest Borneman's article "The Public Opinion Myth" [July 1947] and found it very interesting, although I must reject his basic theme. Without going into it in detail, I want to point out that his facts about radio research are curiously garbled.

As one who has been identified with research for a number of years, I would be the first to agree that too many people have tried to use it as a substitute for intelligent, imaginative leadership. But properly used, I feel it can go a long way in guiding management in many fields, including the creative ones.

Too frequently, too little attention is given to what an associate has called "the logistics of information." In other words, when one is involved in the movement of information, I

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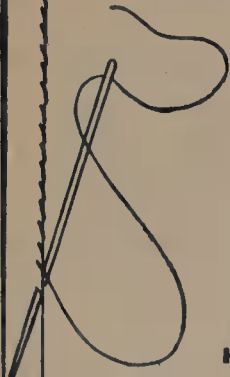
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believe he must use the tools of research in gauging its distribution and its impact. But to develop that concept is an article in itself.

FRANK STANTON, President
Columbia Broadcasting System

For further comments on Mr. Borneman's article, see the Personal & Otherwise pages in this issue.

Apologies Are in Order—

To the Editors:

In my article of last month, "Steel: The Great Retreat" [August 1947], an editorial revision substantially altered the meaning of one passage. Inasmuch as I did not learn of the change until it was too late to make a correction, I should like to correct it now.

In speaking of the location of the central steel region between Pittsburgh and Buffalo along the shores of the Great Lakes to Chicago, I originally wrote, "The industry has gathered there because its markets are there and because that is the region in which its chief materials, iron ore and coal, can most conveniently be brought together." In your office this sentence and the sentence following it were revised to convey the idea that the principal markets for steel "have grown up around the steel producing centers." This is true in some degree of the automotive and machine industries but not of building construction and railroads, the location of which is certainly not affected by the location of the steel industry.

May I now disown the meaning that was conveyed in the article as printed in favor of the idea I originally conveyed—that the steel industry has grown up around its markets?

MARVIN BARLOON
Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

Apologies to Mr. Barloon for a careless infraction of our standard practice: that all substantial changes are submitted to authors—in copy if there is time, and anyhow in proof—and that thereafter no changes are made which may endanger the author's precise meaning.

To the Editors:

May I call your attention to a gross misstatement of facts which appeared in your May issue in an article by Mary B. Palmer

(Continued on fifth page following)



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PUZZLE: *Station Scene, 1957. Find the man who is getting a steady income from U. S. Savings Bonds. He was smart enough to start buying, back in 1947.*

Of all the ways of saving up a tidy sum of money, one of the *easiest* and *safest* ways is to invest your money in U. S. Bonds.

You can buy Bonds either through the Payroll Savings Plan at your place of business—or if the Payroll Plan is not available to you,

but you *do* have a checking account, through the Bond-a-Month Plan at your local bank.

Both ways repay you \$4 for every \$3 you save, by the time your Bonds mature. Choose the sum you can afford—and start saving today!

**Save the easy, automatic way
— with U.S. Savings Bonds**



Let's Wake Up

Millions of bushels of food may rot in our fields this harvest time, instead of being available to the world's markets — because we are short of freight cars. Here is a way that thousands of cars can be freed for service in a hurry.



Are old-line managements asleep in the dell while many freight trains creep at a snail's pace—by agreement?

Rip Van Winkle!

ARE you interested in the price of food? Does it give you a twinge to see those pictures of mountains of wheat piled on the ground and potatoes going to rot—when there's a desperate world food crisis?

The bottle-neck is our freight-car shortage. But thousands of cars could be freed by a single decision—if old-line railroad managements would act.

Don't Blame the War!

This is hard to believe, but it's true: we have today only three-fourths as many freight cars in our country as we had twenty years ago. This shrunken fleet is now called on to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history. And the war itself is not to blame for the shortage—for in no single year from 1925 to the start of hostilities did the railroad industry buy as many cars as it junked. Twenty years is a long time for even Rip Van Winkle to sleep!

What Can Be Done?

There is at least one remedy that can be applied at once—despite the steel shortage and other difficulties in car-building. This remedy requires no new equipment, no period of time to work out—nothing but an act of management:

Lift what appear to be agreements between railroads that deliberately slow down many freight trains!

Here is an example. There are eight important routes by which you can ship "fast" freight from California to Chicago. These routes vary in length as much as 450 miles. But, curiously, the time schedule for each of the eight is exactly 118 hours—and 30 minutes!

Similarly, scheduled freight trains mov-

ing west over the important routes from Chicago to the Coast areas, despite great differences in terrain and mileage, take exactly 130 hours—on the nose!

Is This Free Competition?

Could it be that these schedules are fixed by agreement? That the trains which could be fastest are held back for the slowest—so that no road can have even the slightest competitive advantage?

Railroad men know that, in many instances, a whole day could be cut off these schedules between California and Chicago—if managements would simply order it. If that were done, on these roads and on others, it would ease the national car shortage at once!

There is good reason to believe that by lifting deliberate freight slowdowns, on the roads that still practice them, *we could provide more cars this summer and fall than our shops can possibly build.* And every car is desperately needed!

A Call For Action!

The next few weeks will be the critical ones in our food problem. Our wheat crop is estimated to exceed any previous record by 300 million bushels. *It is even now being piled in the fields—for want of cars.*

If you feel as strongly about this as the C&O does, write to your newspaper and your congressman. Do it today while it is on your mind.

Ask them to stir up Rip Van Winkle—and tell him that time is short. Demand that our trains be scheduled not merely to suit the private deals of the railroads, but so that we can make the best use, for the whole public, of our shamefully depleted stock of freight cars!

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio

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WILLIAM L. SHIRER says: "INSIDE U.S.A. is a magnificent book about our wondrous and fantastic land. Nothing like it has ever been published before. The tale it tells of our great and fumbling nation is utterly fascinating... There is truth and a savage integrity and adult approach to our problems that will not only thrill our citizens but drive them to think and take stock."

CLIFTON FADIMAN says: "By far the best of the *Inside* series."

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entitled, "Experiment in Health." Your article stated:

A recent visitor from Los Angeles agrees with them. Director of the many municipal playgrounds in that city, he was gloomy about their value. He said that only thirteen per cent of the people of Los Angeles interest themselves in the parks, while fewer use them. Increasingly they are used for nighttime pickups.

I have been director of the municipal playgrounds in Los Angeles since 1926, and I can declare positively that I made no such statement as quoted. On the contrary, my experience convinces me that municipal playgrounds are of the utmost importance to the life of any community. During the entire period of my long service of over twenty years, there has been no complaint from official or unofficial sources that the playgrounds were used for "nighttime pickups."

Los Angeles is known nationally for its pioneer work since 1905 in the development of public playgrounds. That their value is increasingly recognized by the public is indicated by these several factors:

(1) Annual attendance at playgrounds, parks, beaches, etc., is approximately 50,000,000 visits.

(2) The citizens of Los Angeles have just voted overwhelmingly for a \$12,078,000 program of expansion which will virtually double the size of our present system of playgrounds.

(3) The City of Los Angeles has consolidated its Playground and Recreation Department with its Park Department to provide more recreation service. The consolidated Department has been given a record budget of \$5,157,000 for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1947.

Certainly all this does not add up to "gloom" about the value of playgrounds, nor to lack of public interest or recognition of their value, does it?

GEORGE HJELTE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Heart Balm —

To the Editors:

Congratulations on your issue for July 1947. It had more original, meaty articles than any one magazine I've seen for a long, long time. . . .

C. MERVYN YOUNG
Wynnewood, Pa.

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Left above — Flamingo, typical Deluxe Design.

Right above — Kent, typical Standard Design.



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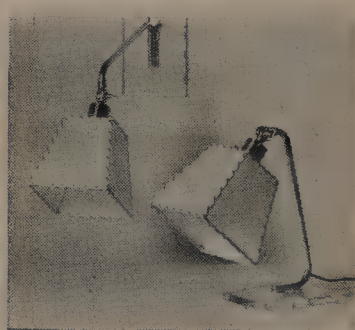
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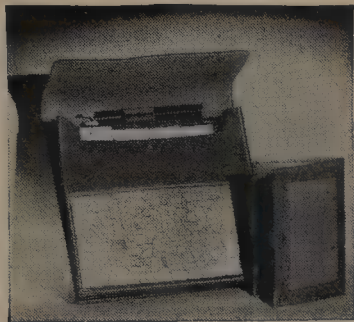
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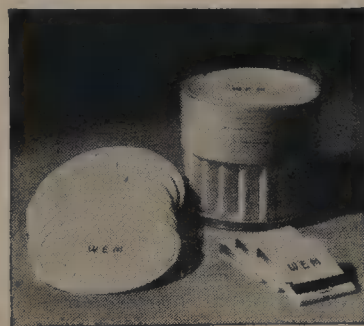
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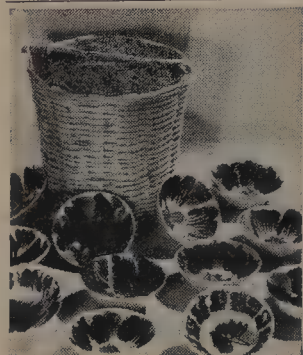
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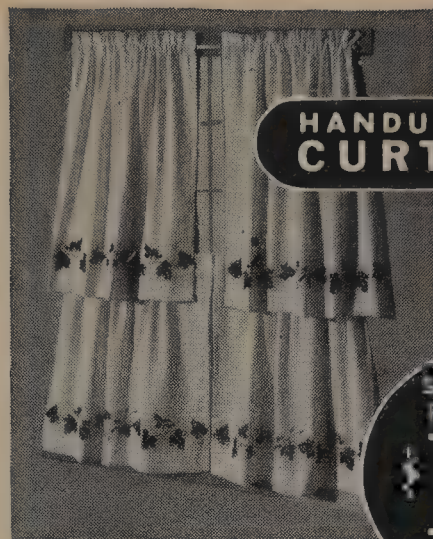
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IT'S CRICKET, cricket stool. that is in Pennsylvania Dutch designs on grounds of red, blue, green, yellow or off-white. For a fresh, bright look, let the cricket be your color-guide adding touches to the room in the colors that

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MAGAZINE

WHO IS LOYAL TO AMERICA?

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

ON MAY 6 a Russian-born girl, Mrs. Shura Lewis, gave a talk to the students of the Western High School of Washington, D. C. She talked about Russia—its school system, its public health program, the position of women, of the aged, of the workers, the farmers, and the professional classes—and compared, superficially and uncritically, some American and Russian social institutions. The most careful examination of the speech—happily reprinted for us in the *Congressional Record*—does not disclose a single disparagement of anything American unless it is a quasi-humorous reference to the cost of having a baby and of dental treatment in this country. Mrs. Lewis said nothing that had not been said a thousand times, in speeches, in newspapers, magazines, and books. She said nothing that any normal person could find objectionable.

Her speech, however, created a sensation. A few students walked out on it. Others improvised placards proclaiming their devotion to Americanism. Indignant

mothers telephoned their protests. Newspapers took a strong stand against the outrage. Congress, rarely concerned for the political or economic welfare of the citizens of the capital city, reacted sharply when its intellectual welfare was at stake. Congressmen Rankin and Dirksen thundered and lightened; the District of Columbia Committee went into a huddle; there were demands for housecleaning in the whole school system, which was obviously shot through and through with Communism.

All this might be ignored, for we have learned not to expect either intelligence or understanding of Americanism from this element in our Congress. More ominous was the reaction of the educators entrusted with the high responsibility of guiding and guarding the intellectual welfare of our boys and girls. Did they stand up for intellectual freedom? Did they insist that high-school children had the right and the duty to learn about other countries? Did they protest that students were to be trusted to use intelligence and

Henry Steele Commager, professor of history at Columbia University, is a distinguished student of the development and heritage of America.

common sense? Did they affirm that the Americanism of their students was staunch enough to resist propaganda? Did they perform even the elementary task, expected of educators above all, of analyzing the much-criticized speech?

Not at all. The District Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Hobart Corning, hastened to agree with the animadversions of Representatives Rankin and Dirksen. The whole thing was, he confessed, "a very unfortunate occurrence," and had "shocked the whole school system." What Mrs. Lewis said, he added gratuitously, was "repugnant to all who are working with youth in the Washington schools," and "the entire affair contrary to the philosophy of education under which we operate." Mr. Danowsky, the hapless principal of the Western High School, was "the most shocked and regretful of all." The District of Columbia Committee would be happy to know that though he was innocent in the matter, he had been properly reprimanded!

It is the reaction of the educators that makes this episode more than a tempest in a teapot. We expect hysteria from Mr. Rankin and some newspapers; we are shocked when we see educators, timid before criticism and confused about first principles, betray their trust. And we wonder what can be that "philosophy of education" which believes that young people can be trained to the duties of citizenship by wrapping their minds in cotton-wool.

MERELY by talking about Russia Mrs. Lewis was thought to be attacking Americanism. It is indicative of the seriousness of the situation that during this same week the House found it necessary to take time out from the discussion of the labor bill, the tax bill, the International Trade Organization, and the world famine, to meet assaults upon Americanism from a new quarter. This time it was the artists who were undermining the American system, and members of the House spent some hours passing around reproductions of the paintings which the State Department had sent abroad as part of its program for advertising American culture. We need

not pause over the exquisite humor which congressmen displayed in their comments on modern art: weary statesmen must have their fun. But we may profitably remark the major criticism which was directed against this unfortunate collection of paintings. What was wrong with these paintings, it shortly appeared, was that they were un-American. "No American drew those crazy pictures," said Mr. Rankin. Perhaps he was right. The copious files of the Committee on Un-American Activities were levied upon to prove that of the forty-five artists represented "no less than twenty were definitely New Deal in various shades of Communism." The damning facts are specified for each of the pernicious twenty; we can content ourselves with the first of them, Ben-Zion. What is the evidence here? "Ben-Zion was one of the signers of a letter sent to President Roosevelt by the United American Artists which urged help to the USSR and Britain after Hitler attacked Russia." He was, in short, a fellow-traveler of Churchill and Roosevelt.

The same day that Mr. Dirksen was denouncing the Washington school authorities for allowing students to hear about Russia ("In Russia equal right is granted to each nationality. There is no discrimination. Nobody says, you are a Negro, you are a Jew") Representative Williams of Mississippi rose to denounce the *Survey-Graphic* magazine and to add further to our understanding of Americanism. The *Survey-Graphic*, he said, "contained 129 pages of outrageously vile and nauseating anti-Southern, anti-Christian, un-American, and pro-Communist tripe, ostensibly directed toward the elimination of the custom of racial segregation in the South." It was written by "meddling un-American purveyors of hate and indecency."

ALL in all, a busy week for the House. Yet those who make a practice of reading their *Record* will agree that it was a typical week. For increasingly Congress is concerned with the eradication of disloyalty and the defense of Americanism, and scarcely a day passes that some congressman does not treat us to exhortations and admonitions, impas-

sioned appeals and eloquent declamations, similar to those inspired by Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Ben-Zion, and the editors of the *Survey-Graphic*. And scarcely a day passes that the outlines of the new loyalty and the new Americanism are not etched more sharply in public policy.

And this is what is significant—the emergence of new patterns of Americanism and of loyalty, patterns radically different from those which have long been traditional. It is not only the Congress that is busy designing the new patterns. They are outlined in President Truman's recent disloyalty order; in similar orders formulated by the New York City Council and by state and local authorities throughout the country; in the programs of the D.A.R., the American Legion, and similar patriotic organizations; in the editorials of the Hearst and the McCormick-Patterson papers; and in an elaborate series of advertisements sponsored by large corporations and business organizations. In the making is a revival of the red hysteria of the early 1920's, one of the shabbiest chapters in the history of American democracy; and more than a revival, for the new crusade is designed not merely to frustrate Communism but to formulate a positive definition of Americanism, and a positive concept of loyalty.

WHAT is the new loyalty? It is, above all, conformity. It is the uncritical and unquestioning acceptance of America as it is—the political institutions, the social relationships, the economic practices. It rejects inquiry into the race question or socialized medicine, or public housing, or into the wisdom or validity of our foreign policy. It regards as particularly heinous any challenge to what is called “the system of private enterprise,” identifying that system with Americanism. It abandons evolution, repudiates the once popular concept of progress, and regards America as a finished product, perfect and complete.

It is, it must be added, easily satisfied. For it wants not intellectual conviction nor spiritual conquest, but mere outward conformity. In matters of loyalty it takes the word for the deed, the gesture for the principle. It is content with the flag

salute, and does not pause to consider the warning of our Supreme Court that “a person gets from a symbol the meaning he puts into it, and what is one man's comfort and inspiration is another's jest and scorn.” It is satisfied with membership in respectable organizations and, as it assumes that every member of a liberal organization is a Communist, concludes that every member of a conservative one is a true American. It has not yet learned that not everyone who saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven. It is designed neither to discover real disloyalty nor to foster true loyalty.

II

WHAT is wrong with this new concept of loyalty? What, fundamentally, is wrong with the pusillanimous retreat of the Washington educators, the barbarous antics of Washington legislators, the hysterical outbursts of the D.A.R., the gross and vulgar appeals of business corporations? It is not merely that these things are offensive. It is rather that they are wrong—morally, socially, and politically.

The concept of loyalty as conformity is a false one. It is narrow and restrictive, denies freedom of thought and of conscience, and is irremediably stained by private and selfish considerations. “Enlightened loyalty,” wrote Josiah Royce, who made loyalty the very core of his philosophy,

means harm to no man's loyalty. It is at war only with disloyalty, and its warfare, unless necessity constrains, is only a spiritual warfare. It does not foster class hatreds; it knows of nothing reasonable about race prejudices; and it regards all races of men as one in their need of loyalty. It ignores mutual misunderstandings. It loves its own wherever upon earth its own, namely loyalty itself, is to be found.

Justice, charity, wisdom, spirituality, he added, were all definable in terms of loyalty, and we may properly ask which of these qualities our contemporary champions of loyalty display.

Above all, loyalty must be to something larger than oneself, untainted by private purposes or selfish ends. But what are we to say of the attempts by the NAM and by individual corporations to identify

loyalty with the system of private enterprise? Is it not as if officeholders should attempt to identify loyalty with their own party, their own political careers? Do not those corporations which pay for full-page advertisements associating Americanism with the competitive system expect, ultimately, to profit from that association? Do not those organizations that deplore, in the name of patriotism, the extension of government operation of hydro-electric power expect to profit from their campaign?

Certainly it is a gross perversion not only of the concept of loyalty but of the concept of Americanism to identify it with a particular economic system. This precise question, interestingly enough, came before the Supreme Court in the *Schneiderman* case not so long ago—and it was Wendell Willkie who was counsel for Schneiderman. Said the Court:

Throughout our history many sincere people whose attachment to the general Constitutional scheme cannot be doubted have, for various and even divergent reasons, urged differing degrees of governmental ownership and control of natural resources, basic means of production, and banks and the media of exchange, either with or without compensation. And something once regarded as a species of private property was abolished without compensating the owners when the institution of slavery was forbidden. Can it be said that the author of the Emancipation Proclamation and the supporters of the Thirteenth Amendment were not attached to the Constitution?

There is, it should be added, a further danger in the willful identification of Americanism with a particular body of economic practices. Many learned economists predict for the near future an economic crash similar to that of 1929. If Americanism is equated with competitive capitalism, what happens to it if competitive capitalism comes a cropper? If loyalty and private enterprise are inextricably associated, what is to preserve loyalty if private enterprise fails? Those who associate Americanism with a particular program of economic practices have a grave responsibility, for if their program should fail, they expose Americanism itself to disrepute.

The effort to equate loyalty with conformity is misguided because it assumes that there is a fixed content to loyalty and that this can be determined and de-

fined. But loyalty is a principle, and eludes definition except in its own terms. It is devotion to the best interests of the commonwealth, and may require hostility to the particular policies which the government pursues, the particular practices which the economy undertakes, the particular institutions which society maintains. "If there is any fixed star in our Constitutional constellation," said the Supreme Court in the *Barnette* case, "it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion, or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein. If there are any circumstances which permit an exception they do not now occur to us."

TRUE loyalty may require, in fact, what appears to the naïve to be disloyalty. It may require hostility to certain provisions of the Constitution itself, and historians have not concluded that those who subscribed to the "Higher Law" were lacking in patriotism. We should not forget that our tradition is one of protest and revolt, and it is stultifying to celebrate the rebels of the past—Jefferson and Paine, Emerson and Thoreau—while we silence the rebels of the present. "We are a rebellious nation," said Theodore Parker, known in his day as the Great American Preacher, and went on:

Our whole history is treason; our blood was attainted before we were born; our creeds are infidelity to the mother church; our constitution, treason to our fatherland. What of that? Though all the governors in the world bid us commit treason against man, and set the example, let us never submit.

Those who would impose upon us a new concept of loyalty not only assume that this is possible, but have the presumption to believe that they are competent to write the definition. We are reminded of Whitman's defiance of the "never-ending audacity of elected persons." Who are those who would set the standards of loyalty? They are Rankins and Bilbos, officials of the D.A.R. and the Legion and the NAM, Hearsts and McCormicks. May we not say of Rankin's harangues on loyalty what Emerson said of Webster at the time of the Seventh of March speech: "The word honor in the

mouth of Mr. Webster is like the word love in the mouth of a whore."

What do men know of loyalty who make a mockery of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, whose energies are dedicated to stirring up race and class hatreds, who would straitjacket the American spirit? What indeed do they know of America—the America of Sam Adams and Tom Paine, of Jackson's defiance of the Court and Lincoln's celebration of labor, of Thoreau's essay on Civil Disobedience and Emerson's championship of John Brown, of the America of the Fourierists and the Come-Outers, of cranks and fanatics, of socialists and anarchists? Who among American heroes could meet their tests, who would be cleared by their committees? Not Washington, who was a rebel. Not Jefferson, who wrote that all men are created equal and whose motto was "rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." Not Garrison, who publicly burned the Constitution; or Wendell Phillips, who spoke for the underprivileged everywhere and counted himself a philosophical anarchist; not Seward of the Higher Law or Sumner of racial equality. Not Lincoln, who admonished us to have malice toward none, charity for all; or Wilson, who warned that our flag was "a flag of liberty of opinion as well as of political liberty"; or Justice Holmes, who said that our Constitution is an experiment and that while that experiment is being made "we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death."

III

THERE are further and more practical objections against the imposition of fixed concepts of loyalty or tests of disloyalty. The effort is itself a confession of fear, a declaration of insolvency. Those who are sure of themselves do not need reassurance, and those who have confidence in the strength and the virtue of America do not need to fear either criticism or competition. The effort is bound to miscarry. It will not apprehend those who are really disloyal, it will not even

frighten them; it will affect only those who can be labeled "radical." It is sobering to recall that though the Japanese relocation program, carried through at such incalculable cost in misery and tragedy, was justified to us on the ground that the Japanese were potentially disloyal, the record does not disclose a single case of Japanese disloyalty or sabotage during the whole war. The warning sounded by the Supreme Court in the Barnette flag-salute case is a timely one:

Ultimate futility of such attempts to compel obedience is the lesson of every such effort from the Roman drive to stamp out Christianity as a disturber of pagan unity, the Inquisition as a means to religious and dynastic unity, the Siberian exiles as a means to Russian unity, down to the fast-failing efforts of our present totalitarian enemies. Those who begin coercive elimination of dissent soon find themselves exterminating dissenters. Compulsory unification of opinion achieves only the unanimity of the graveyard.

Nor are we left to idle conjecture in this matter; we have had experience enough. Let us limit ourselves to a single example, one that is wonderfully relevant. Back in 1943 the House Un-American Activities Committee, deeply disturbed by alleged disloyalty among government employees, wrote a definition of subversive activities and proceeded to apply it. The definition was admirable, and no one could challenge its logic or its symmetry:

Subversive activity derives from conduct intentionally destructive of or inimical to the Government of the United States—that which seeks to undermine its institutions, or to distort its functions, or to impede its projects, or to lessen its efforts, the ultimate end being to overturn it all.

Surely anyone guilty of activities so defined deserved not only dismissal but punishment. But how was the test applied? It was applied to two distinguished scholars, Robert Morss Lovett and Goodwin Watson, and to one able young historian, William E. Dodd, Jr., son of our former Ambassador to Germany. Of almost three million persons employed by the government, these were the three whose subversive activities were deemed the most pernicious, and the House cut them off the payroll. The sequel is familiar. The Senate concurred only to save a wartime appropriation; the President signed the bill under protest for the same reason.

The Supreme Court declared the whole business a "bill of attainder" and therefore unconstitutional. Who was it, in the end, who engaged in "subversive activities"—Lovett, Dodd, and Watson, or the Congress which flagrantly violated Article One of the Constitution?

FINALLY, disloyalty tests are not only futile in application, they are pernicious in their consequences. They distract attention from activities that are really disloyal, and silence criticism inspired by true loyalty. That there are disloyal elements in America will not be denied, but there is no reason to suppose that any of the tests now formulated will ever be applied to them. It is relevant to remember that when Rankin was asked why his Committee did not investigate the Ku Klux Klan he replied that the Klan was not un-American, it was American!

Who are those who are really disloyal? Those who inflame racial hatreds, who sow religious and class dissensions. Those who subvert the Constitution by violating the freedom of the ballot box. Those who make a mockery of majority rule by the use of the filibuster. Those who impair democracy by denying equal educational facilities. Those who frustrate justice by lynch law or by making a farce of jury trials. Those who deny freedom of speech and of the press and of assembly. Those who press for special favors against the interest of the commonwealth. Those who regard public office as a source of private gain. Those who would exalt the military over the civil. Those who for selfish and private purposes stir up national antagonisms and expose the world to the ruin of war.

Will the House Committee on Un-American Activities interfere with the activities of these? Will Mr. Truman's disloyalty proclamation reach these? Will the current campaigns for Americanism convert these? If past experience is any guide, they will not. What they will do, if they are successful, is to silence criticism, stamp out dissent—or drive it underground. But if our democracy is to flourish it must have criticism, if our government is to function it must have dissent. Only

totalitarian governments insist upon conformity and they—as we know—do so at their peril. Without criticism abuses will go unrebuked; without dissent our dynamic system will become static. The American people have a stake in the maintenance of the most thorough-going inquisition into American institutions. They have a stake in nonconformity, for they know that the American genius is nonconformist. They have a stake in experimentation of the most radical character, for they know that only those who prove all things can hold fast that which is good.

IV

IT is easier to say what loyalty is not than to say what it is. It is not conformity. It is not passive acquiescence in the status quo. It is not preference for everything American over everything foreign. It is not an ostrich-like ignorance of other countries and other institutions. It is not the indulgence in ceremony—a flag salute, an oath of allegiance, a fervid verbal declaration. It is not a particular creed, a particular version of history, a particular body of economic practices, a particular philosophy.

It is a tradition, an ideal, and a principle. It is a willingness to subordinate every private advantage for the larger good. It is an appreciation of the rich and diverse contributions that can come from the most varied sources. It is allegiance to the traditions that have guided our greatest statesmen and inspired our most eloquent poets—the traditions of freedom, equality, democracy, tolerance, the tradition of the higher law, of experimentation, co-operation, and pluralism. It is a realization that America was born of revolt, flourished on dissent, became great through experimentation.

Independence was an act of revolution; republicanism was something new under the sun; the federal system was a vast experimental laboratory. Physically Americans were pioneers; in the realm of social and economic institutions, too, their tradition has been one of pioneering. From the beginning, intellectual and spiritual diversity have been as characteristic of America as racial and linguistic. The

most distinctively American philosophies have been transcendentalism—which is the philosophy of the Higher Law—and pragmatism—which is the philosophy of experimentation and pluralism. These two principles are the very core of Americanism: the principle of the Higher Law, or of obedience to the dictates of conscience rather than of statutes, and the

principle of pragmatism, or the rejection of a single good and of the notion of a finished universe. From the beginning Americans have known that there were new worlds to conquer, new truths to be discovered. Every effort to confine Americanism to a single pattern, to constrain it to a single formula, is disloyalty to everything that is valid in Americanism.

[Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, \$10.00 per hundred. Send your order with remittance to Harper's Magazine, Dept. G, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, N. Y.]

Spring Dusk, San Francisco

ERIC WILSON BARKER

MILKEN as marble through the porticoes
the sea-fog draws the twilight in her sails.

Not ringdoves now to dimming woods persuaded
drop softer syllables through thickening leaves
than mumbling pigeons huddled on their eaves.

St. Mary's bell adds up a mellow sum
of seven sonant numbers in the air.

Yellow as daffodils
(as the switch is thrown)
the windows bloom with light round Portsmouth Square.

And up and up the hilly windows stare
and steep and steeper down

where,

street by street from the harbor's shrouded water
evening, seagull-breasted, climbs this town.

THE PROPER BOSTONIANS

CLEVELAND AMORY

Pictorial Comment by Gluyas Williams

THERE is a story in Boston that in the palmy days of the twenties a Chicago banking house asked the Boston investment firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. for a letter of recommendation about a young Bostonian they were considering employing. Lee, Higginson could not say enough for the young man. His father, they wrote, was a Cabot, his mother a Lowell; further back his background was a happy blend of Saltonstalls, Appletons, Peabodys, and others of Boston's First Families. The recommendation was given without hesitation.

Several days later came a curt acknowledgment from Chicago. Lee, Higginson was thanked for its trouble. Unfortunately, however, the material supplied on the young man was not exactly of the type the Chicago firm was seeking. "We were not," their letter declared, "contemplating using Mr. ——— for breeding purposes."

That story is legendary but it is at the same time basic to an understanding of Boston and the Proper Bostonian. To the country at large the Proper Bostonian is not always easily identifiable. He does not necessarily live in Boston Proper. He may still live in the Beacon Hill area of his city, but he is more likely to be found in such socially circumspect Boston suburbs as Brookline, Chestnut Hill, Milton, Wellesley, Needham, Dedham, or Dover—and way stations from Prides Crossing to Woods Hole. He is not especially indi-

vidual in appearance. Although outside observers have claimed to be able to tell the Proper Bostonian male by waistcoat, and the Proper Bostonian female by hat, these marks are not foolproof. Neither is his speech an infallible sign. The actor Leo Carroll, engaged in learning how to speak for his role of George Apley (in the play based on John P. Marquand's novel of a latter-day Proper Bostonian) found no less than thirteen recognized Boston Brahmin accents. The broad "a" and the stern omission of the "r," generally regarded as typically Bostonian, are not invariable. Actually the Proper Bostonian is more inclined to speak with a clipped "a." He says not *Haa-vaad* for the college he loves so well, but *Hah-vud*. He may leave out the "r" in a word like marbles, but he doesn't say *maa-bles*; he says *mabbles*. In a word like "idea," he has even been known to add an "r."

Once identified, however, the Proper Bostonian is a very well-defined type—more so, it would seem, than the Proper Baltimorean, the Proper Philadelphian, or the Proper person of any other city. His basic character traits are almost unmistakable. This is undoubtedly because, as the Lee-Higginson story suggests, Boston Society has always devoted a great deal of attention to his breeding. The Proper Bostonian did not just happen; he was planned. Since he was from the start, in that charming Boston phrase,

*A Proper Bostonian himself by inheritance,
Cleveland Amory understands the species he
here describes as no outlander possibly could.*

"well connected," he was planned to fit into a social world so small that he could not help being well-defined. He is a charter member of a Society which more than one historian has called more exclusive than that of any other city in America, and which has charter members only. It used to be said that, socially speaking, Philadelphia asked who a person is, New York how much is he worth, and Boston what does he know. Nationally it has now become generally recognized that Boston Society has long cared even more than Philadelphia about the first point and has refined the asking of who a person is to the point of demanding to know who he was. Philadelphia asks about a man's parents; Boston wants to know about his grandparents.

ACCORDING to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston is 2,350,000 people. Boston Society, according to the *Boston Social Register*, is 8,000 people. Yet to the strict Proper Bostonian this volume, which admits only one Jewish man and, in a city now 79 per cent Catholic in population, less than a dozen Catholic families, is impossibly large. Too much attention to it is regarded as a mark of social insecurity, and several Boston Society leaders have never allowed their names to be listed at all. One Somerset Club bachelor always referred to the *Register* as a "damned telephone book" and regularly protested its size by making it a practice, upon receiving his annual copy, to tear it in half and return it to its New York headquarters.

Actually this man, in his rough division of the *Register*, was not going far enough. Operating on the basis of those Families which it has come to regard as First Families—only a few dozen in all—Boston Society is fundamentally far less than half its 8,000 Social Registerites. Out of the total number of Bostonians, few are called and fewer still are chosen into this fundamental Boston Society. Not content with excluding some million Bostonians of Irish background, as well as many hundreds of thousands of Bostonians of Italian, Jewish, Polish, and other backgrounds, it also cheerfully excludes another several hundred thousand or so whose backgrounds

are as undeniably Anglo-Saxon as its First Families' own and who yet, because of imperfectly established connections with a First Family, can never hope to become Proper Bostonians.

This figurative handful, the First Family Society of the Proper Bostonian, would be interesting enough if it had done nothing more, through all the years of its existence, than hold its social fort against all comers. But it has done considerably more than this. Despite its numerical insignificance it has set its stamp on the country's fifth largest city so indelibly that when an outsider thinks of a Bostonian he thinks only of the Proper Bostonian. When Thomas Gold Appleton a century ago used the phrase "Cold Roast Boston," he was a Proper Bostonian speaking only of other Proper Bostonians. But the phrase has lasted, not alone for Appleton and his friends and their descendants, but for Boston itself. In the same way, one small poem which had its genesis in the social aspirations of just two Boston Families has become what is probably the closest to a social folksong any city ever had. Originally patterned on a toast delivered by an anonymous "Western man" at a Harvard alumni dinner in 1905, it was refined in 1910 by Dr. John Collins Bos-sidy of Holy Cross to be recited, apparently for all time, as follows:

And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots,
And the Cabots talk only to God.

II

THE stamp of the Proper Bostonian on his city has stood the test of time. The personality of Boston remains the personality of the Proper Bostonian—not only to such alien critics as the editors of the *New Yorker* and *Time* magazines, and to countless authors of fiction from Worcester to Hollywood—but in fact. Boston's Irish population may be in control of the city's government, but not for nothing are they referred to as "the poor, downtrodden majority." Boston as a city still moves almost as it did in Emerson's day, when he described it as locomoting as cautiously as a Yankee gentleman "with



The Proper Bostonian has always had much less interest in Boston becoming a City of Tomorrow than in keeping it the City of Yesterday.

his hands in his pockets." In 1945 an up-and-coming court removed the still-existing ban imposed in 1637 on the "Boston Jezebel," Miss Anne Hutchinson; but only a year later, in 1946, as Boston was making elaborate plans to be the City of

Tomorrow, the park commissioner engaged in planning a modern parking space under Boston Common noted rather sadly that he would still be powerless to do anything about it if any of the oldtime property owners of Beacon Hill wished to

take advantage of the ancient and immutable statute permitting them to graze their cows on top of the Common.

To the Proper Bostonian such things are part and parcel of Boston's charm. He has always had much less interest in what he still firmly regards as "his Boston" becoming any City of Tomorrow than he has had in keeping it the City of Yesterday. Above all, he is proud of the fact that, regardless of its changing political complexion, Boston is still indisputedly America's Family City. The Proper Bostonian has always used this word not in the sense of one's immediate family but in the Oriental fashion, to mean one's clan or all those of the same name who have the same ancestors. There are many drugstores in the city—some of them with no intention of ever yielding to the advent of the soda fountain—which have been in the same Family for well over a hundred years. Even such newfangled contraptions as the swan boats which during the summer ply the waters of the Public Gardens at ten cents a ride for adults and five cents for children have already been under the same Family ownership for seventy-five years. Virtually every tree in the Gardens and on the Common is marked with its Family name, both in Latin and in English, and the Boston *Transcript* was always known for publishing, in every Wednesday evening edition, the most complete genealogy column in existence.

Reverence for a Family crest has become a Boston tradition, and while officers of the New England Committee on Heraldry have from time to time attempted to make clear that coats-of-arms have "nothing to do with social position," Bostonians of varying backgrounds have not hesitated to assume them. The late Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, beloved founder of the Christian Science Church, was merely following a well-recognized trend when she awarded herself a Scottish crest and had it carved in mahogany in the vestibule of her Commonwealth Avenue home—only to have to scrape it off when representatives of the McNeil Family in Scotland came to this country to challenge her right to the crest. Proper Bostonian leadership has been notably slipshod on

the whole question of coats-of-arms. Many years ago the merchant William Appleton made a businesslike study of the problem and came to the conclusion that only eight Boston Families, Appletons included, were entitled to crests. Dissatisfied with this, since the Lowells were not included, the late poetess Amy Lowell went into the matter on her own and figured out that thirteen Families was the correct figure. Only the present Charles Francis Adams would seem to have shown becoming modesty in the debate. Branding as spurious the Lowell crest at that time being carved in Harvard's Lowell House, he declared that to his knowledge only two Families, not alone in Boston but in all of New England—the Winthrops and the Saltonstalls—were worthy of the honor of arms-bearing.

IF HE has led others astray on his purple path, the Proper Bostonian is blithely unconcerned with the fact. He remains the Man of Family supreme. He has immense pride in his forbears and he includes all of them. The portraits of past black sheep hang on his walls along with those of his stern-faced ancestors whose ways were more tried and true. In a Boston Bowditch home today may be found the portrait of Habbakuk, town drunk of Salem, side by side with that of his son, Nathaniel, the celebrated navigator and mathematician. The Proper Bostonian feels that if certain of his ancestors were distinguished, so much the better, but they do not have to have been. His Family tree, at least in his own mind, is rooted so firmly it needs no ornaments on its branches. When after a dignified Proper Boston courtship of seven years the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow married into the Appleton Family, the Appletons felt very pleased about it—for the Longfellows, of course. The poet wasn't, after all, a Bostonian at all, having been born in Portland, Maine. When one of the Boston Forbeses married the daughter of philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Forbeses began to feel very kindly toward the strange man from Concord; his daughter soon became, in the Proper Boston manner of speaking, "a Forbes."

More recently a New York girl who had

married into a Boston First Family and who had, in customary fashion, named her first child after her husband, spoke of naming her second son after her own brother. In great agitation a dowager of the First Family came to see her and said, "I hear you are naming your son Alfred. I have been back over the Family tree and I cannot find a single record of anyone of that name." For the young wife to protest that she, too, had a Family was useless. In the Boston sense she had none.

No Boston First Family party is complete without some discussion of genealogy. One of these parties, traditionally a Thanksgiving or Christmas affair, is apt to be so large that many of the guests, though relatives, will be strangers to each other; if afterward one speaks of not connecting with someone, he means, in the Boston manner of speaking, that though he saw the person and may even have spoken with him he did not place him on the Family tree. For many years the Lowell Christmas night parties, landmarks of Boston's First Family gatherings, would have tested even the antiquarian who occupied himself for a quarter of a century compiling the official Lowell Family genealogy. The Bowditch Family met the problem squarely as recently as 1936 by supplying every guest present with a ten-generation genealogy, a pamphlet designed in loose-leaf form with extra space provided for keeping the work up to date.

Occasionally a crisis occurs at one of these parties, as when Calvin Coolidge was elected President and a Boston Coolidge dinner was thrown into an uproar of discussion to determine what exact relation was this man from far-off Vermont. Fortunately the Family included a distinguished professor of mathematics at Harvard, who is a very precise man. After a moment's thought he came up with his answer. "Calvin is my seventh cousin once removed," he said. He was later proved correct.

THE dynastic proportions of Boston's First Families are staggering. One way of measuring these proportions is in the class lists of Harvard, to which most sons of First Families have naturally

gravitated. A son of the present Senator from Massachusetts represents the ninth successive generation of Saltonstalls, all descendants in the male line, to attend the college, as follows: Nathaniel 1659, Richard 1695, Richard 1722, Nathaniel 1766, Leverett 1802, Leverett 1844, Richard 1881, Leverett 1914, and Leverett 1939. The Wigglesworths have sent to Harvard no less than eight Edward Wigglesworths alone, while Dr. George Cheever Shattuck and Dr. Richard Warren represent, respectively, the fifth and sixth generations of Boston Shattucks and Warrens who have attended the Harvard Medical School.

The First Families have indeed always been noted not only for the recurrence of the same name but also for the recurrence of the same profession. In the Lowell Family there were three generations of Judge Johns. Among the Cabots there have been seven successive generations of Samuels, the last three of whom have been manufacturing-chemists. In the Quincy Family were four direct-line generations of Josiahs, three of them mayors of Boston. For a hundred years there have been Augustus Lorings and Moorfield Storeys and other imposing names in Boston's legal profession. A present member of the Homans Family declares that when she says Dr. John Homans she may mean her great-grandfather, her grandfather, her father, her brother, her nephew, or her cousin—all of that name and all physicians. Beside this name confusion First Family genealogy is further complicated by the overlapping of generations. On the testimony of one writer, whose mother was a Cabot, it "sometimes happened that a Cabot girl would be a great-aunt before she was born."

First Families in Boston have tended toward marrying each other in a way that would do justice to the planned marriages of European royalty. In one Cabot family, out of seven children who married, four married Higginsons. In a Jackson family of five, three married Cabots. In a Peabody family of four boys and two girls, two of the boys and a girl married Lawrences. In one family of Boston Shaws there were eleven children; nine married members of other Boston

First Families, one died at the age of seven months, and the eleventh became a Catholic priest.

Yet even this intimate marriage circle has often proved too large. There is scarcely a First Family in Boston without a record in its background of a marriage of cousins. Charles Bulfinch, Boston's greatest architect; Helen Choate Bell, Boston's best-known Society wit; Lawrence Lowell and Endicott Peabody, Boston's two outstanding educators—all chose cousin spouses. Only in the case of Lowell was the relationship even as far removed as a second cousin. Among Peabodys and Hunnewells the marrying of cousins has become almost a tradition; the Hunnewell genealogy is said to have become so complicated through such alliances that it has never been satisfactorily worked out beyond 1892. One Peabody who married her cousin explained cousinly romance as almost inevitable in a Society as closely knit as Boston's, where "we had so many Family parties and picnics and all that sort of thing." Recently when two young First Family cousins became engaged a Boston matron put her official stamp of approval on the young girl's intentions. "Isn't it nice," she said, "Faith isn't marrying out of the Family."

Boston's First Families have been notably strict in their rules on the adoption of children. There have been cases in which elder members of a Family have dissuaded a childless couple from adding offspring of unknown parentage to the Family tree. In one case a couple who wished to adopt a son were forced, after considerable urging, to compromise on the selection of two daughters instead. Children of these would not then carry on the sacred name. One man who deserves special mention in any history of the Battle of Boston Eugenics is the long-suffering scion of a First Family who was prevented from marrying the girl of his choice because of her inferior social position. The parents went so far as to declare they would publicly disinherit him if he added such an unworthy strain to their proud line. Resolutely, nonetheless, the young man courted his girl and upon the death of his parents married her—thirty years later.

III

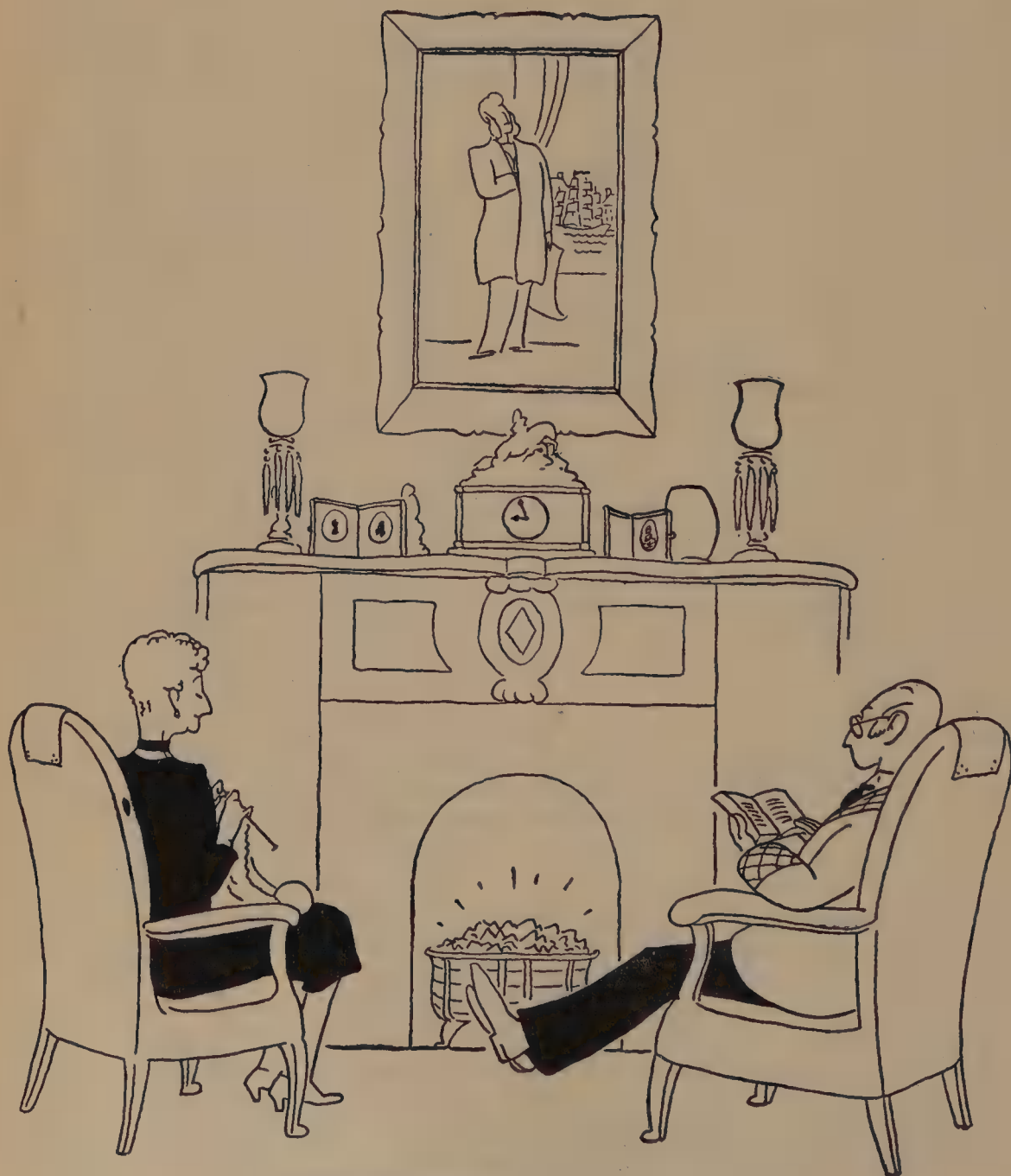
ALONG with the Family idea the Proper Bostonian has stamped a provinciality upon his city which has through the years shown few signs of decreasing. So long as Anglo-Saxon gentlemen stuck together, one writer has phrased it, the Bostonian felt that his world could not go wholly to the dogs. His world, of course, was Boston. "We all," wrote Dr. Holmes in the last century, "carry the Common in our head as the unit of space, the State House as the standard of architecture, and measure off men in Edward Everetts as with a yardstick." Viewed in this later time, Holmes' choice of Edward Everett could scarcely have been more ironic if he had planned it; a giant among Proper Bostonians of his day, Everett is now nationally remembered almost solely for his part at the ceremonies at Gettysburg on November 19, 1863, in which he delayed Lincoln's two-minute Gettysburg Address by an oration lasting exactly two hours. But Holmes also expressed a more durable idea. It was he who gave local newspapermen their beloved short word for Boston when he declared that firmly planted in the minds of all true Bostonians is the idea that Boston is the "hub of the solar system."

However difficult it is to defend this hub thesis from a purely scientific viewpoint, there are Bostonians only too glad to try it, and one Boston lady not long ago made a stirring attempt. At a meeting of the New England Poetry Society the talk had turned to seashells, and the chairman of the meeting had taken the trouble to demonstrate that the spirals in all shells went in the same direction. To the Boston lady this was interesting, but no more so than a fact of nature she had learned in the horticultural line. "Do you know," she said with quiet pride, "that all lilies that grow north of Boston point south and all lilies south of Boston point north?"

The Proper Bostonian is not by nature a traveler. In an earlier day he made his Grand Tour, always with particular emphasis on England—for London alone was enough like Boston to suit him—and of late years he has been pushed by wars

and other circumstances to various parts of the globe; but basically he remains adamant in his lack of geographical curiosity outside the suburbs of Boston. The Beacon Hill lady who, chided for her lack of travel, asked simply, "Why should I travel when I'm already here?" would seem to have put the matter in a nutshell. Josiah Bradlee, a well-known merchant of his time, though no First Family man, was merely following Proper Bostonian leadership when he spent in his lifetime of eighty-two years but one night outside Boston, and that one at a distance of some

ten miles. Today this leadership is in the hands of such a distinguished Proper Bostonian as Charles Francis Adams, whose business requires his presence in New York every week or so but who makes no bones about the fact that, though a man in his eighties, he prefers to ride a milk train back to Boston rather than spend a night in a New York hotel. Of all Boston's First Families, the Forbeses, longtime residents of the select suburb of Milton, have always been particularly well known for their love of home and hearth. In the summer they go to



The Proper Bostonian is not by nature a traveler.

Naushon, their own island off Boston's South Shore where there are, in contrast to other Boston summer resorts, not just all Bostonians but all Forbèses. When Cameron Forbes was appointed governor-general of the Philippines many years ago, his brother Ralph was congratulated. "I don't know," said Ralph, "it's kind of tough on Cam—he won't know what's going on in Milton any more."

THE Proper Bostonian has no chamber of commerce approach to his city. It is not for him to talk it up. He expects his visitor to come, see, and be conquered. The stranger must give evidence that he has a suitable respect for Proper Boston institutions. When General Sherman Miles was assigned to command the First Corps Area and came to Boston during World War II, he searched at some length for a place to live. Finally he located a second-floor apartment over an office at the corner of Beacon and Charles streets, a building in the best, though increasingly commercial, section of the city. To a lady at dinner he confided his finding, at the same time frankly confessing he was not too keen on the idea of living "over the corner drugstore." Coldly the lady set him straight. "General Miles," she said, "the National Shawmut Bank is *not* the corner drugstore."

Particularly the Proper Bostonian expects both the fellow-inhabitants of his city and his visitors to share his high regard for Harvard University. Since all First Family sons repair there, he wishes it to be recognized as the only college there is. But this is not easy, since the great majority of Bostonians have little or no connection with it, and since Boston has half a dozen other colleges as well—not to mention the fact that Harvard is located not in Boston at all, but in Cambridge. Nonetheless the Proper Bostonian has done his best, and to be elected to membership in Harvard's "Corporation," a self-perpetuating group of Bostonians who run the University—and who in recent years have managed to include one or two New Yorkers in their number—is a Bostonian honor not to be compared with anything else. The late Bishop Lawrence, himself a member of the group,

once stated that a Bostonian might speak disparagingly of the House of Bishops or the College of Cardinals but not of the Harvard Corporation. An interesting instance of the local attitude occurred some years ago during the Taft administration in Washington. A visitor to Harvard sought to see the late Lawrence Lowell, then president of the university. Having been called to the nation's capital on a matter of business, Lowell could not be seen. The visitor was stopped by a secretary in the outer office. "The President is in Washington," she said, "seeing Mr. Taft."

THE combined effect of Boston's lack of enthusiasm for crasser cities and its insistence upon homage at home has not been without its natural reaction. John P. Marquand, a Somerset Club man though himself the author of several novels severely critical of the ways of the Proper Bostonians, has declared that all Americans have a sneaking fondness for the city, shocked though he admits they may be by its austerities and its Puritanism. If this is true, certainly many Americans have kept this feeling of fondness to themselves. To the salesman, Boston and environs have long been known as the graveyard circuit; it has been said that no worse fate can befall a traveling man than to have to spend a Sunday in the city. The New York business man, referring to the cool breeze which blows in from Boston Harbor to end each summer hot spell and the special express which leaves the South Station for New York at five o'clock each weekday, has a stock expression for the unsophisticated little city north of him: "The best things about Boston," he says, "are the east wind and the Merchants' Limited." And on a national scale Boston's notices are rarely good ones. The present Mrs. Charles Francis Adams believes that this anti-Boston bias may well have its roots in the none too genial reputation of Boston hospitality. A leader in Washington Society when her husband was Secretary of the Navy, she has a sister who is a ranking Philadelphia hostess and thus has some basis for a comparison with other cities. "When a stranger comes to town here," she declares, "we say,

'Heavens, we've got to do something about so-and-so.' Other cities seem to like to do it."

But despite the dubious distinction he has won for his city in other parts of the land, the Proper Bostonian is still in his own domain regarded in almost all cases with respect and in some instances with actual affection. His private life is almost inviolate. On the Society pages of his papers his treatment is deferential in the extreme, and gossip columns are non-existent in any Boston paper. It has been said that Walter Winchell would have starved to death if he had lived in Boston. "Except for charity," says Mrs. Fiske Warren, for three generations a First Family Society leader, "no reporter has ever crossed my threshold." A present-day Society editor recalls that as a cub reporter she had once inserted in an article she was writing an item to the effect that Boston's Harvard Club was stocked completely with Fairy Soap. Though her reporting was accurate, she was called to the managing editor's office and told that the paper had a policy of "not saying things like that about nice people." In the library of the Boston *Herald* the envelope containing the clippings on Miss Eleanor "Sissy" Frothingham, Boston's most colorful First Family debutante of recent years—who turned nightclub torch singer and later married a saxophone player—is clearly marked for the benefit of any brash reporter: NOT TO BE REFERRED TO AS A GLAMOR GIRL.

This seeming abdication of journalistic responsibility cannot entirely be explained by the fact that the Boston newspapers are largely controlled by the Boston banks, which are in turn dominated by Proper Bostonians. There is also a sizable amount of evidence to support the thesis that the ordinary Bostonian rather looks up to the Proper Bostonian and is not inclined to laugh at him. Referring to the least endearing of various First Family traits—such as the bluntness of Cabots, the frostiness of Lowells, the tactlessness of Adamses, the perversity of Forbeses, the irascibility of Higginsons, the frugality of Lawrences, and so on—the late lawyer James Byrne once said that to him there was nothing humorous about it. The son

of an Irish contractor, Byrne worked his way through Harvard tutoring sons of First Families and later became the only man of his background and religion ever honored with membership on the Harvard Corporation. "It is strong stock," he said, "that can produce the same traits of character in generation after generation. No, I don't laugh at it."

If the Proper Bostonian has stamped on his city its stigma of narrow provinciality and general cold roastness, it seems to be also generally recognized that on his back still falls a large share of the burden of carrying on the cultural tradition which in various fields once made Boston known as the Athens of America. For example, in recent years three Cabots have headed the boards of trustees of the Boston Symphony, whose fame is every Bostonian's pride and joy, the Judge Baker Foundation, which has become nationally known for its work in juvenile delinquency, and the Boston Athenaeum, which is in many respects the country's outstanding private library. Boston as a whole knows that its First Families are not yet incapable of producing able citizens. The late Cabot doctor brothers Richard and Hugh, the former known as the father of medical social service and the latter a distinguished surgeon also known for social service, were effective examples of this; and today Boston Cabots continue to dominate *Who's Who* in a measure as impressively as they dominate the *Social Register*. There are no less than ten of them listed in the 1946-1947 volume.

IV

IN BOSTON the member of a First Family lives in a world of special privilege. For him the minor inconveniences of life are all but bypassed. If he lives on Beacon Hill he will probably have a view of the Common or perhaps a fenced-in park of his own, such as on fashionable Louisburg Square, where the twenty-two so-called proprietors or home owners have practically no responsibility to their city at all, own the entire square outright, and meet annually to tax themselves for the upkeep of their park and the care of their street. Trains have changed schedules, stores have changed hours, and



The trustee rules . . . in some cases all the heir's life.

courts have changed statutes—all for the First Families. There are people in Boston today who remember the picture of Judge John Lowell, squire of the suburb of Chestnut Hill, who, often late for the 8:25 commuter's special, never missed the train. While a trainful of commuters complained in vain, it was never 8:25 to the engineer until the Judge was aboard. As for Boston's stores, the more exclusive of them have long catered to the whims of First Families irrespective of the fact that other customers are notoriously freer spenders. In the days before government regulations made such practice illegal, it was not unusual for a store to allow a First Family to run a bill for two full years without attempting collection beyond the usual formal statement of account rendered.

Harrison Gray Otis, nineteenth century king of Boston Society, had early set a

high standard for this sort of privilege when, in 1830, on the day fixed for the organization of Boston's present-day city government, he sent word to the members of the city council that he was ill and wished them to convene at his Beacon Hill residence. A few members protested that a municipal inauguration should not be held in a private home, but an invitation from an Otis was a command performance, and held it was.

To the courts—or rather to one particular court, the Massachusetts Supreme Court—the First Families have always repaired for the most remarkable of their privileges. Through its interpretations of their so-called “spendthrift” trusts, Boston's First Family fortunes have long been tied up beyond the reach of any power save possibly, as one financial writer put it, the Communist International. In these

trusts, run solely by trustees, heirs to fortunes have been specifically denied the right to borrow money against the inheritances which were left in their names. Some other states have done this much, but the Massachusetts Court has gone a step further. As far back as 1830 it had guaranteed that not only the trusts themselves but also trust incomes could be put out of the reach of heirs.

The power of the trustee, as long as he is by court definition a "prudent" man, is close to absolute. He rules not only until an heir becomes of age but in some cases all the heir's life. In times of stress trustees have been known to be able to keep all money away from creditors; then, when such storms have blown over, they have been able to turn on the golden faucet once more. The total power and resources of Boston's Family trusts have never been figured, but some years ago one of the city's trustee offices alone paid three per cent of Boston's total tax levy.

MOST of Boston's First Families owe their lives of privilege, at least to some extent, to these trusts. The Lowell and Lawrence trusts, united by a Lawrence marriage on the part of the late Augustus Lowell, are particularly formidable affairs. So, too, is the Sears trust. This was established by Joshua Montgomery Sears, a Boston merchant who was so busy making money in the West Indies trade that he didn't take time out to get married until he was in his sixties. On his death in 1857 he left a son, Joshua Junior, who was then two years old. Only a very small part of young Joshua's inheritance, however, was left fluid, just enough, on a day-by-day estimate by the trustee, for bringing him up and educating him. The rest of the estate was thoroughly tied up and shrewdly manipulated so as to increase and multiply until the boy matured. When this happened, the mature Joshua awoke to find himself a wealthier man than even his father might have imagined. At the age of twenty-one he became Boston's largest taxpayer.

The real significance of Boston's trusts, however, lies not in their size but in the fact that they have enabled Boston's First Families to defy economic laws and the cherished American maxim of shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations. When the match king Ivar Kruger committed suicide and Lee, Higginson & Co., which had backed him to the hilt, went bankrupt to the extent of some \$25,000,000 of his worthless stock, the late Lawrence Lowell lost \$194,412. But the bulk of the Lowell Family trust funds, invested in Grade A bonds, was still intact; and neither the late Lawrence nor any Lowell since was ever to feel the necessity of getting out and shouldering a pick and starting all over again. When Leverett Saltonstall was having campaign photographs taken on his Needham farm, the pictures of the Senator doing some off-hours work in his garden was regarded as the first evidence of shirtsleeves in the Saltonstall Family in not three but nine generations.

In view of all these privileges it is not surprising that Boston's First Families have, on occasion, been forced to do battle for their birthright. There have been instances in which this struggle has been carried to court—when ordinary Bostonians have seen fit to become Proper Bostonians by the simple procedure of having their names changed and have faced not only a judge but the irate Family itself. In contrast to trust cases, however, which seem to have been concluded with monotonous regularity in favor of First Families, court decisions in these name cases have gone both ways. A Kabotznick was once permitted to become a Cabot; but on the other hand five members of a family named Hogan—one of whom, a stenographer, gave as her reason that she was "in pursuit of happiness"—were unsuccessful in asking to have their name changed to a hyphenated name ending with Homans. They had found, arrayed in court against them, not only Boston Homanses but also, most aptly, a representative of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.

Next month Mr. Amory will produce some further observations upon the Proper Bostonians and their almost indestructible institutions.—The Editors.

THE COLLECTION

A STORY BY V. S. PRITCHETT

IT HAPPENS (when it does happen) on Sunday mornings. On weekdays, when he has to go to his factory, he is the first up, but on Sunday mornings he lies in. He awakens and first of all he looks at his wife, who is curled up like a white grub, with her hair all over her eyes. Typical. What a muddle she makes of sleeping; not like other women he knows. Of course he doesn't mean that he knows what other women are like in bed, never has; but that is one black mark against her: he has been faithful to her, she might at least keep her hair tidy. And then there was last night—surely at their age, forty-five or whatever it is, without being vulgar about it—well (he thinks), I married a woman who doesn't understand the word "progress." He turns his face away, looks at the starchy white ceiling and lies there disturbed by the strange silence of the house. That's it: just because it's Sunday and he's not getting up, *they* aren't getting up. Why shouldn't *they* get up for a change?

"Edward, Philip, Rose," he shouts to the children. "Get up." And then to his wife whose wakening eyes glitter like a pair of ants under her hair: "Come on, girl."

"Sunday," he says poetically. "Look at the sun. It is streaming in. Look at the sky. Listen to the birds. They're not wasting the day."

But nobody moves.

After this the usual thing happens. It is surprising how no one understands him in the house; he has to lose his temper and start shouting at the lazy hounds, the curs, to get the family to their feet.

"Oh you," says his wife, to whom he

has given a push. "You never give anyone any peace." And she gets out of bed stark naked. She is thin and round shouldered and her neck is red.

"Here, here, I say," he says jovially, but he hates that about her more than anything. He closes his eyes at the sight.

"Pah," he says to himself. "There's no getting away from it. I married beneath me."

Downstairs in the kitchen, the children are mooching, laying the table, kicking the furniture—he can hear that—cleaning his boots, scared that they are getting blacking on the laces or skimping the heels. He is lying in bed, listening to them, when suddenly he remembers:

"Good God, this Sunday I'm taking the collection."

He is out of bed at once, standing in his collapsing pajamas. Why didn't someone remind him?

The children go to the bottom of the stairs and listen.

"He's in the bath," they say.

TWENTY minutes go by, half an hour, an hour. The mystery of his toilet reigns over it. One after another the children tiptoe and listen.

Enormous volumes of water, as if the Congo were pouring into the house, are heard in the bathroom, sounds like the breathing and thumping of boxers, silences so long that he may have drowned. Then, through the keyhole, they see him shave; the dark rhino cheek frilled by soap, straining, Christianwise, to turn from the mirror, while the sacrificial blade comes down. When he is back in his room, they

see him put on his blue suit and blue shirt and then take them off again. A hot smell of scent fills his room as he rubs three different lotions into his black hair while he considers the problem. He is taking the collection. Would the brown or the gray be more suitable? Or would it not be best to wear his tail coat and his striped trousers? He puts on a wing collar which bites at his throat and slices into his jawl. He puts on a silvery tie. Then he goes and disdains himself in the mirror.

The spy creeps down and a stair-rod comes out on the last tread.

"Confound you, you clumsy hound, what are you doing?" he roars from the mirror.

"He's nearly ready, mum," the spy whispers.

Treading like a cat, floating silkily down, watching the amazing stripes of his trousers, with the gravity of a mourner, a little distracted like a bridegroom by the flash of his spats which might make him misjudge the steps if he were not careful, he arrives downstairs and pauses in the doorway and puts on the impersonal yet benevolent scowl he intends to wear as he stands at the end of the pews waiting for the plate to come down the row. A plate in fact arrives; it is a plate of porridge rushed toward him by his wife.

"Oh," she cries stopping dead, tipping the plate. "You give me a fright."

"Give!" he says. "Gave. I'm taking the collection. Am I all right?"

Doesn't she know that it is an important thing to take the collection at the chapel, that people have their eye on you, that it has got to be done properly, and that people say, there's twenty-pound-a-week taking the collection. And in a sense, God is looking too. God is saying, "That's it. Don't spare the expense. I want the best."

"Give me a brush," he says. "And the back. I look after *my* clothes. Where are those boys? Aren't they coming to church?"

"I don't know where they are," she says.

"Give the brush to me," he says.

"They were here," she says. "They're outside, I expect."

"Outside!" he shouts, hitting himself with the brush, lashing himself up. "I don't understand you, outside! The only

day their father is home, they're outside. . . ."

He bangs the brush down. He is beginning to sweat.

"You'll be late," she says to him.

"Edward, Philip," he roars at the door, wiping his hat. There is no answer. "Come here when I call you." He puts his hat on. No answer.

"Come and watch your father go. He's going. Come and watch." She calls in her lighter voice. He stands there waiting, looking as though he will explode.

"If I had behaved like this to my father," he raps out, "I'd have been thrashed within an inch of my life."

But he has marched off, slamming the gate, as they creep up from the back of the house.

THE garrulous church bells are stirring up the morning heat. No obedience, he thinks (once he is out of the house), no discipline, no love. No religion. That's her doing. No God. No progress. You might as well cast your pearls before swine. Idle hounds lounging about in the shed. Slack, don't wash. I slave all the week for their education and what do I get? They bleed you, that's what children do, bleed you white. The government's the same, bleeds you with taxation. Who goes to church nowadays? No one. Who believes in God—look at the state of the world for the answer. Why did we have a war? Perhaps if it could be reckoned up, if you could get some really good accountant at it, it would turn out that I am the only one who really believes in the Truth. Many think they do; but do they?

Gradually, like the unfolding of a white rose in the sun, an intoxicating sensation of conspicuousness opens in his mind. He feels that he is flashing with sadness. And then as he gets near to the granite chapel, he is happy. He sees the shabby people go in. They turn to look at him and whisper. Hard, severe, is he? Maybe.

He himself goes into the chapel and looks at the small congregation. The believers are few. They are indeed the elect but the elect look dispirited. In the half-empty chapel he gazes at the red brick walls and he is calmed. He rises to sing, he kneels to pray, he sits.

He is awakened by the organ. Before he is ready for it, the time to take the collection has come. On the other side of the aisle he sees Mr. Doncaster—wearing an ordinary brown suit—begin his collection as the organ mewls and growls like an animal up in the loft. He stands up very upright—unlike Mr. Doncaster who is round-shouldered—he puts on the impersonal, official expression—not like Mr. Doncaster's who leans over the congregation thanking them disgustingly like a grocer—he affects not to hear the chink of coins in the plate and raises his eyes to the rafters if there is the rustle of a note. He takes the plate and hands it to the next row with a forbidding patience. He would like to take Mr. Doncaster's side as well, because the pleasure of being given money for nothing has a touch of folly which only a man who has risen in the world can know. And then, as the organ rolls, he and Mr. Doncaster walk together, dead level, slowly—he can feel the eyes of the congregation on him, almost heavily on him, tipping the chapel down on his side like a scale pan—he and Mr. Doncaster, like bridegroom and bride, walk up the central aisle; and, after placing their offerings, return with the same gravity. And all the time he is thinking, Doncaster must feel a fool not being in black.

A sensation of being swept upward by his spatted feet, upward toward some expensive radiance, cool, fleshless, and flawless overcomes him as if he were drunk. His eyes shine and twinkle, his cheeks are pink and happy. The sermon begins. The minister is barking away in the oak pulpit. Soon he hears nothing but he looks round the chapel. A house with natural oak everywhere is what he would like, with tall, church-like windows on the stairs, an organ in the wide entrance hall, an open fire as wide as the chapel at the communion rail; gradually the chapel turns into a feudal castle, armor everywhere, himself in a kilt. His wife and children drift about in it, delightful creatures. Yes, he thinks, they are the children of God, we have put off the old Adam. His dreamy eyes come down from the chapel walls and he sees the yellow, bald head of old Doncaster.

Yes, he says, poor old Doncaster who

doesn't brush his coat—yes, God made him, too.

"I'm hungry," he says. "What an appetite! Going to chapel does you good, sets you up. I wonder what there is for lunch."

RELUCTANTLY he leaves the chapel, the scene of his vision. He has been in heaven. He marvels at the contradictions of his nature, he walks back home. At first he notices how well all the houses are painted and then the pleasant accent of people. The neighborhood is going up. Then, he notices, the property deteriorates. Fences are not so good, a gate hinge has gone. It's the war. His temperature lowers a little. He arrives at his own house. It is at the corner of the street and he notices, for the first time, that a paling has gone. The hedge has not been cut. A bush at the corner rocks like a broom. The boys are trampling down the garden again. He goes to his high gate. It sticks. He has to shake and rattle and then call. "Edward! Philip!" There is no answer. Yet distinctly he had heard them. He is obliged to dirty his gloves and his hands, forcing the confounded gate open. And what a sight: that paper left on the path.

"Edward," he says. "Come here. What's this?"

"Paper, father."

"What paper?"

"Just paper, father."

"Who put it there?"

"I don't know."

Edward's alarmed eyes are fixed on his father's. He cannot take them away. In that coat, that collar, so naked at the neck, behind the bars of those striped trousers, he looks militant and tigerish.

"When did you clean your boots?" says the father, sudden in his attack.

The boy flinches.

"This morning."

"Don't lie," says the father. "Why can't you tell the truth? A man who doesn't tell the truth, fearlessly, in all circumstances, come what may, forfeits my trust. If a man lies to me in my business I sack him—on the spot. Pick that paper up."

He goes into the house.

"Philip," he calls. "Why isn't the table laid? Do you expect your father and mother to slave for you? Don't you know

there are no servants? I suppose you think you are a lord or something. Let me tell you, in this world, we are all servants."

He marches into the kitchen. As he advances, he notices a shadow goes with him. Smiles vanish; scowls, evasions, furtive, deceitful, lying looks pass over the faces of his family. It is all so unlike the communion of saints.

"Don't crash the forks on that table," he calls back down the passage. "You would have to pay eighty pounds for it today."

His wife is still in her old apron, the sweat from the heat of the fire is on her face as she kneels. He goes out of the kitchen as quickly as he can.

The family are sitting down to lunch.

"Stop kicking the table, Philip," he says, as he carves. He glares. They all lower their eyes.

"Take that plate, pass it down, it's not for yourself. Think of others," he says. "Others before self always, the golden rule." And then he looks at Edward.

"Edward," he says. "What have you done to your hair?"

"Nothing."

"I told you before about lying. Why have you got your best suit on, getting yourself up like that, what's the idea?"

"Edward wants to go out," says Philip.

"What's that?" he says. "What's that, Edward? Did I understand that you want to go out?"

"On Sunday?" he says. "Your father's only day at home and you want to go out. I never heard of such a thing."

The father goes pale as if he had cut himself with the carving knife.

"You stay in and shut up, Edward," says his mother. "You cause enough trouble as it is. Get on with your food."

"Go out with who?" says the father. "Who is it you value more than your father and mother? It's not some girl, is it? I won't have you go with girls. I don't want trouble with girls at your age. Oh, I'm glad to hear it. You're not telling me lies, are you? You tell lies. I know you deceive me, lie and deceive, but you can't deceive God. He sees, He knows when you're telling lies. I don't like people who tell lies. I don't like boys who aren't friends with their fathers. It's not some girl? Look me in the face."

"N'no," says Edward in a weak voice. Tears are very near his eyes. A light glints in the father's eyes. He has seen the son's weakness.

"N'no, n'no. I don't understand that language. Be straightforward. If you mean yes, say yes. If you mean no, say no. N'n'no. I never heard of it. Sit up straight and speak to your father. Go on now—what is it?"

Tears pour into Edward's eyes, tears of rage and shame, and rush down his cheeks.

"I just want to go out. I want to get away from this," he shouts, but he is crying so hard that no one understands. He shouts and cries, starts up and goes out of the room, knocking his chair over.

"Look what you've done!" shouts the wife, banging down her knife and fork. "I can't stand this. Every Sunday the same. I'm going too."

And crying also, she leaves the table.

The father gapes at the astonishing scene. He looks down gently at the other children. What on earth have I done, he silently asks them. He suspects they are going to move, too.

"Stop where you are," he says.

He stands there. The food is going cold on his plate. It is all so stupefying, so sudden. He feels that lions are inside him rending him apart. He feels that he is like Samson, the hairy Samson of the Bible, who has pulled down the temple crashing on top of him. The day he has taken the collection, too.

Thank God, he thinks, I shall be at the office tomorrow. People understand me there.

OF COURSE, he gets them back. It takes a bit of doing, the lunch is cold, but she heats it up again. Everyone has a good cry and while they're at it, he goes up and changes into another suit. Everyone is shy and disappointed and sorry for him after that; and, not to annoy him, no one goes out. They stay in the room with him, all of them, and in their midst he falls asleep. He sleeps and sleeps and his snores rise and dive, cavort and turn over like fighters in the room. And waking at last at the end of the afternoon, he looks at them with surprise. It's all gone, he has forgiven them.

DOCTORS ALONG THE BOARDWALK

BERNARD DEVOTO

BACK home—which might have been Iowa or West Virginia or Oklahoma—they probably called him Doc, and most likely Old Doc; for he would be close to seventy, his untidy Van Dyke was white, his shoulders were stooped and there was a slight tremor in his fingers. Seersucker will not hold a crease and God knows how old his straw hat was. He liked to stand in a corner at one of the pharmaceutical exhibits in the Technical Exposition. Behind him were large charts showing the molecular structure of the firm's newest product, photographs three feet by four showing how it was synthesized, and equally large graphs with red and green lines curling round the black to show its results in the treatment of anything you please—rheumatic fever, hypertension, duodenal ulcer.

Doc stood there and talked with the young man from the drug house who had all the statistics by heart and because he had been trained in public relations never gave a sign of boredom but went on smiling and nodding. Doc described his cases back home and told how he handled rheumatic fever or hypertension, and said he had always got good results from potassium iodide, and ended by taking out a pad and writing down his favorite prescriptions for the young man's consideration.

It must have been a different Doc

from hour to hour and from exhibit to exhibit but he always seemed the same. One observer remembers him as clearly as anything else at the Centennial Celebration (and ninety-seventh annual meeting) of the American Medical Association, at Atlantic City in the second week of June.

Everybody else was there too, at least by type and category. There were the elite: bigshots, famous researchers, occupants of celebrated chairs, heads of great clinics and great hospitals, representatives of the various government medical services, Distinguished Foreign Guests. There were the actual wielders of power and those assistants to them who have to be called the politicians: the Trustees, the House of Delegates which is at least theoretically a parliament, the presidents and secretaries of the state associations, many county association officers, editors, committeemen on legislation and public relations and hospitals and medical education, the permanent bureaucracy. There was every variety of physician and surgeon: young men recently out of the services and bewildered, older men looking for an opening, men of all ages apprehensive about their prospects or about what is happening to "medical economics" or about what is happening to the world. But mostly they were your family physician, come from everywhere in the United States to Atlan-

Mr. DeVoto was naturally fitted to observe for us the recent AMA Convention at Atlantic City, since his latest novel, "Mountain Time," deals with the life of a surgeon.

tic City, for the purpose of learning something about what has been going on, and for the further purpose of having a good time.

For this was a convention, the autochthonous folk-festival of the Americans that is part professional forum and exchange, part vacation, and part debauch; and it had convened at Atlantic City, a specialized social organism that has evolved to take care of conventions. The town is a resort, atypical only in being oversized, with a range of accommodations from squalid summer flophouses for the impecunious to palatial-looking sucker-traps with Hollywood lobbies and battalions of servants in funny uniforms, where the rich and those who want to appear rich for a few days are robbed as arrogantly as anywhere in the world. Specialization achieves efficiency and the managers of this convention city, given in advance an estimate of the crowd they may expect, can calculate on a slide rule everything that will be needed, from the number of girls who must be kept on call to the number of coffins that will be required. The town is engineered to sustain a crowd on holiday. Municipally, it is a crowd, constantly changing in composition, forever the same in mood and behavior. So it has the anonymity of a crowd; unless you go there with a convention you will never see anyone you know.

THE 15,667 doctors who convened there in June were by a good deal the largest assemblage of medical men in history. They did not wear comic hats or carry canes with pennants on them as a good many conventions do, from the BPOE to college classes on reunion, but they clowned just as much. If there was anything that distinguished them from any other crowd it was that they looked a little more unhealthy than most. There were rather more men than one might have expected to see who were overweight and putting strains on their hearts that a physician would have cautioned them against, rather more men who looked underweight and harried, whom a physician would have suspected of gastric ulcers. Too many of them had not been getting any exercise; too many worked too

hard and lacked the relaxation of hobbies and extraprofessional interests; the incidence of hypertension was probably high.

Otherwise they were any Atlantic City crowd. They and their wives and daughters promenaded the boardwalk, that endearing climax of vulgarity, or were more slowly trundled along it in wheeled chairs. They dropped in on the auctions whose closing day has been tomorrow ever since the town was built and listened to the barker's grief over the pittances bid for this genuine *ormewlu* clock, and sometimes bought it. Natural selection assisted by engineering research has given the boardwalk every conceivable device for lifting money from those who in a holiday mood are not too reluctant to see it go. There were brokerage offices with boards and tickers for the Michigan Boulevard diagnostician who wanted to keep an eye on his investments, and next door a humbler colleague could get "5 photos while you wait for 25¢." Side by side shops offered mementoes for the doctor's wife, a ten-thousand-dollar diamond in the window of this one, a six-dollar diamond next door; mink coats here and dyed rabbit two doors farther on; the cottons that become linens newly arrived from Ireland on the way here from Paterson, and The Trouseau Shop, Lingerie of Distinction. Salt water taffy could be mailed home from fifty places, and there were at least that many where at any hour you could see your GP playing skeeball or pokerino, popping at iron ducks in shooting galleries, rolling the balls of innumerable prize-games, or peering into the optimistically advertised peepshows of the arcades.

On the sun-decks the more affluent and especially their womenfolk sat disdainful of so much vulgarity, themselves surrounded by the town's vulgarest gimcracks. There were always swimmers on that amazing beach. Drifts of deepsea fog blew in sometimes. From midmorning till late at night the boardwalk was murmurous with the sound of people having a good time. Inseparable from it was the rustling-straw whisper of surf and this grew louder after dark, the lights came on, the colored signs that are very beautiful when too far off to be read, the glare from concessions and amusement piers,

and the shadows that are somehow darker because of the soft sea air.

They had a good time, somewhat pathetically, in the manner of people who are usually too rushed to have a good time and are therefore a little awkward and press too hard when the chance comes. Certain manufacturers set up bars and held open house. When the cocktail hours came there were many parties, proprietary, official, private, select, political. By night one heard the usual singing and roaring. Physicians have to be abstemious when working at their jobs and surgeons have almost to be teetotalers, and moreover in our town a man has got to watch his step if he wants to build up a practice. So the jubilation was in no light-minded mood. "My God," a woman remarked at one of the parties, "if somebody should keel over with a heart attack there isn't anyone here sober enough to take care of him."

II

A PART of the gigantic Auditorium had been allotted to a display by the American Physicians Art Association. There was some magnificent photography, there was a scattering of sculpture, woodcarving, pottery, ironwork, inlay, but the medical man who takes up art appears most often to be a painter. The hundreds of canvases showed every degree of ability, from the Brooklyn-primitive to the very good indeed, and one observed that a conspicuous prizewinner was a study of a graveyard. The medical eye is glad to turn to landscape when it can—the scarcity of nudes is understandable—and the medical landscapist is usually a romantic. Hillsides had evening mists on them, the prettiest vistas had the house by the side of the road to fill out the balance and were washed in sunset, or the woods showed shadows that were italicized mystery. The artists thought rhetorically of their profession too, and if some had looked at surgical operations for the moment of intensity, far more had looked at them for "the doctor's consecration to his task" that produces verbal rhythms whenever doctors congregate. In fact one manufacturer had offered prizes for paintings that would show the heroism and nobility of medicine.

Here and there one found a canvas that had been done in an expressionistic or some other advanced idiom, but most of them were academic to an extreme. Artistically, medicine does not lean toward the experimental.

MANY acres of the exhibition floor were devoted to what the program called the Technical Exposition: in less scientific words, the advertising display. The program's estimate of "more than 282 firms" seemed conservative and the show was inexhaustibly interesting. It fascinated the profession; at any hour it was much more crowded than the other half of the floor, where the doctors themselves in the Scientific Exhibit displayed the results of their researches.

They had registered officially on arrival and they went on registering at the Technical Exposition, lining up in queues to make sure they got the house's literature. Their pockets gradually filled with comic devices like those you buy at a joke-shop and with samples of proprietaries small enough to be taken away. Samples of poison-ivy salves, vitamin tablets, liquids to be injected for bursitis, Old Doc's potassium iodide in a new and handier form—of the innumerable preparations that have just about relieved the modern physician from any need to study the United States Pharmacopoeia. Samples too of health breads, reducing wafers, dietary soups, a multitude of fruit and vegetable juices recommended for this or that condition, Pet and Carnation Milk, Heinz and Borden baby foods, Similac, Pablum. So much food was being given away that it must have reduced a good many expense accounts, and one saw demonstrators from the Scientific Exhibit slipping over to the advertising section for lunch.

Everything that touched the doctor's life or practice was there. He could begin by hiring a receptionist from one of the employment agencies that listed girls who were trained in the techniques of meeting patients and keeping their records straight. He could furnish his waiting and consulting rooms in complete sets or piece by piece. Every conceivable appliance for sterilizing instruments, assisting diagnosis

or treatment, or facilitating the routine of medicine was on display—X-ray and fluoroscopic equipment, a “cathode oscillograph,” an “infatometer,” ampoule openers, a “rhythmic constrictor for the treatment of peripheral vascular conditions,” “Tidal Irrigators.”

One bystander sometimes left this multiplicity of machines to wander over to a display in the Scientific Exhibit and gaze at the booth which exhibited, with other devices, a set of Perkins' Tractors, which in 1796 would diagnose and cure ailments of whatever kind. But he would come back again, remind himself how much capital it takes to practice medicine these days, and explore the exhibits some more. Operating tables, a thousand kinds of surgical instruments, sliced-ham machines for skin grafts, bronchoscopes with a display of the unbelievable objects they have fished from the human interior, the New Emerson Respirator Dome which maintains the patient's breathing while his limbs and torso are being separately manipulated and which is equipped with a book-rest and a rear-vision mirror. There were competing makes and models of iron lungs and a variety of resuscitators, aspirators, and inhalators. Ansco had cameras to record operations, General Electric a pawnbroker's window of devices for therapy, Bausch and Lomb a whole catalogue of ophthalmological equipment. About here the exposition became too much for the reportorial mind, which began to whirl with “insert diapers” called Disposees and other diapers called Chix and Chux; cosmetics for allergic girls; artificial arms with an armless veteran demonstrating them; Sopranol for *tinea pedis* (athlete's foot in ads elsewhere), Globine Insulin, Gynergen, Cedilanid, Digilanid, Prostigmin Roche, Hygeia the Safe Nursing Bottle, Evenflo Nipples, Thyroid Armour—just register here, Doctor, and we'll make sure you get literature and samples.

DOCTORS like something for nothing as much as the rest of us and lined up by the hundred to receive a twenty-cent pack of cigarettes from the Philip Morris Company. While the queue inched forward they could read the plac-

ards and graphs that composed “A Tale of Two Cigarettes.” This monograph dealt with the rigorously scientific test which had established that the use of diethylin glycol instead of glycerine as a hygroscopic agent makes Philip Morris by a wide margin the healthiest of all cigarettes. It was disconcerting, fifty yards away, to see other hundreds in queues scrutinizing another display which established by a similarly rigorous accumulation of scientific data that most physicians smoke a cigarette which obviously had not proved so healthy in that test. But the Camel Company was not only giving away a twenty-cent pack of its product; it was putting that pack in a ten-cent plastic case with Old Doc's name stamped on it while he waited.

Sharp & Dohme had a series of six booths illustrating the manufacture of influenza vaccine and assured the most careful scientific attention to the process by having each step of it performed by a singularly pretty girl. This method was more thoroughly developed elsewhere, a good many advertisers sounding the Minsky note. Thus the demonstrators of the Mennen Company's baby oil were fully adult and had been given costumes that left most of the torso bare. An untrained observer, however, would award the blue ribbon to the Richard Hudnut Company. One had not expected to encounter this firm at an AMA convention, but it runs what it calls the DuBarry Success School. A course there will improve the posture of any girl and will peel away the excess pounds in the suggested areas. There were large X-ray photographs that showed the spine of a graduate before and after she had taken the course. But a more telling testimonial was supplied by a girl who had nothing whatever wrong with her spine or any other part of her. She had survived a selective process that would have flunked most movie stars and fashion models, and there had been applied to her, in small quantities, a fabric which stretched tighter than any other of which brassieres and briefs have yet been made. The Hudnut display was always crowded. Across the aisle from it a manufacturer was exhibiting a new kind of splint that could be washed and ventilated. But the chairs he had provided were usually occupied by specialists

in anatomy preparing clinical reports on the Success School.

III

IF THE Technical Exposition made the medical profession look like the crowd at a county fair, the Scientific Exhibit put it in the light that we and the doctors themselves most like to see it in. Here several hundred exhibits reported on the current progress of medicine, and (since this was the centennial year) a number of others on the progress of a century, and (since this was the AMA) still others on the activities of the bureaucracy. Into these displays had gone a labor and ingenuity that reflected the labor and ingenuity of the researches they were summarizing. Most of them were by hospitals, clinics, research foundations, or medical schools, though a few were by individuals and a few others by societies or institutions not directly connected with organized medicine. Many of them lacked the detail and complexity and doubtless some lacked the authority of similar exhibits at meetings of the medical specialties. But they signaled one of the most heartening realities of life, the steady advance of medical science.

The medical researcher and experimenter, while working at his trade, is just about the most admirable of human beings, and there is probably no other human activity that can show such steady and unchallengeable progress. The trouble is that, like a number of other sciences, medicine has advanced so far and in so many directions that the average practitioner cannot possibly keep up with it. In many aspects his practice necessarily lags behind what has been made known. The convention exhibits and the discussions in the general and section meetings are an admirable way (less valuable, naturally, than refresher courses) of keeping in touch with what the researchers have been finding out. They are the chief professional reason why doctors attend the AMA conventions: of the sixteen thousand at Atlantic City a majority may be assumed to have come from small towns or at any rate from places that are remote from a medical center.

There is little point in detailing the material displayed.* The exhibits ranged over the whole field of medicine. They used every kind of aid—graphs, tables, drawings, specimens, especially photographs. (Medical photography is superb both technically and esthetically and several exhibits gave instruction in its use and suggested new extensions in hospital and private practice.) Most of them were staffed by men or women who had done the research and who were there to answer questions, explain methods, and consult with all inquirers about the problems involved. Most of them distributed mimeographed or printed reports or abstracts to be studied at leisure. The visiting doctor sought out the subjects of most interest to him and got a briefing on the latest developments.

Three theaters ran motion pictures, most of them in color and with sound, of surgical operations, new techniques in anesthesia, diagnostic procedures, and a miscellany of problems in public health, the treatment of convalescents, health education, and related subjects. Such movies have long been used in medical schools and shown at meetings of county medical societies; when it is feasible to make movies they have a quality that the static exhibits cannot achieve. One of them struck an ominous note; it was by the military and it was called "Operation Crossroads." A couple of goats that had survived Bikini were exhibited elsewhere.

FOR two days the convention met as a whole, morning and afternoon, to hear papers and panel discussions on stop-press news from the research centers by exceedingly distinguished medical men. Thus Sir Howard Florey, one of those who developed penicillin, reported that the evidence did not support a spreading suspicion that micro-organisms could quickly develop immunity to it. Special-

* A few samples: The treatment of macrocytic anemia with pteroylglutamic acid, advances in electrocardiographic diagnosis of myocardial infarction, the diagnosis and treatment of varicose veins, the two-hour pregnancy test, CDE blood antigens and antibodies, syphilis of the stomach, physiological changes during spinal anesthesia, chronic shock, treatment of speech and voice disorders, tumors of childhood, the pharmacology of antihistamine drugs, thromboembolic disease, diseases of the nails.

ists from the Mayo Clinic reported on two substances (one of them taken from fermenting hay) which have sharply reduced the mortality from certain thrombo-embolic conditions—they operate to prevent the formation of blood-clots and to break them up when formed. There were reports on the present status of streptomycin, of drugs used to treat various heart ailments, of experiments in the use of radioactive substances—and so on. Then for three more days the convention broke up to meet in the seventeen “sections,” fields or specialties of which one could be designated no more exactly than “Section on General Practice of Medicine” and another one “Section on Miscellaneous Topics.” Here too there were papers and symposiums summarizing what the profession has come to know, and in a couple of sections what it has come to hope and fear. They were far too diverse to be touched on here but the roentgenologists, the allergists, the pediatricians, the otorhino-laryngologists and everyone else you please were reporting themselves for the benefit of your family physician.

A lay observer would venture only one observation—on the accelerating spread of the idea, which was derided by medicine as a whole less than a generation back, that the mind has an important relationship to bodily conditions. The psychiatrists have come in off the back porch and the psychosomatologists, who but yesterday were indulged as fanciful though probably harmless theorists, are practically drum-majors now. A patient's ideas and emotions are now seen to be important to the way he feels physically. A few papers acknowledged that his social surroundings are important too; this idea, for organized medicine, is radical indeed, and there was evidence that such a frame of reference will have to fight harder than psychiatry did.

Here, one repeats, is where the medical profession looks best—looks better than most groups of men, looks almost as good as the messianic or megalomaniac rhetoric of its orators makes out. Here it shows the attributes that have enabled medicine as a science steadily to push the frontier of knowledge farther into the area once marked unknown, and have

kept medicine as an art of human relations a constant solace to men in pain, fear, and sorrow. Patience, ingenuity, courage, skepticism, faith, the experimental spirit, the open mind, readiness to test innovation, laborious and exhaustive analysis of data, a constant quest for new data—such things as these have steadily carried medical knowledge onward to repeated victories, repeated subjugation of diseases that seemed impossible to subjugate, repeated solutions of problems that seemed insoluble. The mind of the medical researcher is the human intelligence at its greatest, and the total personality of the good doctor dealing with a patient is human skill and wisdom fused inspiringly. Moreover, the profession as a whole shows an eagerness for greater knowledge and greater skill that no other art or profession quite equals.

Such realizations are forced on you when you see sixteen thousand medical men gathered in professional consultation. It is just as well, therefore, that different realizations are also forced on you when you see the austere scientific intelligence come out of the laboratory and consulting room, and either docilely or with belligerent enthusiasm accept the propaganda fed it by its own specialists in obscurantism, neglecting to apply to an undiagnosed syndrome any of the processes whatever that it has been insisting on applying to other syndromes.

IV

MONSIGNOR Sheen reminded the assembled physicians of the nature of their relation to their patients and gave them some excellent advice, then marred it somewhat by delivering one of those sideswipes at psychiatry which have lately marked his discourse and which, a layman thinks, he would do well to discuss with his confessor. A past-president of the National Association of Manufacturers made a skillful speech; there is hardly any need to tell you what he said: it is summarized when his former office is named. As you know, freedom, initiative, self-reliance, and risk capital have been dying in the United States ever since 1932. As you also know, class-consciousness that

will prove (redundantly) fatal is being systematically encouraged by our collectivist government, and taxes are (fatally) not being reduced, and (fatally) the faith of our people is being insidiously undermined, and (fatally) a young man cannot acquire a competence, and a hell's brew of fatal hormones have been New Dealishly injected in the national bloodstream, and it is later than we think.

The past-president of manufacturers had a progressive mind, as he freely confessed, and so he realized that organized medicine must find some way of enabling people with small incomes to procure adequate medical care for themselves—to procure the kind of care for which the convention was repeatedly congratulating itself. He had applied hard thought to the problem, especially in relation to “politicians and reformers.” And he had reached a conclusion: that we would be wise to adopt “the voluntary plans for hospital and health insurance” that the AMA recommends.

That was what he was brought to Atlantic City to say. And in the course of his inaugural address the new president of the American Medical Association found occasion to say it again. They were talking about a fearful bugaboo, a national health program, and they were voicing the party line of the present actual rulers of the AMA. In organized medicine there is a general realization that such a program is certain to come, a realization something like that of a town which learns by telephone that a dam up the valley has burst and a flood is on the way. The dam burst long ago and year by year the AMA has prepared to meet the flood by saying that it must not get here, that the flood waters are communistic, that we shall all be lost if they reach the city limits.

SYSTEMATICALLY and tirelessly, with all the means available to one of the most powerful pressure groups and propaganda machines in the country, the AMA has opposed every measure in which it detected any connection whatever with what is surely coming. It has done so sometimes suavely, sometimes with amazing crudity, sometimes by individual pressure the most dishonorable, sometimes by

flagrant mass appeals the most mendacious. Its performance has reached such a point that one of the most distinguished of American physicians, Dr. Edward A. Parks, formerly pediatrician-in-chief at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, by temperament and background surely no revolutionist, told the New York Academy of Medicine a few months ago that “the behavior of organized medicine is humiliating and its leadership has seemed incredibly stupid.” Dr. Parks went on to say, “Its much-touted ten-point program is no program . . . but only a series of pious platitudes or highly qualified indorsements of policies or activities initiated in the first instance by isolated groups of liberal-minded, socially-conscious physicians or laymen working independently of it. Its primary concern throughout, as judged by its behavior, has seemed to be aimed consistently at the preservation at all costs of the medical care system as it exists today.” That system, he said, developed to fit the distribution of money, not the distribution of medical need; it does not meet medical need and never can.

Organized medicine, which means primarily the AMA and the hierarchy of state and county societies which support it and whose policies it in part controls—organized medicine has, as Dr. Parks said, exerted its great power to prevent any change whatever in the status quo. But events have changed the status of medical care, and the AMA has had to adjust not only to pressures from the social organism but also to discordant energies within itself. Step by step its original absolute rejection of all change has been modified—modified so slowly that the threat of public assumption of control has steadily increased, but modified nevertheless.

It is only a few years since the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill was, in the editorials of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, pure communism instigated by conspirators in the national government who were acting on orders direct from Stalin. That bill contained six main provisions; since Stalin supposedly phoned his orders to the New Deal the AMA has, by official resolution, indorsed five of them. In 1938 it met with all the ruthless force at its command the challenge to its policies made by

the Washington Group Health Association. That fight ended, disastrously for the AMA, in the Supreme Court of the United States, and in 1947 there is no possibility that such methods can be used against such institutions ever again. Many smaller defeats mark the slow abandonment of the impossible position which the rulers of organized medicine at first tried to maintain. All the outposts and subsidiary defences have been surrendered; the rulers are now defending what they regard as the citadel itself.

THAT ultimate and minimum is this: There must be no federally controlled health program; the program whose coming is seen to be inevitable must be based on states rights. There must be no national imposition of medical standards apart from those which organized medicine itself imposes. There must be no federal control over the practice of medicine and no government or public control of the bodies that will ultimately direct the program: all effective power must be reserved to organized medicine. There must be no form of *compulsory* health insurance—since this would make the previous provision impossible. There must be no “third party intervention,” by any non-medical board or panel or supervisor, between doctor and patient. (Medical third-party intervention is all right and nonmedical third-party intervention is accepted for the poor.) And nothing, at least nothing not a part of organized medicine, must interfere with “the free choice of the physician,” a freedom which only a minute percentage of our population have now, which that percentage relinquish when they patronize any of the famous clinics, and which only a few of those who have it can exercise except ignorantly and as an act of faith. To sum up: organized medicine insists on complete, unsupervised control of any health program that may evolve; and it requires that plan to interfere with the fee-for-service system as little as possible, not at all wherever there is any way to maintain the system.

This stand, of course, is so unrealistic that it suggests the need of psychiatric scrutiny. Congress will not appropriate funds without providing for supervision of

their disbursement, and if the AMA's propaganda were a thousand times as formidable as it is it could not kid the public into accepting a plan which the public did not itself control. The greatest desideratum of any health program, the practice of preventive rather than remedial medicine, is impossible for most of the population without some kind of compulsory insurance. And finally without compulsory insurance there is no way of providing complete medical service, except by the group practice which organized medicine disapproves, or by setting the prices of “voluntary” schemes so high that they will be out of the reach of most people.

At Atlantic City the realities had no force. Those who determine AMA policies certainly know that the Taft bill for a national health program is not meant to pass or even come to a vote, but they threw their support to it and an outsider can only decide that they did so to confuse the issues and to postpone as much action as possible as long as possible. The bill is a political measure only, an assist to Senator Taft's Presidential campaign. It records him as favoring a national health program, which should get him a lot of lay votes, and it assures organized medicine that he wants that program left entirely to its control, which lines up one of the most powerful pressure groups in the United States in his support. It has the approval of the AMA's governors and so it will have the approval of the rank and file. The governors have guessed that we are going to be Republican for a while and so there need be no further retreat, in fact much of the ground lost to modernity can be regained. The public relations counsel whom the AMA hired last year and who advised it to get in touch with popular demand, was allowed—or forced—to resign, on the ground that nothing need be done after all. The governors and the bureaucracy (so far as these are not the same) were at their suavest and most practiced in backstairs manipulation of downstage attitudes, in committee-of-the-whole disposition of dissents or proposals that might look awkward, at paralyzing with bureaucratic red tape the efforts of those who think otherwise than the governors think it best for them to think.

In a way some of the resulting spectacles are truly superb. The practice of medicine is furiously competitive, and much of the behind-the-scenes activity at Atlantic City resulted from the AMA's efforts to umpire and arbitrate competition—fee-splitting, rebates, contract practice, and the like; but there must be maintained a dignified outward pretence that doctors obey the code of ethics that forbids them to compete. Again, nothing is surer than that the evolution of health insurance and the like will provide not one health program but a good many—as many systems of medical practice, say, as there are systems of banking, from wholly private to wholly public—but the machine must continue to grind out the propaganda which the *Journal* has been purveying for nearly twenty years: that the reds are forcing on us a single all-or-nothing, either-or, black-or-white choice between freedom and slavery. Again, throughout medicine and even in the AMA there is much rejection of, and rebellion against, the official attitude toward what the propaganda insists on calling “state” or “socialized” medicine—but at all costs organized medicine must publicly appear to accept as inspired truth the party line of the Trustees, the House of Delegates, and the bureaucracy.

OF COURSE, a large part of the profession does just that. Old Doc is the dauntless death-fighter the orations say he is, and the clinical researcher is—inside his lab—as inspiring a figure as he has been acknowledged to be herein. But they are busy men and they get little time to think about social matters; and Dr. Morris Fishbein, the veteran editor of the *Journal*, has been providing them with approved ideas for a long, long time. Typically, when you ask them what they think about the Taft bill or the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, or compulsory health insurance, or federal provision for the “medically indigent,” you get back what Dr. Fishbein has been saying. When you press farther they tell you that they haven’t read the bill, or haven’t “looked into matters” very far; and when you ask why, you are told that the profession has delegated such problems to brilliant and specially

qualified men and those men will find the right solution. If you still press them, a large part of the profession stops being practitioners and clinical investigators and begins to yell like any angry group of the unsanctified. Dr. Fishbein has told them they must not be pushed too far.

Scarcity of objective thought, ignorance of economic and social developments, neophobia, docile acceptance of the fuehrer-principle, above all conditioned response in the automatic functioning of institutions which work as propaganda machines at the very moment when they are also working as guilds—these are the group characteristics one generalizes. They make the AMA, in regard to “medical economics” and the greatest single problem with which American medicine must deal, biased, obscurantist, and reactionary to an astonishing degree. But the AMA, like every other human institution, must yield to the pressure of events; and it is yielding now.

After all about thirty-five per cent of the doctors in the United States do not belong to the AMA; that is a sizable group and its attitudes and actions will necessarily influence the AMA's. Moreover, inside the AMA there are many groups whose attitudes toward the big problem are different from the official one, varying from passive dissent to active and sometimes violent opposition. The number and size of such groups are increasing; with whatever reluctance and however slowly, the AMA must maintain with them a working compromise that will constantly give ground, for it cannot afford rebellion and secession. In the county societies (in many ways far more important to the individual doctor than the AMA), the headlong social change of these times is constantly forcing more doctors to practice their profession in ways contrary to the official policies and therefore certain to alter those policies. A comparable influence is being exerted by medical schools and hospitals which have found that federal funds—so subversive and corrupt in the official view a few years ago—are increasingly desirable, and that the individual researcher who is supported by these funds is not a slave after all. From now on some of the ablest groups among the elite of the

profession will have only formal reasons for supporting the party line. And there is the inescapable reality that the constant advance of medical knowledge constantly increases the cost of medical treatment and constantly reduces the number of people who can afford to pay for it under the present system.

IN SHORT, the AMA exhibits the paradoxes of any living institution and at this moment is more interesting than most in its all too human confusions. At Atlantic City there was always some orator telling you how noble medicine is, how selfless, how dedicated to the search for truth and the service of suffering humanity. He was right, when you listened to the papers or wandered through the Scientific Section—and when the convention delivered a report on what may be expected in an atomic and biological war, a report thoroughly cool-minded and objective, an admirable example of the human intelligence at work on a tremendous problem. And also he was pure ham, the voice of any group of self-congratulatory men kidding themselves, succumbing to

the rhythms of speech, mistaking prejudice for public spirit, and glossing over unpleasant realities with personal illusions. The same mind that produced an objective report on atomic emergencies also produced a resolution to the effect that students at medical schools (who are indoctrinated with the official ideas all through their course anyway) must be instructed formally so that they will resist Dangerous Thoughts. And that same mind could be heard bellowing or bawling with an emotion something less than scientific whenever Old Doc went into his political or his sociological phase.

That seemed to be the moral of Atlantic City: the medical profession, so far as the AMA represents it, badly needs to bring a little of the laboratory method to the study of political behavior, and it needs some realistic instruction in the facts of modern life. Whether it will get them for itself or have them thrust upon it from outside made an interesting question to muse on as one watched the doctors strolling on the boardwalk in the fading afternoon. It seemed, as the former president of the NAM told them, later than they thought.

Connecticut River—Early March

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Now the river, roused, distended with ice,
Pushes the valley back, stretches, groans,
Fells trees and rolls them endwise, plants stones
In village gardens, knocks down a tobacco barn,
Has brought a broken bridge clear from Vermont
Just to make jackstraws of it over the dam,
Stands at the farmer's doorstep, white and gaunt,
Come to claim possession, not to warn;
But he is there to meet it. *What do you want?*
Is left unsaid. Familiar with its ways
He has no word even of quiet scorn,
Knowing it will forget, one of these days,
Behavior so incontinent and wild;
Withdrawing, it will wander as before
Down along the meadows like a child
Playing with emeralds on the valley floor.

MORE FALLACIES ABOUT ART

W. M. IVINS, JR.

THE first portion of this essay last month ended at the point where we were about to discuss a sort of pathological inflation that comes upon many modest special students when at last they succeed in crossing the Styx that separates the lesser searchers for knowledge from the greater authorities who promulgate it.

As good a name as any for this occupational disease of success is—

The Fallacy of the Psychological Complex

THIS fallacy plays a very important but rarely mentioned role in the history of art as it is written and taught, but it is to be carefully noted that it and its results are by no means confined to subjects that are classified as art. Many scholars regard their subjects as so much their private property that they think it is trespass for anyone else to enter upon them without their prior permission. Some very great scholars, as the result of too long and too exclusive concentration, come to identify the subjects of their specialization so closely with their own mental processes that they lose sight of the difference between those two so very different things, and wind up by regarding criticism of their own logic and methodology as an attack upon their subjects. In institutional

practice these attitudes frequently lead to official obscurantism.

On occasion scholars go so far in this identification of their subjects with their own ideas that they put forth their own ideas as those of the men of the past. Thus, for example, it has recently been pointed out in the (London) *Times Literary Supplement* that Professor Gilbert Murray, in praising Hellenism, calls it "in the fullest sense a humane civilization . . . no triumph, no boasting, no maltreatment of enemy dead, no killing of prisoners of war, no torture." It is a beautiful picture that Professor Murray draws, and except for the minor corrections that the Greeks did triumph, did boast, did maltreat the enemy dead, did kill their prisoners of war, and did torture, and that the phrase "in the fullest sense a humane civilization" has been given a novel meaning, it is probably correct enough.

A little while ago I was told that the argument which I am about to make is an attack on Greek art. This, as an amateur of fallacies, I found particularly charming, and for the following reasons: The surviving monuments of Greek art are existing physical objects just as are Ossa and Pelion. Once the physical existence of anything is established as a matter of fact, you cannot attack it, all you can do is to think and talk about it. Thus anyone who

This is the second of two articles by W. M. Ivins, Jr., former curator of prints of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They are based on a lecture given at the Frick Collection.

claims that an examination of the quality and cogency of his own thought about Greek art is an attack on that art really makes the claim that Greek art is only a thought and that it is peculiarly his own. It is certain that many of the unregenerate would rejoice if they might share in such lovely ideas.

In any event, in preparing this essay, I have been careful to express no opinions of my own about any art and to confine my discussion to the historical and logical validity of certain widely disseminated ideas about art and the assumptions that underlie them.

And now, to come to the theory that by the study of its art alone we can come to an understanding of a people of the past. There are many varieties of this fallacy, and, as pointed out in the first part of this essay, many of them have nothing to do with the Greeks. However, the Greek examples are so typical, so ideal, and so universal that they may be taken as the type specimens. This fallacy may, therefore, be called that of—

The Greek Love of Order

MANY of the books that speak in the most authoritative manner about Greek art make constant reference to an alleged special love that the Greeks of the fifth, fourth, and third centuries B.C. had for order, proportion, and harmony, and, especially, for their resultant beauty. Great stress is always laid upon the ideal quality of this beauty. The emphatic implication, when not the outright statement, is that ideal beauty was unknown to other peoples—"the lesser breeds without the law"—whose arts were therefore not spiritual or pure as were those of the Greeks. Knowing the strong tendency of classical archaeologists to play only in their own fields, I have a strong suspicion that this notion is based principally on ignorance. However, as I have already pointed out when discussing Winckelmann, beauty, in the vocabulary of the books about Greek art, is not the name of a concept or quality of many varieties and general application, but is a mere synonym for a very particular and local characteristic of Greek art. In view of this, the

remarks about the peculiar love of the Greeks and the ideal quality of their art neither state nor imply anything about the relative merits of the arts of the Greeks and of other peoples. And this, perhaps, is just as well, for there is nothing more fantastic than comparisons of the greatness of different kinds of art that are based on contradictory intuitional assumptions.

The same books also describe the distinguishing characteristics of Greek sculpture. To make sure that, so far as it goes, the following list of these is correct, it has been carefully compiled from the 1946 printing of *The Sculpture and Sculptors of the Greeks*, a most learned treatise by Dr. Gisela Richter, who is not only one of the most industrious and most carefully orthodox of living classical archaeologists, but has one of the widest acquaintances with the special literature of her subject. According, then, to Dr. Richter, the figures of Greek sculpture are aloof (p. 57), abstract (p. 26), detached (p. 28), impersonal (p. 57), emotionless (p. 78), and expressionless (p. 81). They are ideal because they represent conceptual types and not persons (p. 26), and, as they are composites of the so-called most beautiful single parts of many different men and women, each of which was chosen for its purely abstract and conceptual perfection of form (p. 26), their shapes are not those of any human beings that ever lived or could live. These disparate single parts naturally have so little necessary organic or characteristic relation to each other that Dr. Richter expresses admiration (pp. 54, 57) for the way in which the sculptors managed to wish them together. Dr. Richter also tells us that when a Greek artist illustrated a story or myth he omitted its subjective significance (p. 32); that the only symbolism to be found in Greek sculpture is the concrete one by which pebbles suggest the beach, a fish the sea, etc. (p. 32); and that when the Greek artists made portraits they omitted the personal characteristics and generalized what was left into types (p. 83). My remarks about Greek sculpture are based on these facts adduced by Dr. Richter. There can be no question of the importance of facts such as these for a correct un-

derstanding of the character of Greek art.

In the standard argument, the ideal beauty of Greek art is tied to order, proportion, and harmony, and all four in turn are tied to the peculiar qualities and lacks of quality of which a list has just been given. This means that the ideal beauty, order, proportion, and harmony of Greek art were achieved at the cost of discarding all the reality, all the humanity, all the particularities, all the expression, all the subjective symbolism, and all the subjective significance that are possible in art. When these things are lacking in an art, what is left is an order, proportion, and harmony of the kind that reaches its highest and purest manifestation in the utterly meaningless equations of a pure mathematics, or else in the celebrated smile of the Cheshire cat that also was invented by a pure mathematician.

It is interesting to analyze the logical process by which the notion of the ideal quality of Greek art is developed. The arguments start off by showing that the forms of Greek art are ideal in the logical sense of abstractions—which, like the forms of many another art, they undoubtedly are—and then proceed as though in doing that they had shown that the forms of Greek art are the ideal in the superlative aesthetic sense of something that *is* the finest in the world. Not only does this involve a shift or slither from one meaning of the word “ideal” to another, but it ignores the vast difference between the *an*, which means one of many, and the *the*, which means something unique. An extremely good game for little children when they become fascinated by words is to construct sentences that produce hilarious nonsense by shifting definitions. However, delightful as this game may be, shifting definitions is not regarded as good form outside the nursery. In serious argument it is usually regarded as little short of trickery.

BUT to return to order, proportion, and harmony: There can be very few things more difficult to define than the general concept of order. Some of the greater mathematicians have confessed the trouble it has caused them. But the people who use the word most often and for the

most obviously parlor-magical and rabbit-out-of-hat purposes are more than apt to be the very persons least competent to define it or to have any notion of what it is. The general concept is broad enough to cover the most complicated and difficult things that are done by the most advanced mathematicians and physicists; but most people who use the word think of it as exemplified in tidy rows of things set out at equal distances apart on straight lines, or else as a request to the grocer to send around a can of corned beef and some greens.

To skip the long and boring demonstration of the logical issues, order, proportion, and harmony, being formal grammatical notions of relation, are by and of themselves devoid of value, just as, by and of themselves, are the ideas plus, minus, and times. In other words when we say that Greek sculpture is beautiful because it has so much order and proportion, it is just as if we had said that Susie is beautiful because she has so much syntax and such a fine $2\pi r$. If such a statement about little Susie is nonsense, then, and for the same reason, so is such a statement about any art, including Greek art.

But to descend from the realm of logic to that of actual life, it has to be admitted that there is an infinitely large number of kinds of roughly approximate order, proportion, and harmony. It would be a very silly person who would pick out one particular set of recognized grammatical forms as being more grammatical than another and therefore more beautiful—as for instance by saying that because English had lost many of its earlier grammatical forms it is not as grammatical and therefore not as beautiful as German, which has not lost them. As for harmony, I remember one night when a bedlam of shrieks and yells made me sure that bloody murder was being done in the flat next to that in which I was. I ran to the window and looked across the court, and there I saw a group of five or six very neatly dressed Mediterraneans having a nice orderly Mediterranean Sunday supper, every one smiling and happy, and harmony reigning over all. It all depends on the kind of order or grammar you have. Thus when we are told solemnly and with emphasis

that one of the greatest achievements of the Greeks was that they discovered, not *an* ideal form of the human body, but *the* ideal form of the human body, it becomes necessary not only to ask for whom it was ideal, but in what sense it was ideal. And with this question the solemn universal statement about this particular marvelous achievement of the Greeks becomes just so much nonsense.

It is also to be considered that there is nothing so boring or nerve-racking as a steady unrelenting order, proportion, and harmony. That is the principal reason that people play games, men leave home, and jails are horrible. Just because strict order, proportion, and harmony forbid new knowledge and new experience, they make adventure impossible and inevitably bring about intellectual stagnation. An extremely cogent argument can be made for the belief that the very reason the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ accomplished so much was that they observed so little order, proportion, and harmony; and an equally cogent argument can be made for the belief that the principal reason the Byzantines have been of so little interest to subsequent generations was the highly developed state of order, proportion, and harmony in which they lived.

THERE can be little question that the great outstanding masterpiece of order in Greek thought and accomplishment is the *Elements* of Euclid—a work of art that few archaeologists give thought to, in spite of the fact that it contains the first great working out of the idea of proportion. In Euclid's first book he deals with plane geometry, *i.e.*, the geometry of a space that has only two dimensions. In the fourth theorem of this Book he "proves" that, if a triangle has two sides equal to two sides of another triangle and if the angles between the two pairs of sides are equal, then the two triangles are equal. It is possibly the most important single theorem in Euclid. But, speaking of order, etc., how does he prove it? He picks one of his two triangles up out of the two dimensional space, which by agreement is all the space he has, waves it about in a third dimension, which by agreement he

has not got, and then, plopping it down on the other triangle, announces triumphantly that they fit exactly. Not only has he not proved anything, but in good classical Greek style he has broken all his agreements. In other words, right at the very beginning of this remarkable exercise in logic and order, those two things are kissed a fond farewell, and the argument trots gaily off about its own quite disorderly, very ingenious, and exceedingly important business.

If the Greeks had actually had any innate sense of order, proportion, and harmony, it would have shown itself in their conduct, their politics, and their law; that is, in the places where such a sense most immediately exhibits itself. And as to this, all the necessary evidence is contained in Thucydides, in Plato's *Symposium*, and in the closing paragraphs of the very suggestive essay on Greek law (in the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) by Professor J. E. Sandys, the learned editor of the Constitution of Athens. Any one who reads these things looking for enlightenment must do it coldly, without letting himself be overcome by the Greek glamor. There, spread out for all to see, are to be found the characteristics of actual Greek life; but many of them, including some of the most important of all, are so raw, so "indelicate," and so difficult for nice school marms, male and female alike, to talk about, and they are so utterly impossible to reconcile with the carefully pruned and lopped and topiaried modern myth of the Greeks, that in the typical book about Greek art we are treated to a few selected theoretical quotations from the Republic and several passages from that resounding and marvelous speech which Thucydides put into the mouth of Pericles—the ideal and exemplar of all key-note speeches at all national conventions—each as unrepresentative and as misrepresentative of the actualities of Greek life as anything that can be imagined.

Men must be judged by what they actually do, and not by the fancy sentiments they cook up for exhibition on rare occasions. In many ways the Nazis undoubtedly came nearer to the actual practice of Greek life than any other

modern group of men that can be pointed to. All the order, proportion, and harmony that Plato wrote into his fanciful and horrible Utopia, called the Republic, were to be achieved and maintained at the cost of the most thoroughgoing Fascism that it is possible to think of. Great ideals are sometimes very queer and most distasteful things.

If we want honestly to think about what the Greeks were like, we must not think about Plato, but of an actual society in which, according to some figures, ninety-five per cent of the population of Athens were slaves, slaves who had no rights, and who as a matter of course were put to the torture when called upon for evidence in a law suit. We must think of what Laurium was like, and about the Helots; and we must think about what happened at Melos, at Arginusae, at Plataea and Syracuse, and at Corcyra, and what almost happened at Mitylene. (There are resemblances to what happened at Dachau, Belsen, and Lidice.) We must think of what the Greeks meant by love. We must think of the delations and how the law cases were conducted in the Athenian courts. We must think of the reputation of the ancient Greeks from one end of the Mediterranean to the other for honesty and fair dealing—that *Graeca fides* of which the Romans spoke so bitterly—and of the fact that there is no entry for honesty in the index to Jowett's Plato, and that among all the crookedly sophistical arguers the world has ever seen Socrates was one of the greatest sinners. And, *à propos* of art, we could think of what happened to the treasury of the Delian League and how the monuments of Periclean Athens were paid for; of why Pericles left office, and why Phidias went to live abroad. And when we have thought about all these things, we must ask ourselves what about that innate sense of order, proportion, harmony, and ideal beauty which the modern students have excogitated from the works of art.

THE probable reason the order, proportion, and harmony of Greek art of the fifth and fourth centuries are so much talked about by the devotees of that art is that those devotees have seen little else

in it to talk about. Whether this is due to the substantive emptiness of the art or to some peculiar characteristic of the devotees, I must leave to others more learned than I am to decide. But to see the fact in all its starkness, consider all the things of all the kinds that have been found to talk about in the work of such modern artists as Dürer and Rembrandt.

Even the most fervent admiration of Greek art does not absolve us from the duty of being honest about the facts, nor from remembering that all arts are of their times and places and have the limitations of their times and places. The qualities and limitations of the figures of Greek art, as they are recounted to us by Dr. Richter, are obviously incompatible with the very things in which subsequent ages have found their greatest values—humanity, personal character, the value and importance of the individual human being, imagination, and spiritual aspirations. Professor Cassirer points out, in his *Myth of the State*, that the Greeks had neither the word nor the idea of humanity, which made their first appearance at Rome, in Latin. Dean Inge, in his remarkable book about Plotinus, makes two extraordinarily important historical observations: that the idea of imagination makes its first explicit appearance in the third century after Christ, and that "the category of personality, in the modern sense, hardly existed for ancient thought."

There are solemn accounts of Greek art that pass over in silence all these things to which I have called attention, that juggle shamelessly with the various meanings of the homonym ideal, that base great aesthetic claims upon such an obvious logical fallacy as the distinction between the primary and the secondary qualities, and that quote a few very carefully selected specimens of the opinions of Socrates as being representative of the ideals of the Greeks, but forget to mention, let alone to quote, the passages which tell us what happened to Socrates and why, or those in which Socrates maintains that all the Greek art we praise so highly is immoral. Such accounts as these raise many questions of many kinds, and some of them are of sufficient interest to warrant rather careful consideration. After all, even in the

holy fields of archaeology there might be a little respect for a faith that is not of the Greek variety.

Greek art could well say, "I can take care of my enemies, but the Lord save me from my friends, for they remake me in their own images."

At last we come to—

The Descriptive Fallacy

THIS fallacy lies particularly close to the hearts and minds of most writers and practically all professors. It is perhaps the most characteristic academic fallacy. It tells us that words of description and analysis, which are either generalities devoid of concrete meaning, or comparisons with things we do not know and cannot make comparisons with, both can and do convey knowledge of the qualities of works of art.

Put baldly like this no one would doubt for a moment that a description or an analysis of that kind is nonsense; but in actual practice when we hear all the big fine words we are apt to enjoy them, and enjoying them to think that they have actually told us something. Actually they are merely intoxicants in a ritual devised to substitute emotion for thought. Because of this we are very apt to take a collocation of words that has the apparent shape of a grammatical sentence as making a statement and having meaning, and we dislike very much to have anyone point out that it is nonsense in the strictest sense of the word.

The chemist when he analyzes a compound substance winds up, when he so desires, with all the components each in a separate container, and if he is skillful he can make them back into their original substance. The critic who analyzes a work of art not only never can isolate the things into which he breaks it down, but even if he would he could not put them together again. This means that the critic's analysis never actually takes place, but begins and goes on and ends in words or conversation that have no concrete meanings. When the critic sets up his abstract and unrealizable conceptual categories of order, proportion, tactile values, etc., as themselves forms of value in art, he is playing

a game that, no matter how fascinating and complicated, is even more trivial than roadside cribbage, because it is completely devoid of the hard element of demonstrable actuality on which success in roadside cribbage depends: that the black cat can actually jump into and out of an actual window and still be an actual black cat.

The inescapable fact is that the minute we begin to try to think clearly and exactly about the various qualities and categories of the critics and aestheticians—such for example as order, proportion, harmony, tactile values, intrinsic beauty, and all the rest—we find ourselves struggling with a series of problems which from the beginning of time have bedeviled thoughtful men, and in which common sense and traditional logic not only can be shown to contradict each other but can each frequently be shown up as nonsense. The trouble all goes back to the initial assumptions on which we have built our edifices of critical thought. It is to be hoped that these assumptions and procedures may be examined by someone well trained in the modern logic, and with knowledge of the more recent developments in psychology.

I have neither of these qualifications, but, doubtless as a result of my personal experience, I have come to the tentative conclusion that the solution of the basic problem may be found in the recognition of the following propositions, full discussion of which would require the writing of a stiff logical treatise:

- (1) that a work of art has only one concrete quality, which is indistinguishable from the work of art itself as a whole;
- (2) that this one concrete quality is a thing;
- (3) that the abstract qualities of the critics are words;
- (4) that words and things are not interchangeable; and
- (5) that words behave like words, and things behave like things.

We actually see the concrete quality, which is the work of art, with our eyes, and it is on this concrete seeing that our intuitional appreciation of the work of art is based. The various qualities of which we have been speaking are never actually seen by us, but are evolved by intellectual

abstraction from our seeing and thus are little more than verbal excuses which we think up after the event, to use in verbal justification for having liked or disliked the concrete work of art. For this reason they and their existence are not to be taken too seriously. The only justification for liking or disliking a work of art is the work of art itself as a whole, which remains just what it concretely is in spite of all our verbal definitions and all our verbal and schematic analyses.

The one thing certain is that talk about the abstract qualities of a work of art never explained or conveyed any of its this-and-no-other-ness, any more than the words mince pie or grammar ever explained or conveyed any sense of the vivid this-and-no-other-ness of a dream or of a passage from Shakespeare.

IT SEEMS to me that I have slowly discovered in the course of the past fifty years that whenever the word beauty makes its appearance in writing or talking about art it is the sure sign of laziness or carelessness, or else that it is the word of a person too dull to look sharply enough at anything, or thoughtfully enough, to have discovered what there is in it that interests him. The word beauty and all the host of other abstract words that follow in its trail are part of a patter the use of which is easily learned by the dull and the blind. These words are stencils or rubber stamps, and their use proves not that their user knows anything about art but that he can mechanically repeat standardized nonsense about it. No standardized pattern of words has any meaning at all except about standardized things. The minute anything is sharply seen and realized it ceases to be a standardized thing and becomes something unique, and from then on it is differentiable from all of what previously were its similars. The grammatical forms deal with formal structural resemblances; the actuality, once the object is seen keenly, is composed of concrete dissimilarities, each of which makes its inseparable and unanalyzable contribution to personal character.

In a way it all comes back to the age-old dispute between the nominalists and the realists. The realists believed in the exist-

ence of universals or genera, the nominalists believed that universals or genera were only verbal devices and had no actual existence in fact. The mediaeval Aristotelians were realists, their successors have been the aestheticians and the theorizing connoisseurs of art. Abbot Suger, who was a nominalist way back in the middle of the twelfth century, knew, to use his own words, that the dull mind rises to truth only by means of the sensible qualities of things. With few exceptions the great artists since his time have been nominalists, for it is interesting to notice how few of them have been "academicians." Just as in science, logic, and philosophy, so in art, every advance in modern times has had to be won over the dead bodies of the believers in the abstract qualities, which in historical retrospect can be seen to have been the result of a confusion between the nature of words and the nature of things.

The man who is sensitive enough to see and seize the things that move us and to transmit them to us undulled and fresh not only has no need to invoke any so-called grammar of beauty or art, to call its wholly supposititious parts by name, or to parse a work of art as a pedant does a dull sentence in a dead language, but he does not want to; for he knows that the secret of life is not to be discovered by grammatical investigations or brought into flower by critical bowwowings. Lord Russell's remark that grammars are of use only to foreigners is if possible even truer in the field of art than it is in the field of literature. The man who thinks that grammar in and of itself has value shows, confesses, not only his ignorance of living speech but his lack of appreciation of its function of vivid communication. It is not for nothing that Shakespeare was the greatest neologist who ever wrote in English, and that none of the great monuments of any national literature was ever written by a man who learned its speech as a foreigner habitually speaking another tongue.

In view of all this, had I my own way, I should abolish the misleading word "beauty" and with it all the other fat capon words that accompany it. By making it schematically possible to separate the qualities from the objects, they

have led to theories which not only impoverish the objects but destroy the qualities. Their very lack of meaning has made it possible for persons who are impervious to things to sound off about them. They remind me of the old French

division of humanity into three groups, of *trompeurs*, *trompés*, and *trompettes*. My feeling towards them is that of Shelley towards Godwin, his father-in-law, to whom he once said, "Sir, you are a nuisance, and should be abated."

Divorce Is Cheaper Than Marriage

BERNARD B. SMITH

ONLY one marriage in three these days winds up in the divorce courts, which must mean that two-thirds of America's husbands think it is worth paying the Collector of Internal Revenue a substantial premium for the privilege of maintaining the institution of the family. For that is precisely what they are doing. The amendments to the Internal Revenue Code enacted by the 78th Congress in 1942 made it cheaper for a man to get a divorce and pay alimony than to stay married, and this is economically practical for anybody whose net taxable income is more than \$2,000 a year.

Let me give you a few examples of how this works. These are rather spectacular cases, to be sure, but they demonstrate a very simple and rather startling principle.

The president of a brewery, who earned \$51,000 a year, had been living apart from his wife under a simple separation agreement which provided that he pay \$1,000 a month, or \$12,000 a year, for her maintenance. Since this arrangement was a private matter and not decreed by a court, the brewery president was not allowed, under the 1942 tax law, to deduct this \$12,000 from his total income when he computed his federal income tax. After taking the usual \$1,000 exemption, he owed the Collector of Internal Revenue a tidy \$25,479 which, added to the \$12,000 he paid his wife, left him with \$13,521 for himself, and with state income tax still to pay.

But, as his tax counsel pointed out to him, the situation was not beyond repair. He would not have to give up his club, drop his insurance, or go on wearing last year's neckties. If the money he paid his wife were to be paid out as alimony under a divorce decree he could, with the blessing of the 78th Congress, deduct from his income the total payments to his wife, get himself into a much lower tax bracket, and pay a much smaller tax.

This is the way it worked. A divorce was soon arranged, and under the divorce decree our brewery president agreed to pay his wife \$17,500 a year, or slightly more than one-third of his income. His wife now filed a separate tax return, and after allowance for a personal exemption of \$500 (under the 1946 law) her tax came to \$5,415. And so she was a little better off than before. After deducting the tax from the alimony of \$17,500 she had \$12,085.

But the brewery president was much better off than before. He deducted the \$17,500 of alimony from his \$51,000 salary and paid his tax on the balance of \$33,500. His tax, now only \$14,354.50, left him with \$19,145.50 to spend on himself as against \$13,521 before the divorce—a clean gain of forty per cent in his personal income. To net an amount equivalent to this Congressional reward for ending his marriage would have required a salary raise of \$21,500!

Now let's look at a happily married

couple living together. In this case a New York advertising executive with a salary of \$30,000 a year was the devoted husband of a woman who suffered from severe arthritis. Her physicians advised her to spend a major portion of each year in a Southwestern desert resort, and warned her that she would have to do this for many years to come. She and her husband found this advice forbiddingly expensive to follow. Obviously the husband could not abandon his job, move to the desert, and hope to earn enough there to support their daughter, just entering college, and themselves as well. And life in New York is not inexpensive for an advertising executive.

But here again Congress had provided the solution. The wife promptly proceeded to Nevada, set up the customary residence, and within six weeks secured a divorce. Her husband agreed to provide her with one half his income, or \$15,000, as alimony, and the day after the divorce decree, they had over \$3,000 per year more for themselves than on the day before. Maybe the Nevada divorce decree was more or less collusive; in a strictly moral sense most Nevada divorces are anyway. But Congress had financially, at least, given its blessing to the procedure.

On her annual visit to New York for a month's holiday, the wife lives in her ex-husband's apartment. Presumably some would call this living in sin. But after all it is living in sin by virtue of an act of Congress which made living in marriage more expensive than living together after a divorce.

These two cases are hypothetical, of course, and they are not important in themselves. But there is nothing hypothetical in the rude fact that since 1942 there has been a sharp and accelerating increase in the number of divorces among people with reasonably good incomes. One reason for this is obvious. Many men who could not afford a divorce before 1942 now find that under the tax law it is economically to their advantage.

It's high time for Congress to set this absurdity straight, and make the institution of marriage as attractive financially as the institution of divorce. Here's a formula for doing this, ready to hand.

IN TEN states the married man now enjoys all the tax advantages of his divorced fellow men. California, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Washington, Louisiana, Idaho, and Oklahoma are "community property states." Under their laws the total of the husband's income and the wife's income (if any) is treated as community income. The husband files a return for half the total and the wife files for the other half.

Everyone knows, of course, that the higher the income the higher the rate of surtax. When a man can divide his income in two parts and pay taxes accordingly, he is much better off. For example, the federal tax on \$40,000 of net income for a man not living in a community property state is \$19,442. But if he moves to a community property state (assuming his wife has no independent income) his return is computed on an income of \$20,000, and his wife also files a return for the other \$20,000. Each then pays a tax of \$6,897 or a total of \$13,794. Saving—more than \$5,000.

All that Congress needs to do to give the married men the same break as the divorced men is this: extend to the husbands of the thirty-eight non-community property states the same income tax privileges as those now enjoyed by men living in community property states. Let Congress provide that a husband and wife living together may, at their option (unless mandatory by state law), file separate income tax returns in which each pays a federal tax based on one half of the community income. It is as simple as that.

If such a bill, instead of being referred to a finance committee overwhelmed by budget considerations, could be referred to a newly established Congressional Committee for the Conservation of the American Family, its hearings would be jammed with representatives of the church, of community organizations, social service agents, and committees for combating juvenile delinquency. And if the married men descended on Congress demanding the same tax privileges as those accorded to their divorced brethren, Congress would act and act quickly. Remember, 1948 is an election year.

THE THREAD

A Story

RACHEL MACKENZIE

HANDS were the only thing that mattered. The special had the easiest—sure and light; the student nurses sure and heavy; and Sarah's loving but uncertain.

"Wipe off my face, please," the thin little voice that spoke with her mind but seemed to come from outside her would say—hardly more than a whisper—and she could tell who was with her and guess at the time, day or night. Only she forgot right away.

"I feel I should tell you"—Dr. Loring had looked so solemn, with a conscientious frown on her young smooth forehead—"that it's a very painful operation." "I understand, I've had my appendix out," she'd said. "Oh." Dr. Loring had looked a little unsettled. "I'm afraid there's no comparison. We've made a good deal of progress with them education, but apparently the pain's too deep to be covered entirely; the best we can do is keep it dulled. To get at the nerve, you see, involves removing several of the ribs each side—just the small ones. We don't even tell most patients, the idea might alarm them, but you're intelligent; it won't bother *you*. You know last week we had quite an exciting experience: a few months ago we operated a woman three months pregnant. We were going to abort her, but she'd been married nine years without a child and she begged so, Dr. James said finally we'd risk it—and my dear, she was delivered last week!" "Did the baby have all its ribs?" Ellen had

asked. "I beg your pardon?" Dr. Loring smiled her thin sweet smile. "Oh, *I* see what you mean. Yes, yes it did—it was a perfectly sound nice baby."

"I think I'm going to be sick again," Ellen's voice said.

"Here, dear." The special. A cold rim of enamel pressed under her chin. "There! Now you should feel easier for a bit. Try sucking this ice; I've wrapped it in a paper napkin." Her left hand was fastened around it, and the hand was moved for her up to her mouth.

"My throat's sore."

"Yes, you've had a trachea tube." I've had a trachea tube.

"Just a pinprick."

"My arm hurts."

"Where?"

She fumbled toward her elbow with her right hand.

"Oh, that's from the blood pressure instrument; we've been taking your blood pressure. Try not to move that hand: there's a needle in it." Her hand was lifted back to her side.

"I think I'm going to be sick."

"Careful of that hand!"

"Wipe off my face please."

"Oh darling!" Sarah's hand and the washcloth too wet. Morning? Night?

"I want to put you on the bedpan."

"I can't."

"I'll lift you."

"But I can't."

"I'm sorry, I have to—it's been nine hours." One of the student nurses; her hands were so cold.

Who moaned? Did she moan like that?

"All right? I'll turn on the water. Any luck?"

"I can't."

"Well, don't worry about it, you never can after this operation."

"Oh, don't move me again."

"Now you don't want to stay on a bedpan all night, do you?"

Was she the one making that noise?

HERE, try this." The night supervisor's voice. "We can't make you any sicker, and it might help. At least it'll give you something to be sick on." A glass rod, a pill, a taste as flat as soda.

"I'm going to be—"

"Here—look out for your hand! Nurse, take that pillow out from under her knees."

"I was trying to make her a bit more comfortable." That voice belonged to the little one with dimples and soft hands.

"You want her to have an embolism?" A starched rustle.

The pillow came back. "You poor thing."

"I'm sorry, I'm going to be sick."

"Just a pinprick." That's what the special said. Was it the same morning—the next morning? "Can you hear me, Miss Godfrey?" Down the hall a baby was crying, and the rattle of dishes in the pantry knocked against her head.

"Yes."

"Your right hand's strapped to a board. There's a needle in it. You keep moving it and every time you do, it bleeds."

"It's sore."

"It's been bleeding. We can't take it out until you stop being sick."

"No."

"Still vomiting?" Dr. James' hand on her wrist was different from all the others. "Ellen, I'm so sorry."

"Darling, look what I've brought you."

"Sarah?"

"Can't you open your eyes?"

"I can't."

"Please try. Look." Her soft voice coaxed.

"I can't." With a great effort she explained. "If I open my eyes I'll be sick." It was all slurred together.

"But you haven't had them open for two days."

"I can't."

"Then I'll have to tell you—it's a tiny Venetian glass basket with one blue bachelor button and a sweetheart rosebud. Carbone's fixed it for me. You'll love it."

"I can't."

"I'll put it right by your bed. Can you smell it?"

"Just ether." Sarah's hand was too heavy on her head. "I'll try to look later."

"It doesn't matter, darling."

"I think I'm going to be sick again."

When they rubbed her back she screamed inside, but the only sound in the room was the dry slithery sound of the nurse's powdered hand on her skin.

VOICES hurt. There was a voice whispering at the foot of the bed. "Do you know where Sarah is?" It juggled the bed. "We were going to meet and she didn't come."

"Martha?" The sound couldn't have got out of her mind, for the whispering went on. She concentrated on raising the forefinger of her right hand. It was strapped down.

"Shh!" the whisper said. "She's restless. We'd better go out into the hall."

"I think I'm going to be sick again," her voice said.

"Sarah?" She sounded so far away from herself.

"She's gone; she said to tell you she'd be back for the next operation. She came to say goodbye, but you were asleep."

"I never looked at her flower."

"Can you look now?"

"I'm afraid to open my eyes."

"Just a pinprick." They were using her leg now.

"We're going to try something for your nausea, Miss Godfrey." That was Dr. Brewer's voice. "You can't go on being sick like this."

"Just another pinprick."

SOMEONE was speaking close to her ear. "Ellen dear." Why, it was Dr. James; she'd never even seen him before she came into the hospital. He put his hand on her forehead. "Ellen dear."

"Yes?" Her voice was so high—thready; her voice was thready. The ether had been like trailing off into a thread, raveling into a thread, and on the last breath the thread had held for the longest second in the world before it snapped. I can't, she thought, not again.

"Can you think of anything you could eat? Anything at all? Do it to please me."

Her voice came from a long way off. "I might eat a piece of orange. If I could chew it. My mouth's so dry."

"Get her an orange."

"Fruit, Dr. James?"

"Anything."

"Will it make me sick again?"

"I hope not."

"I can't open my eyes."

"No. Don't try. Are you in much pain?"

"My back."

"I'm sorry." He's sorry, he's sorry, he's sorry.

"Here's your orange; eat it slowly."

"Where's my nurse?"

"I'm your nurse—oh, you mean Miss Robinson? She didn't come on today. With the shortage you can only have specials forty-eight hours."

"What day is it?"

"Thursday—Thursday morning. I'm going to fix you up now."

"Thursday!"

"We've been keeping you asleep."

"Here, I can't eat any more."

"But you only ate one section."

"That's all I can eat."

"All right. Now I want to move you."

"I can't move."

"You have to. Come on—careful of that hand; I'll lift it. Move with me. I'll put my hands under you. There!"

The sound she made was like the whimpering of that dog a car had hit outside the house last summer. "Wipe off my face, please; it's wet."

"I've come to get you up."

"I can't."

"Sure you can—you're already two days behind. I'll crank you up so you

won't have to pull on your back. Don't you move. I'll swing your feet out for you. Now!" Ellen clamped her teeth over her lower lip. "Just sit there a minute." The nurse put her finger on her pulse. "I guess that's all we'll try today."

"I can't breathe. I can't get my breath."

"That's the operation. We'll put you right back."

"I can't get back."

"I'll swing your feet up—just let yourself go now."

"Hand me a washcloth so I can wipe my face off, will you?" Her voice was funny—hoarse.

"I'll do it for you. Say, you *are* wet. We'll really get you up tomorrow."

The organ in the chapel three stories down was playing *Rock of Ages*. I can't, she thought, I can't do it.

"Nurse, what's the soonest they ever do the second operation?"

"Now what are you asking a question like that for?"

"I want to know. Please."

"Well, it all depends—anywheres from ten days to two weeks. Last spring we had a man from Washington, they did *his* second after a week and he was out of here in three. Of course he was the husky type. But with you I couldn't say, I'm sure. You'll have to ask your doctor about *that*. Even if I knew, I couldn't tell you."

"Is the second as bad as the first?"

"Now quit thinking about it—here, turn over and I'll rub your back."

"Is the second as bad as the first?"

"Why it all depends, I guess. You just have to keep remembering the first isn't any good *without* the second, see?"

Oh God, she thought.

I BET you don't want to see me—getting you in for this."

"Hello, Dr. Moore." Her coat looked as if it had been starched twice.

"Got your eyes open at last? I've been around, but you were always asleep. I've just been having a talk with the head anaesthetist—about your being so sick. You weren't supposed to have been so sick. She said you must have been conditioned against ether some time. They have a wonderful record here: fifty per

cent of all their patients in anaesthesia are either not sick at all or only once; fifty per cent are sick twelve hours or under; and less than one per cent are ever sick longer. Those are the statistics."

"I don't believe it; that's more than one hundred per cent."

Dr. Moore laughed. "I guess you're feeling better, all right. Much pain?"

"My back."

"You're getting an awful lot of dope. You know, I think you make a mistake to keep yourself under such control. You'd be better off to let yourself go—cry, scream if you feel like it. Be much easier on your nervous system."

"But I'm not the type—it wouldn't be easier on *me*."

"That's silly. They tell me you haven't even cried."

"I'd feel worse about myself for having cried than better for crying." It sounded silly. "Besides, I'm afraid if I once started I'd never be able to stop."

"What of it? You'd be better off. Control's too important to you; you're too disciplined. Just remember you can't control your nervous system."

Well, you can always try. She didn't say it. "Do you know when they're going to do the next one?"

"Honestly! Thinking about that already! Two weeks probably. They'll tell you, don't worry. You mustn't have it on your mind; it isn't good for you."

WHEN they stood her on her feet she gasped for air, and the walls and floor fell away; when she walked it was like going down a forty-five degree ramp, except that the floor hit her feet too soon. But it's supposed to come up to meet you, she thought—"The floor rose to meet her and she knew no more." Instead, the ceiling came down. She ducked her head to escape the ceiling.

"Steady! Look, you all right?"

"Sure." The perspiration dripped from her face.

"Miss Rudd, would you help me get Miss Godfrey back to bed?"

Every evening Jane came. Poor girl, she was always there during the hours that were worst—when the dinner dope gradu-

ally wore off and it wasn't time to be made comfortable for the night. "We don't dare give you any more," they said. "Remember you have another coming up." The pattern of the days had taken on a shape as ordered as a quilt—shaded patches of unbearable lost awakening to slow relief to restlessness to pain and then to sleep again. "You make too much effort," Dr. Moore said. "Stop fighting it. Give in, give in. It's awfully hard on your nervous system. Your nervous system's taking a beating on this as it is, remember. Everybody here knows what you're going through; nobody'd care if you cried." "Well, *I'd* care."

"Shall I read tonight? You look tired," Jane said. "What've you got?"

"You choose something," Ellen said. "I'm not reading anything; my eyes don't focus."

"How about *Boston Adventure*?" She read it for a time. "I don't believe that's very cheerful. How do you feel, really?"

"I don't see how I can go through it all again." She said it out loud, with Jane right there by her bed. Without any warning, coming to the surface like that—the one thing that was not to be said!

Jane looked at her with horror. "I know," she murmured, "I know," and her wide gentle eyes slowly filled with tears.

You couldn't possibly, Ellen thought, no one could. "I'm terribly sorry," she said quickly, "I don't know what made me say that." But it stayed in the room with her—quite tangible in the ugly tan room.

"Miss Godfrey, this is Dr. Herzog and Dr. Bush. We're coming in to take out those stitches. Dr. Bush is Dr. James' new surgical assistant; he'll be looking in on you from now on. This won't hurt." Dr. Bush and Dr. Brewer had on little blue skull caps; Dr. Herzog's was white. "Have you seen silver foil used before?" Dr. Brewer said, tearing the wide bands of adhesive from her back. They reached from her shoulder clear down around her buttock, and when he pulled them off, her whole back burned.

"How many stitches are there, Dr. Brewer?"

"Am I hurting?"

"No, I just want to know."

"Oh, thirty or so, I guess. I didn't count." He talked in a lower voice then, to the other doctors, and when the last stitch was snipped out, he came round to stand in front of her. "Don't worry, it'll fade out to a thin white line you'd hardly notice." He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Dr. Brewer, when are they going to do the other one?"

"For God's sake! You're not worrying about that already!" His voice was too hearty.

That evening Dr. Bush stuck his head in the door. "Had a good day?" he asked. "More comfortable with all that padding off your back?"

"Yes, except that I don't feel so held together."

"By the way," he said, elaborately casual, "has anyone told you you're up for tomorrow?"

Her heart thudded across her throat. "Up?"

"Your second operation."

"But it's only a week today."

"You're up for twelve-thirty."

"Oh, I'm not going to have to wait all morning!"

"Sorry, you're the first on the schedule; we aren't operating until afternoon. So long—until tomorrow!" He had hardly come into the room.

I can't, she thought helplessly, and she knew again the drugged suspense of the ride to the operating room and the horror of the anaesthetic, and the circled wakening from nowhere. I can't—not so soon. "Isn't it soon? Isn't it sooner than usual?" she asked the nurse who came in to shave her back.

"Oh well, this way you'll get out all the sooner; why don't you look at it like that?"

My mind isn't ready yet—I'm not ready in my mind. But what she said was, "I hadn't thought of that. I suppose it means no breakfast?"

"That's right—nothing more. Want a drink before I take away the water?"

"Then I'll be sick. I'll be sick all morning. This codeine makes me sick as a dog—even if the tray just comes a little late I'm sick."

"Yeah, I know," the student nurse

said. "It affects some people like that."

"Not even coffee? Not just a cup of black coffee?"

"Not even water. I'm sorry."

"But what possible difference could a cup of coffee make—if I'm going to be sick anyway?"

"Maybe this time you won't *be* sick."

DON'T let me be sick, only four hours more, don't let me be sick. "Not a bath—not today!"

"Nervous?"

"I don't want to be jiggled. I'm afraid I'm going to be sick."

"It's too bad you have to wait. Here's the basin in case."

Don't let me be sick, don't let me be sick—only three hours more.

"One ring, yellow with three red stones, five white stones; one watch, yellow, two white stones; glasses. Have I everything? You haven't any dentures, have you?"

"No, no dentures"—don't let me be sick before she leaves.

"Then if you'll just sign here."

Don't let me be—Oh God, don't let me—

"We've come to get some blood. Say, you need a nurse. I'll go get you a nurse. We can wait."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven. Do you think it would help if you chewed on a cracker?"

"How soon can we go up?"

"Just another hour. I'm going to get you a cracker."

"I feel so humiliated."

"You can't help it."

"But I'm going to be sick again."

"Here—let me wash off your face. I'm going to get you ready. There's no sense in this. Eat a cracker."

Don't let me be sick again, don't—

"I'm sorry, I have to make your post-op bed. It's crazy, but your special isn't coming on until three."

"I'm going to be sick again."

"I know those blankets must feel like the devil in this weather. My gosh, it's hot! Here, we'll get you into your leggings—I'll do it, lie still. Now the T binder and your surgical johnny. That's the ticket. All right?"

"Everything's whirling around so." If I have to be sick again, let it be here.

"Close your eyes. The basin's beside you. I'll be back."

I can't.

"Here's your hypo—this ought to do the trick. Now you just lie perfectly still for five minutes and I'll take you on up. . . . There! Any better?"

"I think so." Why, what had happened to her voice—coming to her from outside like that. And her hand relaxed around the basin.

"Hang onto that basin. Morphine makes some people sick. Ready? We're off!"

Don't let me be sick; dear God, don't let me be sick in front of anybody else. "Hello," she said to the elevator man.

"Well, I think I've seen *you* before," he said.

"She's going up for her second," Miss Rudd said.

"Well, fancy that!"

Up for her second, up for her second.

"Careful! We haven't been feeling so good this morning. *Here* we are—the James patient reporting," Miss Rudd said.

It was the first time. It was the first time all over again.

"We're going to move you onto a stretcher. Is this her first?"

"Her second."

Did she make that moaning sound? "I've already had one side done," she said slowly. "You be very careful not to move me until I'm really asleep because I hurt so to move." Someone giggled. "The thing I'm really afraid of, though, is that I'm going to be sick at my stomach."

"Here, let me give you some oxygen," the anaesthetist said.

"Never mind if you are," Miss Rudd said, "I have the basin."

"Ready for the James patient, ready for the James patient—" It was like being paged, but without any identity of your own. They were squashing her nose against that rubber thing. "Breathe deeply now, take long deep breaths."

Oh God, take long deep breaths. Oh God. Oh God. It was the first time only she'd already been through it. There was that thread again, raveling out from the

top of her head, thinner, thinner, thinner. Dear God—

IT WAS the middle of the night when she awakened. She knew it. This is the middle of the night—as certain as that. No confusion in her mind, no other reality to reconcile. Only a sense, fleeting, of great distance left behind, and this surge of relief to have done with suspense. Then it's over, she thought, it's all over; things do come to an end.

She was very ill. She knew that too. Because the room seemed full of the rustle of people? There was something stealthy in the small scratches of sound they were making about her bed. No, not that. The beating of wings in her chest—the terrified flutter of wings and the little curved claws clutching sharp, clawing deep, her breath beating with them in frantic feathery catches? Not that either. The awareness was intellectual. Her mind had become a separate entity, beyond her body, quite disassociated from it, removed all at once onto a new mysterious level, apart and above and all-embracing. From it she could see herself twice: inside and outside at the same time; as she felt and as she was.

No one realized she was awake. "But I don't understand it," a woman was saying indignantly. "Morphine is the *specific* for shock; they use it in the Army!" and though the sound came to her from far away, Ellen knew the voice of the night supervisor. Her mind picked it up: shock. Of course. Blankets and the foot of the bed raised high.

But there was no time to wonder, because in that same second she became conscious of the thread. She was hanging onto the thread. Hanging on *by* a thread, something nagged at her; when you're this sick it's a matter of hanging on *by* a thread. She considered it. No, I'm not hung, she decided judiciously; I'm not suspended. This is active: *I'm* doing the hanging—and it came to her in a little burst of comprehension why it was so important to make the distinction. If she chose to, she could let go.

Well, she thought, well! It must be this new level, the thread so real—very slender, and her hold upon it very light. She had only to open her hand where it rested

vertical and taut across her palm, as a beam of light might lie enclosed, to release it and find peace. Peace from the nausea, from the pain, from the dreadful dislocation of illness and the adjustment to living that must follow—peace even from the problems of the future and getting older.

So this is what death is like, Ellen said to herself with comfortable detachment—just a simple sense of peace ahead. No fear. No emotional intrusion. Not even people. How odd, when affection and understanding had always mattered supremely, that she should in this moment of choice feel quite free of all personal commitment; and briefly she noted this was not what she'd been led to expect by her reading. So one dies with the mind, she thought, and part of the thought was the objectivity from which she saw herself relaxed and curious and welcoming.

But what of the thread—the thread that had spun from her consciousness but was not attached to her mind? The thread was

life itself, and suddenly it came to Ellen that she could not let it go. Like a small but imperative nudge from the past it came: the obligation to act responsibly, instilled in her as a child so deeply that now, in a way she could only accept, it remained the essential. She could not let go of life to escape unpleasantness. The thread was locked fast around the hard bright core of her own integrity.

And that was all. "Just a pinprick," a nurse muttered under her breath—so they said it even when they thought you were asleep!—Dr. Brewer's voice said, "I think this transfusion should be all right now"; and Ellen went to sleep. But before she drifted off, her mind knew a second's ironic amusement as she acknowledged her decision. How funny, she thought drowsily, clenching her right fist tight, how incredible that it should turn on a matter of ethics!

When she wakened again, it was only to pain.

On Leaving Her in April

ROBERT HUFF

LEFT life on a doorstep,
 L Soaking wet.
 And the love stood beside her,
 That love that I met
 When you rained once before,
 And that love's growing yet.

Rain hard, hard hard.
 Go ahead.

Left love on a doorstep,
 Soaking wet.
 Left trouble behind
 Still more trouble to get,
 Feelings and longings
 All caught in a net.

Rain hard, hard hard.
 Go ahead.

HOW NOT TO RUN A SPY SYSTEM

FLETCHER PRATT

THE scientists and military men, who disagree on so many subjects, seem to concur on one—that the only possible defense against the atomic bomb and other new weapons only vaguely adumbrated lies in not letting them get started in our direction. “An atomic Pearl Harbor might well cost us our life as a nation,” says a text on the subject prepared for the legislative reference section of the Library of Congress by the War Department. It was to prevent such an atomic Pearl Harbor that the new over-all intelligence agency was set up by Presidential executive order a year and a half ago, and is now being frozen into the permanent structure of our defenses by the unification bill. Unfortunately the developing trend of the evidence is that the new centralized group will be far less able than the older agencies to prevent another Pearl Harbor.

As a small illustration of the current efficiency of this most secret of secret services, Paris leftist papers carried the news of the appointment of a new head to the centralized American Intelligence Service before the officer knew it himself and six weeks before the announcement was released to the American press. It has been stated that when a question was asked about this in the Senate Committee, the reply was offered (and accepted) that the French press had received its informa-

tion from the French Secret Service, “which finds out everything.” This is a considerable change from the days of Daniel Defoe, who was fifty years dead before anyone outside the government knew he had been the head of the British Secret Service—not of the co-ordinating body which evaluates information, but of the collecting agency.

Before we examine the reasons for the present low status and prospective failure of what has become one of the most important of government departments, let it be said at once that the need for a centralized agency was overwhelmingly demonstrated during the war. The successive Pearl Harbor reports and the independent evidence of Captain Zacharias (*Secret Missions*) show beyond any reasonable doubt that well before December 7, 1941, there was enough evidence in American hands to have predicted the date and even the place and nature of the Japanese attack. The information was never brought together in any one place, the separate packets of which it was made up were not correctly evaluated, and in some cases the partially correct, warning evaluations were not transmitted to the operating commands.

THE Central Intelligence Group was established as a master clearing house of intelligence, specifically to

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cure these defects. To it would be referred military-diplomatic-economic intelligence from whatever source; it was to place an over-all evaluation upon the collection and transmit the result to the directly affected parties. It was set up at the instance of the chiefs of staff themselves. The Presidential directive provided for a Central Intelligence Group, consisting of personnel assigned from the Army and Navy, operating under a Director of Central Intelligence appointed by the President and reporting to a National Intelligence Authority, composed of the Secretaries of State, War, and Navy, with the President's personal Chief of Staff. This National Intelligence Authority obviously was and is a shadow, composed of men whose numerous other duties would hardly leave them time to be concerned with intelligence unless it produced something so urgent as the imminence of another Pearl Harbor. In any case the NIA's information must come through the Central Intelligence Group and its Director, the king-pin of the whole setup.

The first of these directors was Rear-Admiral S. L. Souers, one of the Navy's commissioned business men and a first-class organizer—even if he was another member of the great Missouri migration to Washington. He was due to retire at the end of the war and he has retired since, but it is understood that he stayed on at the President's request for long enough to use his special organizing talent to get the new agency running. The only trouble is that he seems to have used his talent altogether too thoroughly. One of the first things that struck observers in the State, Army, and Navy Departments was that the directive as signed contained a phrase not in the document as prepared in the service offices: "The Director of Intelligence shall perform . . . such services of common concern as the National Intelligence Authority determines can be most efficiently accomplished centrally."

Under this phrase of the directive the CIG has set itself up, not only as a central *co-ordinating and evaluating* authority, but also as the centralized and almost the only *intelligence-collecting* agency. It has restricted the FBI, which did such valuable counter-espionage work during the war, to the

boundaries of the United States. It has interposed between the secretaries of the three departments (State, War, and Navy) and their own intelligence organizations and has assumed supervision over their personnel. It has taken complete control of the Strategic Services Unit, the old OSS; has taken over all intelligence work abroad; abolished the networks of foreign service operated by the Army and the FBI and dispersed their personnel; and now it asks that it receive not only statutory authority for these organizational arrangements, but also an appropriation clearly marked for intelligence.

II

THIS all sounds somewhat Gestapo, but with regard to our institutions in general and the personalities involved, there seems no particular reason to worry about the CIG becoming a superpolice force. What there is reason to worry about is that this effectively organized and powerful agency has so painted itself into a corner as to make it almost certain that neither it nor any rival will obtain intelligence worth co-ordinating.

In the first place all three of its successive heads have been, and the intent of the merger bill, as it stands at present, is clearly that they should be, military men. Now a military man may be a very able intelligence head, but as the House Military Affairs Committee pointed out after considering the question last December, such a man would inevitably be subject to pressures from within his own service to direct this main intelligence service in the special interests of his own department.

How this can work out is patly illustrated by the tale of Tarawa. Before the Marines hit the beach there in 1943, an exhaustive study of the island was compiled, the leading source being British civil servants and the reports their predecessors had made—a normal intelligence procedure. These reports were admirable for civil service purposes, but none of them mentioned the insignificant detail that a southwest wind would leave less than three feet of water on the barrier reef. Why should they? There was a break in the reef normally used by ships visiting the island.

But nearly half of the 3,180 Marine casualties took place when their landing craft grounded as they tried to cross Tarawa reef.

Similarly a military intelligence head could not be expected to take very much interest in a one-knot difference in the speed of a submarine, nor would a naval intelligence head care about assembling information on a network of minor roads. It is possible that neither of them would find it important to investigate such a question as the number of Brazilian plantations changed from coffee to cotton, though this might be of great value to the State Department.

Related to this is the fact that—as the Congressional committee has insisted—“continuity of service,” that is, experience, is of primary importance in intelligence work. The leadership of the present overall agency cannot be more than a two- or three-year tour of duty for any admiral or general, at the close of which period he must go back to his own service to have his record judged on how well he has been helping the home team. In practice, the command of CIG has not yet been as much as a one-year tour of duty for anyone.

The same House Committee felt strongly enough on the subject of the CIG being restricted to its co-ordinating and evaluating functions to put into its report the words: “It is specifically understood that the Director of Central Intelligence shall not undertake operations for the collection of intelligence.” The reason is that any collecting agency which also collates has an inevitable tendency to trust its own sources of information and to distrust all others. This may seem a wire-thin reason. It is not. During the last war the normal sources produced in one case information flatly contradictory to that furnished by what was called the Special Branch. The Director of Intelligence at the time, who was also the founder of the Special Branch, accepted the latter’s findings and signed a statement that the Russians were not trying to Sovietize the Balkans and would make no such attempt. During the first World War American Intelligence correctly predicted the place and date of Ludendorff’s deadly 1918 drive as well as

the nature and date of the famous 75-mile gun that fired on Paris; but at the time the French intelligence service was acting both as a collector and as the central Allied co-ordinating agency, and it refused credence to either report because **neither** agreed with its own sources.

III

IN FACT, the whole business of collecting intelligence, as distinguished from that of discovering what it means, is one where bigness is badness and an efficient organization is ineffective. The co-ordinating, collating agency needs size—yes; and a great deal of detailed book-keeping. The process of compiling an intelligence report precedent to a military operation—or one in diplomacy, for that matter—is one of comparing ten thousand small details obtained from a thousand sources, most of them accessible to anyone. When the American forces were preparing the big Pacific push they raided such sources as the *Pacific Year Book* and the reports of missionary societies and consuls; and they requested travel-minded citizens to turn in any tourists’ snapshots they had. When all the material from such sources has been examined and to it is added the always small quantity of genuinely secret intelligence, the result is called “strategic intelligence” and can be used to plan a diplomatic or a military campaign, or even to write a better tariff bill.

The production of better strategic intelligence was the reason for which the Central Intelligence Group was set up, and no one has any objections to its function in that field. It is the doubling in brass as a secret service that raises doubts. The more people there are united under the chain of command in such a service, the less secret it becomes—a fact which should be obvious, but seldom seems to make an impression, so ingrained is the human habit of building more stately mansions.

There are a couple of instructive examples from German experience. Probably no intelligence service was much more carefully organized or completely centralized than the one they had in 1914. It had attained the goal toward which the CIG is still only struggling; but on the day of the

declaration of war, Scotland Yard arrested every German agent in Britain and the Germans were never able to get an effective service going again. The lesson was taken to heart, it would seem chiefly under the guidance of the astute Colonel Nicolai, and down through the early years of the late war, not only did German Army, Navy, and Luftwaffe maintain their own intelligence services, but there was another for the Gestapo and even one for the Nazi party. They worked beautifully together, furnishing that mass of small corroborative detail which leads to real certainty in intelligence operations. Who does not remember Lord Haw-Haw giving on the radio a correct list of Mr. Chamberlain's appointments for the day, to describe the results only on the lowest plane?

Then the cult of bigness and "efficiency" set in, and for the sake of eliminating overlapping functions, collection as well as evaluation of intelligence passed under the control of Himmler.

The result was that monumental series of intelligence failures which, without the slightest hyperbole, may be said to have cost the Germans the war. Himmler's organization, always primarily political in its outlook, did correctly predict the impending collapse of Italy in 1943 and enable the Nazis to take measures which halted the Allied advance south of Rome after the Italian surrender. But it also reported that the attack of November 1942 would come in Norway and left the Germans utterly unprepared for the irruption into North Africa. Later it persuaded Hitler that our Mediterranean forces would bypass Sicily and attack Sardinia; and when Sicily was attacked, that the blow would come at the western end of the island; with the result that in both cases the German forces were ill-disposed to meet the event.

The climax was reached after the Normandy invasion. General Eisenhower employed a series of astute military feints to convince the Nazis that a second landing in the Calais area was intended, but they would hardly have been sufficient if Himmler's intelligence organization had not completely lost track of Patton's Third Army. While that army was already in France and following up the tremendous

breakthrough at St. Lô, Himmler was still reporting it as preparing for the Calais landing, and the whole of the German Fifteenth Army sat there waiting for it. Even combat contact reports from the Normandy pocket as to the growing American strength were rejected because they did not jibe with those of the all-powerful Himmler organization.

NOTE that the specific trouble with the Himmler organization was not a negative failure to make discoveries, but the transmission of flatly erroneous information. The possibility that something of the kind might happen to us produced a good many raised eyebrows among Army, Navy, and State Department intelligence men when it was announced that the old "cloak-and-dagger boys" of the SSU had fallen under the Central Intelligence Group. The fact that the announcement could be made at all was a sufficiently startling revelation of inexperience among the upper echelons of the new organization. In effect, it hands over to our opponents, in the never-ending struggle for secrets, information they would be willing to spend a good deal to obtain. Those opponents have now been informed as to one of the leading channels through which CIG is receiving its intelligence. They have been notified that it has become a collecting as well as an evaluating agency and that other networks abroad have been abolished.

Not much more is needed by an opponent. The old E. Phillips Oppenheim days of the lovely countess, the false whiskers, and the thrilling pursuit are dead and gone; they have been replaced in secret service work by a technique developed during the first World War. The story of the key event in that chain is worth telling, as it furnishes another good example of what happens when a well-centralized organization is entrusted with both the collection and evaluation of the small amount of secret intelligence which is mingled with information from public sources to produce strategic intelligence. It concerns the same Ludendorff offensive in 1918 when the American service was not believed.

There was no doubt that the Germans

intended an attack that spring. Indications from many sources showed it, including—and this is highly typical of real intelligence methods—a careful study of the social notes in provincial German papers, which spoke of farewell parties given for heroes returned from the Eastern Front before again setting out for duty in the West. The question was where the blow would fall. Now under the static warfare conditions of 1916–1918 it had been found that one of the very best sources of information as to the incidence of a coming attack was to obtain a count on the number of railroad trains moving in the direction of a given sector of the front. The French had worked up a good network of such train-counters in Belgium, with traveling agents who had only to collect small, easily-expressed items of information. But they centralized; the Germans got on the track of the organization, and just at the most important moment, the train-counts sent through were utterly false.

The method outlined here has now become general. When a foreign agent is discovered these days, he is not laid by the heels but preserved with tender care as a pipeline through which there can be fed to the other side the kind of information that it is desirable to have them believe, mixed with just enough facts to sidetrack suspicion. In this respect the trouble with the old OSS, the modern SSU, is its history. It rendered good service during the war, but rendered it precisely because of factors that have now become drawbacks—close co-operation with services other than our own, particularly the Russian. Even the presence of native Communists in the organization was a help rather than a hindrance as long as the interests of Communist Russia were identical with our own.

The OSS thus became infiltrated and its personnel became known. So did their contacts. It is capable of rendering services that are secret only from Americans; and under the CIG policy of eliminating rival services it seems destined to become the only foreign service we have.

THE matter of specific appropriations rests on a somewhat similar basis. Few things are easier to trace than the flow of money when it is assigned to a

government department for a definite purpose, with accountability demanded. A single stupid blunder along the chain, a single subversive infiltration, can give the whole show away in such a setup. In 1916 the Germans centralized their radio code department. The British reached one man and from that time to the end of World War I, German radio held no secrets from the Allies, among the items they lost being the Zimmermann note to Mexico, the famous "*spurlos versenkt*" message, and a disastrous series of submarine orders that resulted in the sinking within a month of more than half the U-boats at sea.

This is not to suggest that the CIG should lack for appropriations or that its personnel are anything but honest and patriotic. A top-level evaluating agency is certainly needed to consider and combine every scrap of military, diplomatic, and political information that comes in—needed now more than ever, when the effective duration of a war may be as little as forty-eight hours. No process of collecting information is likely to be of service unless the combining and evaluating agency functions properly, as we learned at Pearl Harbor.

It is even possible that the evaluating function is the most important of all, since down to the beginning of the last war at least ninety per cent of all strategic intelligence was the product of what are called overt sources—newspapers, books, public records, the correspondence of learned societies, the documents of international organizations. Old volumes of Baedeker were among the most useful tools in the possession of General Eisenhower's staff, and one of the best sources of information on German food conditions during the late conflict was a series of statistics on children's diseases furnished to an obscure bureau of the moribund League of Nations in Switzerland.

But these overt sources no longer possess their old reliability, especially in relation to the iron curtain countries. In 1944 the Nazis carefully rigged all their overt sources, including provincial newspapers, to indicate the impossibility of their making a stand on the Siegfried line; they even officially reported the loss of Metz several weeks before it happened. Later an

equally careful buildup was undertaken to conceal their preparations for the offensive that became the Battle of the Bulge.

It is not clear that either effort produced much military effect, even though there was a good deal of gnashing of civilian teeth; but the point is that the Russians appear to have learned the lesson and learned it well. For instance, it came as a shock to naval observers (when we got at the German records after the war) to discover that of all the Soviet reports of sinking German submarines during the conflict, not one was true, not even the one which spoke of capturing a U-boat and towing it into port. One of the reasons why the Russians have refused to join any of the subsidiary organizations of the United Nations or to permit reporters free access to their country may well be a desire to close off all overt sources for the present and future.

IN ANY case, behind any overt sources, supplementing them, checking them, often contradicting them if there is to be true strategic intelligence, there must be undercover work. The honest, patriotic,

and in their own way very capable men who have been at or near the top of the new agency simply lack experience in dealing with secret intelligence or understanding of its methods. They have closed down the efficiently operating agencies that served us well during the war. They have brought themselves into a lime-light fatal to secret operations of any kind. Nor is the situation likely to alter while the Director of Central Intelligence is a military or naval officer, guaranteed to be a dilettante at the business by reason of the fact that specialization in such work is neither desired nor permitted in either service, and intelligence is only a temporary tour of duty. The provision of the service merger bill relating to this issue does not now provide for any change in this situation, in spite of the urgings of the House Military Affairs Committee, which wanted a civilian head on a salary of \$12,000 a year; and neither does it restrict the CIG to its proper evaluating and coordinating function, in spite of the insistence of the committee on that point.

But it will be easy enough to make the change—and it had better be made in time.

Silly Bird Dog

PHILIP GARRIGAN

SUCH a commotion makes the mind
Examining a little matter—
For every truth that it can find
A thousand scatter!

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

DURING the summer the National Broadcasting Company's program called "Great Novels" took off its tie, unbuttoned its collar, and in a relaxed mood became "American Novels." In its shirtsleeves it dramatized *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and confirmed a premonition of at least one listener that some of the methods of radio are a mistake.

NBC tried hard. Nobody could doubt that it gave the production the best it had; in the slang of the moment it was entitled to an A for effort. But also nobody who had read *Tom Sawyer* could fail to decide that the result of its A-effort was an abomination. In terms of what Mark Twain wrote the show was wretchedly written, wretchedly produced, and wretchedly acted. That, however, is less important than a further fact: that for any listeners who had not read *Tom Sawyer*, and there must have been several million of them, the show created a false impression of what the book is, what Mark Twain wrote, and what has enchanted three generations of readers all over the world.

Tom Sawyer falls more readily than most novels into dramatic form. Even to its dramatic passages, however, the script-writers brought an unjustified conviction that they could write better dialogue than Mark Twain. They also undertook to correct Mark's amateurish mistakes in structure. They stripped the action to the graveyard, treasure-digging, murder trial, and cave sequences—thus producing a *Tom Sawyer* without the school and the Sunday school, without the Mississippi and Jackson's Island, without the funeral—and then left out the most dramatic scene in those sequences, the moment

when Injun Joe's hand comes round the corner in the cave. They wrote scenes that had no relation to Mark's book or their own. They confined Becky Thatcher to the second half of the book. For no reason that criticism can discover they completely changed the nature and meaning of the buried-treasure theme. They changed the order of the events, invented characters Mark had left out, renamed other characters, built into their montages stuff that was never in Mark's mind, violently altered the development of themes, falsified character, committed criminal libel on the style. In the end they had a different book—and a silly one.

THEN radio got to work. Mark Twain could not be trusted to write the Narrator's lines, either, but the Narrator did less harm than the Voices—those ghastly stereotypes whose dual function in radio is to give characters a tag-line and to make commercials jolly good fun. You have heard the Weakling who unhappily is a Drunkard too but nevertheless is Good at Heart and has Something Fine in him, the Weakling Whom We Are To Pity. You have heard him a thousand times, as often as you have heard the Thoroughly Bad Egg. This time the Weakling was Muff Potter and the Bad Egg was Injun Joe, and there must have been some thought of getting provincialism out of Mark Twain for neither had ever been west or south of Radio City. But it was the Voices of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn that really stirred an auditor who had previously heard them fleeing from Evil Men, pleading with Father to treat Mother with greater kindness, and in the manliest way

worshipping a baseball player who eats Belchies every day. They were the Clear Voices of Boyhood, they were Clean American Youth. Tom sounded like an Exeter fourth-former leading younger boys toward the moral life as a counselor at a summer camp, and Huck Finn was the cheeriest Eagle Scout you ever heard. They had been no nearer Missouri than their companions and they made even murder in a graveyard sound like a morality play in the *Youth's Companion*, which is not what Mark Twain had in mind.

Mark Twain, the truth is, did not intend anything that NBC put on the air. And this, remember, is a program called the University of the Air, one of radio's efforts to provide the public service it brags about whenever someone speaks harshly of commercials. The lifeless and misshapen version of *Tom Sawyer* was insolence to Mark Twain but it was worse than that for the public, it was misrepresentation. Now it may be that no good novel can be made into a good drama; it may be that the compression which the time-limits of radio require necessarily rules out the flavor, the individuality, and everything else that means greatness in a novel; it may be that the nature of the medium prohibits script-writers from truly indicating what any given novel is. It may be—but if so, why put novels on the air? If radio can write better books than novelists and must necessarily write different ones, why bother with great books at all? How is it a service to education or culture to misrepresent a great book? How much privilege of corrupting literature has radio got?

SUCH questions become more urgent when you turn from literature to history, as in the summer season of experimentation radio has been doing. ABC has been producing a dire series called "Mr. President." The idea is to dramatize various historical episodes connected with the Presidency. Stated thus it is a praise-worthy idea. Intensely dramatic events have had Presidents for their pivot, the destiny of the American people has sometimes turned on them, and anything that can increase our knowledge or heighten our understanding of our past is certainly in the public interest. But what ABC did

with its good idea was to knock it in the head.

The show never had a chance; it was dead before it began. Radio was not content to dramatize the Presidency; for some reason known only to its creative minds this had to be a mystery show too. Perhaps the drama of events would not in itself be enough to hold the attention of the audience, and if so radio could help out by making them guess which President Mr. Edward Arnold was supposed to be tonight. It would take you three months in Hollywood to find as cockeyed a notion: anyone who knows American history will identify him before the situation can be fully stated, anyone who doesn't and is just along for the ride won't care but certainly ought to be told in a Portentous Voice at the kick-off. Thus in his second week President Arnold had to face a crisis in foreign relations while running for reelection; there was a war on somewhere and one of the belligerents kept "seizing our property"; the President wanted to keep the United States out of the war and he thought highly of peace. If you didn't get that one at once, Mr. Arnold used a telephone in the first scene, and what war was it?

The gimmick was Woodrow Wilson's belief that, if Hughes (who was "Mr. Wells" in the show, so you wouldn't recognize him) should win the election, he ought to make Hughes Secretary of State, procure the resignation of Vice-President Marshall, and then himself resign so that the elected candidate could take office at once. The script blew this up out of all proportion to the historical reality—and misunderstood it. Five cents' worth of research would have informed the authors that a Cabinet officer holds his job at the absolute discretion of the President, who can tell him to get out at any time (as has happened within the year), but much of the show's suspense hung on whether President Arnold could induce his Secretary to resign. The script also called for all three to resign simultaneously, marvelously indifferent to the fact that if they did so there would be no one to make Mr. Wells President. And so on—a knowledge of how the United States government works was but lightly esteemed at ABC.

THAT, however, is the least of it. In part because its cheap idea required us not to know exactly what was going on lest we identify Wilson, in part because its assumptions were vulgar and its technique was reckless, the show went on to falsify history. It altered and distorted and hashed up the course of momentous events during 1916, the election campaign, the diplomatic duel, and the critical period between November and April. It caricatured the mind and character of Woodrow Wilson and it turned his speeches into trivial nonsense, since the issues they dealt with were suppressed. It altered relationships and rewrote the record. Whoever may have taken the show on faith was scandalously misinformed about one of the greatest crises in our history and does not understand why or how we got into the first world war or what the President's problems were. . . . The night Mr. Arnold was Grover Cleveland one of Charles A. Dana's or James Gordon Bennett's bright boys found out all about the President's cancer. The authors of the script certainly read one of the biographies of Cleveland—that is how they found out there was a scoop for the bright boy to get. But all the biographies say that the press knew nothing about the cancer till some time after the operation. What about it? Is it all right to make up history?

The answer is obvious: this is very dangerous stuff. Radio is doing only a private injury when it represents *Tom Sawyer* as something very different from what *Tom Sawyer* actually is. A man can be a good husband, a good Episcopalian, and a good citizen, and he can use his mind effectively in public matters, whether or not he ever understands the genius of Mark Twain, whether or not he takes Huck Finn to be Freddie Bartholemew—though in the end society will suffer because radio has cheapened the public taste by vulgarizing a masterpiece. But if you falsify the history of his country for him then you corrupt his citizenship directly. Poetic license does not operate in this area. Radio is dealing with actual events, it is lying about them, and it is therefore debasing the public's judgment and betraying its trust. History is what happened, it is not what fits some scriptwriter's tawdry idea. History ex-

plains us to ourselves, it shows us how we have become what we are because of what has happened to us—and radio misrepresents us when it misrepresents what has happened to us. History is reality but radio is making it fiction.

CBS has been trying to make it fantasy. Its failure to do so is a failure not of honesty or responsibility but rather of radio's inherent devices. Far more and far better thinking went into "CBS Was There" than went into "Mr. President," and no complaint can be made about its integrity. It treats history respectfully. There is no falsification of events in the two programs that have been broadcast as this column is written, and the necessary dramatic devices are thoroughly consonant with the facts. (There is no reason why Stanton should not, for radio's convenience, speak his hypocritical "Now he belongs to the ages" outside the Petersen house rather than inside it, though perhaps CBS ought to indicate that the famous line *was* hypocritical.) Moreover, the provision indispensable to the honest use of history in fantasy has been observed: the audience has been notified that this is history *as if*, history treated imaginatively for purposes of entertainment. These invaders from Mars, that is, are a radio show only—we are dealing with unreality.

The fact that the show flops illuminates a paradox of radio that appears to be basic; the flop is caused by the show's own devices. We are asked to imagine that CBS was present at a dramatic moment of history, and had its microphones and "newscasters" on the job. One of its best reporters, John Daly, is supposed to be at Ford's Theater when Lincoln is shot and at the Bastille when the Paris mob takes it. He gives us a running account of what is happening, he turns over the mike to Ken Roberts inside the Bastille or Harry Marble at Versailles, the CBS newsroom breaks in with bulletins that Seward as well as Lincoln has been attacked, various small and great eyewitnesses come to the mike (by a self-discipline uncommon in radio, Mrs. Lincoln does not), and meanwhile the sound-devices man is having himself a binge.

But the illusion dies of overfeeding.

There is some Voice trouble, as when Danton and Lafayette speak English with radio's Sure-Enough French Accent. Mirth corrodes fantasy when a radio reporter stops John Hay on his way out of the house where the President was dying. But the lethal overdose is John Daly. We have heard his voice vibrate with the real emotion in the presence of actual events occurring before his eyes, and our memory of the real simply turns the imagined into ham. And every device piled on to heighten the illusion ends by increasing that initial phoniness. The broadcaster's carefully plotted ad-libbing and clichés, the stage-business of cables and viewpoints, the cut-ins, the on-the-spot interviews—all the faked paraphernalia of the actual operates to break the dream. Radio has made its fantasy literal and so has killed it. That wasn't terror in Ford's Theater, it was a sound-effect.

THE radio industry buries my desk under publicity matter, most of which goes to prove that radio is giving the people what the people want, that it is performing a cultural service which will rightfully leave you and me agape, that its serious programs are incomparably noble in intent and inestimably valuable in effect. Well, here are three programs from the summer season when advertising revenue falls off and radio can afford to be noble, cultural, and public-spirited without too much self-sacrifice, and I take it that they represent the industry honestly trying to live up to its publicity. But I am quite sure that the people did not want any part of "Mr. President." I doubt if they want mayhem committed on masterpieces of fiction. I doubt if they want to accompany CBS to Ford's Theater unless by doing so they can get the

heightening of consciousness that is called art.

All that was wrong with "CBS Was There," I think, was bad writing, though that is like saying that only the lack of an engine keeps an automobile stalled. The show was not sufficiently thought out, the imagination brought to it was commonplace, the script was not good enough to overcome the blatantly obvious handicaps it faced. Surely there are radio writers sufficiently expert and of sufficiently original imagination to create an acceptable fantasy of historical events, even if as a fixed condition of their problem they have got to take a microphone into the Bastille. But, though God knows the writing of the other two programs was bad, that is not what is chiefly wrong with them. There were loosed on *Tom Sawyer* a vulgarity of imagination and a willingness to calumniate literary genius that ended by misrepresenting the cultural heritage of mankind. In the face of that fact, where is the cultural responsibility that the publicity releases talk about? Radio had better find ways of dealing with great literature that do not cheapen it, or else it had better leave great literature alone.

I say that last on the assumption that the industry means what it says about social and cultural responsibility; if it does not, I suppose that the "freedom of radio" which it also talks about includes the freedom to libel the great dead and vulgarize their books. But "Mr. President" is something else again. This is not only a cheap and vulgar show—it is also a show that, however inadvertently, with whatever clean-minded intention to be entertaining, distorts history.

As for us, the consumers, the bright thing to do this summer was to listen to Alec Templeton.

THE BEST THING IN FRANCE TODAY

MICHAEL L. HOFFMAN

Drawings from France by Edward Melcarth

GENERAL Charles de Gaulle, who was never very far away, has recently come back onto the somewhat overcrowded French political stage. His avowed purpose is to rally the French people behind the banner of constitutional reform and to lead a moral revival—neither of which can be accomplished, he maintains, by a government dependent on a perpetual coalition of minority parties.

In launching his *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* de Gaulle took occasion to disagree with almost everything the French government has done since he left it in January 1946. The only important exception was his approval of the First Plan for Modernization and Equipment, better known as the Monnet Plan. The General scolded the government about this, too; he charged that no two- or three-party coalition would be capable of carrying it out.

Now de Gaulle has often been inept in dealing with foreign governments, notably the United States—but he has never been accused of a dull sense of strategy in domestic politics. Indeed, there is an almost superstitious belief in his political know-how, which accounts for a good deal of the frenzy that his actions stir up among both his friends and his enemies. The General is not particularly interested in or well informed about economic matters. His attitude toward the Plan is merely one more

sign that this wholly nonpolitical project—supported by every political party and every economic pressure group in France—is the greatest single cohesive force in a country where all the fruits of victory seem to have turned to dust after the first tentative bite.

What, then, is this Plan? One way of describing it is to say that it is eleven volumes of words and statistics, containing the most comprehensive survey ever made of French economy, plus detailed projects for production and investment in the country's main industries. For the six basic industries—coal, steel, electricity, cement, agricultural machinery, and transport—it lays down specific programs for the years 1947 through 1950. It schedules the exports and imports which will be needed to sustain such programs, and then estimates the trend in the balance of payments and the amount of foreign borrowing required. It also includes separate reports on manpower and livestock, in their relation to the rest of the country's economic development.

The Monnet Plan is an economic plan, like dozens of others spawned in Europe and Latin America since the war. It has been pretty thoroughly discussed as such in France and to a lesser extent in Britain—where many people are a little put out that their own government, elected on a

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planning program, has not produced anything comparable. Most outside discussion of the Plan, however, misses the main points because the critics don't realize that they are dealing with *a process, not a result*.

The most important things about the Plan are not its statistical details or its industrial goals, but the way the Plan was made and its relation to the generative forces in the French nation. Britain could no more produce a Monnet plan than France could produce a copy of the British parliamentary system. In both cases, the vital elements are not written down for others to copy, but embedded deep in the traditions and habits of the nation.

THE Monnet Plan, therefore, is a whole lot more than just another economic plan. Indeed it bears little resemblance to the prototype of all national planning schemes, the Russian Five Year Plans.

In a curious sort of way, the Monnet Plan and General de Gaulle's new "non-political" political movement are the out-

growth of the same conviction—that the solution to France's recovery problems lies, not within the scope of economic policy as generally understood, but in the realm where morals, habits, and institutions meet to form patterns of thought and conduct. The General proposes to bring about a revival of civic consciousness—a very different thing from patriotism, of which the French have plenty—and to establish new bases for stable government by lecturing the French people like a Dutch uncle. His enemies say he is prepared to force a revolution, if necessary to kill the three-party system, by making people take sides for or against Communism. But those who know most about his intentions believe that he intends merely to lecture—for a while, at any rate—in the hope that a revolution will not be necessary.

Jean Monnet, after whom the Plan is popularly named, decided long ago that the way to go about it was to start at the roots of the French economy and work upward, spreading the gospel of hard



work, modernization of industry, and modernization of the French attitude towards industry as he went. When the Plan came out at the top most non-French commentators scoffed that, as usual, the French were shooting at the moon before setting their own back yard in order. There was no possibility of producing that much steel by 1950; the export target was absurdly optimistic; France could not possibly divert a quarter of her national income to new investment, and so on.

This sort of criticism doesn't bother Monnet—but not because he is a doctrinaire planner. He is more interested in changing the minds of a few thousand key Frenchmen than in producing any amount of steel in 1950. Monnet is, in fact, a shrewd, competent, and rather tired business man who doesn't read books on planning. Although his name is known to nearly every French man and woman, he would never be recognized in a Paris crowd. He is as likely as not to alight from his train and walk right through the unsuspecting reception committee to his hotel when visiting foreign or provincial cities in the course of his duties. He never makes speeches for the purpose of selling the Plan. When organizations ask him, as they often do, he tells them to get some trade unionist or business man; it's their plan, not his.

It was quite a shock to the skeptics, particularly in Britain, when the trade unions announced shortly after the Plan's formal presentation to the Chamber of Deputies that they were prepared to accept a forty-eight-hour week for the duration of the reconstruction period in an effort to make the Plan go. It wasn't long before British civil servants began quietly trekking over to Paris to find out what it was all about. Nobody of any political standing in either the Conservative or Labor parties had ever dared suggest that British trade unions adopt a longer work week to help pull the country out of its mess. In fact the British government was—and still is—acquiescing in the introduction of shorter work weeks in numerous key industries, despite the general admission that this will reduce output.

Early this year Monnet was invited to London to tell the British cabinet, then



wrestling with an unprecedented industrial crisis, what it was about the Monnet Plan that made trade union leaders act that way. Monnet told them, in effect, to stop looking at the Plan and consider the planning. He explained over and over again how the French planning machinery worked—a nearly futile endeavor because the British simply cannot understand a governmental process that cannot be kept entirely under the control of the civil service.

II

THE Monnet Plan began life officially on January 3, 1946, when the French Provisional Government issued a decree establishing the Planning Council. This body was instructed to prepare a plan to achieve four objectives:

- (1) to develop national production and foreign trade,
- (2) to increase the productivity of labor,
- (3) to maintain full employment, and
- (4) to raise the standard of living and to improve social conditions.

The extraordinary thing about this order—issued less than six months after the end of hostilities in France's most destructive war—is that it does not mention reconstruction. This was not an oversight, but part of the Plan itself—as we shall see.

Jean Monnet was named head of the Planning Council. The obvious thing for him to do was to gather a group of civil servants from various ministries and set them to work, with some hot-shot consultants from outside the government, to draw up a blueprint.

Monnet gathered the experts all right. But he set them to work gathering facts and people, and not drawing any blue-

prints. Before long, eighteen Commissions of Modernization had been set up. Their members were workers and managers in the country's major industries. They were told to find out where their industries stood and what they needed to meet the demands of an exhausted country.

The eighteen commissions appointed, in turn, a total of seventy-four subcommissions. People from right down on the production line were brought in to say what they thought about the French economy. The commissions held 162 meetings and the subcommissions 391 before the first report was drawn up. In the course of 1946, more than a thousand people worked steadily at all levels building up the Plan. Few were paid civil servants. Few had any experience in public affairs, although generally the chairmen of commissions were men of some reputation in industry or government. Monnet's own small staff performed the functions of a secretariat, keeping the commissions busy, providing statistical assistance, prodding the slow, keeping the rash within bounds.

These commissions and subcommissions were at no stage presented with a plan and asked for their views. They were told to make their own parts of the Plan. Nobody rammed anything down anybody's throat. Like a thirteenth-century cathedral, the Plan was built partly by devoted volunteers, partly by unenthusiastic laborers conforming to a project of their rulers, and partly by skilled artisans practicing their profession. And, like a gothic building, the Plan is not quite symmetrical, not of the same quality at all points, and never quite finished.

In the course of their work these people plotted an industrial revolution for France. But the main thing they did was to convince themselves that such a revolution could succeed only if it were accompanied by a revolution in the way French workers, managers, and civil servants think about their industries and their ways of making a living.

That is why no plan drawn up by the government could possibly mean anything in France. "Modernization," says the final sentence in the introduction to the Report, "is not a state of things; it is a state of mind." The main lesson Monnet



has to teach is that "renovation of our methods and of our productive apparatus is not an undertaking that France may choose or renounce; it is a necessity to which there is no alternative but decadence."

Like all great teachers, Monnet knew that the pupils must learn their lessons for themselves. That is why the slow, cumbersome, trying procedure of democratic discussion was used to draw up a plan that could have been completed in two weeks by five or six government economists in possession of enough statistics to make it look respectable. That is why the manner of its making is more important than the finished product.

THE Report's diagnosis of what is wrong with the French economy has passed almost unnoticed outside of France. But it is the impact of that diagnosis on French thinking which has created the only hope for the achievement of the Plan's objectives. Monnet thinks the people who have worked on the Plan are convinced. He thinks they are convincing others. The most difficult to persuade, he finds, are the civil servants; the easiest are the trade unionists.

"On the eve of the second world conflagration," states the Report, "nearly one-third of our productive capacity in industry was not employed. The spirit of enterprise was enfeebled to the point that new investment barely covered the needs for replacement. In agriculture as in industry the productivity of labor was in general very much less than in coun-

tries supplied with modern equipment."

In order to understand how such statements strike a French reader it is necessary to remember that most middle and upper working class Frenchmen are firmly convinced that before the war France was a rich country. Those who know the little masterpiece called *La Bête est morte*—a cartoon history of the war that makes other histories so far produced seem both stuffy and beside the point—will recall that France is pictured as the land of happy squirrels. Across the border from the ravenous, half-starved wolves of Germany, they lived a life of pleasure. Even the poor could buy all the food they wanted and their works of art made France the envy of the world.

Such a picture of France is so attractive that it is hard for the French (or the rest of us, for that matter) to give it up as false. But it is false—as false as that familiar picture of the United States as a land where everyone has an electric refrigerator, an automobile, and cocktails before dinner.

The fact is that in the years before World War II real per capita income in France was not only lower than in the United States and New Zealand; it was lower than in Canada, Australia, Switzerland, Norway, Britain, Denmark, or the Netherlands. By Colin Clark's measurement in "international units," a Frenchman's real income on the average was less than half that of an American and only about two-thirds that of a German.

WHY? Because, the Commissions reported, French capital equipment was worn out and obsolete, French labor had poor tools to work with, and French business was dead on its feet.

To those—and there are many—who try to excuse France on grounds that she has few natural resources, the Report gives small comfort. New Zealand has no steel industry. The Netherlands have no iron ore. Sweden has neither coal nor colonies. Neither Switzerland nor Denmark has any of the usual panoply of industrial greatness.

"The standard of living of a country," concludes the report, "depends on its degree of technical advancement in industry

and agriculture and not on its extent, its natural resources, or its economic potential in any absolute sense."

The French cherish another comfortable illusion: that French taste and French skill can always be relied upon to sell the world enough luxury products to bring in the necessary imports. French couturiers, therefore, were furious over the government's policy of keeping them strapped for materials in order to produce textiles for export. "Did Schiaparelli or Lille make us rich?" they ask in the Paris salons. "Lille," answers Monnet, who persists in encouraging the prosaic cloth mills of that city instead of the more glamorous Parisian dressmakers.

In the years just before the war, luxury products—perfumes, styles, jewelry, and



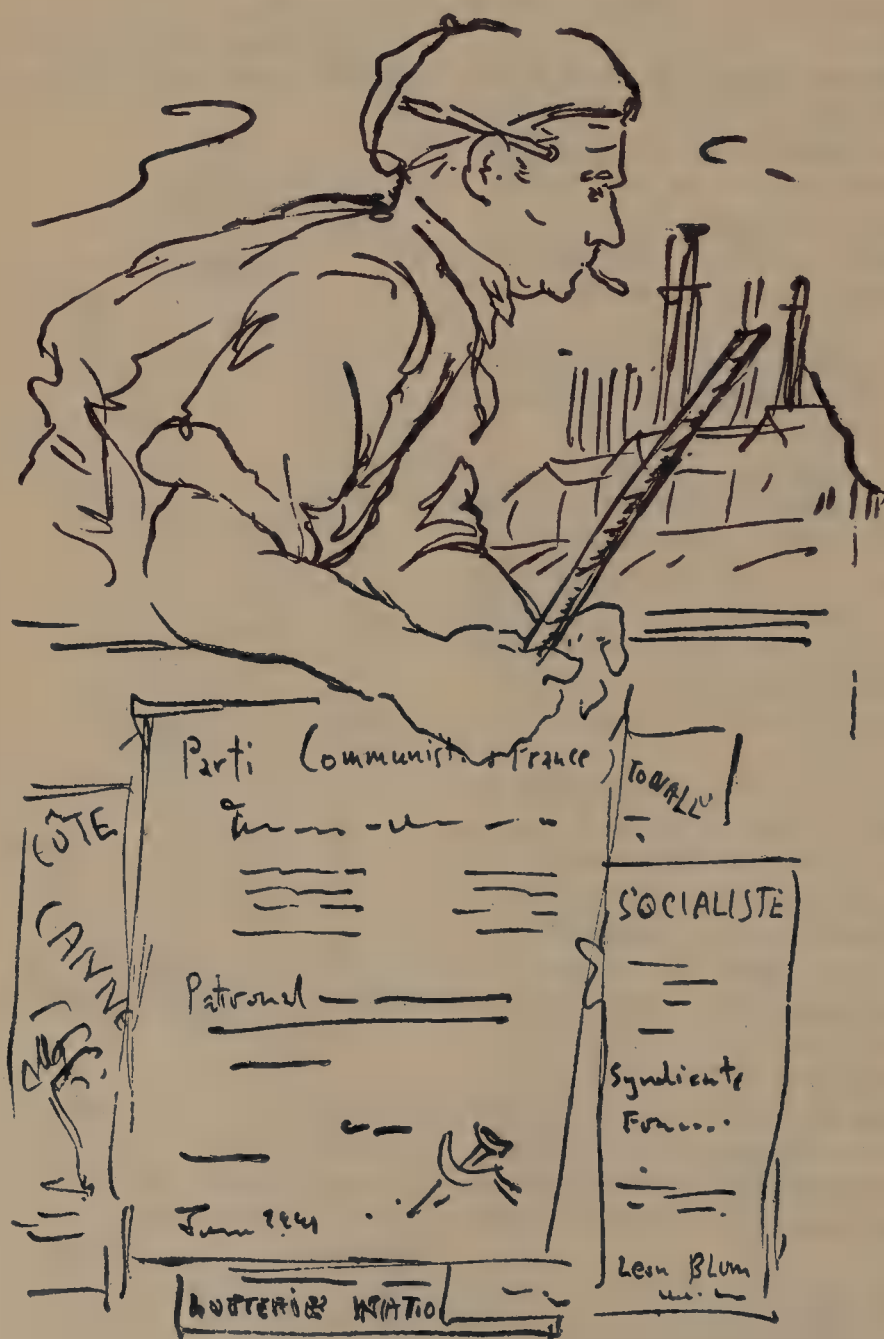
all the rest—constituted only about ten per cent of French exports. "We must export even what is useful in order to procure what is indispensable," the Report says pitilessly. In 1938 France paid for only two-thirds of her import requirements by exports. Of these exports more than two-fifths were finished manufactures and

more than one-fifth were raw materials. These exports were almost entirely in lines that must be competitively priced in order to sell abroad. To pay her way, France must become one of the world's most efficient producers of a lot of very mundane objects. It isn't enough to produce pretty things.

Whatever may become of its production schedules, the Monnet report has done France one inestimable service. It has made it impossible for anyone with a Pollyanna attitude toward French recovery to be taken seriously. What is even

more remarkable, it has done this without sparing any special interest group, and yet without being plastered with a political label.

Anyone who knows modern France immediately senses something queer but pleasant in the language and style of the report. This is partly because it is written in French that has all the grandeur and brilliance of the English in the first part of the Declaration of Independence. But it is also because the Report is almost the only nonpolitical document on any subject produced in France for a very long time.



III

BUT can this attack on the welter of French economic problems succeed? Almost certainly not, in the sense of making actual production figures for 1950 compare closely with those set down in Monnet's schedules for that year. The weather, for one thing, has already dealt a cruel blow to the balance of payment estimates by destroying a large part of the wheat crop and making abnormal imports essential this year. Totalitarian Russia has never succeeded in hitting its planned objectives on the nose. Undisciplined France never will.

The Plan calls for increasing coal output to sixty-five million tons by 1950, compared to about forty-eight million tons in 1938. The 1950 target for steel is eleven million tons yearly, as against 6.2 million tons produced in 1938. This steel target does not represent an enormous expansion of capacity, since it is only slightly above the 1929 level. The cement industry, on the other hand, is asked to triple its prewar output, bringing production up to 13.5 million tons by beginning of the next decade.

Production of tractors and motor cultivators together was only 2,700 units in 1938. The Plan calls for 16,000 of the latter and probably three times that many tractors in 1950. The biggest part of the plan, from the point of view of the amount of new investment required, is that relating to electricity. Power production, which totaled 14 billion kilowatt hours in 1929 and is nearly 25 billion now, is to be raised to 37 billion kilowatt hours by the end of the five year period. The expansion planned for transport is indicated by the estimate of 240 million tons for railway carloadings in 1950, compared to 133 million tons in 1938 and 224 million tons in 1929. Road transport will be expected to carry about thirty per cent more tonnage at the end of the period than in the immediate prewar years. Those are very ambitious figures.

THE total estimated new investment required to carry out the Plan has been tentatively set at 2,225 billion francs at the prices of June 1946. It is diffi-

cult to translate this figure. Exchange rates and prices being what they are, to say that it is equal to roughly eighteen billion dollars is quite misleading. Following a practice for which there is fairly good statistical basis as a result of its frequent use in France, the Planning Council figures that the total investment required is equal to a little over sixteen billion 1938 dollars.

Probably the best way of all to give such figures meaning is to recall that 500 billion francs bears about the same relation to the national income of France today as thirty billion dollars bears to the national income of the United States. The weight of the Plan on the French economy may therefore be thought of as about the same as an investment program of 132 billion dollars would be in the United States—over a five year period, of course. The average proposed annual investment is nearly one-quarter of France's estimated national income over that period.

There are many aspects of the Plan that can be shown to be overoptimistic. The Plan calls for total exports of well over two and a quarter billion dollars by 1950, or more than France sold abroad in 1929. It is very unlikely that such an export figure can be reached, since coal resources less



than double those of 1946, as projected in the Plan, can hardly sustain the necessary production level. It would mean exporting at three times the 1946 rate.

But though it is unlikely, it is not impossible that such a target could be

reached. Similarly it is unlikely, but not impossible, that France will get the coal imports required to make up her perennial coal deficit. The chances of twenty million tons yearly from the Ruhr and Saar seem remote. The million and a quarter tons a month now coming from the United States cost dollars that ought to be going for machinery and other raw materials. This is the worst single drag on the French economy today, and it does not seem likely to be lifted in time to bring fuel resources up to the level required to make the output targets for 1948.

PERHAPS the most important question of all is: Can France be expected to devote nearly a quarter of its national income to any program that does not produce consumers' goods immediately? This question is financial on top, administrative in the middle, and moral at bottom.

It is possible for a country without very good price controls, without conscription of labor, and without engaging in run-

away inflation to devote that much of its income to activities that add nothing to current consumption. The United States did it during the war. In fact we devoted almost one-third of our national income to that type of investment at the same time that ten million potential workers were drawn out of the labor market and fed, housed, and clothed at public expense. A lot of that expenditure did not even add to future capacity for making goods.

The United States began, however, with immense unemployed resources, both human and material, plus an ability to draw on foreign resources to any financial extent necessary. And there was, as we frequently said, a war on. Monnet has tried to provide the psychological substitute for the war—but the rest of his job is not so easy.

Of course the Plan's financing does not require that savings in the ordinary sense of the word equal nearly one-quarter of the national income. After allowing for the using up of foreign resources, foreign borrowing, and the "self-financing" of business firms, the Report estimates that individual savings would have to be about nine per cent of the national income in 1947. This calculation is not carried forward, but since the amount of help anticipated from foreign sources declines during the later years of the program the proportion of domestic savings would presumably have to increase.

France is a country of relatively large private savings. In 1938 individual savings in all forms amounted to eight per cent of the national income. Probably the percentage is usually higher. Some French economists believe it is now as high as ten per cent, even with the widespread distrust of the currency.

Still, a considerable sacrifice of consumption goods seems to be required from a country that doesn't like austerity. But most critics who hit on this point overlook the amount of slack in the program, and thus miss one of the essential parts of the Plan's dynamics.

Investment falling under the heading of "reconstruction" accounts for almost half of the total for the five year period. The modernization program—the real heart of the Plan—requires much less than half of





the total investment which the Plan asks the French people to provide. Now it matters a great deal that French industry should be modernized and re-equipped within the next five years; but it doesn't matter much, in the long run, if France takes more than five years to rebuild in permanent form all the buildings destroyed during the war. The rebuilding and reconstruction not absolutely necessary to meet the production targets of the six basic industries can, therefore, be postponed.

But will people be content to let reconstruction wait? This is the really tough economic question. Probably not, if a vote were taken on the issue baldly stated. Monnet, consequently, is relying on the

functioning of the planning machinery itself to produce the right decisions.

If, as the program goes forward, housing lags for lack of steel it will do no good to spend more money for housing at the expense of steel. This answer seems simple enough. It is not likely, however, to occur to a government—even one trying to run a planned economy—if all operations take place through the usual machinery of special appropriations. It should on the other hand occur to a group trying to carry out the Monnet Plan. The essence of the Plan throughout has been to relate France's capacity to produce consumer goods and materials for reconstruction to the capacity of its basic industries. To the extent that workers, employers, and officials un-

derstand the Plan, they will automatically act in the manner required to make it work. Reconstruction will wait.

IV

THE Plan has been accepted as part of France's public policy for nearly nine months, and it is now possible to get a fairly precise idea of how it is actually working out.

At present both industrial production and exports are well up to the target rates. No real start has yet been made, however, on the long-range investment program—except in coal, cement, and electricity—because the financing has not been settled. The Plan as a whole is probably about a year behind schedule. The main reason for the lag is the calamitous weather of last winter, which set all of Europe back more than most Americans yet realize. In France it caused a wheat failure which has forced the government to import unexpectedly large tonnages of grain, thus using up its small hoard of dollars at a frightening rate. The Marshall program for Western Europe may, of course, help to stave off the impending dollars shortage.

No matter how well the Marshall program works out, however, the Plan cannot succeed—according to the Council itself—unless the French government is able to

bring its current budget into balance, and make the balance stick. In France more than in any other Western country, confidence in the currency rises and falls with the size of the government's deficit. Unless the French people have confidence in the franc, the savings needed to finance the Plan will not be forthcoming. Without these savings, prices will continue to mount, a permanent foreign exchange value for the franc cannot be established, and the necessary foreign financial assistance—a total of \$1,100 million—is unlikely to be found.

There are a lot of unpleasant things one could say about the French budget. In the first place, there is no intelligible budget. Instead, France has several agglomerations of figures, one of which is called the budget and all of which take a lot of technical interpretation to mean much. Essentially the French budget problem is an administrative problem. The government's finances cannot be brought under control because the size of the bureaucracy and the Army are not under control. Neither is the machinery for collection of taxes under control. There are too many civil servants and soldiers—particularly rather old officers—and far too few of them are effective. Worse, many of them are corrupt. Administrative reform, therefore, is a precondition of fiscal reform, and fiscal reform is a precondition of confidence in the franc.



THE first step in any reform must be the suppression of that corruption which now makes almost every transaction between the French government and its citizens part bribe. This is a moral problem. The only way to get rid of corrupt officials is to find incorruptible officials—and incorruptible officials are rare in a corrupt community. France today is a corrupt community.

The only hope for the Plan—and, one must honestly say with Monnet, the only hope for France—lies in something like a moral revival. It does not need to be a religious revival. It does not need to be spectacular—the kind that periodically closes Paris brothels. It does not need to be General de Gaulle's kind, with rallies, speeches, and perhaps the General even-

tually entering Paris on a white horse. The French people on the whole do not enjoy being corrupt. What is needed is a little hope, a little backbone, a little punishment applied in the right places.

THE real importance of the Monnet Plan is that it is almost the only thing happening in France today which shows any signs of being able to start that kind of revival where it must start—in the minds of French men and women. Supported by every party and de Gaulle, it offers what neither the parties nor de Gaulle can offer—a common objective that does not divide Frenchmen even further. No one could be less suggestive of the *maquis* than Jean Monnet, but in a real sense the Plan has come to fill the place

in French life that the vision of unity inspired by the Resistance held for a short time after the liberation.

To start the revival is all that Monnet really wants to do. The framework of the plan is important because it provides an objective that can be argued about and worked toward. If the new ideas Monnet is trying to spread take root, every advance toward the material objectives of the Plan will make the next step easier.

"In six months," fulminated one Paris writer, "the Monnet Plan will be forgotten." Nothing would please Monnet better if the critic meant, as the context implied, that the Plan would look wrong in detail, too conservative, and generally outdated. For that would mean that the Plan, the real Monnet plan, had worked.



THE AMERICAN MASTER COUNTERFEITERS

STEWART ROBERTSON

ALMOST fifty years have passed since the murky afternoon in December 1897, when George Cremer, a teller at the United States Sub-Treasury in Philadelphia, stopped counting a sheaf of bills to gaze more closely at a \$100 silver certificate bearing the likeness of President James Monroe. The note felt and looked genuine except for a slight blemish which Mr. Cremer thought best to call to the attention of his superiors, so he laid it before them and spoke his damning little piece. "That seal," he said, indicating the small rosette of color on the face, "is a bit too light. It's pink, but it ought to be carmine."

Superficial examination by Sub-Treasury officials convinced them that the certificate was good. They were aware that in those days all notes were printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, but that for some reason the seals were stamped on at the Treasury Department. They reasoned that the note had somehow been stolen in transit and a counterfeit seal applied, and after this artless deduction the teller was sent to Washington to pass the bill—and the buck—on to the Treasury. That is all you will hear about Mr. Cremer, but his gimlet eyes had started a train of events unmatched in the history of counterfeiting.

Experts in the Redemption Division of

the Treasury pronounced the Monroe-head note to be genuine except for the color of the seal, although the Department itself was unable to account for the error in tone. All shipments from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing had been received intact, and there was no record of notes having been abstracted. As a last resort, the Philadelphia specimen was handed to William H. Moran, the greatest authority on counterfeit in the Secret Service and a future chief of that division. Moran's first inspection turned up a tiny imperfection in one of the stars around the first *S* in the word *States* at the top of the note. The engraver's tool had dug too deeply on one of the star's five points, the sort of blunder that any tired craftsman might make—but Government engravers don't work under fatigue. The paper was undoubtedly Treasury stock, but just for luck Moran placed the note in a pan of warm water, and after soaking for half an hour it came apart, its ancestry revealed. A genuine one-dollar bill had been bleached, split in two, the former face and back turned inward and stuck together with rice paste, after which the counterfeit had been printed on the slightly whiter sides.

Moran then really turned on the full power of his critical observation, and a few minute flaws detached themselves

Criminology is a hobby with Stewart Robertson, staff writer for the Family Circle, who became interested in the Lancaster Gang while on a routine assignment in 1940.

from what was otherwise perfection. The note was numbered E345, and it was found that the lower loop of the 3 did not curve as far toward the center of the figure as did the genuine, while the diagonal line of the 4 met the cross line in a sharp point, whereas the genuine was blunt. The cross line of the *t* in the word *Washington* showed only on the right side of the upright, and the formation of the letters spelling *James* under the Monroe portrait was poor. Moran even studied the buttons on Monroe's coat and saw that the counterfeit had lines running only one way instead of the genuine shading made up of crossed diagonal lines forming small blocks. But such infinitesimal defects were quite invisible to the unaided eye. Here was the materialization of a Treasury nightmare, a masterpiece of counterfeit.

THE Treasury reacted promptly to the challenge, especially when word came that similar counterfeits had been accepted by almost every bank in Philadelphia, and others had been redeemed by its own Department. The Secret Service issued a full description of the bill, headed by the warning, "This is the most dangerous counterfeit known to this Service." Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage ordered the entire issue of \$100 Monroe-head notes withdrawn from circulation, an unprecedented action that uncovered still more of the bogus bills in other parts of the country. Bankers were haunted by the disconcerting idea that a man who could drive legal tender off the market with an almost perfect \$100 note might not care to rest on his laurels. The men of money lost some of the habitual calm induced by the surefire principles of interest, and they demanded the arrest of a master mind.

At this period in the eighteen-nineties the various divisions of the Treasury were being re-organized, and Secretary Gage decided to remove Secret Service Chief William P. Hazen, meanwhile requesting Assistant Secretary Frank A. Vanderlip to recommend a successor. Vanderlip had just the man: John E. Wilkie, then city editor of the *Chicago Tribune* after making a brilliant reputation as a crime reporter, with whom Vanderlip had grown leg-

weary in his own newspaper days. Wilkie was offered the job in rather undignified haste, and went to work in the same manner to earn his \$4,500 a year.

Secret Service experts were certain that the \$100 job was the product of two men, one doing the portrait and scrollwork, the other responsible for the lettering, script, and numerals. It was suspected that they were newcomers to crime, as the note showed no traces of the trade-marks of known counterfeiters, those tell-tale clues to individuality that have trapped so many old-timers. Checking back through several score false Monroe-heads, it was learned that the first one had been redeemed in June 1897, and, allowing two months for circulation, the Secret Service estimated that it had been "shoved," or passed, sometime in April. Assuming that such magnificent plates required at least three months' workmanship, the enterprise must have commenced in January. This, plus the fact that most of the notes had been passed in Philadelphia, then headquarters for fine engraving, caused the search to center on the City of Brotherly Love.

On from Chicago came the redoubtable Secret Service agent, William J. Burns, to join Matthew F. Griffin, supervising agent of the Secret Service Philadelphia office; and with several crack assistants including John E. Murphy, of the St. Louis district, and Thomas R. McManus, from Pittsburgh, these patient and determined men, in their derby hats and lush mustaches, settled down on an obscure trail in February 1898. Representing himself as a Westerner intending to open a first-rate printery, Burns let it be known that he would like to hire a couple of high class engravers who understood the new photo-mechanical process, and he soon learned of several good craftsmen. By far the most glowing mention, however, was reserved for two engravers who were praised with mingled envy and admiration. Their names were Arthur Taylor and Baldwin S. Bredell.

II

IN A week's time the Secret Service developed a hopeful curiosity about these two gifted young men, to the exclusion of all other prospects. Investiga-

tion showed that in the autumn of 1896 Taylor and Bredell had left good positions with the outstanding firm of E. A. Wright and Company to go into business for themselves at 1005 Walnut Street. Wright and Company sublet some work to them, and their reputation in the trade brought them enough business to make the partnership a good thing. In spite of this, Taylor and Bredell had then secluded themselves in a mysterious fashion. They moved to larger and more expensive quarters, renting the entire top floor of 830 Filbert Street, on the southeast corner of Ninth, and abruptly raised their prices to such levels during the winter of 1896-97 that no one could afford to do business with them.

The partners apparently had a backlog to keep them occupied, for they worked early and late throughout the cold weather, then dropped their prices back to normal in the spring. It was discovered that late in June—soon after the floating of the first counterfeit—Taylor and Bredell had taken a jaunt to Florida. The Secret Service agents kept on digging and learned that later in the year Taylor had been flashing a diamond ring and Bredell had acquired a fur coat, so the agents began to shadow them with almost paternal care. One operative rented a furnished room near 135 North Sixth Street, where Taylor, a bachelor, lived in the boarding house run by his mother; another camped opposite Bredell's home (he was married) at 519 Haddon Avenue, over the Delaware in Camden, New Jersey. Between them and the other agents who watched from a building across from the Filbert Street shop, the Secret Service got the suspects up in the morning and put them to bed at night.

Chief Wilkie, who was making some inquiries in New York, received a wire from Burns, HAVE OUR PARTIES LOCATED, and he went over to Philadelphia to hear Burns describe his suspects: "Taylor is an absolute master of photo-etching on steel and has invented a process of his own that is superior to anything known at this time. Bredell is a mechanic of the highest order. He has invented a geometric lathe and a pantograph, and is an expert transferrer. The manner in which these men isolated

themselves, and their recognized ability, strongly led to our suspicions against them." Chief Wilkie was inclined to agree; but, as he reminded Burns, there remained the little matter of evidence.

Four months of monotonous detective work went by, and then, in June 1898, Arthur Taylor unwittingly gave the Secret Service a break. With an agent trailing him, he sauntered down to Broad Street Station and rode a train to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he went directly to the cigar factory of William N. Jacobs on the northeast corner of Grant and Christian Streets. Taylor remained with Jacobs for several hours, and when the agent shadowed him safely back home the Secret Service had another angle to consider. What had a probable counterfeiter in common with a wealthy and reputable merchant?

Knowing this to be an imperfect world, Chief Wilkie soon had what seemed to be the answer. Inquiry at the Bureau of Internal Revenue revealed that Jacobs' purchases of stamps were far from equal to his volume of business. A box of his cigars purchased on Wilkie's orders by Secret Service agents in Chicago was found to be sealed with a bogus stamp, and it developed that the Jacobs' brands were underselling the market by about one dollar per thousand. This was no magic, as the counterfeit revenue stamps saved a tax of \$3.60 per thousand. More than one million cigars, a fifth of Jacobs' annual output, were seized at various points from Key West to Seattle, and nearly all the boxes bore stamps which the Secret Service felt sure had been manufactured by Taylor and Bredell. The Philadelphia vigil, however, had never traced any shipments to Jacobs from the Filbert Street genii, so a careful supervision of the Lancaster scene was in order. Within a few days the Secret Service knew that the stamps were sent over to Jacobs from the tobacco warehouse of William L. Kendig, a leaf broker at 212 North Queen Street, in Lancaster.

THESE two worthies—Jacobs and Kendig—capture the imagination. Every morning William Jacobs left his wife and children in his trim brick house at 315

East Orange Street and strolled with impressive dignity for three blocks, passing four churches and a graveyard without a noticeable qualm before turning in at Christian Street, in reality an alley, where his factory huddled in the rear of the First Reformed Church. As Wilkie later said of this stout, big-nosed man with the shrewd eyes: "Jacobs, unquestionably the king bee of the gang, is a psychological wonder. He is absolutely without petty vices, is devoted and constant to his family, and attentive and regular in the pursuit of his supposed legitimate business. Yet for many years, it seems, he has been the promoter of gigantic schemes." Wilkie was referring to several commercial frauds engineered by Jacobs in connection with the bankrupt New York house of Dreyfus and Company, and other concerns. As for the tall and debonair Kendig, who lived in the Bitner mansion at 416 North Duke Street, Lancaster's Fifth Avenue, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* described him as, ". . . a young man, a college graduate, who married into one of the best families in Lancaster. He has an engaging manner, and has ingenuity, energy, and push enough to succeed in almost anything."

While a raid on the Kendig warehouse seemed the proper step, the Secret Service, after a conference with United States Attorney for the Philadelphia area, decided to allow Jacobs to continue using his bogus stamps until conclusive evidence regarding the \$100 counterfeit note could be gathered against Taylor and Bredell in Philadelphia. In the meantime, Samuel B. Downey, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue at Lancaster, was asked for a description of the interior of Kendig's establishment. Downey obliged with a diagram, but was so evasive and obviously uncomfortable under questioning that a shadow was assigned to him, and it was found that he was meeting Jacobs on the quiet. Twenty-eight Secret Service agents all told were shimmering around Lancaster at that time.

With Downey under suspicion as well, Burns felt that it was imperative to get into the Kendig plant, so one morning he arrived from Philadelphia with a bright-eyed boy in tow. This lad was set to selling candy and peanuts outside the Pennsyl-

vania Railroad depot, then located in downtown Lancaster right across from Kendig's warehouse. Burns' helper kept a watch on the entrance so that he could keep track of callers, and when he saw Jacobs drop in on Kendig and then go to lunch with him, leaving the place deserted, he ran over to join Burns in the alley alongside it. Burns had come armed with a baseball and bat, and after a bit of skirmishing, a "wild" pitch sent the ball crashing through a warehouse window. The lad was quickly boosted in after it, went to a side door, and opened the spring lock to admit Burns.

The Secret Service man had time for only a hasty survey, but it was enough to show him what he estimated to be thirty-seven tons of revenue stamp paper packed in tobacco boxes with a few leaves on top for camouflage. A paper-making machine stood on the second floor, and on the top floor was a locked cubbyhole. Although Burns did not know it at the time, this contained a printing press and a paper cutter. Burns and his young assistant hurried back to the alley, and Jacobs and Kendig returned to find the boy crying beside the broken window. Always gentlemen, they assured him that he would not have to pay for the glass, and actually took him inside to search for the ball. That boy was Lawrence Richey, later a Secret Service agent, and still later, confidential secretary to President Herbert Hoover. In going over the locale of the case, the writer encountered several old inhabitants who swore that the window smashing took place at the Jacobs' factory; such misinformation has, in fact, found its way into print. Mr. Richey was good enough to set the writer straight on the incident.

IN SEPTEMBER 1898, while Secret Service men checked every move, Jacobs and Kendig suddenly registered panic. Unknown to the agents at the time, Deputy Collector Downey had touched Jacobs for a \$100 loan; and, as he later described it at his trial, he felt grateful enough to inform the cigar-maker that the government men were on the watch. Downey had not been taken into the confidence of the Secret Service regarding the \$100 counterfeit; he knew nothing of it, and thought

that the agents were interested only in the revenue stamps. Jacobs immediately tore up Downey's note, took frantic midnight counsel with Kendig, and inside of twenty-four hours several large packing cases and pieces of machinery were sent from Kendig's place to a storage warehouse. The Secret Service made no attempt to interfere with this transfer of what undoubtedly was counterfeit paper and the apparatus for printing it. On the same night, Jacobs and Kendig took a package thought to contain the counterfeit revenue-stamp plates and buried it at a point outside the city, while two Secret Service men followed on bicycles and witnessed the furtive act. Still they sat tight. The holy calm of legality apparently settled down on the engravers in Philadelphia—Taylor and Bredell—and the tobacco merchants in Lancaster—Jacobs and Kendig. Nothing happened until March 1899.

With an eye to protection, Jacobs made several presents of cash totaling \$325 to Deputy Downey, and received from him the impression that some of the Secret Service agents could be bribed. Buoyed by this fallacy, the two tobacco merchants went to Philadelphia to retain Ellery P. Ingham, former U. S. District Attorney, who was practicing law in the Franklin Building with his former First Assistant, Harvey K. Newitt. Both men had high social and professional standing, and Ingham dazzled his clients by implying that Newitt, with the backing of Senators Matt Quay and Boies Penrose, would be given the next judgeship open on the United States District Court. This made the tobacco men feel much safer, and the upshot of this meeting was uncovered by the testimony of Agent McManus at the subsequent trial of Ingham and Newitt. On March 6, 1899, McManus testified, Harvey K. Newitt approached him and the following dialogue ensued:

Newitt: "I can put you in the way to make \$1,000. If it is not too late, the man was at my office who is willing to give \$1,500 for a little information concerning the Secret Service. I am to get \$500 of it, and the \$1,000 I am to spend as I like, and you may as well have it as it will not hurt you. Now, Mac, these people want to be assured that they won't be interfered with by the Secret Service for a month. Can you give that assurance?"

McManus: "Yes."

On March 8, said McManus, Newitt paid over \$500 and disclosed a still rosier prospect.

Newitt: "There is \$500, and you will get \$500 on the first of the month and \$500 on the twenty-second. We will get about \$6,000 apiece. Ain't that a nice little income?"

McManus: "Yes."

Newitt: "Now, are you sure that Burns is doing nothing in Lancaster on the quiet?"

McManus: "I'm sure he is not, for he makes a report to me every day, and I know what every man in the office is doing."

McMANUS marked the \$500 for identification, handed it to his superiors, and was told to string along with the Philadelphia lawyers. A day or two after the supposed bribe had been passed, the machinery and paper were removed from storage, the plates were dug up, and everything went back into the Kendig warehouse. Over in Philadelphia the engravers, Taylor and Bredell, began working late into the night. The Secret Service knew, from its check on everything that went into the Filbert Street premises, that the counterfeiters were buying rough castings, glue, skeins of red and blue silk, sheet felt, and brass wirecloth, and therefore believed that Taylor and Bredell intended to make their own machinery with which to manufacture paper. And a by-product would be evidence.

Chief Wilkie ordered Burns to enter and examine the engravers' shop in Philadelphia without leaving any traces, so one of the younger Secret Service men made friends with Taylor and Bredell's office boy. Burns rented a masquerade costume, had it wrapped, and the young agent paid the office boy fifty cents to carry the bundle to a Mr. Matthews at Guy's Hotel. "Matthews" was Burns himself, and when the boy arrived, the costume was unfolded before his admiring eyes. "Try it on, son," urged Burns, "and if you look well in it, perhaps I can get you an evening job as a super at the Walnut Street Theatre." The boy gladly changed clothes, and then he was taken upstairs to meet another agent posing as manager of the show. Burns ran back to the first floor room, took the boy's office key from his knickerbockers, and drove to the offices of the Yale Lock Company, where he secured a duplicate. He returned to Guy's in

time to find the "manager" reluctantly telling the aspiring super that his legs weren't sufficiently decorative for footlight display.

For several evenings thereafter Burns prowled through the Filbert Street shop, and also took chances when the engravers went to lunch, being guided in the latter case by two towels hung in a window as signals by agents in the room across the narrow street. Neither of the counterfeiters could approach the office without being spotted a block away, and once they were sighted up went a towel for each, thus giving Burns time to slip out. He occasionally passed Taylor and Bredell on the lower stairs, but as the rest of the building was taken up by a G.A.R. hall and a saloon, the partners apparently thought him just another loiterer.

Burns' inspection showed that the premises contained various presses, inks, cameras, cycloidal machines, and paper; but no plates were to be seen. A small cupboard that was locked in the middle of the day and left open and empty at night was assumed to be the hiding place of plates that went home in the evening with one of the engravers. Working like a beaver through several lunch periods, Burns managed to fashion a key that fitted the locker, and on opening it he found an almost completed plate for the face of a Lincoln-head \$100 note. He did not remove it, but happily awaited developments. A few days later the office boy was given two weeks' vacation with pay, Burns' nightly examination showed that a camera was in use, and the next morning a photo printing frame was set out on the fire escape to dry. This was taken to mean that the negative was satisfactory.

III

IT WAS decided to let the counterfeiters finish part of their work, and after giving them plenty of grace, Chief Wilkie led the raid that included Agents Moran, Burns, Flynn (all future chiefs) and about fifteen other Secret Service agents. The date was April 18, 1899. Arthur Taylor was arrested as he returned from lunch, and when the agents escorted him to a chair, he nonchalantly lighted a

stogie and watched them start a search. The front and back plates for the Lincoln-head note were found in a desk drawer, and as they had been given the first bite in etching, Taylor admitted that he had begun the work of cutting them.

A few minutes later Bredell walked into the net, and after the first shock he accepted arrest with a quiet demeanor. Questioned as to further workmanship, Bredell sat silent for a while and then, as Burns described it, ". . . took an ordinary pin, went to a cycloid machine, touched a point in the bottom of the wheel which connected with a spring, lifted the top off, and pulled out a proof of one of the best \$50 counterfeits ever made." Burns inquired about the plates for this masterpiece, and reported Bredell as replying, "Go to the front of my home, and to the left of the cellar window remove the stones from the top of the foundation." The plates were retrieved in this manner, but for all their success the Secret Service men found no trace of the plates for the now notorious Monroe-head counterfeit. "Gentlemen," said Taylor, flourishing his cigar, "we don't know what you are talking about." Neither of the partners were aware at the time that the Secret Service knew of their connection with Jacobs and Kendig.

After Taylor and Bredell were jailed in default of \$20,000 bail, Wilkie and Burns hurried to join their agents in Lancaster, and late that night they entered the Kendig warehouse by using one of the keys in a bunch taken from Arthur Taylor. They settled down for a wait in the leaf broker's private office, and at six-thirty next morning foreman James Burns (positively no relation to William J.) appeared and, as he was known to be in the merchants' confidence, was arrested. Half an hour later Kendig walked briskly in, then almost collapsed at the sight of three agents sorting papers at his desk. He paled and shuddered as he was placed under arrest, and one of the agents caught him as he was on the point of falling to the floor. He seemed to be completely crushed, and immediately confessed that the Monroe-head plates and three Internal Revenue 50-stamp plates were cached in one of the top floor walls. There they were found,

wrapped in oiled silk and sealing wax, along with plates for another \$50 and \$100 bill, both unused.

Stacked in various corners were 3,000 sheets of bogus revenue stamps, more than seven tons of paper for both stamps and notes, 50 boxes filled with the finest quality rags for making paper, 100 boxes packed with fine silk fiber, a boiler engine for pumping water into six galvanized iron vats in which rags could be boiled to pulp, perforating machines used on revenue stamps, and several printing presses, one weighing 3,500 pounds and the only one of its kind outside the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The last press, according to the Lancaster *Daily Intelligencer*, had been made in 1896 to Bredell's order by Grier Brothers, of Salisbury, Maryland, thus bearing out the assertion by Mr. E. A. Wright, Bredell's former employer, that "Bredell was a wonder. He could copy machinery just by looking at it."

After giving the magnificent Jacobs time to complete his morning stroll to business, Burns dropped in at his office, only to find his way barred by the clerk, who told him that he could not disturb the boss. Not wishing to reveal his identity to the clerk, lest he warn his employer and cause him to do something reckless, Burns began an argument concerning a mythical shipment of cigars. This developed into a shouting match, until the exasperated clerk went into Jacobs' private office to complain about the insulting customer. "The man's crazy," growled Jacobs without turning around. "Throw him out, or tell him we'll call the police." Burns stepped in and sat down in a chair by Jacobs' elbow. "I don't think you'll do that," he said genially, "because you are now under arrest."

Master-mind Jacobs, recognizing Burns from his description by Ingham, turned his face away and seemed to be undergoing severe emotional stress. When he turned back there was no fear on the broad face and its cynical mouth. "There is \$7,000 there," he whispered, indicating a pile of bills on the desk. "It's yours if you will look the other way for a moment." Burns said nothing, and after Jacobs had offered to double the sum via a trip to his bank, the counterfeiter wilted before such

stony silence. "Very well, Burns," he said loftily, "I'll go with you, but I can't see why." A short time later he was complaining bitterly to Chief Wilkie about having been double-crossed by attorneys Ingham and Newitt. Jacobs claimed to have made arrangements to pay \$3,500 a month for protection, and was told that the lawyers would retain \$1,000, slip \$1,000 to the U. S. Attorney in Philadelphia, James M. Beck, \$1,000 to Burns, and \$500 to McManus. No attempt was ever made to bribe either Beck or Burns.

WHEN the news broke, the amazed citizens of Lancaster almost suspended business for the day. Jacobs was unable to raise the \$45,000 cash bail set for his freedom, and although an uncle came from out of town prepared to help, this relative reneged on any aid when he learned the nature of the charge. Jacobs was held in jail with foreman Burns, and only the elegant Kendig made his \$25,000 bail, which was furnished by his rich in-laws. The Pennsburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, recalling that Jacobs was the son of one of Montgomery County's foremost bankers, declared: "Young Jacobs was always a worshipper of money and allowed no consideration of friendship or relationship to thwart him in the making of it. Although he could command unlimited amounts of his father's wealth, the young man always chose to enter into peculiar schemes where he could make 'big money,' as he called it." The Lancaster *Daily Intelligencer* received the scandal with equanimity, editorializing: "There seems to be a deal of latent greatness about this town, considering the way it has of cropping out and surprising the people that we have distinguished men among us . . ."; but its readers were more demonstrative. When the prisoners were taken to the Pennsylvania depot for removal to Philadelphia, hundreds of cyclists followed the carriages through the streets and 2,000 people jammed on the platform provided a hissing farewell.

At the preliminary hearings before United States Commissioner Edmundson both Taylor and Bredell, adorned with diamond rings and heavy gold watch

chains, smirked with pleasure as Attorney James M. Beck and Chief Wilkie described the excellence and accuracy of their handiwork. William L. Kendig eased his conscience by talking freely about his connection with the case, and his confession greatly damaged his lawyers, Ingham and Newitt, much to the indignation of *their* lawyer, the celebrated A. S. L. Shields.

"Are we to take the word of a self-admitted counterfeiter in regard to the purpose of a reputable citizen?" demanded Mr. Shields in defense of Mr. Ingham.

"Don't rub it in!" cried Mr. Beck. "The witness is a man of flesh and blood, a human being, who feels keenly such a thrust in the face as that!"

"I will not admit him to be a human being!" bawled Shields, whose defense of his clients seemed based on the premise that people with the right address and social connections could never stoop to bribery. At the end of one hearing William Jacobs, now free on bail, walked down the street to register in a hotel as William N. Famous.

The engravers and their backers all pleaded guilty and were used as witnesses against Ingham and Newitt during the latter's trial, which was enlivened by the arrest of two men for trying to bribe the jury. Despite some highly emotional character-witnessing by lights of the Philadelphia social and business worlds, the two attorneys were sent to prison for five years. Deputy Downey was sentenced to two years, and James Burns (Kendig's foreman) got off with a year and a half.

THE trial of Jacobs and Kendig, with Taylor and Bredell as government witnesses, went to the very bottom of the case. Under the prosecution of Mr. Beck it was shown that the plot had been a natural progression from the success of the bogus revenue stamps, but the latter was a masterpiece on its own. Jacobs, a shrewd judge of character, was introduced to Arthur Taylor by a mutual friend who had no suspicion of what the cigar-maker was after. Taylor's appearance, described by the Philadelphia *North American's* demon reporter as, "short, stout, blond, ruddy, with the puffed features of the sensualist," may have made Jacobs

sure of his man. At any rate, he soon tempted Taylor to make counterfeit revenue-stamp plates, and Taylor enlisted the help of his fellow worker, Baldwin Bredell, whom the *North American* let down easily as, "slender, dark-haired, pale, with the calm, thoughtful eyes of the student."

Once the deal for the plates was settled, Jacobs and Kendig executed a little finesse on their own. A sample of the white paper used by the Government was obtained through bribery at a Massachusetts mill, and this, plus a piece of blue silk matching the Government dye tint, was sent to a somewhat naïve old paper-maker named William Heiser, who ran a small mill near Chambersburg. All negotiations were conducted by mail, and it was plain that the Lancaster gang had picked an ideal dupe for their trickery. The old man was asked to make twenty tons of blue paper to be used for wrapping a new painkiller about to be put on the market, and his instructions were written on letterheads reading INDIAN RHEUMATIC ULCER SYRUP. It was explained that a watermark was necessary to prevent pirating, so the merchants forwarded a homemade dandy roll, or wire mesh cylinder, with the letters IRUS so closely assembled over the surface that they would as easily read USIR. The type of lettering duplicated that of genuine United States Internal Revenue stamps, but Heiser had no imagination and eventually shipped 40 boxes, each containing 500 pounds of blue paper.

Then William Jacobs began to entertain delusions of grandeur. He had financed Taylor and Bredell in their new partnership, paid the rent for their first shop, and allowed each man twenty-five dollars per week while they worked on their part of the swindle; but his dreams became really stupendous. Taylor and Bredell were master workmen, so why not counterfeit U. S. currency? The four schemers mulled over the possibilities, and it was decided that the younger men were capable of manufacturing counterfeit government paper as well as making the plates, and after several practice jobs of photo-engraving note faces were pronounced favorable, the \$100 Monroe-

head was chosen as the best bet of all.

The Lancaster Gang's intention was to print \$10,000,000 worth—100,000 notes—divide it equally among them, and deposit it in banks in fifty key cities all over the country. After an intricate system of checking, one account of \$10,000,000 would remain, and after investing heavily in sound securities, the men intended to split the proceeds and retire forever. This plan was adopted instead of Jacobs' original idea of offering the ten millions in counterfeit to an unnamed Treasury official in exchange for nine millions in Government certificates of deposit. This had been discarded as too risky! Once their minds—if not their consciences—were clear, all four men agreed that no counterfeit should be shoved unless everyone voted to go ahead and that the ten millions would be printed before any other move took place.

THE artist can, within certain limits, make what he likes of his life. So can the criminal. Taylor and Bredell had put the passion of artistry into their creation, and now they proceeded to trip over it. These clever young men completed the Monroe-head plates, pulled a proof on ordinary bond paper, and fell greedily in love with it. Their experiments in paper-making were just beginning, and the great day of distribution seemed, in June 1897, to be a long way off. But right there, under their sensitive hands, was something beautiful. A celebration seemed called for, so Taylor and Bredell, without a whisper to their backers, bleached their one-dollar bills and struck off ninety-seven notes, which they proceeded to scatter with considerable pride. The engravers sometimes passed their notes in stores, and at other times deposited them in banks and checked against them. Small wonder that they felt secure and the complete masters of their destiny. When the Treasury withdrew the genuine Monroe-head issue, Taylor and Bredell had to take some hard words from their backers, but the gang was not greatly perturbed and optimistically switched to other notes of large denominations.

When the engravers got through talking, Jacobs and Kendig were fined \$5,000

each and costs, and given twelve years in Atlanta Penitentiary, from which they were freed after seven years through a Presidential pardon granted by Theodore Roosevelt.

As for Taylor and Bredell, who were in their early thirties, the spring of 1899 found them still awaiting sentence in gloomy old Moyamensing Prison in Philadelphia's South End. Just when the Secret Service was ready to close the book on the pair, there appeared in circulation a counterfeit \$20 Hamilton-head note that bore evidence of Arthur Taylor's dangerous skill. More than thirty such notes were passed before one of them could be traced, and then the Arch Street firm of Dunlevy and Company included one in a deposit with the City Trust Company. The receiving teller recognized the note and asked Mr. Dunlevy what he knew about it. "It was given me for \$10 deposit on a bicycle," said the merchant, "and I gave the customer \$10 change. His name is Harry Taylor."

IV

HARRY TAYLOR was the brother of Arthur, and had been extremely faithful about visiting him in prison. At the request of the Secret Service, Dunlevy got in touch with Harry, expressed surprise about the counterfeit, and asked him to make it good. Harry came to the Dunlevy store and paid over \$20 in good money, took the counterfeit back, and went home with a Secret Service shadow in his wake. Harry was arrested next day and taken to the Rittenhouse Hotel for questioning. His answers were rambling and inconclusive, but Chief Wilkie was certain that Harry had passed all thirty-two of the \$20 notes. When the news of his brother's arrest reached Arthur Taylor, that bland character airily told Wilkie that he and Bredell had executed the \$20 fake prior to their arrest and had thrown the plates into the Delaware River. Wilkie was deeply worried, but did not show it. He refrained from telling Taylor that the Hamilton-head \$20 note had been issued by the Government some months *after* the arrest of the Lancaster Gang, and he was puzzled as to how the counterfeit had been

made. Furthermore, the Chief refused to believe that the plates had been destroyed.

His reason for this was that the engravers had been listening to some tricky counsel from a Philadelphia lawyer named John E. Semple, although their acknowledged attorney was Robert E. Pattison, a former Governor of Pennsylvania. Semple, whom Wilkie accused of making two trips to Trenton Penitentiary to visit William Brockway, a notorious counterfeiter, had approached the Secret Service and Mr. Beck with the news that Taylor and Bredell had hidden almost perfect plates for a Sheridan-head \$10 note. If these plates were surrendered, wheedled Semple, what about a lighter sentence for the boys? This was the Brockway technique, which had worked successfully in the seventies and eighties, but Wilkie had shown no interest in any such bargain. When ex-Governor Pattison heard of the proposal, he had furiously insisted that the engravers give up the plates at once or he would withdraw from their defense. The counterfeiters finally gave in, and the plates were discovered in Snow Hill, Maryland, where Bredell's father, innocent of his son's career in crime, ran a small machine shop.

Wilkie reminded Taylor and Bredell of the futility of this attempt, and after two weeks of driving home the idea that the Secret Service was sure the \$20 counterfeit plates were in existence and that even their surrender would fail to buy time off, Taylor took one last fling at astonishing the men who had trailed him for so long.

"You win," he said. "The plates never were destroyed, and we know where they are." His information sent Wilkie and Burns hurrying out to Fernwood Cemetery, west of the city line near Cobb's Creek, where the evidence was retrieved from the grave of Arthur Taylor's father. Illustrations of the period portrayed the Chief and his agent digging beside a tombstone, but the Taylor lot never bore anything but a crescent-shaped marble foot marker sunk level with the ground. Taylor went on to state that attorney Semple had asked if they had anything else with which to dicker, and this gave them the idea for the \$20 fake. "We made it," confessed Taylor, "*and the job was done right here in Moyamensing!*"

This time he wasn't lying. Whether the prison officials of 1900 were sunk in a trustful stupor or were just plain negligent or venal, the fact remains that on some fifty visits to the prisoners by their relatives none of the outsiders was searched. They managed to smuggle in engraving tools, inks, acids, a magnifying glass, steel plates, and a kerosene lamp in three parts. If one of those eager auxiliaries had hauled a printing press past the turnkeys it might have jerked them out of their somnolence, so the resourceful Bredell sent drawings of what he described as a cuff ironer to his father in Snow Hill, and asked for a working model in order to patent it. When the machine arrived, it was compact enough to fit in a cigar box, but it was a thoroughly workable press.

THE Secret Service has asked the writer not to reveal the incredibly ingenious methods used by Taylor and Bredell in making their \$20 note, and he agrees that it would be dangerous knowledge to place before the public. Suffice to say that the counterfeiters repeated their practice of bleaching genuine one-dollar bills, but from then on it was a makeshift piece of work. These really brilliant scoundrels extracted chemicals from their prison food; they etched the infinitesimal horizontal lines of the note on their steel plate by a device that even today would be looked upon with awe; they had no camera, so they recruited a wintry sun to take its place. It took them five long months to complete the plate, engraved both front and back. The writer has inspected the cell they occupied, No. 150 on the third and top tier of Moyamensing, and to see it makes Taylor and Bredell's achievement seem even more formidable. It measures nine by six feet and is nine feet high, with the same heavy door pierced by a tiny lattice of five decades ago. It faces south, and the sun that swung in an arc from east to west had to send its rays through a barred window three feet high and only four inches wide. Yet in that cramped and whitewashed space no prisoners ever were more industrious.

Both Taylor and Bredell, opportunists at heart, agreed to testify against attorney

Semple, and his defense produced experts from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to swear that the \$20 counterfeit could not have been produced without an eight-ton press, a camera, commercial bleaches, and a room at least two hundred feet square. In rebuttal, Taylor and Bredell, using their sketchy equipment in part and giving lucid lectures to round it out, reenacted their prison feat of making money before a staring judge and jury, and then departed in crestfallen triumph for Moyamensing to await their own sentences. The lash of the law didn't sting too much—seven years in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, beginning with the date of their arrest. Attorney Semple, by the way, was acquitted, after a second trial, of complicity in the manufacture of the bogus \$20 bills.

THAT was the end of the Lancaster Gang, those exceptional millionaires on paper. None of them was sinister, truculent, nor even particularly furtive. Smoky cellars and suburban hideaways were not for them; tempters and tempted, they hid in the light of respectability which so often dazzles the beholder. The average counterfeiter serves his term, then comes out of prison to go straight—straight back to making another plate that is going to be bigger and better. But the Lancaster Gang principals were different. They filtered back into ordinary life and never again had trouble with the law—content, perhaps, to be remembered as the producers of what was probably the most dangerous counterfeit note ever made in America.

Could an equally deceptive note be made today? While the possibility is remote, such a feat might be accomplished, although 95 per cent of the counterfeit specimens that come to rest in the famous contraband room of the Secret Service are of poor workmanship. The real obstacle to successful counterfeiting is the clarity and distinction of government notes, which are printed from steel plates hand-engraved by experts in portraiture, scrollwork, lettering, and other features. The counterfeiter simply cannot duplicate such exquisite craftsmanship through photo-engraving or any other means, and his notes

always break down on perfection of detail. In a genuine note the portrait stands out from its oval background of hatching, which is a fine mesh of evenly spaced lines, and the subject's eyes are lifelike. In a counterfeit the portrait tends to blend with the background and scores of the tiny squares of the mesh will be clogged with ink. Other common faults show breaks in the lacy continuity of the fine web in the four corners of a note, both front and back; the sawtooth points around the rim of the Treasury seal will be blunt and uneven instead of sharply defined; even the serial numbers, which (with the Treasury seal) are the only parts surface printed after the note is taken from the plate, are likely to be improperly spaced or have a pock-marked appearance.

However, some highly deceptive notes have been passed because their imperfections were not apparent at first, fifth, or tenth glance. The Count Lustig Gang, whose platemaker was William Watts, an ex-Nebraska druggist, printed more than \$2,000,000 in every note denomination from \$5 to \$100 and passed more than \$300,000 of it. The flamboyant Count is now rounding out the second half of his twenty-year term in Alcatraz, the only counterfeiter tough enough to be sent to the dread Rock.

Possibly the finest fake in recent years is a \$50 note which cropped up in currency brought from the Far East by Navy disbursing officers, but a warning to money handlers in the Shanghai area has dried the flow to a thin trickle. When photographed and enlarged several times the face of this note revealed tiny errors in the Treasury seal. Take any bill out of your pocket and look at this circle of color. The Shanghai counterfeit lacks the dot under the star separating the words AMER and SEPTENT in the border, and the star separating SEPTENT and SIGIL is missing. In the lower part of the shield, where a key lies horizontally against a setting of dots, the dot to the lower right of the key loop has been omitted. Enlargement of the back of the \$50 note shows the Washington Monument to be a plain white shaft, lacking the faint lines to denote stonework which distinguish the genuine, and one of the buildings on the city's

horizon is short a window. Even the Lancaster Gang, securely in first place, would nod appreciatively—and patronizingly—at this modern upstart.

And the Gang, as befitted true artists, let another source pick out a moral for

their plight. As William Jacobs was hustled from his factory by William J. Burns, he gestured ruefully toward the framed tract on the portico of the First Reformed Church: "*Do Not Judge Thy Brother Until Thou Standest In His Place.*"

The Call of Adventure

Now that we Americans are about to embark on a program of foreign aid, we must be willing to contribute not merely money, but also men and ideas. For it is in technical skill and economic organization that our genius is unrivaled. And these things will be needed even more than money in the reconstruction of other nations. One of the things which impressed me most in surveying the economic bankruptcy of Greece only a few months ago was the fact that the nation could not get going in organizing road building, railroad construction, harbor construction, allocation of such meager materials as it had, food rationing, and financial and export controls so as to husband its few resources to the best possible effect. The only answer, should Greece continue in that state of suspense, was Communism—obviously the answer of despair. The real answer was not only dollars but expert technical and managerial help, of which the greatest fountain is the United States.

When we consider such a program, we must strike the scales from our own eyes. We must recognize that our power springs from an industrial organization of such productive capacity as to enable us to do all the things we dream of and yet to be richer in the process. To say that 25 to 50 billions of reconstruction aid or loans will bleed this country white is arrant nonsense. Production is the key to our problems. Even at our present rate of production of about 170 billion dollars a year, which can be stepped up to 200 billion dollars, an expenditure of three billion dollars a year is about three per cent of our own production potential. Is this bleeding us white? We are a young and virile people. We have not grown old and we are not stodgy. America will always respond to the call of adventure. World reconstruction is the greatest exploration, the greatest adventure we have ever known.

—Representative J. K. Javits, Twenty-first Congressional District, New York, a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, speaking at a Liberal Party-N. Y. County luncheon, Hotel Commodore, June 7, 1947.

AND SHE WORE DIAMONDS IN HER TEETH

A STORY BY MYRTLE ROYSTER

LONG before any of us children were born, long before Papa ever married pretty little Mama and settled down to live the peaceful life in Hassan Valley, 'long about the turn of the century, when Papa was a young fellow full of adventure, he used to be a Pullman porter. Now being a Pullman porter to his way of thinking wasn't being much, but it gave a young fellow a chance to see the country. In those days the country was something to see. West of Chicago was pretty wild in 1900. Although gold had been struck in 1848 away out in California, still no one had bothered to do much about the parts in between, so the Pullman Company was running some excursions into Winnipeg through the Dakotas. All trainmen call working on the trains "running," and so Papa was "running into Winnipeg." When I was little I used to have visions of Papa running headlong into Winnipeg as if it were a stone wall.

Back then Papa had a fine, high temper, if you took the trouble to stir it and it seems that many did. Papa is always telling how he reached for his baseball bat behind the curtain or pinned up some "feller" who had taken Papa's menial position as a point of departure and thereby had almost come to an ill fate at Papa's hands—if it hadn't been for an intervening conductor. Further, let me say that conductors were a sore point with Papa. It seems they never shared his point of view or any of the points that were continually being

thrust his way. It was the unending, purposeful misunderstanding of conductors that led Papa to the farm in one of the green valleys of Minnesota.

Well, Papa was running into Winnipeg one cold night and along with Winnipeg they were heading into a blizzard of no mean proportions. The waiters kept peeping through the windows of the wash-rooms, making little holes through the frost with their thumbs and then looking. They kept rolling their eyes and saying, "Man, just let me get back to that little ol' warm bed in Winnipeg!" or "Man, when we hit that curve going into Minot the snow goin' to be piled so high in that cut—that is, unless the snow plow done been by—in that case all we got to worry about is what we goin' to do when we meets the snow plow face to face!"

Night came on and with it the wind that whistled along the ice-sheeted sides of the train, and sang lonesome songs on the deserted platforms of passing stations. Man, it was some cold night. In the diner there was a little light-haired man who lingered at the table with a tall, broad-shouldered companion. They had been strangers when they got on, but now under the watchful eye of the waiter they were warming up to each other. With the diner emptied, except for the waiters, they were talking. The waiters were all happy souls who made friends with everyone. Papa considered all waiters as opposed to porters, worse than dirt—triflin' and good

for nothing. After a few smiles, a good tip and a cheerful word they always talked their heads off. As they made their reports to the steward they talked now. When the name Minot was mentioned they would look very knowing and whoop with laughter. The large man with the pink face at length motioned to a waiter, "What's so funny about Minot?" He pronounced it Min-NOTT. This meant that he had spent a bit of time in Canada, Papa always said.

"Diamunt Tooth Annie is getting on there. She's going to ride on into Winnipeg with us. She's going to be awfully mad about the train being late, cold as it is." As the train sped along over the brittle, cold rails the short man with the sandy hair and dead white face and the big man with the ruddy face listened to bits of stories about Diamunt Tooth Annie.

PAPA said that they could have talked all night and nothing could have prepared the strangers for Diamunt Tooth Annie. Papa stuck his head into the diner long enough to get a hot piece of pie and a cup of tea and return to his station at the end of the swaying sleeper. A porter in the Pullman car is *sine qua non* where the enforcement of morals is concerned. He just sits there at the end of the car all night and keeps an eye peeled down the length of the thing. Seems in this matter he is incorruptible. Papa had Diamunt Tooth Annie's berth all made up, he had a hot water bottle for her feet and there was nothing left to do but wait for Minot and the coming of the diamond one.

They pulled into Minot without encountering a snow bank in the cut, they pulled into Minot without coming face to face with a snow plow. Papa knew they wouldn't. Waiters were crazy. Plain crazy acting. The trainmen threw off the mail bags, threw on the mail bags, and presently the great clouds of white steam in the close impenetrability of the blizzard enveloped the engine, then slowly the cars, and in gathering speed the train was swallowed up by the night. Inside where it was warm Papa threw open the door from the vestibule as if he were footman

to a queen, and into the curtained aisle of the Pullman stepped Diamunt Tooth Annie.

She had to bend down a bit to get in the door because, although it just did admit her, it did not accommodate her plumes. She had to step in sideways to be sure she could make it through. Her face in the light of the vestibule was the color of cocoa made with cream, her features were a blend of races, and you couldn't tell where the Indian left off and the Irish and English and Negro came in. Her hair was as soft and as black as a kitten's under her huge hat. She was light on her feet and her step as graceful and ladylike as a dancing teacher's. Her voice was as soft as a young girl's but she wasn't any girl and she wasn't any lady. Still, Papa said with great obsequiousness, "I made down your berth, Miss Annie, ma'am. I took care to put in that hot water bottle, I thought it a bit chilly tonight."

And then she smiled. And when she smiled all those fine diamonds set in platinum showed all across the front of her face. Papa said it was a sight to behold. Whoever did that work had been a dentist, a jeweler, and an artist all rolled into one. There was a big diamond on the right front tooth flanked on either side by smaller ones of uneven size and then an artful assortment that ended with her eye teeth. They were set in platinum bezels, the biggest one in the shape of a star. Prettiest sight you ever saw in your life!

About that time the little pale man passed through the car. He didn't seem to look at the woman who filled the aisle to overflowing. She had to sit down on her berth to let him by, but he never even glanced her way, just went on down the car and disappeared into the next coach. When he returned he had a Minot paper rolled in his hand, which showed that he wanted to continue his reading in the dining car. Diamunt Tooth Annie was still stowing away her personal effects. At last she moved down the hall into the ladies' room and shortly emerged billowing down the cavern of the car in a mammoth dressing gown of rich, oriental embroidered silk. Papa said she blocked out the light in the passage and he couldn't

see anything, like the sun in eclipse. Agilely she hopped into her berth and the tiny light at the end of the car showed once more. Then she leaned out into the semi-darkness and said to Papa, who was passing, "Don't call me 'til we get right in Winnipeg." She smiled, the diamonds twinkled, then darkness reigned. All slept.

THE little pale man and the tall red-faced man passed through on their way to their berths, silent; their movements lurching to the train, they disappeared. Papa got out the shoes and started shining them. Then he made a tour of inspection, read the *Minot* paper someone had left in the washroom. It was getting on toward three o'clock. It wasn't far to Winnipeg—a short run—they ought to make it by six-thirty in the morning, snow and all. The night rattled and clanged on with the train and Papa caught himself some sleep, with one eye open to keep law and order.

Suddenly he jumped clean out of his sleep and knew that someone was standing over him, and his first thought was that it was the conductor. It was one of the guests of the Pullman Company, wild-eyed and frantic.

"Porter, there is something wrong in our car. Someone is choking to death!"

"Where's the conductor? He usually sits around there."

"I don't know, but this is terrible!"

Papa wasn't going to be fooled. He said, "I ain't on duty in that car, ma'am. I ain't supposed to leave here, but I'll take a look."

He followed the woman back to her car. Sure enough, in the dimness someone could be heard choking. When Papa pulled back the curtains after a polite question and pause, there was the little pale man, looking even whiter, choking and gurgling all by himself. Papa could see he was asleep and having a bad nightmare; so he tapped him on the shoulder, lightly, then shook him harder. Everybody was crowding around, hanging out of berths trying to see. Waking him up took a little while. That was the hardest man to get to wake up Papa ever had seen and he had struggled with many dead in liquor-sleep and dead in just sleep. After Papa

got him straightened out, he asked for a glass of water. Then he thanked Papa profusely in his little white-mouse way. Peace and sweet dreams being restored, Papa started for his car, but the little man's dream was nothing compared to the battle that raged there.

The curtains of Diamunt Tooth Annie's berth were fluttering, jerking and straining. While Papa ran the length of the Pullman, he could see feet appearing and disappearing. The guests of the Pullman Company were beginning to awaken and peer out through the murky gloom with startled white faces. The struggle within grew greater. No word was spoken; only the sound of thudding feet could be heard.

Then, without warning, the body of a man shot from between the curtains and landed against the vestibule door. In a moment a small metal object followed clinking against the door over his head. The man was the red-faced man, and the metal object was a pair of slip-jaw pliers.

Now came Diamunt Tooth Annie. Without even glancing about her, she pulled on her robe, walked toward the man, and bending, lifted him; she flung him over her shoulder like a sack of flour, walked through the door onto the cold platform. In a moment there was a screech of metal doors, a clanking of chains, a resounding bang and she returned empty-handed.

For the first time she seemed to see the people staring at her from the perches and caves. She drew herself up and said in her most ladylike voice, which was tinged with Georgia, "You all pardon me, but seems like every time I take a trip some fool feels like he's just got to try to steal my teeth." She smiled. The teeth were gone! The audience gasped. "I simply got sick of it. I just had them all pulled out. They screw in and out now, and I hides them where I feels like." She plunged into bed once more and drew her curtains.

About three minutes later she popped out her head. "Porter, we not too far from Winnipeg? You reckon he's going to catch cold walking so far?"

She smiled, the diamonds twinkled like the morning stars. The train ran on in to Winnipeg.

MACARTHUR ERA: YEAR TWO

ROBERT B. COCHRANE

FOR nearly two years, American forces have occupied Japan. The Army of the United States is comfortably quartered in the only steam-heated buildings in Japan, and one of this nation's foremost war heroes, General Douglas MacArthur, has gallantly declined the parades and welcomes that indubitably awaited the return of the conqueror of the Pacific to these shores and remained to keep a firm grip on the occupation.

There has been no resistance. There has been no fighting in the streets. There are few ominous rumbles from the underground. It has become the American habit to compare the occupation of Germany unfavorably with that of Japan. And as boss of the job, MacArthur naturally gets the credit.

He gets the credit and most of the attendant publicity. There are photographs in the papers and the magazines of the curious crowd, equal parts GI and Japanese, which gathers at the front door of GHQ every noontide to watch him stride out in belted coat and gold-visored cap, enter his black limousine, and whirl off to lunch. Quite a show.

Most of the other photos from Japan are concerned with the lush living provided for troops on occupation duty—pictures that do the double trick of making army life attractive to prospective enlistees and convincing the home folks that everything is rosy in Japan. *The Japs*

love us. They're always smiling. They're always aping our ways. Democracy's come to stay.

But lately that roseate picture has been wilting. The thoughtful Americans who bother to read the more serious dispatches from Tokyo find that, for the first time, a volume of news dwells on a full-fledged crisis for which even The Boss's high-sounding prose has no solution. Lone reports printed from time to time during the past year and a half have hinted or frankly predicted that the present administration of our policies was leading us—and Japan—to the edge of trouble. But these were solo voices, lost in the chorus of admiration for a great soldier and his unconquerable Army. *MacArthur and his men beat the Japs, didn't they? A little matter of breeding a new democracy among the children of a feudal dictatorship five or six millenniums old should be easy.*

AND it looked easy in the beginning. True, there had been some anxious moments in Manila during the latter days of August 1945. The "A" bombs had taken their frightful toll and the Japanese Imperial government, ears glued to loudspeakers bringing in the latest American suggestions for ways to end the struggle quickly, happily seized on these new weapons as a pretext for surrendering without losing too much face. The Emperor followed instructions and told his people to welcome the incoming

Mr. Cochrane was a war correspondent and head of the Tokyo bureau of the Sun papers of Baltimore. He returned to the Sun for an executive job in the summer of 1946.

Americans without hostility and without resistance. The people, whose ancestors had been accustomed through three hundred generations to following instructions without question, obeyed.

But in Manila we had not known how strict the Japanese habit of obedience was. There were some jitters at GHQ. "*Maybe the whole thing is a trap,*" it was suggested. *After all, the Japanese had a quarter of a million soldiers on the Kanto Plain [Tokyo area] and many more within overnight travel of our landing place outside Yokohama. What if they let us get even a division of soldiers ashore, then decided to resume the war?* Uncertainty ran high at GHQ, so high that even non-combatants (correspondents, cameramen, Red Cross men, etc.) were given carbines, .45 caliber automatics, and instructions how to use them. The miracle was that, under the general hysteria of the time, none of them was ever used except on Christmas Eve 1945, when a correspondent from a New York paper fired his .45 into the elevator door in the Tokyo Correspondents Club; and the report was that this was caused not so much by enemy action (the elevator boy was a Japanese) as by a hallucination which made it appear that one of his Times Square cronies was a passenger.

Once landed in Japan it looked like an easy job. The expected snipers and underground resistance forces (such as the Japs would obviously have found in the United States if the situations had been reversed) failed to materialize. When an order was given it was obeyed. At least, it looked that way.

Rarely has a conqueror had a more attractive setup. The Japanese people were supinely obedient to official commands. The Mikado, who held the power of life and death over the least and mightiest of his subjects, was made Emperor, junior grade—second in command. Where previously he held all authority and no responsibility (it was worth a Jap's life in wartime or prewar Japan to criticize or suggest the Emperor was at fault for the failure of any plan or project) now he was given a sort of responsibility and whatever authority the Supreme Command chose to allot him.

There was no likelihood that any senti-

mental objections would ever be raised at home to anything the Supreme Command ordered done to or by the Japanese. Japanese cruelty to prisoners, their treachery at Pearl Harbor, their booby-trapping of the dead, their frenetic *banzai* suicide tactics had been reported too faithfully to allow them to achieve anything more than the status of savages in the American mind. The boss had a free hand.

He had a free hand, and it became his primary mission to keep it. Those closest to the occupation are inclined to rack this up as a, if not the, primary reason for today's looming crisis.

THE Boss's free hand was curtailed only by announced objectives decided on at Potsdam—in a word: the replacement of the old feudal system with a working democracy that would be a help instead of a liability in the bright new world. There were some others, too: reparations, trial of war criminals, restoration of property seized by the Nips when the war began (and before), disarming the Army and Navy, elimination of the military's influence on government, and elimination of the vast spiderweb control of the nation by a handful of rich families. Education was to be revamped, eliminating the fictions and fantasies with which Japanese school books were riddled; great estates of absentee landlords were to be broken up and parceled out to the impoverished tenants on long-term loans at negligible interest; Japan's economy was to be stabilized on a peacetime basis, *sans* most of her war-making potential.

There were some detailed instructions issued at the White House on September 22, 1945. MacArthur was to use the Japanese government *but not support it*. The Japanese people were to be told the truth, and then should be allowed to do anything about it they liked; if "such changes involve the use of force by the Japanese people . . ." it was to be their own affair. The Supreme Command was told that American troops were to be used *only* if American lives and property were endangered. President Truman was Missouri farmer enough to know that only a rainstorm can break a drought decisively. Underground rivers rarely turn deserts

into fertile farmland, and the end of any political tyranny may well generate a certain amount of heat. But of these things more anon.

First order of business was to corral all the firearms and explosives. Rifles and cannon were melted down for scrap, the explosives either burned, detonated, or dumped carefully at sea. Nearly everybody in the occupation forces got a *samurai* sword, and I recall one vessel which came into San Francisco with seven tons of them, done up in individual mailing packages by the Second Marine Division, in her hold. By Christmas 1945 Japanese weapons were so scarce that discovery of one or more usually generated an instant and extensive investigation.

The Boss had, meanwhile, been busy giving top-level orders. Political prisoners were freed. The old Thought Police, who could clap a man (or woman) into jail permanently upon simple suspicion of "thinking wrong thoughts" were disbanded, though to be sure some were allowed to rejoin the civil police. They tossed out the old history books, a compound of fact and fantasy teaching mainly that there's no God but one God and he's the Emperor, plus the theory the Japanese were descended from residents of some ancient Oriental Valhalla and as such were destined to rule the world.

The Boss ordered those fabulously rich families whom the Japs know as the *Zaibatsu* divested of their wealth and power. Finally, he ordered the government purged of ultranationalists and said that high-ranking officers of the disbanded Army and Navy were also taboo as officeholders. These orders, plus stacks of lesser ones, pretty well implemented the announced Allied objectives, in so far as paper work was concerned. Translating the orders into action, in many cases, turned out to be a discouraging business.

However, The Boss had persuaded nervous little Hirohito to renounce his personal divinity in his New Year's (1946) Rescript. This was a great score for The Boss, which made quite a stir in the Tokyo press but has had small diminishing effect on the numbers of faithful who pause daily before Nijubashi Gate of the Imperial Palace to bow in deepest reverence.

II

By mid-January 1946 the occupation was at its zenith of acclaim and effectiveness. At this point, murmurs began to be heard that the military mission was completed and it was time for civilians to take over the job. The question of just how close Japan could come to feeding her own teeming millions was arising, and the first free food from America was not yet en route. Administration of complex problems of rationing, of finance, of taxation, of legal systems began to arise and to give some career army officers queer, uncertain feelings, as if they were fighting an enemy whose perimeters somehow remained beyond our farthest patrols. Nip government bureaus quickly learned to confer with some of The Boss's boys before doing anything—about anything. It became a rule to obtain advance sanction for any new regulations before they were made public, otherwise some Minister might be compelled to withdraw his regulations and lose face thereby.

There were, at that time, thirteen staff sections in The Boss's headquarters peopled to some extent with civilian experts, all, however, subject to the ironclad authority of military superiors, a fact that has led to many delays and fumbles and mislaid chances. For example, I know of a food section's plan for corralling a major portion of the December-January (1945–46) rice harvest that lay on a career colonel's desk from November until too late. Jap railroads were losing money. While their deficits mounted (they're owned by the government) a new scale of rates, approved by an American civilian railroad expert, lay untouched for thirty-four days on the desk of a G-4 colonel who had protested, "For heaven's sake, I don't know anything about railway economics." Finally, in desperation he scrawled his okay on the new rates and they limped along from desk to desk through the slowly grinding processes of Supreme Command administration.

Naturally, it's heresy to say so in Tokyo, but there is a very real naïveté about the practical workings of democracy in circles close to The Boss. But the ineptitudes of our administration in Japan are too fre-

quent to be casual. There is a basic fallacy in the reasoning behind a national policy which would give an Army the job of democratizing an essentially militarist civilization. A career officer insulates himself deliberately from politics, from public affairs, from finance, from government, and from as many aspects of democracy as possible. There's nothing democratic about an army; often it's actively antithetical. I once went to one of The Boss's favorite colonels to get some information about a Japanese politician of a particularly venal stripe who was running for election. The information was refused on the ground that there was no interest in the man in the States. "Colonel," I remonstrated, "suppose you were back in San Francisco and this was the week before election. Wouldn't you want to know something about the people running?"

"Young man," came his frosty reply, "I have not voted in twenty-five years." He was clearly proud of it. The Boss himself has been known to comment to visitors on the fact that he's spent precious little time in America since 1935—which hardly qualifies him as an expert in American democracy.

Those of us on the scene could almost plot a day-to-day chart of The Boss's politics as they veered ponderously to the right. Not that they had far to go. He has found politics an intriguing game. Politics plus power such as no other American ever wielded was and is a heady draught, fascinating, compelling. The Boss now became a puppeteer with power in his fingertips to make nearly eighty million little figures dance or bow or stand or fall. Where divisions and fleets once did his will, now an entire race, a notable segment of all humankind, obeyed his dicta or at least gave that appearance. Not in modern times, if ever, has a white man stood at the crest of history in just such a commanding post.

IF THERE was any self-doubt, any uneasy feeling that perhaps the Army—or The Boss either—was a little out of safe depth, no early manifestations thereof appeared publicly except in some worried dispatches by three or four American newspaper correspondents who found that their

stories earned only apathy at home and resentment at GHQ. So let's skip, for the moment, some of the intervening months and find out what sort of a score The Boss has made at his game of occupation.

Remember those objectives the Allies decided on at Potsdam? First from the standpoint of security was to disarm the Army and the Navy. That was done, expertly, swiftly, thoroughly, like a well-planned military campaign, well-executed.

Reparations: they didn't leave that one to The Boss and, when last heard of in mid-July this year, it had become the basis for a new "post-surrender policy for Japan" evolved by the eleven nation Far Eastern Commission. Just how soon this will bring actual delivery of reparations goods to war-damaged nations is highly conjectural.

Elimination of the military influence on government: that one wasn't hard. The Boss put a line in his directive purging "undesirables" from the government to say that no army or navy officers of any commissioned rank could hold public office. This looked good on the statistics sheet, too, for he could immediately write down the names of 186,000 men "excluded from public office." If, later, careless reports told the folks back home The Boss had actually bounced this many people from bureaucratic jobs—"ousted" was the favorite word—why, then, that wasn't The Boss's fault, was it? As a matter of fact, actual removals from office in the first nine months the "purge" operated totaled 899, and The Boss found he had to extend the purge in various directions: into business and professional (particularly informational professions) circles and to small town and village officials.

Trial of war criminals: here we begin to tread on sore toes. In June of 1946 "Class A" war criminals, such as General Tojo and Hirohito's shepherd and confidant, Marquis Kido, went on trial in Tokyo, a trial remarkable perhaps because one defendant went crazy, two more died, and because the trial is still going on with tempers shortening as the records lengthen. The prosecution at first wanted to put Hirohito on trial, but The Boss said no. Then they wanted to use him as a witness. Again The Boss said no. Prosecutors went

back to their offices and stared at walls decorated with graphic charts showing relative authority and responsibility enjoyed by wartime and prewar Japanese governments. Inevitably, the track of authority from every desk and every department led back to the sign of the sixteen-petal chrysanthemum, the personal sigil of the Emperor.

As the trial droned on, the diary of Marquis Kido disclosed that the Emperor had known of the plans for attacking Pearl Harbor and beginning war on the United States as early as July 1941. On December 2, 1941, there had been a final discussion of plans in Hirohito's presence to which the Godhead of the Era of Enlightened Peace contributed only, "These are very hard times, aren't they?" At any time, Hirohito could have stopped these plans. His sacred word could have diverted the plans for conquering China. The responsibility for American entry into World War II was placed squarely at Hirohito's door. The Boss still said no and sent the little ruler out to see what the B-29's had done to his country and to work up some new traditions among his subjects as a man of the people.

The principle of ultimate responsibility has been used to hang many other war criminals. General Yamashita, whose brilliant conquest of Malaya has already become a military classic, was rushed to the gallows because he was responsible for deaths of captured British and Australian personnel. General Homma was shot because he had ultimate responsibility for the infamous Bataan Death March. But where does the application of a principle stop? Certainly short of the throne of Japan, it appears, and even short of other deserving members of the Imperial brood. There was considerable bitterness that bandy-legged, pleasure-loving (the story is that his family practically had to kidnap him out of France years ago) Prince Higashi-Kuni, Hirohito's uncle, is still free to enjoy his estates. He was premier when American troops entered Tokyo, and kept that shaky seat another six weeks. But he is better known as the man who condemned the captured Doolittle flyers to death by beheading. The Boss has been curiously disinterested in his case.

The plain fact regarding war crimes trials is that while they are designed to show the Japs—and history—how fair Western justice is, they've already failed in the first objective and the second is dubious. Japs are a trifle puzzled over the whole thing. The military leaders who lost the war are as good as dead, in their minds. They think these trials a waste of time and money. More than one Tokyo resident has earnestly asked me: "That Tojo. Why don't you shoot him . . . now?" History will be asked to determine the fairness of trials based on a new concept of international law: that it is a crime to plan and wage a war of aggression, the winner of such a war to decide just what constitutes aggression. Opinions about this are far from unanimous.

III

THE Boss's most spectacular failure, and the one which may compel him as a wily tactician to cut and run for cover before long, is the appalling economic debacle which builds higher as unhappy Japan comes closer to the end of her meager resources of food, fuel, clothing, and construction materials. This is tied inextricably to bumbling by The Boss and his soldier-statesmen, their dilettantist dabbling in politics, their efforts to persuade major league financiers to accept their money formulas (how the Mitsui and Yasuda bankers used to smile among themselves after these sessions!), their outright protection of feckless cabinets which, one after another, were simple reshuffles of old hacks who've been in and out of government for a generation or more.

Japan's snowballing inflation—something The Boss is said not to realize—is a countermeasure, deliberately fostered and openly contrived, designed in cunning Japanese minds to combat attempts to destroy the rich families of Japan and their empires of means and money. More than a year ago, when aging Baron Kijuro Shidehara found the reins of government slipping from his grasp in the wake of the first postwar election, a new cabinet was formed after a few flurries under Shidehara's erstwhile foreign minister, Shigeru Yoshida. Yoshida had a fairly clean record,

though actually his only recommendation lay in the fact that he had been arrested by the Thought Police once during the war and spent forty-five days in jail. But, on the other hand, he had also been disclosed as the statesman who invited two Irishmen, correspondents for British interests, to dinner on December 19, 1945, greeted them with, "You men, being Irish, know what it is to be occupied," and after a sumptuous meal tried to persuade them to write articles which would make MacArthur's future dicta less drastic.

Yoshida's cabinet had several jokers in it, but the oddest fish by far and villain of this piece was one Tanzen Ishibashi, quondam editor of the *Oriental Economist*. He went into office an avowed inflationist, but The Boss's outriders didn't think that mattered much. The reins were really in their hands. They'd just made everybody turn in all currency for a new yen issue four weeks previously. They'd chopped the 60 billion yen in circulation to 15.3 billion. Now things would level off.

In line with the Potsdam decision concerning the ultrarich families of Japan, The Boss had hired and imported brilliant, ebullient Leo M. Cherne, communist-fighting director of the Research Institute of America, to study the subject of capital taxes and to plan a foolproof schedule of capital and war-profits levies that would remove the war-rich from further consideration, remove surplus yen from circulation, help redistribute the wealth, deal a solar-plexus blow to the Zaibatsu families, help the government meet costs of reconstruction and the occupation, and nurture the virtually nonexistent middle class.

Cherne's institute discovered there have been fifteen such tax schedules in the past thirty years. One succeeded, but fourteen fell over such stumbling blocks as inflation and bad collections. Cherne evolved a plan with enough safeguards to satisfy the Bank of England, and sailed for New York, expecting The Boss to issue it as an ultimatum or directive. Months later the Cherne plan, emasculated by compromise, its safeguards gone, emerged as the Japanese government's own proposal. Ishibashi-san had proved a stubborn negotiator. In the weeks of tussling, the currency in circulation zoomed swiftly. In September

1946 it leveled off for a few weeks but then again began its climb.

By the time Ishibashi-san reluctantly agreed to float the nearly unrecognizable capital tax plan as his own, inflation was a serious fact. The Boss's currency-exchange total of 15.3 billion yen, achieved March 2, 1945, has now grown to more than 120 billion. The black market became the dominant factor in both the daily lives of the nation's people and in any plan to re-establish the nation's economy. But Ishibashi had saved the day for the Zaibatsu. As property owners, as controllers of sources of supply and channels of trade, the Zaibatsu swiftly accumulated fantastic fortunes in black market yen. There is still a wrangle over the final tax rates but, whatever they are, they can be paid easily from these great slush funds. And there will be plenty left over to take care of less serious annoyances, such as the freezing of certain income from legal sources and the forced sale to employees and public of certain stocks in interlocked corporations. With all this fluid cash on hand, repurchase of these shares through agents and dummies can be arranged. It may be difficult, but the Jap Government is actually handling the mechanics of this reform. It is almost axiomatic that the Japanese can usually arrange things to suit the Zaibatsu.

A few weeks ago, after Ishibashi-san had had a full year to do what he wished to the Japanese economy, he was ordered purged from office by The Boss's so-called "government section." Now a new cabinet, the first one in Japanese history composed of *elected* representatives, is faced with the gigantic task of repairing the wreckage.

AT WAR'S end, 4 per cent of the taxpayers owned more than 90 per cent of Japanese wealth. It was hoped these percentages would change drastically at occupation's end, but economists now realize with an awful certainty that the smaller figure in the preceding sentence will not grow, but the big one will.

It is difficult for well-fed Americans to realize the depth of the poverty in which Japanese city-dwellers find themselves. Most of them have long since sold or bartered what extra clothing or other

valuables they had for food. The rice (or such rice-equivalents as sweet potatoes) rations are far behind delivery even though last year's crop, nurtured by weather conditions so ideal as to seem providential, was a record-breaker. Only the 900,000 metric tons of food contributed by the United States in 1946 staved off widespread urban starvation, and this year at least twice as much will be needed. There is always some vague talk in official quarters that this food will be paid for by Japan out of exports; but Japan's biggest money crop—raw silk—has been outdistanced in Western markets by synthetic fibers. Bales of once-precious raw silk lie unwanted in warehouses in Japan and the United States, with no prospect of payment now or in the foreseeable future.

The United States must face the fact that it has an ailing ward on its hands, one that demands much in the way of food and care and materials. It is not likely that this protégé will soon be able either to fend for itself or even to contribute to the cost of its own upkeep. As is inevitable in an economy faced with long-standing food shortages, diseases directly or indirectly attributable to malnutrition are showing a growing incidence that adds a new wrinkle to the administrators' brows.

ALL this hardly makes Japan an auspicious cradle for democracy. And yet last October The Boss's diplomatic spokesman, George Atcheson, Jr., told the Allied Council for Japan that things had reached a point where the objectives of the Japanese government and those of the occupation had even then become practically synonymous. More recently, one day in mid-March the Premier, Shigeru Yoshida, announced a plan to change election laws in a way universally accepted as giving his own old-line political machine a heavy advantage over newer parties in Japan—and the next day The Boss, submitting to his first press conference since the war began, told newsmen the framework of democracy had been laid in Japan, and "there is little more [to do] except to watch, control, and guide. I believe sincerely and absolutely that it [democracy] is here to stay."

His opinion found many dissenters.

These dissenters had watched three Japanese governments come and go, each protected and shielded in its turn by the Supreme Command and each containing faces that had been familiar behind government desks since the days when Premier Baron Tanaka tried to laugh off the first disclosure of the Island Empire's real plans for world conquest. They had seen American troops detailed to "protect" cabinet members from their constituencies.

They had seen plans for economic rehabilitation wrecked on shoals of inflation. They had seen and recognized The Boss's campaign to keep the Allied Council for Japan (a four-power, purely advisory body) impotent and inactive until fright over inflation sent him scurrying to ask his first important advice: what to do about price and wage stabilization?

They knew that the occupation's pet instrument, the so-called Purge Directive, had been handed over to the Japanese to activate and that unscrupulous Yoshida was openly using the purge as a political weapon for his own side—unabashed and unrepented.

The dissenters knew that each step taken by the Japanese government is plotted in the big gray-stone insurance building that is now Supreme Headquarters, but they read also The Boss's letter to Premier Yoshida (March 22) blaming the Japs for not taking firm action to end inflation and black markets and knew he was disclaiming responsibility. The lines of retreat were to be kept open.

They had heard his earnest suggestion that the UN take over his burdensome task as a sort of test: "If the United Nations are ever to succeed," he had said, "this is the most favorable opportunity it has ever had. Japan would be willing and would desire it. If the UN cannot provide these mild controls, it cannot meet anything"—another preparation by a great tactician for sudden withdrawal.

No, The Boss's conclusion that his job is done was not a unanimous opinion. It was, instead, a tacit if not open admission that the military was now out of safe depth. The Army wanted to go back to its drills and its parades, its guns, planes and "planning for eventualities."

In recent weeks there has been another complicating factor: increasing public mention of The Boss as a Presidential candidate. The Boss himself is not unaware of his White House potentialities. Not too long ago one of his subordinates asked him what he thought of his chances at the Presidency. He remarked that he would be, if elected, sixty-eight years old when he took office and that this was rather old for a Presidential candidate. He was asked if he would try for the nomination: "I would not lift that—" he lifted his little finger, "to get the nomination."

"But General," the subordinate persisted, "what if you are drafted?"

The Boss wagged a long and bony forefinger. "That," he said, "is a different story."

CERTAINLY the easy part of the occupation is over. From this point on it will be increasingly difficult. There had been a sort of gaiety about the early occupation, and the Japanese, in their bland and fatalistic way, had in some measure caught the mood. What did it matter when one sold one's last kimono for a "go" of rice? Who knew what the future held, anyway?

But now the Island Empire is at the nadir of its national strength. Fright walks the halls of GHQ, and starvation and confusion walk the streets of Tokyo and Osaka and Nagoya. If there is to be a

recovery in Japan, it must proceed from this point. It has been all downhill travel since August 15, 1945. It cannot last many weeks longer.

But there must be dynamic leadership and intelligent administration. The most earnest students of the situation distill many answers in their never-ending discussions. The most practical plan seems to be:

(1) Reduce occupation troops to one-third (or less) of present strength; make the remainder highly mobile, and assign it to duty as a superpolice force under one of our real combat generals.

(2) Remove the military administration and substitute a highly competent civilian with a skilled staff which could *really* supply the answers.

(3) Make an immediate decision concerning reparations, even if it has to be unilateral, so facilities designated for removal can be segregated and the rest of the nation's resources put to active use.

(4) Remove the Far Eastern Commission, the over-all policy group representing the eleven nations which signed the Japanese surrender, from its Washington headquarters and seat it in Tokyo.

Japan today is the sick man of Asia. Drastic operations are needed. Continued application of poultices will do no good. This patient needs a skilled and knowing hand. Good intentions will no longer suffice.

After Hours

AN ENGLISHMAN whom I met at dinner recently went after me for some remarks I made in this column a few months ago about the exhibition of American paintings in London last year. He approved (as I did not) of our sending a Cook's Tour sort of show that gave Londoners a chance to take a quick trip through the history of American painting. "If you had sent the works of only a few of your painters," he said, "you probably would have left out the primitives."

Interest in primitive American painting is lively these days not just in London but wherever art is exhibited. The usual reasons I hear given for the concern with it run something like this: in a time of intellectual confusion, of menaces real and imagined, and of threats to our civilization, we can find in the simple vision of the primitive painter a return to values which are basic. This sounds rather like a visual back-to-the-land movement, and in some respects it is. But there is certainly another and much simpler explanation: primitive painting demands from the casual observer no special knowledge of art dogma. On the contrary, its principal pleasures are associations with one's own childhood efforts; its technical shortcomings are perfectly understandable (who cares whether the barn roof stands on end?); and almost anyone can take a patronizing attitude toward it. Here is art which has the stamp of aesthetic approval by those who are supposed to arbitrate such matters, and yet it is everybody's oyster.

But the interest in primitives has taken on some of the aspects of a cult. It isn't enough to admire those who are actually primitive; those who are sophisticated en-

deavor to slough off their sophistication and become pseudo-simple. Those who despair of the directions in which painting is now going look to the untaught to teach them the way to achieve a new art. Of course there is nothing new about this. Picasso was experimenting in the early years of this century with the arts of the African tribesmen in an effort to throw off what he thought was phony about European painting and discover new vitality in primitive sculpture. The pre-Raphaelites performed their version of a similar search. Both found it a blind alley.

Maybe we should get straight what we mean by "primitives." There are the primitives, like those who painted in the fourteenth century, who really weren't primitive at all. They were highly-trained artists who knew all there was to know about the visual techniques of their day. They were very knowing men—primitive by High Renaissance standards, of course, but not by the standards of their contemporaries. Then there are the primitives of the primitive tribes, like the Gold Coast natives or the Easter Islanders, whose sculpture was almost entirely ritualistic in its intent, and who had developed their techniques to a state of amazing refinement. They too are sophisticated. But then there are the primitives of our own day—the ones we mean when we talk of Grandma Moses from upstate New York—who are merely self-taught painters.

The Grandma Moses kind of primitive painting (which is delightful, indeed) has no great effect on the work of other serious artists. Its repercussions are on minor artists, those who paint the little rural scenes for covers of the *New Yorker*,

and those like Doris Lee who affect primitive simplicity in the evident belief that in so doing they can capture the effect of innocence. (There were eight pages of Doris Lee paintings of Mexico recently in *Life*, if you care to see what I mean.) But the result is to achieve something which is merely cute.

The result of trying to derive art for sophisticated people out of the art of *actually* primitive people is another matter. There was an exhibition recently in New York of the work of a group of painters who live in Haiti and are called primitives. Their paintings are lively and entertaining, and some of them have dignity and spirit. The group of painters whose pictures were shown are working in an art center in Port au Prince, brought there by Mr. DeWitt Peters, who found them and encouraged them by providing a place to work and materials to paint with. The art center is a sort of incubator in reverse; the artists are put in it, but they have to generate their own heat. No attempt is made to train them, for fear that outside influence might take the bloom off their naïveté and thus ruin them as artists. It is the belief of those who are excited about the Haitian primitives that here is a chance to start fresh. Out of this innocence will come a Haitian renaissance which will help to revitalize the art of painting everywhere—or, to quote from the exhibition catalogue: "It is hard to imagine a more thoroughly practical means of re-activating an otherwise increasingly infertile world."

It is a blind alley. That is not the way the arts grow. No new art is going to amount to anything that puts knowledge out of its reach or behind its back. Artists like to meet civilization head on and raise Cain with it with every weapon at their disposal. Art doesn't develop by pretending that weapons don't exist, that techniques are not important, and that ignorance is. But it is easy to be seduced into thinking so—easy, that is, until you come up against the art of a so-called primitive society like that of the Pacific Islanders. They are sophisticated as all get-out. Nothing cute about their art, nothing nostalgic, or child-like, or inept—nothing escapist, either, in an art which is primarily concerned with hard-boiled bargaining with demons.

Summer Music

AT THE Lewisohn Stadium in New York, where an audience of pigeons, passing airplanes, and the people of this city can hear excellent and inexpensive concerts five times a week during most of the summer, the boy selling candy comes by shouting: "Delicious after-dinner mints, delightful before-dinner mints, nutritious *for*-dinner mints. My marshmallow does not stick to the teeth." The atmosphere at the Stadium is a friendly one; at least it seemed so the mild July evening I went up there to hear a concertino by the American composer Frederick Jacobi, whose wife was the soloist (piano), the composer himself sitting beside her on the stage turning the music.

The Stadium concerts, and others like them all over the country—at Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell, at Forest Park in St. Louis, the Esplanade in Boston, and so on—are making music very accessible; and forty cents for a pleasant evening at the Stadium is even less expensive than the money (plus wear-and-tear on your home life) that goes into being owned by a radio. Much as I admire the radio stations that play little but music (and mostly good music) all day long, the canned variety is no substitute for the real thing. Even the pleasure of owning a good album of records is tempered by the inevitable consequence of hearing the same piece always played the same way: competence begins to blend into sterility.

It may be that the very perfection of canned music (performed by great virtuosi under ideal conditions) is one of its principal drawbacks. Shortly after I had been up to the Stadium, I spent a weekend in the Berkshires and went to Tanglewood, where the Boston Symphony has its annual music festival. With a little luck I managed to get into a student concert on Sunday morning, and heard for the first time a complete performance of Bach's "Musical Offering" on a theme given him by Frederick the Great. The students who played were in their late teens and early twenties; they were not infallible, but neither were they unaccomplished. Their attitude was professional, but they performed with humility rather than arro-

gance; they were confident (most of them), but not cocksure. The result was a kind of satisfaction one rarely gets from recorded music or even from the music of a great orchestra heard in concert—it was the delight of listening to music being made for the pleasure of those who were making it.

I do not mean to detract from the music that is to be heard in the big music shed at Tanglewood from one of the greatest (I am told) symphony orchestras in the world. Far from it. Of the several out-of-door settings I have seen, in which orchestras keep busy during what used to be the dull season, Tanglewood is the most pleasant. There is no chance that the grandeur of the music is going to be overwhelmed—as at Red Rocks, in Colorado, for instance—by the grandeur of the landscape. The tremendous and completely functional music shed designed by Saarinen sits tortoise-like on a lawn against a backdrop of elms, maples, and evergreens. The nearby hills are gentle rather than lordly; the Victorian mansion which is the administration building is gray and could do with a coat of paint. A smaller shed built for opera and two practice sheds (one still under construction) are all unpainted wood with their structural members showing—places in which to make music, not glorify it. Tanglewood is what is known as a “beautiful setting,” to be sure, with its yew mazes and its view down the valley in which the Stockbridge Bowl is a reflecting pool for the Berkshire hills—but first of all it is a place to make and listen to music. There is enough elbow room for three orchestras to practice at the same time and to house the headquarters of a school of nearly five hundred serious young musicians from forty states and a number of foreign countries.

But for all its seriousness of purpose there is an air of festivity about it that is shared to some extent by all summer concert places. There is a note of relaxed enjoyment and an intimacy between the performers and the audience that is missing from most formal winter concerts; there is something of the gaiety of the old Saturday night band concert in front of the town hall. You can be pretty sure that nobody is on hand to show off a tiara, or impress the chairman of the board. You know

that you can wander away if you feel like it, or go to sleep—or listen intently. And it is pleasant to be able to chew unashamedly on a marshmallow, especially if it doesn't stick to your teeth.

Bell Music

PRESUMABLY there was a time once when bells—like the primitive statues in the Pacific—were related to real needs. If, like me, you owe everything you know about bells to Dorothy L. Sayers' *The Nine Tailors*, you will at least remember occasions when bells rung in changes (as in the book) seemed musical and appropriate. Once converted to change-ringing—the cascading, mathematical pattern of repeated variations on the scale—you will never quite be satisfied with anything else, least of all with what this country has done with the carillon. We can allow minor lapses: I remember the funeral of five gendarmes at Notre Dame in Paris, accompanied by only a bugle corps and two bells, the two of them pitched so close together that the overtones seemed to swing physically out over the city in great, looping parabolas.

Happening to be in the vicinity of the Juilliard School on this past Fourth of July, I listened for most of the morning to the carillon of Riverside Church, which, in combination with the diminutive architecture of that building, gives it the effect of a tinkling music box. It would be slightly more flattering to say that the bells are played like a *glockenspiel* in a brass band, and on the Fourth, at least, the repertoire was almost identical. I noted down some of the more recognizable tunes: “Summertime,” “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” “Old Black Joe,” and (inevitably) “The Bells of St. Mary's.” It must be said that on other days the selection is limited to hymns, with a purpose that is pious but, I think, misguided. It would advance both music and piety in the helpless neighborhood around 120th Street if the Church and the faculty at Juilliard were to get together, pass out copies of *The Nine Tailors*, and ring a full set of Grandsire Triples. A carillon isn't suited to them, of course, but it might be an improvement.

Margin of Indecision

CULTURAL theories have a way of becoming confused, particularly when you try to apply them to a concrete problem in entertainment economics. No art form has been more universally condemned as culturally intolerable, for example, than the singing commercial—the rock bottom of American vulgarity. Now if radio jingles fill you with hatred, you will certainly be expected to enjoy “The Hucksters,” the movie (as you know) that satirizes singing commercials and the venality of radio advertising. Yet, in advertising this very movie during the month of July, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer went on the radio in the New York area with—logically enough, singing commercials. They were kidded a bit, of course, since the point of this involuted humor is that advertising people in private are traditionally cynical about their own profession. This was the sly dig in the ribs intended for those in the trade. The average listener must have been confused; and I’m confused, myself.

Isn’t it terrible, M-G-M is saying in effect, that some advertisers beat you over the head—like THIS!—and then M-G-M begins to lacerate your nerves and stridently assert itself while in the very process of pretending to despise the whole idea. An alert but anonymous advertising executive quoted in *Variety* was quick to snap up this paradox and represent it as a justification of the singing commercial itself. That is carrying the joke pretty far, even when it’s all in the family, but you must admit that it is difficult to condemn certain techniques for attracting attention if you yourself must attract attention in order to do it. Love that cake and eat it too.

The ironic thing about “The Hucksters” as a movie is that it fails exactly where radio advertising conspicuously succeeds. The singing commercial is a very rigorous art form. Orchestras which specialize in it will spend as long as two hours to make a record that will last thirty seconds on the air; special musicians, ranging from Philharmonic violinists to bebop trumpeters, will be hired to produce the particular emotional toning needed for each rhyme

and couplet. It is precise communication, which “The Hucksters” very definitely is not. The movie may seem at first to be less complicated than the book; we are not treated to quite so deep an exploration of the advertising psyche, and Good and Evil are more restricted to their respective corners of the ring. Yet somehow the fight never comes off. I came away with the impression not that the movie had pulled its punches but that none of them had landed. Mr. Gable’s short sermon on radio, dragged in by the grotesque device of having him dictate it to his secretary, is only as much to the point as the many letters all of us have written but never mailed. You are never quite sure what it is you are supposed to be excited about, who it is Mr. Gable is addressing.

How this state of affairs can come about is perhaps indicated by one other exhibit I should like to submit: it is the final shooting script of “Duel in the Sun,” an unpretentious novel turned very pretentious on the screen. The final script is a book of many colors; on the front page of this one is a simple key:

Yellow pages are always temporary. White pages are final. Should there be any corrections on these, they will be made in pink. Should there be any corrections on the pink, these will be on green. Corrections on green are blue.

Now (if you don’t mind following this) I counted 55 yellow pages (temporary) and 110 white pages (final) in the “Duel in the Sun” script. But there were also 51 pink pages (corrections on white and/or yellow), 16 green pages (corrections on pink), and 4 blue pages (corrections on green). Perhaps you can reach a figure on your own, but I took the matter up with a statistician-philosopher whose judgment I respect, and he concluded that a good case could be made for this assumption: that the producer working with the final script had at least a 57 per cent certainty as to what he was up to. The 43 per cent not accounted for may represent the vagueness-quotient we will have to expect from Hollywood. The only other possibility is that it represents a long-needed statistic for the amount of pure, unorganized talent that sometimes creeps into movies by mistake. How’s that for cultural theory?

— Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

WORKERS IN MONUMENTAL BRASS

Jacques Barzun

WHEN the house is cleared, that is, when the important figures have been shoveled under at public expense, and the world-shaking events are forgotten, especially and repeatedly by schoolboys, and the big books that everyone had to read are offered for ten cents on sidewalk stalls, the one thing left by the scavengers of waste is usually a small volume of shorthand notes on what took place, written by an obscure young man who posthumously grows into a great poet. Only through Homer or Blake, Shelley or Milton, Villon or Hardy, do we seem to be able to find out what happened. We learn much else from knowing them, but surely the most remarkable thing is the discovery that the ideal substance for taking and holding the impress of time is poetry—particularly when it is not purposely trying to do it.

These reflections occurred to me as I read the last prose words in Mr. W. H. Auden's new poem, *The Age of Anxiety* (Random House, \$2.50): "he returned to duty, reclaimed by the actual world where time is real, and in which therefore poetry can take no interest." The magnificent semi-pastoral, semi-naturalistic drama which ends thus stands of course in direct contradiction to what has just been quoted from it. The very title, "Age of Anxiety," roots it in our generation; the scene is wartime New York, and the four characters speak the speech of their decade, be it slang, advertising slogans, or military allusion. One says: "Time flies." "No," rejoins another,

Time returns, a continuous Now
As the clock counts.

The paradox of a continuous Now that grows dim and has to be recorded perhaps explains how it is that poetry is at once so absurd and so imperishably truthful a me-

dium. What distinguishes poetry from poet-astering is that it uses, not description, which is single-eyed and flat, but vision, which is binocular. The poet always keeps half of himself elsewhere than in the present scene, and sees things as they must be rather than as (we say) they are. This is why we do not recognize them—or him. Having also kept his tongue uninhibited, the poet speaks of things with analogical freedom. He does not go after images, but prevents his local mind from excluding the obvious ones that come. To take a simple example, Mr. Auden lights up a dark side of our paper-fed civilization when he includes the (*italicized*) "vision" in a commonplace "observation":

. . . forward into
Tidy utopias of eternal spring,
Vitamins, villas, *visas* for dogs,
And art for all . . ."

Or again, what Darwin spent a lifetime stuttering:

the corporate greed of quiet vegetation

I have called poetry absurd as well as truthful because it is continually taking a chance that its vision and its speech shall turn out nonsensical and false. The poet is ridiculous or sublime as the figure skater would be who was never allowed to practice, but must skim for his life over untried surfaces and hidden perils. Do we not say the poet *falls* into bathos, prose, sententiousness, gibberish? Language betrays him. Why then does he tamper with it so childishly—rime, alliteration, inversion, mixed metaphor, knotty syntax? But this is a question we no longer dare ask when every jive gabbler, columnist, thief, and advertiser usurps the right to make new words or twist old ones. The drugstore can flaunt "cheeseburger"; why shouldn't Mr. Auden say "hideola"? We can understand him with a

little effort akin to digestion. All poetry is difficult because it tries to thicken again, and restore, the experiences we dilute and distort through habit and conventional speech.

Whence it is the fate of certain poems to become shorthand notes on history. I have not the slightest doubt that when books analyzing our plight are read only by candidates for degrees, Auden's eclogue will be quoted, in bits, as a sufficient token of our times. His very forms and turns will mean all that we try to say in long chapters. And this implies that besides knowledge he gives pleasure. Fashioned as a dialogue in various settings, real and imaginary, the poem contains songs of all kinds, soliloquies, catalogues, transformation scenes, action and philosophizing in prose. The bulk of it is written in alliterative verse with four accents to a line, handled with such virtuosity that it never drums in your ear: just compare it with *Beowulf*. The substance is enormously rich in allusion, sound, and intellectual power. There has been nothing like Auden's shower of ideas in poetry since Hardy's death, and it is no wonder that the competition he represents for his admiring colleagues has sometimes made them live beyond their intellectual income.

This is not to say that *The Age of Anxiety* preaches or teaches. It is a philosophical poem as *Hamlet* is, or *The Darkling Thrush*. Its purport, or rather its preoccupation, is stated in these lines about man:

That field of force where he feels he thinks,
His past present, presupposing death,
Must ask what he is in order to be
And make meaning by omission and stress,
Avid of elseness. All that exists
Matters to man; he minds what happens
And feels he is at fault, a fallen soul
With power to place, to explain every
What in his world but why he is neither
God nor good, this guilt his insoluble
Final fact, infusing his private
Nexus of needs, his noted aims with
Incomprehensible comprehensive dread
At not being what he knows that before
This world was he was willed to become.

This concern is a modification of the dogma of original sin, and though Auden makes his attitude toward it seem at times perversely helpless ("Many have perished, more will") it is so productive of poetry and truth that one gladly yields the doctrinal point. It is in any case personally felt, as I often suspect that another attitude of Auden's is not. I mean

the relapse into the too-easy humor of our modern egotists, as for instance, in speaking of the beast within us:

each contributes his
Personal panic, his predatory note
To her gregarious grunt as she gropes in the dark
For her lost lollypop.

The lollypop is a leftover of Eliotish conceit, a sign of our contemporary mind in a very different sense from the poetical. Of such images future readers will say what we say of certain annoying tricks in earlier poets—word-play in the Elizabethan, nature-mongering in the Romantic—"there they go again." It is only fair to add that this fault occurs but seldom in Auden, and that he atones for its affectation by triumphs of simplicity which, again, only a Hardy could encompass. Imagine getting away with the commonplace and the pedantry of:

Past vice and virtue, surviving both,
Through pluvial periods, paroxysms
Of wind and wet . . .

Thanks to just this unrivaled ear for the blessedly vulgar in vocabulary and rhythm, Auden can modulate from bawdy songs (which the censor will not catch) to the involved pessimism of the climacteric question, how we shall end:

By any natural
Fascination of frost or flood, or from the artful
Obliterating bang whereby God's rebellious image
After thousands of thankless years spent in thinking
about it,

Finally finds a solid
Proof of its independence?

For pessimism and naturalism and virtuosity, *The Age of Anxiety* makes one think of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, but one hopes that it will not hold the corresponding, that is, final place in the canon of Auden's works. From the greatest living poet in English, we expect, we require, in his mid-flight, numerous, vast, and unpredictable conceptions.

Green Laurels or Ectoplasm?

Though Mr. C. Day Lewis prefaces his translation of Vergil's *Georgics* (Oxford, \$2.50) with stanzas beginning:

Poets are not much in demand these days
the few years since the war have proved the
opinion false. When I spoke before of the
poet's posthumous greatness, I was thinking
of quiet careers which do not exclude the
possibility of at least moderate esteem while
alive—witness Auden and Day Lewis them-

Lloyd Lewis

author of *SHERMAN: FIGHTING PROPHET* and *MYTHS AFTER LINCOLN*, is also an engaging raconteur and popular columnist. These anecdotes, personality sketches, explorations of history, and tales of famous and obscure Americans have been collected from Mr. Lewis's writings of over two decades.

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selves. As to the demand for poetry in bulk, it is genuine though hard to measure. The stack of slim volumes now rising between me and the sun is a six months' crop which for merit and publishing courage compares very favorably with any other branch of literature. The public's craving may be small, but its hopes are enormous, and given a chance it finds a variety of uses for poets, dead or alive. Even without Mr. Bromfield's modest introduction, written with one hand on the plow, Vergil's *Georgics* in Mr. Lewis's English would, I am sure, find sympathetic readers. Farming is a subject almost as sacred as Lincoln or dogs, and the translator has adroitly damped the hexameter sing-song: he has kept the accents but varied the intervals and used short lines. He has also avoided as far as possible the didactic tone which made eighteenth-century poems on the sugar cane or the loves of the plants unintentionally comic. The vision Mr. Lewis sought was Virgilian first, and a little bit Lucretian after. We can stand

Begin, and go on sowing up to midwinter frosts
if more often we get

It's wise also to burn sweet juniper in the byres

Another poet, both new and old, who is offered us in plentiful translation is Baudelaire. The Citadel Press reprints, with selections from Verlaine and Rimbaud, part of Arthur Symons' version of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. (\$3.) This translation has by now acquired the merit of being traditional, just as it has always had that of being accurate and firm. But the effort to rime and reproduce Baudelaire's diction makes all metrical rimed versions unsatisfactory. This is still true of C. F. MacIntyre's semi-modern rendering of one hundred of the poems. (California Press, \$5.) The cause lies largely in the original. Baudelaire, whatever belated symbolist readers may think, is a poet of very limited range. He has two or three themes and relatively few images at his disposal; he is a specialist, whose intensity comes from a verbal concentration that admirably conveys an obsessional, myopic vision. Both his words and his masochism have appealed to, and influenced modern poets, and through them have prepared an enlarging circle of readers for whom sensuality in reverse is by now nothing new. The upshot is that the translator cannot play about with synonyms. If Baudelaire says *charogne*, the translator must say

"carrion," whatever meter or rime requires. To do anything else would be to—dare I say?—bowdlerize the text. Mr. Geoffrey Wagner has understood this and acted accordingly in the free forms he has adopted in his *New Directions* version (\$1.50). Unfortunately his sense of the poetry of the original is not equaled by his knowledge of French, and he makes rather too many serious blunders. It is not the first time that Baudelaire has so shaken the nerves of his admirers that they take subject for object and cut his meaning down to their shortage of grammar. And speaking of shortage, the *New Directions* volume states in only one spot, on the jacket only, that the book contains but a few of the *Flowers*. To make up, however, it prints the French text opposite.

Poetical Non-Poets

One has no sooner satisfied a critical itch by defining poetry than the definition crumbles at the touch of unexpected fact. If any man ever had vision and the knack of uninhibited wording, it was Herman Melville. Well, all his poetry excepting *Clarel* is now available in a fat volume (Hendricks House, \$4)—the first publication in a long-needed edition of Melville's complete works. The perusal of this collection shows that despite inspiration and effort, Melville was no poet. There is something worth listening to on every page, but no single piece really *sounds*. The only parallels to this anomaly, so far as I know, are Thoreau and Nietzsche, whose verses arouse only to disappoint. Bunyan is in a separate class, because his metrical bits are simply doggerel. Melville's are not; they are betwixt and between—often superior in force and vision to some of the genuine poetry of his period, yet incompletely fused. One explanation, not only for Melville but for Thoreau and Nietzsche, might be that they lacked the necessary power of fashioning a free technique in an age committed to regularity. Put Melville's raw powers in the field *now* and we might see wonders.

Which does not mean that freedom is easy. On the contrary it betrays all those whose thought might conceivably hold itself up in stays. Mr. Vincent McHugh's *The Blue Hen's Chickens* (Random House, \$2.50) is a case in point. If it had not been for the presence in his volume of some harmless priapics, his book would hardly have stood out in the year's output. For Mr. McHugh, whose "65

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poems in various idioms" are pleasant enough, seems to be satisfied by direct recital, by the simple enumeration of the things he likes. This is frequently a reader's notion of what poetry is—Rupert Brooke's "The Great Lover"—but it is a misconception of what simple enumeration means in Blake or Keats. Mr. McHugh, like the common reader, has not found out what the items ought to shadow forth. This is what makes the "Catullus" suite for which the book has been incriminated quite insignificant and even unexciting. When he tries his more solemn voice, we get a hollow resonance of this kind:

Old lions
Be with us now
We clench hands in the black mane
The weight of the great shoulder beside us.

Pleasure for a Little Pains

How infinitely preferable are the tortuosities of Frederick Mortimer Clapp, whose latest collection *The Seeming Real* (Harper, \$2.50) may well strike some readers as the seeming impossible. The point is that it is not. These tight, allusive, cross-hatched, unmelodious (but not unmelodic) poems are worth every effort; for this effort once made, it begins to look as if it had never been necessary. Besides, there is no compulsion to begin reading a poet on page one. Turn to "Private Park" and you will find:

an old man from his youth insane
taps his chair arm with his thumb,
taps vacantly,
while Mozart's ordered consonance of passion
raises on the guarded air of his reclusion
the nimble architectures of sound
out of unhesitant hired strings
quickened and expiring.

Then come the great lines

Motionless in the amber of his madness
himself the shape and meaning of his world,
he sits.

By then you are ready for the title poem, which is an extension of the madman's plight to include the sane, giving us by the way Mr. Clapp's philosophic bent:

All seeing your own you in what you touch and see
thins out the seeming real, anemic foster child
of a seducing contemplation.

The mannerisms of George Barker's *Love Poems* (Dial, \$2) bear a superficial resemblance to these and other poets' packed lines, but they do not seem to me to redeem the poems from triviality. Irregular word order,

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suspended verbs, spastic accents, in themselves neither good nor bad, do not even serve to jab the reader awake when he repeatedly finds them decorating stale thoughts and flat impressions. Once in a while the poet himself relaxes into what looks like the first unimpressive form of all his thoughts:

Love fills the universe with victories more appalling
Than avalanche, volcanoes, or all wars. Its rule
Tyrannicidal. And its purposes transcend appraisal. . . .

What Love destroys, Pity always restores.

This is to parody the Psalms. At least Robert Frost, when he repeats tricks as in *Steeple Bush* (Holt, \$2.50), is speaking his native tongue. His tripping iambuses, almost afraid of a trisyllable or a slurred accent, admirably suit the defiant shyness and friendly scorn with which he greets the universe. He can modulate, too, from canniness to eloquence:

Inside the brain

Two memories that long had lain,
Now quivered toward each other, lipped
Together and together slipped;
And for a moment all was plain
That men have thought about in vain.
Please, my involuntary host,
Forgive me if I seem to boast.
'Tis possible you may have seen,
Albeit through a rusty screen
The same sign Heaven showed your guest.
Each knows his own discernment best.

Frost carries on, besides, the old tradition of epigram about public affairs that our moderns prefer to neglect or to veil in myths. Frost says outright, and quite unpopularity, I should imagine

States strong enough to do good are but few
. . . The most the small
Can ever give us is a nuisance brawl.

Cognate Matters

The poet laureate has done an original and a useful thing. He has published notes he took on re-reading Rossetti. I do not agree with all Mr. Masefield's judgments, but I believe *Thanks Before Going* (Macmillan, \$3) should set a precedent for critical practice: it makes us re-read, and were such publications frequent they would illuminate literary opinion by forcing us to *compare notes*. In addition, the volume opens with four pages on the Romantic Movement which are as terse and true as anything that has been said on the subject.

On the same topic Mr. Stephen Spender is not nearly so right; in fact he is quite wrong,

but his anthology of *Romantic Poetry* (Dial Press, \$4) is a pleasant collection excellently printed. It includes Beddoes, which is a fine thing, and takes Byron seriously again, which is about time, but where is Burns? For the rest of the predictable poets, the anthologist arbitrarily limits "romantic" to "romance" or "fantasy." This is not, *pace* Mr. Spender, "to illustrate romanticism and the Romantic Movement" but to reduce it to a preconceived idea. Could the publishers, incidentally, be persuaded not to print on the spine of such volumes the odious phrase, "A Permanent Library Book"—or is it there as a warning to would-be borrowers?

Another "P.L.B." about which I have no reservation but the presence of this label, is Dudley Fitts's *Greek Plays in Modern Translation* (Dial-Dryden, \$3.75). After an opening essay which includes a classic statement on the art of translating, Mr. Fitts reprints the versions he and Robert Fitzgerald have previously published, plus Francis Fergusson's *Electra*, Yeats's *Oedipus*, and six others. Some of the authors have added notes at the back, Fergusson's practical remarks on staging being especially valuable.

After Greek drama at first hand (or nearly), consult Maxwell Anderson's *Off Broadway* (Wm. Sloane, \$2.50), of which three essays deal with the tragic poet in the theater. Mr. Anderson is full of knowledge, which he has both acted and reflected on. He writes far better prose in his essays than in his plays and with it he establishes the rightness of his intent about poetic drama, in the teeth of any unhappy memory one may have of his stage verse. Moreover, his opening "Thoughts about Critics" and his confession about Shaw do honor to his judgment and candor—altogether a small book but by a wise man.

Per contra, *Lady Gregory's Journals*, edited by Lennox Robinson (Macmillan, \$3), deal less fully or clearly with the Abbey Theatre than one could wish. Her diary was certainly not meant for publication and it is correspondingly hard to read. Her style reminds one of conversations in certain close-knit family groups, once described as "households where pronouns count for nothing." Who's being talked of now? Lady Gregory's editor proffers little help. Still, some of the portraits are worth having—Yeats, James Stephens, Mrs. Jack Gardner, and "Georgie Shaw," the real playboy of the Western World. Lacking more Abbey gossip, console yourself with two

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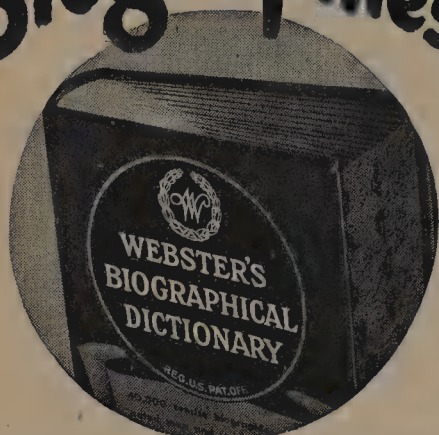
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solid works: *One Thousand Years of Irish Poetry* (Devin-Adair, \$5) edited by Kathleen Hoagland, and *The Metaphysical Society* by Alan W. Brown (Columbia, \$4). This last is an account of a famous English discussion group, whose debates on nineteenth-century problems substantiate what some people, with the aid of *Time* magazine, have begun to find out—that the Victorian period was a golden age of intellect.

Books in Brief

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

*Fiction**Second Growth*, by Wallace Stegner.

There are always outcasts in any society; people thought queer because they don't conform. Some outgrow their environment, seek to escape, and are looked on askance; others come to a place bringing alien ideas and are never completely absorbed. And Mr. Toynbee's clash of cultures goes on at nearly every level. . . . Mr. Stegner presents a variety of conflicts. His warring societies are the intellectuals and city folk who invade, as summer people, a tiny New England village and never thoroughly understand, or are understood by, the farm people of the village. His outcasts are, first, the young school teacher who was born in the village, has been away to college, and has returned to teach, not gladly. Second, a young Russian tailor, an unorthodox Jew, and his Jewish New York wife. And third, a young farm boy who through long talks with one of the sympathetic young school principals in the summer colony learns to long for wider horizons and the outside world. Of these three interlocking struggles for acceptance or freedom, against the background of the unspoken conflict between the summer and the village people, this novel is built. It is meant, I believe, to be a hopeful novel, and in terms of stating basic questions, perhaps it is. But to this reader it does not quite succeed, perhaps because of the multiplicity of themes; perhaps because of the lack of solution in terms of the characters themselves. One escapes the village by suicide; one is tentatively accepted because of a single heroic act; the third is brave enough to leave only when an accident forces his decision. But hopeful or not, the author of *Big Rock Candy Mountain* has produced a novel in which there is great beauty of writing and

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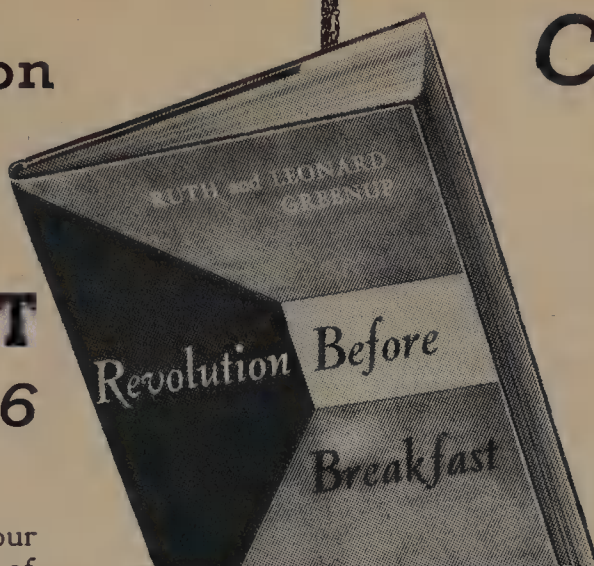
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The Eagle on the Plain, by Victor Wolfson.

Here, too, are people who would not conform and could not belong. But whereas Mr. Stegner's New Hampshire village becomes unreal through being too photographic, Mr. Wolfson's Plutarchus, a New York hamlet falling into decay when it is bypassed by the new concrete highway, becomes unreal through being too shadowy and unlikelike. This may be because the story is told through an "outlander," a retired school teacher who wants very much to be accepted by the villagers and never is. His personality stands ever-present between the reader and the other characters, never allowing them to take on dimensions of their own. It is the "dear reader" technique in modern dress, and it still explains and protests too much, interfering with the pace of the story. The story in itself is slow-moving, though unusual in the extreme. Poggi Brenero, son of an Italian bootlegger, has too much pride and personality to be contented with the village life. He needs to escape and his attempt is startling and wonderful, if somewhat incredible. There is a Paul Bunyan quality in it, slightly crossed with the Rover Boys, though the end is inevitably catastrophic as poor Poggi, symbol of all Plutarchus, has the spirit but lacks from the beginning the equipment to defeat the conditions which bind him. The thesis is important and there is so much brilliant, wise, and beautiful writing that one resents the devices which keep one from caring about the characters or taking their actions seriously.

Simon & Schuster, \$2.75

The Steeper Cliff, by David Davidson.

This is the story of Lieutenant Cooper of the U. S. Military Government in Germany, whose job is to find non-Nazi Germans to edit the newspapers in his area. Lieutenant Cooper, trapped within his own fear of fear (through his cowardly act as a child, a friend had lost his life), sets about judging other men who, during years of oppression, either have or have not had the courage to resist. He finds one man—or rather finds his history—with whom he becomes so identified (even to falling in love, in rather sublimated fashion, with his wife) that he knows his mission is to find Adam Lorenz though it means defying his superior officer and giving up the woman he has

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come to love. . . . If this sounds incredible, it doesn't seem so as one reads, except, perhaps, for the relationship with the wife, Brigitte. But the subject, man's conquest of the fear of fear, is treated with such intensity and intelligent seriousness that the excitement of story and idea never lets down. This is a first novel and the author, concerned as he is with basic verities and apparently thoroughly at ease in the writer's craft, is one to watch.

Random House, \$3

Non-fiction

The Last Days of Hitler, by H. R. Trevor-Roper.

This material was collected for an official report by a young British Intelligence officer (now a teacher at Christ Church, Oxford) sent under orders in September 1945 to find the real truth as to what happened to Hitler. . . . What he found is the stuff of history. Some of it seems almost the stuff of comic opera, too—for instance, the story of Hitler's tea party for Mussolini on the day of the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20, 1944, interrupted by Hitler's maniacal speech while footmen, dressed in white, continued to pass the teacups. This is part of the background material called "Hitler and His Court." But by far the largest part of the book is devoted to the actual last days in the bunker; the news of the defeat; the way the various members of the "court" reacted; the marriage of Hitler and his mistress; the suicide. One sentence, describing the last meeting which Himmler held on May 5, 1945, will serve to give the flavor of the writing: "Like obsolete dinosaurs, moving inappropriately in the wrong geological age, they gathered at his headquarters—high S.S. and police leaders, Obergruppenfuehrer and Gruppenfuehrer, heads of now defunct organisations, sustained only by portentous titles, the memory of vanished authority and absurd illusions." . . . It is epic and monumental reporting. Book of the Month, August.

Macmillan, \$3

Richer by Asia, by Edmond Taylor.

The author of *The Strategy of Terror* has always been preoccupied with the ideas that influence men's minds. His job in the office of Strategic Services took him to India, thus exposing him to ways of thought unfamiliar to his Western mind. His serious efforts to understand "Oriental" thinking and living are all

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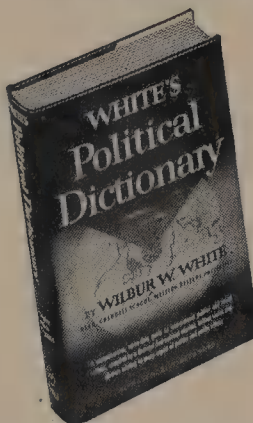
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shown in these pages. The influence upon him of this spiritual adventure was apparently profound. If parts of the book seem both naïve and tortured, and other parts obscure, there is much that contributes toward East-West understanding (chapters, for instance, like "The Sickness of Being a Sahib") and there are many entertaining anecdotes about the work, the attitudes, and the colleagues—including Lord Mountbatten—in his Indian experience. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75

Report on the Germans, by W. L. White

After reading two recent books on Buchenwald, *Forest of The Dead*, and *The Other Kingdom* (reviewed in these columns last month), not to mention the novel, *The Steeper Cliff* (noted above), one comes on Mr. White's book with a kind of wild surprise. His point is simply that all Germans aren't bad; they are just frightened human beings like anybody else. And his plea is that we "permit a free and democratic Germany to emerge from the present chaos, in which this industrious and talented people may work and enjoy the fruits of their labors on an equal basis with other nations." Many who, unlike Mr. White, have not had a six-weeks' trip to Germany (plus a childhood visit there) to inform themselves on the fairly complicated German psyche, could join in this pious wish, though their approach might be different. But Mr. White has no suggestions as to how this miracle is to be brought about. Nor does his "research" give the slightest evidence that the German people are now eager and ready to co-operate in bringing it to pass. His findings seem seriously limited, his hopes premature, to say the least. The author of *Report on the Russians* is entitled to his opinion, of course, but one does not feel that he has documented it convincingly in this book. Harcourt, \$3

The Co-operative Challenge, by Bertram B. Fowler.

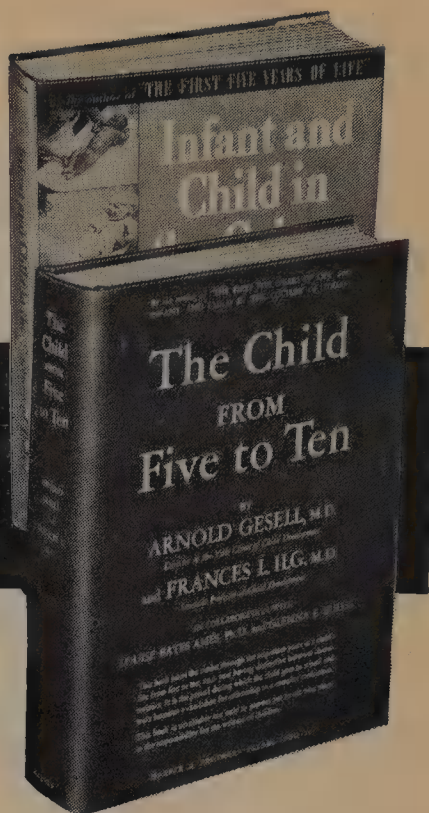
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Rebecca West

Austria: Once Liberated, Twice Shy

John W. Vandercook

W Somerset Maugham and Posterity

Glenway Wescott

Why the Professor Fell Out of Bed

Carl Binger

Stories by Graham Greene, John Burgan, Ralph McGill

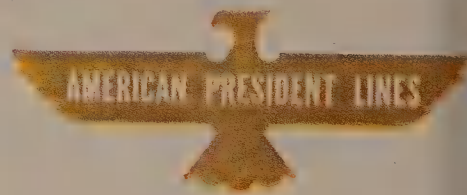
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Harper's Magazine: Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 40 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year. Vol. 195. Serial No. 1169. Issue for October 1947. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as Second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

Coming next month in . . .

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MAGAZINE

AFTER a recent lecture tour in this country, *Barbara Ward*, a staff member of Britain's much-admired, brilliantly-written *The Economist*, returned home, took a cold, hard look at what's happening there, and in her article answers the questions about Britain most Americans want answered.

COLONEL RENÉ HARDY would perhaps have been a little unorthodox for an E. Philips Oppenheim thriller. The colonel was first accused of betraying to the Gestapo his fellow leaders in the French resistance movement, after which he was completely cleared and became an official of the Free French government in Algiers and Paris; then he was re-arrested, was again acquitted, and finally confessed. *Theodore Draper's* account of Hardy's career, incredible as it is, happens to be completely true.

THEN, too, *Virgil Thomson*, the distinguished music critic, asks "Is Reviewing Fun?" *John W. Aldridge*, a young writer himself, thinks the important new novelists aren't going to head for the left bank of the Seine, and he doesn't see much chance of a new "lost generation" in literature. Mr. Aldridge's delightfully penetrating article presents some new and challenging ideas about present-day writers and writing. Included in our fiction line-up is a story by *Maxwell Arnold* with the intriguing title, "Never Hit a Cripple"; *Niccolò Tucci* returns with "The Rain Came Last," and *Seymour Freedgood's* story of India is called "The Holy Man in Blue Sneakers." If we had the space, we'd mention some of the other articles, short stories, poems, and departments. We haven't—and some of the best things are still so uncertain as to timing that we'd rather not talk about them yet.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly; 40 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year; two years, \$8.00; three years, \$10.00. Foreign \$1.00 a year additional. Volume 195, Serial No. 1169. Issue for October, 1947. Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union labor at the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16. Copyright 1947 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to 49 East 33rd St., New York 16.

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YOU'LL be interested to know that National Flower Week, to be celebrated November 2 to 9, is sponsored by the Society of American Florists—"a nonprofit organization, chartered by special act of Congress, as an educational and eleemosynary association." In connection with this celebration the association has published a booklet called *Flower Facts and Fancies* which, as the first paragraph tells you, was "prepared after many months of research" by Bozell and Jacobs, Inc., serving as the Association's public relations department. (Which reminds us that one of these days P & O is going to divulge its ruminations about the public relations profession. But more of that anon.)

Flower Facts and Fancies is designed to supply, among other things, "useful flower information" to be disseminated to the public through the press, national magazines, and radio, and we're happy to assure its promoters that, as they hoped, we did not lay it down until we had "read it from cover to cover." But the pages that interested us most were those dealing with the language of flowers, or—as we specialists know it—florigraphy. As the booklet says, certain flowers have acquired accepted meanings from which a "language of flowers" has evolved, and for the benefit of those who want to "say it with flowers" the booklet gives the vocabulary which the Society recently compiled "in answer to a great popular demand."

To old florigraphers like ourselves the Society's vocabulary is, to say the least, a disappointment. For one thing, it is shockingly incomplete. The meanings of only twenty-four kinds of flowers are listed, and many of the commonest (like candytuft, foxglove, geranium, hyacinth, and marigold) are missing. Worse yet, it is apparently quite arbitrary in assigning meanings to those flowers it does

list; and right here is where the neophyte in these matters can get into a peck of trouble.

You should know, we feel, that the language of flowers has been the subject of serious study for centuries. Both the Greeks and the Romans carried it to a very high degree of development, but some authorities trace it to much earlier origins in Arabia. In our own country numerous vocabularies were published during the nineteenth century, and it got to the point where whole sentences and even paragraphs could be communicated by bouquets appropriately arranged. In James D. McCabe's *National Encyclopædia of Business and Social Forms*, published in Hartford in 1880, for instance, we find that if a young man sent a young lady a bouquet of oleander, white fly-trap, rhododendron, and sweet pea (reading from left to right) it would mean "Beware of deceit. Danger is near. Depart."

Danger, as a matter of fact, would indeed be near, for there seems to be a good deal of disagreement among the vocabulary-makers as to what the various flowers mean. They even get mixed up themselves. In the bouquet quoted above, for example, Mr. McCabe indicates that the sweet pea means *depart*, but if the bouquet's recipient looked up sweet pea in McCabe's own vocabulary she would find it listed as *delicate pleasures*, which might be quite confusing. Worse yet, it might happen that in transit the sweet pea got jounced around so that it was reversed. Now when a flower is reversed, according to McCabe, its original meaning is contradicted; so the sweet pea, reversed, would presumably mean *indelicate pleasures*, and the chances are that the young lady would never speak to the young man again.

One of the most complete flower vocabularies we have found was published in Thomas E. Hill's *Manual of Social and Business Forms*,

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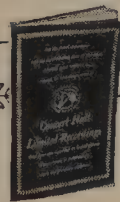
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originally published in Chicago in 1873 and reissued repeatedly thereafter for thirty years or more. He really did the thing up brown; there's almost nothing you can't say with a list of over three hundred and fifty flowers, including the bladder tree (*frivolous amusements*) and persimmons (*bury me amid Nature's beauties*). Even with Hill's vocabulary in hand, however, you won't be safe. Suppose, for instance, you liked a young lady's singing and sent her a tuberose because Hill says it means *sweet voice*. She would immediately turn to her copy of Hill's *Manual* and discover that the tuberose also means *dangerous pleasure; voluptuousness*, and who is to say which interpretation she'd be pleased to put upon it?

On the whole, you're reasonably safe if both parties to the transaction use the same vocabulary. The real trouble comes when you both rely on different florigraphers. Take the following exchange of sentiments as given by Hill:

"The gentleman presents a Red Rose—'I love you.' [So far all is well. McCabe and the Society of American Florists both agree on this meaning.] The lady admits a partial reciprocation of the sentiment by returning a Purple Pansy—'You occupy my thoughts.' [We're still on solid ground. The Society's version would be 'I'm thinking of you'; but the general idea is clear. With Hill's next step, however, we're in for trouble.] The gentleman presses his suit with an Everlasting Pea . . ." That's a tough one, that is. Of course, the gentleman, being a Hill man himself, thinks he has said "Wilt thou go with me?" But if the young lady goes by McCabe's vocabulary she will understand him to have said something about *lasting pleasure*, which is an agreeable enough idea but wouldn't necessarily send her tripping upstairs to pack her bag. If she had to depend on the Society of American Florists' vocabulary, she'd have quite a hard time of it. The only peas they list are the sweet ones, and they mean "Thank you for a lovely time," which—in this context—might sound like a polite brush-off.

This sort of thing could become pretty upsetting after a while. A white rose, according to the Society, means either "You're heavenly" or "You're innocent." But McCabe says it means "I am worthy of you," and Hill says it means "silence"—unless it's a bud, in which case it means "too young to love." Even the flowers you'd think you could count

on can let you down. According to McCabe, forget-me-nots don't mean what you'd suppose; they mean "true love." If you want to say "forget me not" in his lingo you have to use mouse-eared scorpion grass. To which any right-minded young female would surely answer, in the same dialect, with a snapdragon ("presumption"; also "no").

It's understandable under the circumstances, but still regrettable, that even the Society of American Florists can't make up its mind what its merchandise signifies. Elsewhere in *Flower Facts and Fancies* it gives a list of "Flowers of the Month" and their sentiments. On that list carnations (January) mean "constancy," whereas in the vocabulary of flower language they mean all kinds of things from "I'm carrying the torch for you" to "You have disappointed me," depending on their color. The members of the Society can follow our lead, though, and take the marigolds out of their hair (in McCabe's dialect signifying "mental anguish") and pin them on their bosoms ("indifference"). As for the rest of you, there's always pencil and paper and the U. S. mail.

Journalism and Creation

A FEW years ago, in December 1942, to be exact, Wallace Stegner wrote an essay for *Harper's* entitled "Is The Novel Done For?" The phenomenon which prompted the question was, of course, the decline of novel-writing (and of short-story writing, for that matter) and the rise of reporting and personal-experience narratives which was so characteristic of the time. And a year and a half later Diana Trilling—writing on more or less the same general subject—observed that current writing seemed to indicate that there had been a curious reversal of roles between fiction and non-fiction, journalism having taken over some of the prime duties of imaginative writing. It was journalism, not fiction, she noted, that gave us our drama and told us about people and—in books like Ernie Pyle's—even supplied us with "our objects of admiration and our objects for identification—the heroes who have disappeared from fiction."

Despite the apparent triumph of journalism, however, neither Mr. Stegner nor Mrs. Trilling believed that it could ever take the place of fiction. As Mrs. Trilling put it, "There is

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still one sphere that journalism cannot penetrate—the moral sphere, which is uniquely the province of the novel. No matter how much of an illusion journalism can give us of reporting all of reality, reality is finally composed of moral elements that are not to be rendered by mere reporting.”

P & O wholeheartedly agrees that without “moral imagination” great literature is impossible. If by reporting we are to understand something devoid of this moral imagination, journalism—except in times of crisis when mere facts look more important than truth—will never displace the novel or the short story as those forms have been handled by writers like Dostoevski, Dickens, and Hawthorne. “Mere reporting,” in this sense, has much the same relation to a great novel as the average photograph has to a Rembrandt.

But neither photography nor journalism is by nature restricted to such limits. Both are techniques—having their roots, incidentally, in the technical and social actualities of our own time—which can be used as indiscriminately and meaninglessly as the techniques of fiction are ordinarily used; but in the hands of a Brady or a Stieglitz or a Walker Evans photography becomes, in its own way, a magnificent vehicle for creative vision, and it is high time that someone pointed out that journalism also, on occasion, becomes a fine art.

All of this is a roundabout way of introducing “The Meaning of Treason” (p. 289) by *Rebecca West*. Anyone who read Miss West’s bi-monthly column in *Harper’s* during 1944 and 1945, or her articles in the *New Yorker*, will at once recognize that these were something quite different from “mere journalism.” In this month’s leading article, which will later be included as the epilogue to a collection of her reports on postwar treason trials to be published by the Viking Press, Miss West seems to us to have raised journalism to a level of creative power that contemporary fiction rarely, if ever, attains.

More Personal Than Otherwise

■ ■ ■ When war broke out in 1939 *John W. Vandercook* (“Austria: Once Liberated, Twice Shy,” p. 294) happened to be in Germany. He *might* have been almost anywhere, for at one time or another since 1925 he has been in seventy-three different coun-

tries, a number of which have provided material for his magazine articles and books. (The best-known of the latter are probably *Black Majesty*, 1928, a biographical study of King Henri Christophe of Haiti, and *Murder in Trinidad*, 1933, a detective story which was made into a movie.)

From 1940 to 1946 he was a radio commentator, and as such visited a number of war theaters. He was present at the break-out offensive from the Anzio beachhead in Italy; he landed on the Normandy beachhead on D-Day plus 3; he saw the opening of the Buchenwald concentration camp; and he watched the final battle for Leipzig. This spring and summer he returned to Europe, visiting France, Switzerland, and Austria.

● ● ● *Glenway Wescott’s* discussion of “Somerset Maugham and Posterity” (p. 302) is the first of an informal series of articles on writers by writers that we plan to run from time to time in coming months. (Katherine Anne Porter, for instance, is at work on a study of Gertrude Stein; and V. S. Pritchett, whose stories have frequently appeared in *Harper’s* and whose recent volume, *It May Never Happen*, has attracted considerable attention, will contribute an article about Arthur Koestler.)

Mr. Wescott is Wisconsin-born, but has lived a good deal of his creative life abroad. Most of his first novel, *The Apple of the Eye*, 1924, was written in Germany; *The Grandmothers*, 1927, and *Goodbye, Wisconsin*, 1928, were written in France. Since 1934 he has lived in this country and has published *The Pilgrim Hawk*, 1940—one of the very few novels to be serialized in *Harper’s* in recent years—and *Apartment in Athens*, 1945, which was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Somerset Maugham is, as Mr. Wescott observes, one of the few distinguished writers of our time who has held to the belief that it is an author’s first obligation to be entertaining. Maugham himself has repeatedly argued in his comments about literature that “reading should be a pleasure.” It is an agreeable coincidence, therefore, to find—right next to Mr. Wescott’s appreciative essay on Maugham—a story by an English writer whose narrative gift, as Hugh Walpole once said, “is as good as Somerset Maugham’s, and I can pay it no higher praise.”

■ ● ● *Graham Greene* likes to call his novels of mystery, crime, spies, and so forth “entertainments,” which is a modest state-

ment of fact. They are as entertaining as all get-out, and what's more, they are very good indeed. "Proof Positive" (p. 312) is the first short story (or should we say short entertainment) of his to appear in *Harper's*, though everyone in our office has long been a fanatic admirer of such books as *The Confidential Agent*, *The Ministry of Fear*, *This Gun for Hire* (least known, perhaps, but one of his best), and *The Power and The Glory* (first published in America as *The Labyrinthine Ways* but recently reissued under its original English title).

• • • "To My Love" (p. 311) is **Robert Huff's** second contribution to *Harper's*. His first poem was "On Leaving Her in April," which we published last month.

• • • **Charles Bruce**, Canadian newspaperman and poet, wrote "Lake Superior Coast: Train Window" (p. 314) last spring after a trip from Toronto to Manitoba around the north shore of Lake Superior. We published an earlier poem of his, "Back Road Farm," in September a year ago. His work has also appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Poetry*, and the *Saturday Review*. His narrative poem, *The Flowing Summer*, was published in book form in Toronto last spring.

■ ■ ■ **Cleveland Amory**, formerly of Milton and Nahant, this month carries on the examination, begun last month, of *The Proper Bostonians* (as his forthcoming book will be called). "Boston's Old Guard" (p. 315) is enriched, like its predecessor, by the affectionately ironical drawings of **Gluyas Williams**. If you missed the first installment, beg, borrow or buy a copy of the September *Harper's*. (You'll find the pertinent data about the author and illustrator in P & O therein.)

■ ■ ■ **Loren C. Eiseley** is an authority on early American pre-history, now professor of anthropology and chairman of the department at the University of Pennsylvania. So his self-applied "Obituary of a Bone Hunter" (p. 325) is, conservatively speaking, premature.

Maybe there's something in what he says, though. At all events, here's what he told us in his last letter:

I have about come to the conclusion that I am haunted. Shortly after I had written my "Obituary of a Bone Hunter" I gave a lecture at a certain Western university. During it I showed some slides of Neanderthal man. After the lecture a little elderly man came forward and timidly introduced himself. "I found two of those skulls on my farm," he ventured. "Is that so?" I remarked, nodding mechanically as tired lecturers will. Five minutes

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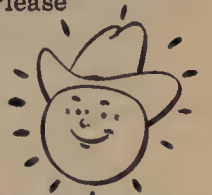
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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

afterward, what the old man had said penetrated to me in a kind of delayed reaction. "Wait!" I cried, turning back. They were dimming the lights in the auditorium. I searched the crowd as it filed out. The little old man was gone.

■ ■ ■ With "Writ in Water" (p. 329) **Robert Brittain** of New York makes his initial appearance in *Harper's*. He has taught English at Queens College, Flushing, and at Biarritz American University and wrote air force official training manuals during the war. Some of his poems have been published in France.

■ ■ ■ **Myron Stearns** ("The Great Toll Road Mirage," p. 330) has been an editorial associate of the Automotive Safety Foundation since 1940, but he began writing about highways and traffic safety way back in 1926, after driving his family across the continent and back in "an old, very second-hand Cadillac." Twelve years later he won \$25,000 for the best safe-driving rules in a nation-wide contest and became—automatically—an "expert" on the subject.

A frequent contributor to *Harper's*, *Collier's*, the *Reader's Digest*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Stearns has at various times in his life had many irons in various fires. For a while he was a newspaperman; then a developer of orchard land in Southern California; a university lecturer; a scenario editor for D. W. Griffith; a movie producer; a free-lance writer; an editor of *Boy's Life*, and the author of a number of books on movies, schools, and sports. At present he lives in Greenwich, Connecticut. A few weeks ago he broke his shoulder in two places. But, as a safety expert, he did it on a smooth living-room floor, where nothing worse than that could happen.

■ ■ ■ **Carl Binger**, the man who wanted to know "Why The Professor Fell Out of Bed" (p. 337), is one of New York's most distinguished physicians, assistant professor of clinical psychology at the Cornell Medical School, the editor of *Psychosomatic Medicine*, and the author of *The Doctor's Job*, 1945, which won the annual Norton Medical Award for the best manuscript on medicine written for the layman.

■ ■ ■ **John Burgan**, author of "Treat The Natives Kindly" (p. 343), served for four years during the war as an enlisted man and as an officer in the Navy. For two of those years he was in the Pacific, first with a mobile

radar unit and later with Admiral Nimitz's staff.

A number of Mr. Burgan's stories have appeared in national magazines, including the *Saturday Evening Post*, and he has also published two novels. The first, *Even My Own Brother*, came out in 1942. Not long ago Farrar, Straus published his second, *Two Per Cent Fear*. He is married and lives in Ventura, California.

Robert Greenhalgh, who illustrates "Treat The Natives Kindly," is a former Chicagoan. He is now doing free-lance art work in New York. During the war, as a combat artist on *Yank*, the U. S. Army weekly, he covered the invasions of several Pacific islands including Guam—which he says is very much like Korialen.

■ ■ ■ During the war **Kermit Roosevelt** traveled either as a soldier or a civil servant through much of the Middle East, and for a time in 1943 he was working for Dean Acheson of the State Department in Cairo. After returning briefly to the States at the war's end he and Mrs. Roosevelt—who is an expert photographer—set out again for Egypt and the Near East, where he is doing free-lance writing. "Egypt's Inferiority Complex" (p. 357) is one of the products of this venture. Just a year ago we published Mr. Roosevelt's "The Arabs Live There Too," which—as its title suggests—was an honest attempt to explain and appraise the Arab point of view on a question which the American press usually discusses as if it concerned no one but the Zionists and the British.

■ ■ ■ "She'll Talk Later" (p. 365) is a short story by the editor of the *Atlanta* (Georgia, remember) *Constitution*. **Ralph McGill** was born in Tennessee, studied at Vanderbilt University (with time out for service in the Marines during World War I), worked for several years as a political reporter and sports writer on the *Nashville Banner*, in 1931 became sports editor of the *Constitution*, was promoted in 1938 to executive editor, and in 1942 became editor. He was one of the three men selected in 1945 by the American Society of Newspaper Editors to make a trip around the world in behalf of world news freedom and the free flow of information. In 1946 he went to Nuremberg to write a series of articles on the war crimes trials and to Palestine for a series on the problems there. So far as we know, this is his debut as a fiction-writer.

The pictures accompanying Mr. McGill's story are by *Hans Jelinek*, a Viennese artist who is now a naturalized American citizen and teaches graphic arts at the New School for Social Research. Mr. Jelinek's work has won many prizes at exhibitions of prints and illustrations throughout the country, and is represented in the permanent collections of the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, and others.

■ ■ ■ *Philip Garrigan*, who wrote "The Flowers of the Forest" (p. 370), has had a poem and a group of short stories in *Harper's*: "Bird Dog" (September 1947) and "Three Ways from Sunday" (May 1947).

■ ■ ■ *Margaret MacMullen* (Mrs. Charles W. MacMullen) is a New York housewife who writes all too rarely for our editorial taste. Long a devotee of the lush fiction of Mrs. Florence Barclay, she set out recently to compare it with other brands of treacle of the same period, and the result was "Love's Old Sweetish Song" (p. 371).

Prize Winners

The Prize Stories of 1947 (The O. Henry Awards), edited by Herschel Brickell, has recently been published. Three of the twenty-three stories chosen were from *Harper's Magazine*—"The White Circle" by John Bell Clayton, "Rest Camp on Maui" by Eugene L. Burdick, and "The Hope Chest" by Jean Stafford. In addition, the *Harper* choices walked away with first and second prize, "The White Circle" taking first, "Rest Camp on Maui" second.

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LETTERS

Aspirin for Mr. Marquand?—

To the Editors:

Lest I seem to frock myself with the cloak of authority on the subject of naval administration, as did Mr. Marquand in "Why the Navy Needs Aspirin," I hasten to list my own qualifications: over six years with the U. S. Marine Corps as an enlisted man before, during, and after the war; service in the Atlantic aboard men-of-war where there was ample opportunity to study the Navy mind; fourteen months' duty on Guam as an intelligence clerk, which conduces different observations than those of a Pulitzer Prize winner on the same rock.

With the theme of the article by Mr. Marquand I can take no exception. With some of his "facts" and reasoning, I can.

Examine the concluding sentences first: "I had rather have things settled . . . roof over my head . . . before worrying too much about 'democracy' and my right to strike and other privileges contained in the Bill of Rights. I had rather string along with . . . efficient service . . . a little intelligent and benign paternalism." That has a familiar ring. In fact, I heard words to the same effect extolling the virtues of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperty sphere oozing from a radio while I was on Guam. Of course, I'm slightly rock-happy from my tour on the islands, which doubtless explains my obstinate clinging to a few warped "principles" which I enlisted to defend.

"Let's," to heist Mr. Marquand's inspired phrase, "face it." There was never a benigner pater than Benito Mussolini. Did he not kiss the babies which he urged the mothers of Italy to bear? And rid his beloved land of that terrible Matteoti? In fact, the only soul who ever out-benighted Benito was his brother altruist, A. Hitler. . . .

Mr. Marquand's penchant for subtle wit was never better expressed than in that fey statement: "Mr. Pearson discovered that a general of Marines . . . had employed ma-

rine enlisted men to check coats and pass appetizers at a cocktail party." He neglected to add that these men *surely* [italics mine] did this of their own free will and not as a military duty." Surely. As surely as I once swabbed out officers' heads (no, no, the kind one rests on in creative moments) bare-handed, under supervision; and alienated box-office and ticket agents to get, on eight hours' notice, one drunken Marine general four tickets to "Annie" after it had been running three months; and suffered a snarled threat from a captain to "get me" without even attempting to bring him to court martial—all, surely, of my own free will. No coercion, no assurances of later punishment, no appeals to my better self. None of these impelled me. I did it all of my own free will.

Such obvious inaccuracies as "these three appointees, whose positions must have placed them above ordinary blandishments . . ." ". . . talk privately and confidently with whomsoever they wished," and the inference that naval justice is preferable to civilian justice, are, of course, too transparent to demand refutation.

No, gentlemen, it is not the Navy, but Mr. Marquand, who needs the aspirin.

DANIEL DA CRUZ
Sunnyside, L. I. City
New Jersey

Letting Down Buckets—

To the Editors:

In the essay on "Criticism of the Arts—Especially Music" in the July *Harper's* E. M. Forster states that there is a basic difference between the critical and the creative state of mind; then he proceeds to explain the creative state with what, in my opinion, is a distortion of values, and a distortion all too prevalent and not worth perpetuating.

A perfect example of "letting down buckets into the subconscious" may, indeed, be found in Coleridge and his *Kubla Khan*. But this is a

LETTERS

very poor example of the way in which great works of art are produced. For every Coleridge producing a minor masterpiece in a stupor there are dozens of workmen who have produced the real masterpieces of the world without dipping into anything more mystical than the ink pot, the paint pot, or the clay. . . .

Creative artists—and the greatest ones—have worked throughout the history of the world not at a tug from their creative impulses but at the request of their patrons or employers—the monarchs, the nobles, the church, the state, or whatever it happened to be. The Italians, the Flemish, and the Dutch painted for their patrons and, with few exceptions, precisely as their patrons wanted them to paint. Bach didn't write his music from inspiration but because Sunday, and Sunday music, had a habit of rolling around once a week. . . .

The trouble with the naïve and romantic conception of the creative state is that it places a premium on the one ingredient of artistic production that needs least emphasis. Since the creative state is liable to develop something original a premium is therefore placed on originality. Hence the striving for originality at all costs and the idea, apparently, that by working up a subconscious lather a great work of art will be produced. This hasn't happened with any great or significant frequency in the past and isn't likely to happen in the future.

H. C. MONTGOMERY
Oxford, Ohio

Happy Reader—

To the Editors:

This is a letter that has taken a long while to germinate. I thought about writing it nearly two years ago, but what with one thing and another—the beans and potatoes to be planted, helping my wife with the week-end shopping, and keeping an eye on two small but vigorous children—letter writing has been a luxury that I could not often afford.

Let me make it plain at once that I like the magazine. In fact, I think it is the best printed article from the United States—which says quite a lot. I like your enterprise and your sanity. You have a level-headed way of presenting both sides of most controversial subjects and you don't, in most cases, choose writers going off half-cocked and loaded with undiluted prejudice.

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Finally, I want to tell you what a nice bunch of people seem to run your London office. During my army service I had little or no spare cash and could not afford a subscription, but Great Russell Street sent me each issue as it came along, and I paid for them one at a time.

You can in fact put me down as a regular and happy reader.

NOEL R. BLACKFORD
Kenton, Middlesex
England

Heigh-ho!—

To the Editors:

I am writing to enter a vigorous protest regarding a story written by John Bell Clayton entitled "Visitor from Philadelphia" [August 1947]; I consider you owe an apology to the people of Philadelphia for publishing such an obnoxious story.

ELIZABETH MAY HUNTER
West Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors:

It would be interesting to know what your object is in including "Report of a Death Knell" [by Hugo Johanson] in your August issue. . . . For a long time your stories have been fifty degrees below zero, but this story is certainly the limit.

HENRY OSTRANDER
Port Blakely, Wash.

To the Editors:

Not since Gösta Berlin and *The Seven Gothic Tales* have I read anything so admirable and joyful as the "Report of a Death Knell." . . . Congratulations to you and Mr. Johanson.

JOHN PALMER DARNALL
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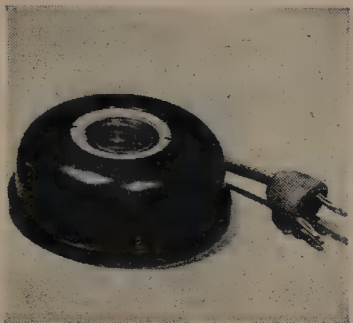
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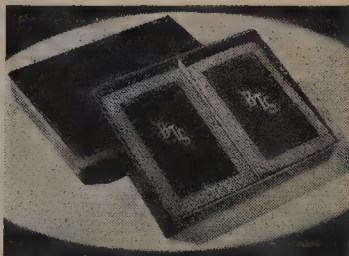
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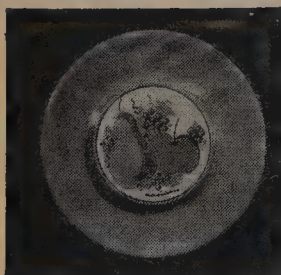


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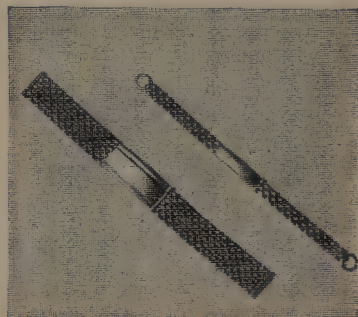
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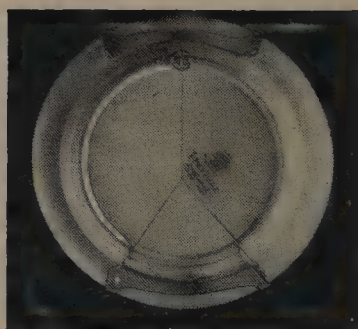


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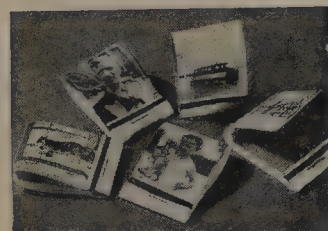
decorations. 14" tray, six 6" plates, \$25. Ordered separately: 6" plates \$3 each; 10" plates \$5.50 each; 14" tray \$8.50; 16" tray \$11. Postpaid. House of Hilary, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.



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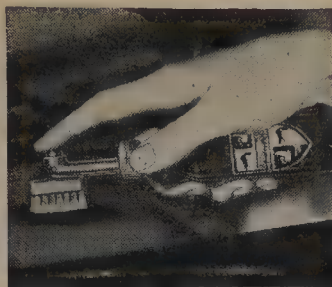
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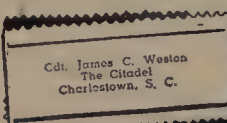
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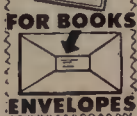
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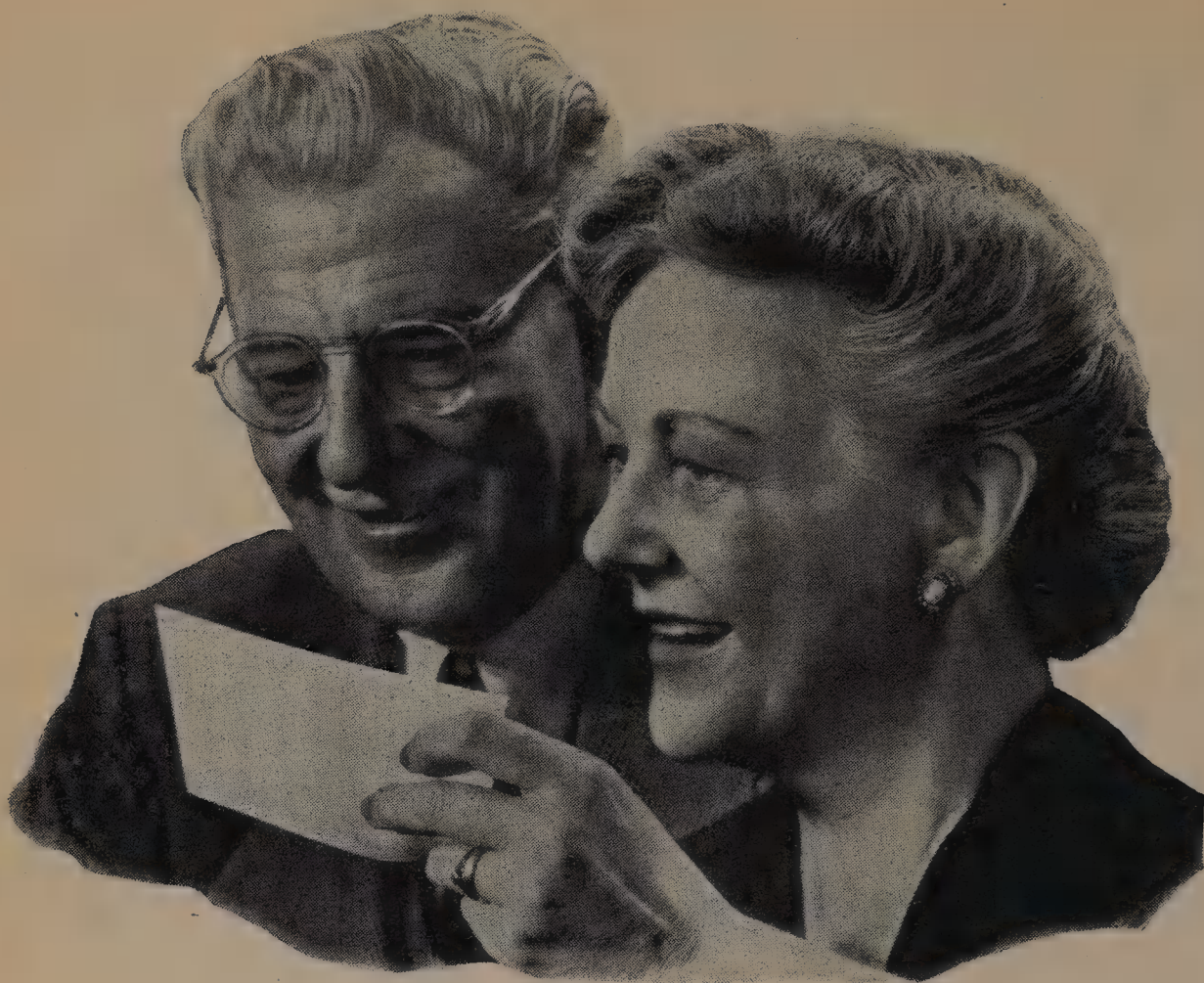
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THE MEANING OF TREASON

REBECCA WEST

FROM time to time during my career as a journalist I have reported notable law cases, and I know that it is not only morbidity which makes the public enjoy following the trial of a serious crime. It is very difficult for those who study life to find a story that comes to its end under their eyes. When we select an individual whose course we want to trace, it is as likely as not that he covers his tracks with secrecy, or moves to a field outside our view, or delays his end until we ourselves have ended. That is why classical history is a valuable study; we can see the whole story, the beginning, the middle, and the end of Greece and Rome, Egypt and Persia. That is why the lives of great men in the past teach us more than knowledge of great men in the present; we know their remoter consequences. The dock brings a like illumination.

Here an individual story comes to its end in a collision with the community. Every case has its unique intellectual and spiritual significance. The appearance of the

accused person, the changes in his face and voice, his agreement with society as disclosed by the witnesses who approve of him, his conflict with society as disclosed by the witnesses who disapprove of him, his relation to the crime of which he is truly or falsely accused, always reveal a special case. But the crime which he committed, if he was justly accused, or the other crime which was committed by the representatives of society if he was falsely accused, has always the same cause: refusal to respect the individuality of another or others. A world in which each man respected the soul of all other men, no matter how little they seemed to merit respect, would be crimeless.

There is an obvious political implication to be drawn from this. The authoritarian state is *ipso facto* criminal. When I covered the trial of William Joyce ("Lord Haw-Haw") for the *New Yorker* I saw a man in the dock who was doubly criminal. He had committed crimes against the law out of his desire to substitute a criminal state for a state which, if not com-

After reporting many treason trials, the best reporter in the world here sums up her conclusions—which will later form the epilogue of a book with the same title.

pletely innocent, aimed at the innocence of freedom. It was obviously doubtful if he would ever have been guilty of any offense had he not been tainted by this political guilt. But when his actual offense against the law was examined it was seen that he had acted in a manner which had long been extolled by many who were in theory pure of that guilt and firmly opposed to the authoritarian state.

Almost all contemporary left-wing writers of this generation and the last attacked the idea of nationalism. It was true that many of these attacks were made under the delusion that the words nationalism and imperialism mean the same thing, whereas nationalism—which means simply a special devotion of a people to its own material and spiritual achievements—implies no desire for the annexation of other territories and enslavement of other peoples. But a great many of these attacks were made under no such apprehension. It was genuinely felt that it was pure superstition which required a man to feel any warmer emotion about his own land, race, and people than about any other. Why then should any man feel a lump in his throat when he saw his flag or the statue at the harbor gate of his native land, or feel that in a dispute between his people and another he must obey the will of his kin and not aid their enemy?

I watched the trial of William Joyce, and of all traitors who were charged in courts which I could conveniently attend. They had all cleared their throats of that lump, they had all made that transit of frontiers recommended by the nationalists; and this had landed them in the service of the persecutors of reason, the fanatical believers in frontiers as the demarcation lines between the saved and the damned. But ■■ their lives were unfolded it appeared that none of them had cast off their nationalist prejudice because of their strength, but had been divested of it by maladjusted ambition, by madness, by cowardice, by weakness. It seemed as if contemporary rationalists had been wrong, and I remembered that the trouble about man is twofold. He cannot learn truths which are too complicated; he forgets truths which are too simple. After I had seen twenty traitors tried it seemed to me

that the reason why they were in the dock, why intellectuals preach against nationalism, is that we have forgotten certain simple truths.

WE HAVE forgotten that we live outward from the center of a circle and that what is nearest to the center is most real to us. If a man cut his hand, it hurts him more than if he cuts some other man's hand; therefore he is more careful to guard his own. Even if he spend his whole life in teaching himself that we are all of one body, and that therefore his neighbor's pain is his also, he will still suffer more when his own hand is hurt, for the message then runs straight from his palm and fingers to his brain, traveling at a speed faster than light or sound, which bear the news of others' accidents. Throughout his life it remains true that what is nearest to his body is of greatest interest to his mind. When a baby is given food and held warmly by a certain woman, he grows up to feel a closer concern for her than for other women of her generation, and at her death will feel greatly disturbed. Should he be institution-bred and have no woman as his particular slave and tyrant, grievance will sour him till his last day.

If in his maturity he should live with a woman for any considerable period of time, he and she are apt, unless they are overtaken by certain obviously disagreeable circumstances, to behave as though there were a complete community of interest between them. There must have been some instinctive liking between them or they would never have been drawn together in the first place; they became involved in each other's prosperity; experience has taught each how the other will behave in most eventualities. Therefore they do better by one another than strangers would. Should he have children by this or any other woman, they will have great power over him, while other children will have little or none. He will know so much more about them. The veiled moment of their conception is his secret, and resemblances to him, to a familiar woman, or to his kin enable him to trace their inner lives, disguised though they be first by their

inarticulateness and then by their articulateness. He can read them by the light of his own nature, and read his own nature by their light, and will have a sense of fusion between himself and those who are so inextricably tangled with that self.

If that man live in a house during the days of his childhood, he will know it better than any house he lives in later, though it shelter him forty years longer; and though the staircase wind as deviously as any in the world he will find his way down it in the darkness as surely as if it were straight. All his life long, when he hears talk of woods, he shall see beech-woods, if he come from a Buckinghamshire village, and a castle to him shall stand on Castle Rock, if Edinburgh was his home; and in the one case he shall know Southern English country folk, and in the other Lowland Scottish townfolk, better than other Britons. Born and bred in England, he will find it easier to understand the English than the rest of men, not for any mystical reason, but because their language is his, because he is fully acquainted with their customs, and because he is the product of their common history. So also each continent enjoys a vague unity of self-comprehension, and is divided from the others by a sharp disunity; and even those who profess the closest familiarity with the next world speak with more robust certainty of this world and seem not to want to leave it.

This is not to say that a man loves what is nearest to him. He may hate his parents, his wife, and his children. Millions have done so. On the tables of the Law it was written "Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," and it is advice of almost gross practicality aimed at preventing the faithful from abandoning themselves to their natural impulses and wasting all their force on family rows. St. Paul, that great artist who perpetually betrayed his art because he was also a great man of action, and constantly abandoned the search for truth to seek instead a myth to inspire vigorous action, tried to gild the bondage of man to the familiar.

"So ought men to love their own wives as their own body," he says. "He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church." But countless men have hated their own flesh. Everywhere and at all times men have carried such hatred to the point of slaying it, and still more have persecuted it by abstinence and mortification and debauchery. It has a value to them far above their loathing or their liking. It is their own flesh and they can have no direct experience of any other. Not with all the gold in the world or by incessant prayer can we obtain another instrument-case, packed with these our only instruments, the five senses, by which alone we can irradiate the universe that is a black void around us, and build a small irradiated platform in that darkness. A wife is someone who has stood on that irradiated platform long enough to be fully examined and to add the testimony of her own senses as to the nature of that encircling mystery. She may be loved or hated, or loved and hated, and serve in that research.

A CHILD knows that what is near is easier for him to handle than what is far. All men took it for granted till recent times, when it was challenged, together with some other traditional assumptions, not because they had proved unsound, but because a number of urbanized populations from which the intellectual classes were largely drawn had lost their sense of spiritual as well as material process. They had lost their sense of material process owing to the development of the machine; goods which had formerly been produced by simple and comprehensible processes, often carried on where they could be witnessed by the consumer, were now produced by elaborate processes, not to be grasped by people without mechanical training, and carried on in the privacy of the large factories.

The reason for their ignorance of spiritual process was the urban lack of the long memory and the omniscient gossip enjoyed by the village. The townsman is surrounded by people whose circum-

stances he does not know and whose heredities are the secrets of other districts; and he is apt to take their dissimulating faces and their clothed bodies as the sum of them. People began to think of each other in a new way; as simple with a simplicity in fact unknown in organic life. They ignored the metabolism of human nature, by which experiences are absorbed into the mind and magically converted into personality, which rejects much of the material life brings to it and handles the rest to serve the interests of love or hate, good or evil, life or death, according to an inhabiting daemon, whose reasons are never given. Man conceived himself as living reasonably under the instruction of the five senses, which tell him to seek pleasure and avoid pain.

The first effect of this rational conception of life was cheerful vulgarity; and there are worse things than that. Man might well have felt this view of his destiny as a relief after the Christian philosophy, which abased his origin to criminality, and started him so low only to elevate him to the height, most disagreeable to most people, of company with godhead, after dragging him through all sorts of unpalatable experiences, including participation in a violent and apparently unnecessary death. In so far as a man adopted the new and rationalist philosophy he could be compared to an actor who, after spending a lifetime playing Hamlet and Othello and King Lear, retires to keep a country pub. All was thenceforward to go at a peaceable jog-trot. Children were to grow up straight striplings of light, undeformed by repression, unscarred by conflicts, because their parents would hand them over in their earliest years to the care of pedagogic experts. Divorce was not to be reckoned as a disgrace nor as a tragedy nor even as a failure, but as a pleasurable extension of experience, like travel. Furthermore—and this was considered as the sanest adjustment of all—the ardors of patriotism were to be abandoned, and replaced by a cool resolution to place one's country on a level with all others in one's affections, and to hand it over without concern to the dominion of any other power which could offer it greater material benefits.

It was not out of cynicism that the benefits demanded were material: it was believed that the material automatically produced the intellectual and the spiritual. These reasonable steps having been taken, there was to follow harmony. The only peril was that it might become too sweet.

But the five senses had evidently not been rightly understood. Such children as were surrendered by their parents to expert treatment, complained against that surrender as if it had been any other kind of abandonment. They quarreled with the pedagogues as much as they would have quarreled with their parents; but, the bond of the flesh being absent, there was something sapless in their quarrels, and there was less energy engendered. Sexual life was not noticeably smoother than it had been. The epic love of marriage and the lyric love-song of the encounter both lost much by the pretense that they were the same. Nor, as patriotism was discredited, did peace come nearer. Indeed, the certainty of war now arched over the earth like a second sky, inimical to the first. If harmony had been our peril, we were preserved from it, both within and without. For it was plain that, as Christian philosophy had so harshly averred, the world was a stage on which an extraordinary drama, not yet fully comprehended by the intellect, was being performed; and its action was now an agony. But, owing to the adoption of the rationalist philosophy, some of the actors filling the most important parts were now incapable of speaking their lines. It appeared that *Hamlet* and *Othello* and *King Lear* would be no longer cathartic tragedies but repellent and distressing farces if the leading characters had, in the climactic scenes, been overtaken by the delusion that they had retired and were keeping country pubs.

SO THE evil moment came and was clear: not surpassed in evil since the days of the barbarian invasions. The devil of nationalism had been driven out of man, but he had not become the headquarters of the dove. Instead there had entered into him the seven devils of internationalism, and he was torn by their frenzies. Then what is against all

devils came to his aid. The achievement (which, as yet, is unfinished, since peace does not reign) was accomplished by a continuance of the drama in spite of the difficulties created by the rationalist philosophy. Since the actors cast to play the leading parts would not speak, the action was carried on by the peoples who used to walk to and fro at the back of the scene, softly laughing or softly weeping, or simply quietly being. Now these people streamed across the continents, inscribing their beliefs on the surface of the earth by the course of their flights, and on the sites of their martyrdoms. They defeated fascism by not being fascist. They showed the contrast between fascism and nonfascism so clearly that the world, wishing to live, defended their side because it could be seen that they were the representatives of life. As they exorcised the devils from the body of Europe they seemed to affirm certain values. It was perhaps true that the origin of man was in criminality, for once a community refused to make the effort of seeking the company of godhead it certainly became criminal. It was perhaps true that hedonism is an impotent gospel, for now it could be seen that pleasure means nothing to many men. As fast as those who ran to save their lives ran those who ran to slay them, even if their pursuit, pressed too hard, might change them into fugitives, whose own lives were in danger. Now the scorned bonds of the flesh asserted their validity. It was the final and unbearable misery of these flights that husbands were separated from their wives, and parents lost sight of their children. The men who performed the cruelest surgery on these families, who threw the husband and wife into the gas chamber while the children traveled by train to an unknown destination, had themselves been brought up to condemn their own ties of blood. The anguish of the divided was obviously holy. The contentment of those who felt no reluctance to divide was plainly damned.

In this day of exposition those who made the other sacrifice of the near for the far, and preferred other countries to their own, proved also to be unholy. The relationship between a man and a fatherland is always disturbed by conflict, if

either man or fatherland is highly developed. A man's demands for liberty must at some point challenge the limitations the state imposes on the individual for the sake of the mass. If he is to carry on the national tradition he must wrestle with those who, speaking in its name, desire to crystallize it at the point reached by the previous generation. In any case national life itself must frequently exasperate him, because it is the medium in which he is expressing himself, and every craftsman or artist is repelled by the resistance of his medium to his will. All men should have a drop or two of treason in their veins, if the nations are not to go soft like so many sleepy pears.

YET to be a traitor is most miserable. All the men I saw in the prisoner's dock were sad as they stood their trials, not only because they were going to be punished. They would have been sad even if they had never been brought to justice. They had forsaken the familiar medium; they had trusted themselves to the mercies of those who had no reason to care for them; knowing their custodians' indifference they had lived for long in fear; and they were aware that they had thrown away their claim on those who might naturally have felt affection for them. Strangers, as King Solomon put it, were filled with their wealth, and their labors were in the house of a stranger, and they mourned at the last when their flesh and body were consumed. As a divorce sharply recalls what a happy marriage should be, so the treachery of these men recalled what a nation should be; a shelter where all talents are generously recognized, all forgivable oddities forgiven, all viciousness quietly frustrated, and those who lack talent honored for equivalent contributions of graciousness. Each of these men was as dependent on the good opinion of others as one is oneself; they needed a nation which was also a hearth, and their capacity for suffering made it tragic that they had gone out from their own hearth to suffer among strangers, because the intellectual leaders of their time had professed a philosophy which was scarcely more than a lapse of memory, and had forgotten, that a hearth gives out warmth.

AUSTRIA: ONCE LIBERATED, TWICE SHY

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

A TRAVELER awaking, say, in Kitzbuehl from the inestimable pleasure of a decade of amnesia would find Austria little changed. Perhaps not till dinner time would he note the alterations wrought by Anschluss and by the local predilection for being so frequently on the losing side in Europe's wars.

Happily for the survival of our species there is more of earth than there are men to scar and clutter it. The rococo backdrop of the Austrian Alps, like the repertory of a State Theater, has made no concession to a new and grimmer age. Austria's meadows are green, her kine (vaguely one senses there are less of them) are fat; her farmers as primly industrious as ever. The Orient Express, in scorn of the dead dictators, runs meticulously on time. War and the barbed wire abattoirs of the German concentration camps strangely enough have failed to diminish perceptibly the total population. In the country districts at least, young children are numerous, and their faces are without fear. True, the Austrian's ready smile now comes more slowly if at all. The small graces and the good manners that were their conscious pride have stiffened like the bones of an old beau who has forgotten, in adversity and age, that he ever loved to waltz. Clothes are shabby and mismated. Everyone past

early childhood is plainly older than his years.

Yet one's first impression, that something of that wilfully misfortunate nation is living and ready to live again, is not without validity. If one peers long enough and with patience enough through the windy flurries of dirty newspapers, if one briefly shuts one's ears to the shrill clamor of the headlined frights and hates, one sees in this second year of uneasy peace that this indeed is the essential truth of all of Europe. The land was scarred more terribly than ever before, and certainly the withering flame was turned full on Austria. Still the roots of life are everywhere intact. That may be said even in an atomic age. Pessimists would not have dared to say it in the age of the great plagues. Mankind's capacity for recuperation is infinite.

The too great capital of too small a country, on the contrary, could not deceive the most unobservant Rip Van Winkle for an instant. Even the railway station shouts the violent story of the recent past. Vienna was hard hit, hit harder by far than those who have not seen it are generally aware. We bombed it—often, liberally, and with notable lack of what the Air Forces' public relations officers once doggedly persisted in describing as precision. The cathedral of St.

John W. Vandercook, a familiar voice during the war as news commentator for NBC and ABC, revisited France, Switzerland, and Austria during the spring and early summer of this year.

Stephan is roofless; the glass of its windows and much of their stone tracery is reduced to powder. Stern signs keep the curious from any attempt to clamber over the great dusty piles of rubble that fill the nave. Bombs struck and gutted the Vienna Opera. The façade was blown from the State Theater. Most of the shop and business buildings of the Kärntner Strasse are burned and blasted to wan skeletons. Huge mounds of crumbled stone and mortar still block one or two downtown streets. Cardboard, already sagging and wilted by the weather, is at least as common in window frames throughout the city as glass. Everywhere walls, iron shop shutters, cornices are chipped and ripped by shell-bursts, or else show the pox of small-arms fire.

Not only was Vienna bombed. The Russians fought a vigorous and extensive battle for its capture. And characteristically, with their usual knack for making friends, the last German troops in the city on the eve of their surrender set fire to and demolished with heavy charges of explosives many of the most useful buildings in the inner Ring. The apartment houses and business blocks along both shores of the Danube Canal are almost uniformly stricken. Many are reduced to tangled hills of refuse. The Prater, Vienna's always overpraised amusement park at the edge of town, is a litter of shredded, leafless trees and of weeds grown waist high.

Were any further demonstration of a truth both of nature and of war necessary, Vienna would provide it. Seeds—seeds of hope, prosperity, health, and heart for life again—germinate far more slowly from brick and asphalt than in open countryside. But they do grow.

ST. STEPHAN's is being restored. One great rose window is already white with fresh-cut stone. Our bombs smashed the Opera. The Russians, with far from habitual cleverness, have promised to rebuild it. Possibly they will fulfill that promise; other optimistic statements of the Soviet propagandists have been sadly vitiated by later forgetfulness.

Shopkeepers along the Kärntner Strasse have re-installed themselves in single side-

walk-level rooms rebuilt in cocky isolation in the skeletal wreckage of buildings that yawn roofless, wall-less above and all around them. The Prater is a ruin—but some astounding entrepreneur who has faith in his city's ultimate return to giddiness has by some means got the big ferris wheel back into service.

Such fragmentary proofs of recovery would no doubt make a poor enough showing if solemnly offered in evidence before some international high court. Occupation officials who are aware from their statistical records of the larger truths of Austria's grave condition take no notice of them. But pauper states gain a sense of proportion all their own. A coolie who amasses a single string of copper cash sometimes has greater—and more justified—confidence in tomorrow than he who reckons his wealth by gold bars.

The unforgettable truth is that the conquered people of Austria are close to the edge of hunger. The gray face of starvation may stare from the next page of the calendar, or from the next after it. Clothes, the last in everyone's wardrobe, are wearing out, and there seems no immediate prospect they can be replaced. There was little coal last winter; there will be less next. The tuberculosis rate is rising.

All that is conceded. Those are facts that walk beside you all day long, that sleep with you at night. Yet, supported with tables of figures, Austrian officials and those chiefs of the Allied Occupation who momentarily can stop score-keeping in the lunatic game of USSR vs. U.S.A. insist that Austria's long-range prospects are markedly brighter than they were in 1919.

The way to that distant prospect is fenced in depth with "if's." But—as Austrians remind you—after some thirty years of ever-deepening difficulty, even the palest hope of economic and political security brightens the view ahead like a volcanic fire. That better, safer destiny for Central Europe's most uncomfortably central state, as it is envisaged by the Austrians themselves, is predicated on known realities, on hoped-for progress in a number of directions, above all on the action of other states.

II

AUSTRIANS with few exceptions believe that, barring invincible pressures from the outside, they can look forward to an era of exceptional internal political stability—and here the first and most formidable of the “if’s” rises like a public monument—if the occupying powers act intelligently and before it is too late. That is to say, before that glimmer of hope is quenched, while the majority of Austrians retain their belief that their country *can* have an independent destiny and will be permitted to pursue that destiny without being chained in indefinite bondage either to the U.S.A. or to the USSR.

The Right—and most Americans are surprised to discover that in much of Europe it is the Right and not the Left that the ordinary run of mortals eye with the graver trepidation—is thought in Austria to be defunct. As the British succinctly put it, Austria has had it. Though the inhabitants would beg you to forget it, Anschluss, Hitler, and the Nazi interlude were welcomed, probably by a considerable majority. But the German cousins proved arrogant and greedy. Their professed affection for the quaint little East Reich always had a taint of patronage. As things grew more difficult, the attitude of the swarms of German visitors turned to outright contempt. Worst of all, the Nazis, as not even the maddest pan-German can fail to notice, lost the war. The road to greatness and prosperity decked with German banners and led by the stern, uncharming disciples of reaction turned out to be the blindest of blind alleys. Therefore, while this generation remembers, Austria will not take that road again.

Except for a few who for reasons of excess faith or excess funds talk as if they were already not only at war but in a losing war, the fear of Communism taking firm root in Austria is of an amazingly mild order. No one thinks the Austrian Communist party represents even ten per cent of the voting population. A more common estimate is five per cent. Local Communists, it is pointed out, suffer a serious disadvantage. The professors of

their faith, the makers-up of their minds, are *there*. A Viennese Communist leader once publicly muttered that every statement by Molotov on Austria cost 10,000 votes. A Socialist rival even more publicly contradicted him. “The Communist party in Austria does not dispose of so many as 10,000!” the Socialist declared.

The conservative Volkspartei, which enjoys the support of the remaining large landowners, propertied families, and a solid segment of the ardently Catholic countryfolk, suffers to a less degree from the same drawback. The impression prevails that the Volkspartei stands for the Rights of Private Property, and not much else. It is sustained, indeed inflated, to larger than life by the American occupying authorities. Instinctively most citizens tend to eye coldly any local political party which inspires too much enthusiasm in a foreign power. Especially when the foreign power, or powers, happens lately to have licked you in a war.

IF ONE is willing to accept an oversimplification, that leaves the Socialists. Admittedly, occupying powers numbers three and four, Britain and France, are themselves at present under Socialist regimes. France and Britain, however, are now regarded in *Mitteleuropa* as distinctly minor powers. If they back like-thinkers in Austria, their support is so feeble it at least does no harm.

The opinion therefore is remarkably widespread that when and if a treaty of peace is signed with the victors and those victors depart, an election will be held; then the Socialists will achieve a comfortable majority. Supported by that belief, Socialist leaders are conducting an intensive campaign of growth. New, dues-paying members are being enrolled at the rate of about ten thousand a month. With the soberly elated air of men who expect some day to assume responsibility, those leaders are making concrete plans.

Most of them are older men, who owe their present influence to their record of having been consistently right over a long period of years, while most of their fellows were being consistently wrong. Perhaps the most deservedly influential Socialist

is a short, stout-as-present-conditions-will-allow, blue-eyed, pink-faced gentleman named Julius Deutsch. No one could look more like a happy, small-time Austrian merchant or seem more eminently reasonable and middle class. Julius Deutsch was Austria's Minister of War just after the first war; he headed the Republican forces against the counter-revolutionists in Austria in 1924; in exile, he became a general on the Republican side in Spain, and he completed his democratic education by long wartime residence in the United States.

Naturally, a man like that is listened to. But not all the Socialist spokesmen are old men. New men, young men, are already high in party councils. "Democracy" in the modern Western European and in the mildly liberal American sense is their watchword. They feel an intense, scornful aversion for the totalitarian practices of the Soviet Union as smacking of a lower, more "Eastern" level of political competence. In Central Europe to be Eastern is to be inferior. Austrian Socialists, on the other hand, have only to walk down one of Vienna's ruined streets to be aware that capitalism in its simplest American form cannot do the work of restoration which cries out so desperately to be done.

The Socialists put it this way. Mr. X was a rich man. He owned an office building in downtown Vienna and three apartment houses. During the war he was unlucky—but no more unlucky than thousands of others. His three apartment houses were demolished by a clutch of bombs. His office building was burned out by the hysterical young Nordics of the S.S. Guard. He would like to reconstruct those properties. His Viennese fellow citizens are even more anxious than he is that they should be rebuilt at once.

But how is Mr. X to manage it? He is no longer a rich man. Because his wealth now consists entirely of heaps of rubble that will be extremely costly to cart away, he has no credit. A bank, if asked to back him, would take precisely the same dim view of Mr. X as a good credit risk as would a bank in the capitalist United States. "So"—say the Socialists—

"it is clear the state has a role to play. We believe we can undertake that role—and others like it—without intruding upon the private human liberties we who have lived under a Nazi government now value more than ever." They propose the nationalization of a few major industries, the undertaking of much of the work of reconstruction under state auspices—and that is about all. I was unable, in an admittedly short stay, to find anyone who found that prospect terrifying.

IN THE field of foreign affairs the program of Austria's not-yet-in-power Socialists is especially attractive. In the sturdy faith that their brand of politics in middle Europe has a more promising future than Communism—or than most Americans could possibly believe—the Austrian Socialists are currently in correspondence with Socialist party leaders in Czechoslovakia, in Hungary, in Poland, and (this may upset Marshal Tito) in Yugoslavia.

Communication is not easy. Party delegates of all those states find it almost impossible to obtain visas to cross the frontiers. Even letters leaving and entering Austria are apt to be opened and scrutinized by one or several of the occupying authorities. But the purpose of that correspondence is to win Socialist party agreement, throughout as large an area as possible, to treaty understandings which would permit, within all the territories of the signatory states, free movement of goods, of money, and of population.

The word "federation" is not used. The Socialist party chiefs in Vienna deny that they think in terms of genuine federation. Local governments would retain full autonomy. States would not lose their national identity. But workers, men of commerce, carts of foodstuffs, trains of manufactured goods would, if the dream is realized, move without hindrance to whatever market offered from the Vorarlberg to Debrecen, from Stettin to Scutari.

It is as inviting, as revolutionary (in the nice, bloodless sense) a program as has been offered in Europe in a generation. Though it has aroused curiously little attention in the outside world, those who believe they represent the views of the

majority of the Austrian people are at work on it with a glint in their eyes which in no way suggests the look of politicians who think they are merely blowing soap bubbles.

The time for such a leveling of customs and immigration walls, they think, is ripe, and will remain ripe. In none of the Danube states is there unemployment; in none is there a concentration of enough surplus wealth or food to inspire abrupt, large-scale shifts of either goods or population. All, economically, are more or less in the same leaky boat. Each nation has the greatest possible need of trade with its neighbors.

The plan has met with just the degree of support—and of opposition—one might logically expect. The majority are for it, if for no better reason than that they know from doleful experience they cannot exist comfortably hermetically immured within their own too-narrow frontiers. If the average Austrian is still lukewarm about it, it's because at the moment any such scheme is in its nature, a F.D.R. would have said, "too iffy." Ultraconservatives oppose it, as such folk would anywhere, because it is a New Idea. The Communists growl at the suggestion without quite knowing how to articulate their growls. They feel that in advancing the loose-federation-by-treaty idea the Socialists are stealing their stuff. Since, however, the Communists cannot and will not admit at this stage that their "stuff" means eventual elevation or debasement (depending on your point of view) of Austria to the status of an Autonomous Socialist Soviet Republic in a far vaster Federation, their opposition is currently mere mumbling.

The French and British, in so far as they can rouse themselves from their general mood of pessimism, are for it. The Russians are against it. Because of political trends at home it is almost as perilous for an American occupation official in Europe openly to support a Socialist plan, no matter how excellent, as to agree with a Communist. Though no one in Europe believes any such nonsense, Americans at home are supposed to think that both alike are "Reds," therefore untouchable. Privately, the more intelligent U.S. of-

ficials in Europe tend everywhere to feel that only down the middle road is there hope of avoiding an eventual smashup.

FOR the first time in a generation, the Austrians believe they *need* not approach their neighbors as beggars. As was emphatically not true at the end of World War I, with the destruction of the Empire, Austria today, without an increase of territory, *can* be made to be self-supporting. The italics are necessary. Such statements have so long been out of fashion. Unwillingly, certainly by inadvertence, the credit for that potentially improved condition is due to Adolf Hitler.

Austria, geographically, was nicely tucked away. Austria had natural assets which had not yet been exploited. Chief of those only partly developed assets was waterpower from the countless falls of the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg. German exploitation of those resources and German-sponsored expansion of Austria's industrial plant began soon after Anschluss and continued at an accelerated rather than at a diminished rate until the war's end. Remember the not entirely fabulous stories of the Last Redoubt, of the Inner Fortress where the Nazis were to retire and defy the world for another decade or so? Most of those solid, wealth-producing riches remain. Nor should one forget the much-quarreled-over Zistersdorf oil fields, that fairly recent valuable discovery now in stubborn Soviet possession. Austria's economists—though they may be personally out at elbow, and may shamelessly interrupt a walk along the Opern Ring to salvage a cigarette butt from the gutter—are convinced that *if* those properties are fully utilized by and for Austrians, Austria can maintain an adequately high standard of living, pay her bills, and be beholden to no one.

The Socialists, at least, have a further, and accompanying, string to their foreign policy bow. They would seek to make Austria a second Switzerland. They have the landscape for it. Their position in Europe is equally central. By pursuing a policy of strict, eternal neutrality they would, thank you, sit out all coming wars, be the cautious friend of all great powers, the intimate of none.

SUCH a cheerful promise collides at once with more formidable "ifs." Austria, lying in the very pleats of the iron curtain is, of course, quadruply occupied. To date the victors have charged her some three billion schillings for occupation costs—of a total currency issue of five and a half billion schillings. Only in Vienna is there free circulation between zones. The tales of Russian machine-gunners—in *Pravda* they are probably American machine-gunners—grimly guarding every street crossing in the capital are unadorned lies. The hand of the occupying authorities within the city limits is so light as scarcely to be felt at all. Only by consulting a map or by reading the majestic signboards we have erected, supposedly to make our troops feel at home, can one tell where the four Vienna zones begin and end. But, though the Austrians are told they may circulate freely through their own country, they cannot.

Austria would like to receive tourists, but just now there is a truly desperate housing shortage. The troops and officials of the four victors occupy all but three hundred of the hotel beds left in Vienna after bombings and battle, as well as some seven thousand rooms in Viennese apartments.

With the possible exception of the Communists, Austrians of every shade of political coloring wish we would *all* go. They are tired of us. The Russians try to remain invisible; I disappointingly drove straight through the iron curtain into the Russian zone, continued for twenty miles, and came back without flushing so much as a single sentry. Still, most Austrians find them notoriously alarming.

We are admired for our consistent attitude of justice and friendship—and for the immense and vital help we have given, making survival possible. But Europeans for the most part find us alarming, too. They feel that because of the vastness and newness of our fortune-favored land, we can pursue an economy impossible for Europe. They are none too sure that we understand that. They mortally fear our present mood of belligerence, what they feel is our new-found and always-perilous sense of our own power. They

don't, heaven knows, want ~~us~~ to go isolationist again. But meanwhile they do wish they were more sure that we know what we are doing.

The English down in their corner of Austria have achieved the genuine distinction of staying out of the conversation. The French, who occupy the smallest and least-damaged zone with the fewest troops, come closest to being liked. Few on the scene seem to deny that, in their quiet way, the French both in Austria and in Germany are probably today the most efficient and least unpopular of any in the winning lineup. But neither would they be missed.

III

AUSTRIA's future—the moot question of whether Austria is to have a future—depends ultimately on what is to be the final disposition of the much talked of "German assets": those factories, sources of hydro-electric power, machine tools, iron and manganese deposits in which the frightfully impoverished and war-hurt Russians are so grimly interested, which the French eye with pessimistic envy, toward which the British maintain an attitude of calm detachment, and in which we have not the slightest interest because we have bigger and better assets at home.

Privately, any Austrian will tell you what he might hesitate to declare before a four power conference. Austria would like *all* assets, German or otherwise, left intact. In many instances properties of the greatest value were, unmistakably, German-built and German-owned. If the victors might conceivably consent to forget the ugly past, Austria offers as reward the promise she will soon cease to be either an object of charity or a source of danger.

Such fine, fair promises from yesterday's enemy—an enemy whose actions over a sum of years were as Nazi as the worst of them—are naturally viewed with suspicion. Austria, however, is not the first conquered state to find itself in a position to transact quiet but effective blackmail. Were there frankness in international discussions Austria's representatives could ask her quartet of unwelcome guardians

a simple question: "Well, how then do you like things as they are?"

Candor would compel the same answer. France, Britain, Soviet Russia, and the United States are all, deep down, equally anxious to get out. Americans are restless and homesick. It becomes daily more difficult to keep either troops or efficient personnel at so eminently boring a post. England, France, and, one can imagine, Russia could all find infinitely better use at home for the manpower now wasting its days in Austria. The United States has recently made the unilateral decision to assist—oh so perilously—in restoring the industrial power of Germany. There would, therefore, Austrians argue, be no inconsistency in a *multilateral* decision to let Austria restore herself.

It would be incorrect to say many are very hopeful of that mass exodus coming to pass. The four occupying powers are like four suspicion-racked antagonists all with an awkward grip on the same hand grenade. Each is afraid to let go lest one of the others throw it.

Naturally, the fundamental issue is the profound, now painfully frank antipathy between Russia and the United States—or, as more frequently and less accurately expressed, between East and West. West, in that nerve-fraying game of international whist, fears to move lest East win everything. East fears to relax the ever more wearisome jut of her Slavic jaw, lest West, as has happened before, move nearer the frontier of her now fearfully weakened land.

THE present numbers of the occupation forces are interesting. Each keeps its exact total from the others. But three of the four figures are fairly common knowledge. The United States is believed to have approximately fifteen thousand troops in Austria, the British, about fourteen thousand; the French, seven thousand. The Russians—?

Since the conversation was confidential I must apologetically use a weasly phrase and quote by way of answer "a highly placed French occupation official," one about as highly placed as you can get:

"I do not know. I have heard estimates of the Red Army forces in Austria ranging

from one hundred to two hundred thousand. My best information is that whatever Soviet troops are now here are stationed in the extreme northeastern corner of the Russian zone, close to Hungary." To give his next words greater emphasis the French official leaned forward from a majestic Baroque chair which had the look of having been borrowed from the property room of the Vienna Opera.

"I should, however, not be too greatly surprised to learn that Russia may actually have less troops here than any of the rest of us! They keep their counsel well. One never knows with the Russians whether their intransigence stems from confident strength, or ■ a mask for excessive weakness. It would be so much easier to make policy if, indeed, one did know."

The same extremely intelligent French official then offered his own private view on the One Subject. It was an opinion derived from prolonged, close, and daily contact with the Red Antagonist.

"There is, I believe," he said, "a constant and ruthless conflict between the rulers of the Soviet state and the Russian people. A conflict of temperament. The Soviet leaders are men of fanatical faith, of boundless energy. Their ambition—for themselves, for their country, for their idea, for their people—knows no limit. That faith and energy is most marked at the top; it tends to diminish, to be tempered, as one goes down the hierarchic scale. I have the impression that the mass of the Russian people, even the men of the Red Army are—Slavs. In essence they are still, I think, the people of Dostoevski, of Turgenev, Even of Chekhov. They are inherently indolent, moody, reflective. They like to talk, to drink, to watch time go by. By and large I should say—I am aware," he apologized, "the generality is a broad one—they are without great ambition for themselves, or for their country." The French official smiled.

"I have sometimes suspected in them a secret yearning that, again, Peter the Great would die, and that they could forget the West and the demands the imitation of the West makes upon them so they might go to sleep once more amid their winter snows. The Soviet officials

must constantly fight that tendency. *If I am right! Yet we—who would like nothing better than for Russia to go to sleep again—are constantly helping them. Whenever Ivan becomes drowsy it is we, by some act or policy, some gesture which the Communists can readily interpret as threatening, who inject just the needed hypodermic stimulant. I often think the Russian rulers must be very grateful to us. I remind you, that is merely the personal opinion of one man.*”

IN THE Austrian cockpit of dilemmas, so many of which all but defy solution, there ranks large the question of punishment. Despite the rather curious decision at the long-ago Foreign Ministers Conference in Moscow that Austria would enjoy a special, separate status as not-quite-friend but certainly-not-enemy, the blunt fact remains that the majority of Austrians were ardent Nazis, that Austrian divisions fought against the Allies on many battlefronts. Willingness to overlook that page of recent history is in direct ratio to the degree of injury each of the four powers suffered. We, who were not invaded, who at no time faced any formidable number of Austrian soldiery, are ready to forget entirely. The British, for the sake of peace, can forget. The French find it difficult; the Russians, downright impossible.

Have bombing, battle, hunger, cold, destitution punished Austria enough? Or, with singularly Christian charity, are we to forget entirely all idea of punishment? Someday, of course. But when? The making of policy in Austria is a task no one need envy.

Yet perhaps the issue—the many issues—can be simplified.

What do we want? That Austria shall not be drawn into the Eastern orbit. What do the Russians want? That Austria shall not be drawn into the Western orbit. On the scene, the wishes of the two powers seem negative rather than positive. Neither at present seems likely to let the other have his way. So a stalemate has been achieved, one wasteful of time, money, men, nervous energy. If that is true, if each mighty contestant can and will continue to block the fulfillment of the rival's ambition, what alternative course, or wish, is open? What do we variously want as second choice? That Austria be the tail of neither kite, that she be harmless and neutral, neither a burden nor a peril. And that, of course, is precisely what Austria wants.

There appears to exist, then, a remarkable unanimity of aim no one has yet been cool-headed enough to recognize. Few believe even the acquisitive Russians have, or ever can, take out of that small country real wealth comparable to the real wealth the Soviets are spending day by day in loss of manpower, in the absence of workers desperately needed at home, and in the out-of-pocket costs of occupation. We have no thought of profit, present or future. Nor have the French or British. On the contrary, the longer the joint occupation lasts, the poorer we shall all be.

If the four tired players of this weary game would all at the same time let go of that grenade, the likelihood is that the grenade would *not* explode. Possibly we should all feel foolish. But we should also all feel much better.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND POSTERITY

GLENWAY WESCOTT

W SOMERSET MAUGHAM is the dean of novelists writing in English at present. By which advertisement-like statement I mean that he is the one, the only one, who for more than a quarter of a century has had the admiration of an elite of highly cultivated, sophisticated readers and of a sufficient number of good fellow-writers, with increasing influence on the younger ones; and at the same time has given great pleasure to, made sense to, and affected the lives of, a million or more ordinary mortals. What else is deanship? It is not a matter of unanimity. Only, in the condition of modern culture, the small superior group in agreement or in coalition with the multitude is very apt to overrule or overwhelm any objection that may start up in medium intellectual circles. Evidently this is what has happened about Maugham, leaving perhaps a vague resentment in the minds of some of those who might be expected to mould (and indeed unmould) contemporary opinion, and are scarcely doing so in his case.

He has become the most controversial literary figure of our time as well as the most successful. As controversies go this has a certain distinction, in that nothing of miscellaneous thought is at issue, neither politics nor morals nor other ideology. It is all about literary art: whether he is a

great artist in any way, or only an ordinary one; whether his career has been a true vocation, or a simple matter of ambition and energetic endeavor crowned with odd success; and whether his fiction is of a high category, or just a present plaything for the mind of a commonplace throng. Unfortunately the arguments pro and con have not been presented at full length or with sufficient clarity and conviction. I cannot think of another important man of letters about whom there is so little to read, of any interest. In both the praise and the blame a few conventional terms keep appearing, ■ in ■ kaleidoscope around and around; and in the last decade or so the blamers have shown more verve and self-assurance than the praisers. Our diligent book-reviewers, perhaps having written themselves dry about him long since, have reacted lassitudinously to the almost annual succession of his books. One or two of our noteworthy serious critics, offended in taste or dissatisfied in intellect, entirely lost their patience with this or that recent book, with a peculiar effect of trying to shame the rest of us out of our enjoyment.

As a rule perhaps one ought not to take cognizance of this kind of adverse opinion, or of the group-thinking and conversation of intellectuals which it may be taken to reflect. It cannot be replied to in any

This is the first in a series of critical articles in which distinguished contemporary writers will discuss fellow-craftsmen. Glenway Wescott is, of course, the author of Apartment in Athens.

detail without giving it emphasis and further circulation. But in the instance of Maugham at present it seems worthwhile because he is to be blamed for some of the confusion and the repetitiousness. The little forewords which he has contributed to various editions of his work, likewise his essay *On Style (After Reading Burke)* and the piece upon his sixty-fifth birthday and his brief address at the Library of Congress, are of particular interest in this connection.

WE MUST allow for a certain manner of the English gentleman, as it were a self-satisfying modesty. Furthermore, here and there, we may sense in his principles of literature a slight inflexibility, almost affectation; and he harps upon some of his preferences and theories. Sometimes this is his way of criticizing (without unkindly naming) fellow-writers whose reputations have appeared to him undeserved or unsound. All his life he has had to share the literary scene with various genius-types, forever boasting. This, I think, inclines him to the extreme of unpretentiousness. Others make a glamor of their pure artistry without producing much, all blow and no go. It may be this which has prompted him to set up as a principle, even a duty, that nonstop productivity which comes naturally to him, and which he so greatly enjoys. Now and then he seems to be suggesting that anyone who is not capable of it might as well give up literature; which would be a pity. Others talk all the time of their inspiration and dedication, message and messianic feeling. Very well, he will speak only of the profession of writing, the career, even the pursuit of a fortune. . . . A man cannot live for half a century in a great constant limelight, sought after and indiscreetly questioned in society, meanwhile subject to changeable and illogical standards of the taste of the day, without developing some self-consciousness.

In all this various confidential expository writing he has presented himself, or one might say, typed himself, ■ having only ■ limited specific talent; ■ not knowing or thinking much about anything outside his field of professional dramaturgy

and narration; ■ having no vision of the state of the world, no psychological science, no profundity; and as not admitting any intention in his writing except to entertain. "The purpose of art is to please." He should have been warned of the riskiness of over-simplification and understatement in an age of advertising.

For his least favorable critics have borrowed a good part of his representation of himself, even parroting certain phrases and epithets, belittlingly, and to the advantage of their preferred school of modern writing, whatever it may be. In their aggressiveness, his defense position has been turned around; as if it were some bit of Maginot Line with forces of the enemy established in it by mischance or by mistake. The confusion is great, *quid pro quo*; and those who disapprove of him come at one so, in the regular uniform of his thought turned inside out, and with the passwords—writing is a livelihood, fiction is a pastime, the mixture as before—that one often feels obliged to fight him too, before one can give him his due praise.

Some people of course are real believers in unpopularity, mistrusters of success; and the recently booming market for whatever bears Maugham's signature, and the adaptations of the motion-picture industry, and all the publicity and the publicizing, have made these people disrespectful. His detractors have him on their minds a good deal, and feel romantically about him in their way; they are anti-fans. In ordinary social intercourse one hears far more talk of any sort of relative failure on his part—when a given novel can be said to have fallen short of the standard set by some previous novel, or perhaps has sold a few hundred thousand copies less—than of the successes of other writers. I may seem sarcastic, but it is not my intention to suggest that the opponents to Maugham are all of a superficial or unreasonable spirit. Certainly they are not. Among my best friends there are three or four whose opinion of authors as a rule tallies with mine, whose cultivation and judgment I appreciate exceedingly, with whom I cannot have ■ civil conversation about this one author, so zealous or jealous have

they become, in their resolve not to have him overestimated.

But the poor criticism and the captious momentary talk have only increased Maugham's general celebrity, emphasized his unswerving strength of mind in his own way, and given further advertisement to his tranquil, uninfluenced, unceasing production. The fact is that the anti-Maugham party have not really been able to put up a candidate of their own for the specific position in contemporary letters—the combined artistic and popular position—which they are so impatient of his continuing to hold, decade after decade. All these years they seem never to have found themselves in agreement with the great public about any contemporary writer, nor succeeded in bringing the collectivity around to the style of writing they do care for.

II

Now here let me cast my vote with the majority, for Maugham, beginning with a general statement of admiration, a profession of faith. I believe that his best books, perhaps eight or ten volumes, are better than almost anyone's today, and will endure for posterity. Except for the extreme jeopardies facing Western civilization as a whole, I feel no uneasiness whatever about his having his sufficient fame in the outcome of the century; his share of what is called, in rather old-fashioned writers' parlance, immortality.

In the meantime a really considerable slump of his reputation is to be expected; something more than the restlessness against him in literary society and the carping of professional critics. It is normal, melancholy though it must be for any author who has lived to see it. Presently, a great many of those who for years have delighted in him above all other storytellers will have had their fill, and they will forget to recommend him to the younger generation. Already his imitators have somewhat coarsened and debased the forms and devices of his fiction, so that one looks upon certain of the beauties of it with a dull, dissipated eye; he no longer gets credit for uniqueness.

And meanwhile his successors, it is to

be hoped—those who are not too idle or freakish or unfortunate—have been getting ready with some new type or types of literature to suit themselves, with departures from his way of writing, refutations of his way of thinking. In subject-matter especially there must always be some frontier opening up: new ruling passions in the ascendant, and up-to-date strengths of mind and weaknesses of character which Maugham in old age could not be expected to understand very well; which his perfected forms and practiced techniques would not suit if he did. Concepts of what is desirable in life, and what is hateful or insufferable, differing radically from those he has exemplified in a hundred various tales and indeed in his own life-story. . . .

Do I make him seem older than he is in fact? In fact, if he were to live as long as, let us say, George Bernard Shaw or Maréchal Pétain, an infant born today might grow almost to manhood in the remainder of his lifetime. However, he is not one of those stubborn fighters against mortality, not a muscular, sanguine, egotistical man; and he has felt his age. Since he is still producing books, one after the other, and manifestly enjoying life, we might scarcely think of it except for his own reminders. When he was only sixty-four he gave it as one of his reasons for writing *The Summing Up* with no further postponement; and again and again he has returned to the solemn theme, the note of farewell. I think this is a trait of literary artists, perhaps of all artists; and as work of art does actually offer the possibility of a kind and degree of survival after death, it is apt to lead to some imagination of the time far ahead. My impression is that Mr. Maugham often wonders how posterity will regard his career and collected works, though I am sure he would never speak of it.

With praise of him by serious critics so insufficient in these last decades of his life (a mountain of clippings indeed, but more than half of it quibbling, unimpressed, or unenlightened) and the word-of-mouth of the intellectuals so little in unison, likely to make only a weak, jangled reverberation in the period to come, and no very remarkable record of

official or academic honors, for he has not been greatly indulged in this way either—what is going to lead the good reader of posterity to take the trouble of procuring his books and to try reading them? Curiosity, I suppose, above all. What made this man so beloved by the unliterary, unofficial, unacademic humanity of his time? and as it has been a crucial historic time, what can his popularity have signified, and what good or harm was there in it? So few contemporary men of letters have kept their public for three decades, with a continuous production and increasing sale of books the while; attention will be attracted to him by this. He will be part of a history lesson.

AND when it comes to reading for pleasure or for any personal emotion or edification, he will not have, in (let us say) the middle of the twenty-first century, all the competition that appears at present. A quantity of literature, especially fiction, vanishes in thin air. Some of the work of famed contemporaries of his has already been shelved; and in almost all of it we can see the ephemeral and perishable elements. Any little random enumeration and review of them is suggestive of the relative soundness of his narrative art, indicative of its greater staying-power. In the various ways in which they have proved weak, he took the trouble to develop particular strength. The mistakes they made, the predilections they indulged in: these were what he most severely forbade himself and guarded against. I gather that in his formative years he studied everything they were doing; then considered, in his reading of all the still valid fiction of the past, every sort of parallel; and carried the lesson forward in speculation upon the future; and regularly applied it to his day's work—most earnestly desiring not to have written in vain.

Wells, for example, so hard-working and serious, so influential for many years, wrote like a newspaper; and since he rashly prophesied things in every volume, what he got right will seem platitudinous, and what he got wrong, absurd. At the other extreme, the truly artistic fiction of the period has been characterized by a certain remoteness of subject-matter, elu-

sive and allusive; and obscured by linguistic innovations, a playing with words, like poetry. It is hard to foresee how so luxurious a fabric of writing will endure; there is not much precedent in literary history. Half the work of wonderful Joyce surely will revert to the universities, recondite crossword puzzles. Not a learned type of reader myself, I feel that the best novels of Ford Madox Ford and Maurice Baring might be appreciated if they were read at all; but they are likely to be overlooked, their careers in their lifetime having gone so modestly. As I remarked just now, there is more than the pecuniary advantage in having sold like hot cakes; readers long afterward wonder why. E. M. Forster will certainly last; only five novels, and (what a mystery it is) none at all since 1924!

Thus very naturally, with so little early twentieth-century literature that will still seem readable, the wondering future reader will turn to the wide shelf-ful of the collected works of Maugham; the one of all his generation the least like a genius, the one most emphatically disavowing any such pretension. Down out of the attic of literary history his narrative art will be brought, as though it were some piece of inherited furniture that had gone out of fashion for a time; comfortably functional, solidly constructed, with not much gilt on it but finely carved.

And the use and the enjoyment of reading him many years hence, I believe, will not be very different from our own at present—precisely because he has been sagacious and cautious in his handling of themes of the day which grow commonplace or obscure; because he has been content to write a pure prosaic prose without any remarkable invention of new ways of expressing things; because he has written a great amount, so as to constitute a distinct Maugham-world into which his readers can enter, of which they can learn the idiom and the implications, each volume helping them to understand the next, building up their response to the next; and because he has discovered and devised story after story worth telling for the story's sake, the one and only thing he has boasted of himself. The love of narration as such evidently is elemental and permanent in human nature.

III

IF you have been following Maugham's own line about his work too ingeniously, or reading the current criticism with entire respect, you may have assumed that it is, if not altogether thoughtless, of a very limited intellectual interest. Now I will dispute this, and give you some illustration and analysis of the kind of thought I find in his fiction, or (as I suppose Mr. Maugham would prefer to have me say) the kind of meaning I read into it.

Without exaggeration! I maintain only that in all his best stories and novels there is an underlying, somewhat hidden significance, pervasive spiritual sense, and important moral counsel, and general view of life and vision of the present world—supplementary to that sole purpose of entertainment continually announced by him—which will repay whatever trouble of intellect you may take in your reading. You will be the wiser for it. Presumably he is not aware of all that he puts in a work of fiction; but I feel sure that he is always conscious of more than he cares to talk about.

In his lifetime he has had an extraordinary range of experience of the world, often in contact with great personages of his generation, sometimes concerned with historic events. Also year after year all sorts of persons, struck by the tolerant spirit and sagacity of his writing, have kept bringing him their report or confession of those extreme occurrences of private life in which modern human nature so often strangely manifests itself, unveils itself. He has a reading and speaking knowledge of five languages, and has read everything, including all the classics of religion and metaphysics, studiously. He is the most serious of men, seeking the general truth in all things, holding himself responsible for his every belief or disbelief, never fooling himself or others, thinking hard. It would be odd indeed if his production of books, even unpretentious stories, were as light-weight as the common estimation has it.

To be sure, he has a strict sense of the different literary forms, putting limitations upon his content in each of them ac-

cordingly. Not only *The Summing Up* but various other volumes of nonfiction have been somewhat in the vein of autobiography, therefore not appropriate for any display of intellect as an end in itself. In many a story he has made use of the first person singular; and then, quite as modestly as though it were reminiscence or truthful expository writing, he has allowed himself only that extent of thoughtfulness, intelligence rather than intellect, which could be referred to his own character, within plausible radius of himself. In a novel of course there is always something or other subject to interpretation in terms of economics and the social sciences, psychology and so on. But he has kept all this somewhat out of evidence, according to his dear tenets of simplicity and clarity; in any case kept it out of vocabulary.

Now some readers depend a great deal on verbal associations and style in general as indications of seriousness of thought: massive abstruse specialized words, and complicatedness and elaboration in other ways as well, and a mysterious solemnity. There is never anything like that in Maugham. He irately disapproves of it in others' work, even in the writing of technical philosophy and the accounts which scientists give of their research and speculation. Not long ago he took the matter up with certain eminent professors and a biologist or two in person, advocating a less self-indulgent style. In all his mature period his own way of expressing ideas has been direct and plain and pithy, somewhat in emulation of Dryden and Swift and their followers, but with constant observance of the rhythm of informal modern conversation and with some easy colloquialism.

If you are looking for the deep thoughtfulness in a story or a novel by Maugham, you cannot expect to have it underlined for you as such. You must use your head, in order not to mistake simplicity for insignificance; and you must learn to recognize his idea in that envelope of reality in which ideas do actually generate, in incident and in dialogue and in little sequences of cause and effect. Also you will need to read fairly slowly, pondering somewhat as you go along, and to bear it all in mind for some time afterward,

weighing it against your own experience and ideas and feelings. Otherwise Maugham is not the author for you, and may never be.

If, on the other hand, you are the more natural, easy-minded, unreasoning man, and what you want is the mere spinning of a yarn, now a kind of myth against some exotic background, now a pitiful or exciting bit of low life, now a humorous scene of high life, to pass the time—with perhaps just a little inspiration or revelation incidentally adhering to your mind when this or that feature of the plot chances to correspond to some recollection or present preoccupation of your own—well, you have Maugham's explicit blessing. You are the reader he writes for, by his own account.

FOR my part, I like works of fiction to have meaning, the deeper and the more consequential the better; and unless I find this to my satisfaction, fiction-reading amuses me very little and leaves me discontented. The purest story-form can convey a greater and more accurate truth—as to human nature in its various manifestations and inhibitions, and general human fate of the day and age—than any abstract or generalized literature, dogma or dialectic or deduction of science. The actual perusal of a book is only a part of the literary experience. By mere mechanism of the mind, the time I pass in recalling and reflecting upon what I have read is greater than the time it takes to read. When, with no difficulty or superfluity or prolixity, I have been given something worth thinking about, I love the writing in question, and the writer; this is my chief reason for admiring Maugham.

The thought in Maugham's novels is mostly ethics, religion, or the psychology of creative endeavor. *The Moon and Sixpence*, for example, has to do with the strange compelling destiny of the artist ahead of his time, to whom moral defects, unkindness toward others, even brutality and megalomania, may prove helpful in becoming great; as in the case of Gauguin. *Cakes and Ale*—which I once heard Mr. Maugham himself recommend as his own first choice of his novels—gives a picture of the literary life, with assorted

types of men of letters, the celebrity and the young novice, the real creator and the parasitic literary journalist, and others; it also shows the essential goodness of a sexually loose woman, and her benign influence on the men around her. *The Painted Veil* is a portrayal of the unhappiness resulting from irresponsible adultery; the beneficial psychotherapeutic effect of doing good to others; and the appeal of Roman Catholicism when one is unhappy.

To be sure, none of this will greatly impress or entirely satisfy any true intellectual. It is not that absolute learnedness and virtuosity of mind which one has seen exercised in the recent fiction of (for example) Thomas Mann, almost as proudly and far-rangingly as in the eclectic philosophy of Santayana or the world-history of Toynbee. On the other hand, what Maugham has to offer is not frivolous matter; and the point of thinking, I take it, is not quantity of thought but rightness, relevance, and indeed helpfulness.

Christmas Holiday is unique in Maugham's fiction in that its theme is sociological and political, indeed international. It is the one of his fifteen-odd novels that has meant most to me personally. As you may recall, it is the tale of a happy-natured and fortunate English youngster holidaying in Paris, where he encounters and makes friends with a pathetic Russian-refugee prostitute, who confesses her identity—she is the wife of a notorious murderer—then little by little narrates their love and the circumstances of his evil deed.

Upon its first publication in 1939, so I have been told, the majority of Maugham's readers did not respond with their customary enthusiasm; as though determined to shut their eyes a few more months to what its entire plot and all its characterizations portended. Also those who wrote the criticisms of it missed its grave implications, not stopping to think. Which is no final matter; books of the greatest importance, even masterpieces, even classics, often have had to wait a while for their high rating and proper interpretation. For example, take the case of Stendhal.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, the end of the great lull in modern history; the moment of awakening from the sweetest, most heedless sleep humanity ever indulged in! As of that date, *Christmas Holiday* has greater significance than any other contemporary novel, I think. Social significance! The phrase is outworn, I know, but here we have exactly what it was meant for.

Maugham in this slight volume, less than a hundred thousand words long, with his air of having nothing on his mind except his little characters—how they came together and what happened and what they said and how they felt—explains more of the human basis of fascism and nazism and communism than anyone else has done: the self-fascinated, intoxicated, insensible character of all that new leadership in Europe; the womanish passivity of the unhappy masses dependent on it and devoted to it; the Anglo-Saxon bewilderment in the matter, which still generally prevails; and the seeds of historic evil yet to come, not at all extirpated in World War II but rather multiplied and flung with greater profusion in no less receptive soil farther afield, even beyond Europe. Europe the starting point, the womb and the cradle, as in fact it has been for millenniums. . . .

I remember that when it first appeared, and my friends were reading it and more or less enjoying it, and I spoke of its dread allegory and prophetic sense, a number of them said they had no idea what I was talking about. A year or so later I brought the subject up in conversation with Mr. Maugham. As a rule he dislikes listening to anyone's opinion of his writing. I think this is not just shyness but also a kind of contrariety. If you quibble with him he wants to fight back, even unfairly, haughtily. The least excess of praise, on the other hand, only stimulates in him that deep and painful discontent of the artist with everything he has done to date, which is one of the important nerve-centers of art. But upon this occasion he did not shut me up. I outlined all the significance of his book as it appeared to me; I alluded to the various disagreeing or obtuse readers.

Mr. Maugham said, "Certainly I had

those things in the back of my mind while I was writing it. But if I had insisted on them I should have spoiled my story. It is not the business of a novelist to tell his readers what they are to think of his characters and his plot. If you want your work of fiction to be read, and you have some point that you wish to make, you must bring it in discreetly. Your reader may not take your meaning, or it may not interest him. You must let him read for his pleasure."

IV

As to the labor of literature Mr. Maugham has said that he was greatly influenced by a fact about Darwin which, at an impressionable age, he read in some book or heard someone tell: Darwin never worked more than three hours a day. Reflecting upon which, the ambitious but reasonable youth came to the conclusion that if, at this rate of endeavor, biological science could be revolutionized and a great deal of the ideology and the ethics of the century altered, surely he could earn a sufficient living and make a name for himself as a playwright and story-teller and novelist with as little drudgery.

A willful man, he seems to have persisted in this as well as other plans of those early days. At his present time of life he rouses from sleep at dawn or soon after; but he brings no manuscript or even notebook into his bedroom, and does not go to his writing room until he has read a while and breakfasted at leisure. Just before one o'clock he steps into the living room, ready for his cocktail and lunch; pleased with himself if the work has gone forward, clear in his conscience anyway. Approximately Darwin's three hours. . . .

But in order not to set him up as a dangerous example to any ambitious but lazy literary youngster—and not to give aid and comfort to those of the intelligentsia who maintain that he has had it easy, and all his renown is but good luck—I will give a little more information. Listen to this, and try to imagine yourself working as he does. Week in and week out, year after year, in whatever circumstances—though surrounded by frivolity, though assailed by bothers and

anxieties, and touched upon occasion as all men are by exceeding affection or pity or self-pity or anger—regularly every morning he goes to his desk and labors at his writing. For months at a time he will not skip a day. One day I did see him in the living room before lunch, grumpily seated by the fireplace; he had a bad toothache, and even then he was engrossed in a heavy laborious tome, preparatory to the composition of something theological or historical.

Indeed in his middle life he made some voyage every year or so, notably to the Orient and around the South Seas, in what must have seemed a carefree manner. But think of the cargo of fiction he brought back upon each return voyage! He was not wasting his time. Today that spirit of travel for travel's sake (and story's sake) has calmed down in him. But I have observed that even in the city with details of publishing or other commitments of his career to attend to, also when he takes vacations in the summer or weekends with friends—except when actually in transit, in the train or in the plane—regularly almost every morning he goes to some desk or substitute table and works a while.

This is not drudgery, I know, but it is something that for my part I should find harder to endure and sustain: control, inner tension, and in fact, faith, and faith in oneself—and I dare say it is more to the purpose of literature in the long run than that way of pent-up ambition occasionally overflowing, rushing, making up for lost time, which gives one the feeling of being a genius, or that way of desperate engagement and deadline with stimulants and sedatives and hell to pay, which is the habit of so many contemporary authors.

FURTHERMORE, in Maugham's case, the time he spends at his desk is only a part of the labor. All his stories and novels have been worked out in his mind before he ever takes his neat pen in hand. Someone has told him an incident of real life, perhaps no more than an impressive utterance or gesture at some crucial moment. That is the commencement, as it were the grain of sand in the bivalve. But

real life never seems to him as good as imagination, at least not as good to write about. Therefore he ponders, and sometimes years pass before he is able to devise the fulfilment and change, the different ending, the superstructure of moral implication, which will make all the difference between reality and art. Then he begins searching for the bits and pieces of everyone he has ever known which can be moulded into fictitious beings capable of doing or experiencing whatever it is that he has to tell; adding subordinate episodes as they may enhance or clarify the main matter, and drawing all into one unit; regulating whatever faults of implausibility or contradiction may develop; and deciding upon the order of narration most natural to it, most effective for it. All this goes on in his head; not in Darwin's three hours but in the other twenty-one, when he rouses too early in the morning, when he sits by the fire, when he is taking short salubrious walks. . . .

There is a touching page in his memoir of the beginning of World War II, *Strictly Personal*, bearing upon this matter of the advance preparation of his fiction. In the disaster of France he was in personal peril; the Germans having learned from his volume of stories entitled *Ashenden* that he had served as a secret agent in World War I, or something on that order. As he was escaping to England on a miserable coal-boat, seated with fellow-passengers on the deck—as a kindness to them, to pass the deadly tedium and to relieve their collective fear and shock and loss—he told them stories. He began with some which he was in the habit of telling, which he had learned to rely on to amuse people. But he ran through his repertory of these little set-pieces; and so he went on and gave his unhappy audience the benefit of certain plots and projects of fiction which he had borne in mind through the years, and never been willing to tell, lest the bloom of his own interest in them be worn off before they were ready to be written. The reason for his willingness, then and there, on the vessel of refuge, was the shadow of death hanging over them, environing them. They expected to encounter a submarine or perhaps a flight of predatory planes;

therefore the aging story-teller felt that he could spare some of his fondly hoarded material. Even in the event of a safe homecoming, he fancied, he would not live to cope with it all.

This must be the most interesting and individual aspect of his vocation of letters and his career; his planning and planning, major matters and minor matters alike; his constant looking ahead and budgeting every faculty and every opportunity, with due unflattering consideration of the probabilities for and against him; his sense of a significance and a form in the story of his life, beginning and middle and end, as definite as in the construction of any three-act play or short story or shapely short novel; and his constant thought of death, the indelible finis on the unfinishable page.

EVEN in his reading of the works of other men, I have noticed that he keeps to a sort of schedule. Detective stories are to kill time when he is sleepless or in some pain. Novels that friends have sent him can be sufficiently perused, in kindness and out of curiosity, in half-hours of relaxation. Usually he devotes an hour in the afternoon or evening to re-reading one of the classics of fiction, Goethe, Fielding, Cervantes, and the rest; and he keeps certain volumes which mean a great deal to him on his night-table, against the difficult hour of daybreak.

As to the great old masters of fiction, remember that it has always been his hope and intention that the best of his books should entitle him to some place in their hierarchy of world-fame and centennial duration; though a modest place. His requirement of himself has never changed in the fifty or more years: perhaps not to be great, but to be good, according to the proposition of their greatness. They are the objects of his devotion, as it were the inspiring and interceding saints. Also each of them is exemplary to him in some particular of the art; and he still constantly turns to them when he has come upon any little problem of his own writing, to consider what solution one or the other may have found in a parallel case. When anything in his work

in progress has reference to a learned or abstract matter, he researches tirelessly. He has been known to study as many as forty volumes for one short and easily readable chapter.

Naturally, as a fiction-writer, his principal research is just coming to know people, getting them to tell him what they have experienced, probing their minds, observing their emotions and their morals. In this he has been tireless, too; also patient and relentless, teasing and combative and kind—whatever the human instance may call for—and nothing that does not infringe upon the Darwinian hours seems to him too much trouble; not a detail of humanity is too small for his acute and impartial eye. Often as he goes out to dine he has a question ready to put to someone he expects to meet; the answer to which will fit into the morrow's page.

He is, as nearly as can be, a single-minded man. Some years ago he confided to a friend that, within his remembrance, he had never gone anywhere or cared to have any new person introduced to him—except for one of his diversions, bridge-playing, for example—or pursued a particular acquaintance with anyone, unless he had some idea of a function or utility for his literary art in so doing: some study of the narratable world up to date; or a search for types of humanity, in the way of a painter needing models to pose for him; or a glimpse into strange ways of living; or an experimental discussion of ideas important to him with reference to work coming up.

Naturally the friend, upon hearing this, felt a pang of self-consciousness, a little chill; but later on he remarked that of his observation over a period of years, he believed it to be true enough. In appreciation of his friendship in the time he spent in this country during World War II, let me say that I think it is no longer true. Every sort of ulterior motive and craft and documentary sense seems to have waned out of his various human interests. His kindness toward young people has a character of benign, humorous fatherliness, without any very intense urge to understand them. In society he seeks especially those who can tell him of philosophy

and religion. As the years pass the shadow of mortality grows no lighter or smaller, no, not in any man's life! Once in a while he recognizes new subject matter as such, when he hears of it or comes upon it, and points out to some young writer its interest and feasibility, and the proper way to handle it. But even more certainly than on the perilous refugee boat he reminds himself that there will not be time for it to rise and swell in his mind, to ripen for his neat final manuscript and printed best-selling page. He makes way for us, he leaves it to us, with his blessing; but also with a certain challenging, sardonic, mistrustful sense. He is easy to please but not easy to satisfy.

Let us not have, in praise of a man so realistic and judicious, any mixing of the classifications of men or any sentimentality. He is not a saint or a sage or a hero; only a true and greatly accomplished literary artist. But neither let us forget that art has its virtues, and they are rewarded in more ways than one. I remember that one day he came in from his writing room, visibly happy—with a light step, the strong downward expression of

his mouth softened, his eyes in their delicate criss-cross wrinkles perfectly clear—and remarked, "I will tell you, as it may not have occurred to you, there is a particular drawback in the career of writing."

Upon our inquiring what the drawback was, he answered, "When you have finished the day's work, and you have to take your leisure and wait for your creative gift to be restored next morning, anything you can do in the remaining hours of the day seems a little pale and flat."

To have commenced literature half a century ago, and still, in spite of life—and by life I mean disillusionment and unlucky affections, increase of pain and worldly losses, shames and impertinences of human nature, along with horrible war and civil war, and the ruin of nations, and the failure of a whole structure of delectable usages—still to enjoy writing so much that nothing compares with it, and to write to the end, is a grand and enviable thing, and a spiritual thing. There are a number of good reasons for dedicating oneself to the art of writing; surely this is as good as any.

To My Love

ROBERT HUFF

TO think the state should have allowed two such
as you and me
to lie together in one bed in all
legality.
And more than that I marvel nights at all
the things we feel:
the rain, the leaves, the pauper's cry amid
the ring of steel.
With conduct far too immature we're charged
by prudent rules,
for tears were meant for children's eyes and love
reserved for fools.
How odd the state should have allowed two such
as you and me
to lie together in one bed in all
legality.

PROOF POSITIVE

A Story

GRAHAM GREENE

THE tired voice went on. It seemed to be surmounting enormous obstacles to speech. The man's sick, Colonel Crashaw thought, with pity and irritation. When a young man he had climbed in the Himalayas, and he remembered how at great heights several breaths had to be taken for every step advanced. The five-foot-high platform in the Music Rooms of The Spa seemed to entail for the speaker some of the same effort. He should never have come out on such a raw afternoon, thought Colonel Crashaw, pouring out a glass of water and pushing it across the lecturer's table. The rooms were badly heated, and yellow fingers of winter fog felt for cracks in the many windows. There was little doubt that the speaker had lost all touch with his audience. It was scattered in patches about the hall—elderly ladies who made no attempt to hide their cruel boredom, and a few men, with the appearance of retired officers, who put up a show of attention.

Colonel Crashaw, as president of the local Psychological Society, had received a note from the speaker a little more than a week before. Written by a hand which trembled with sickness, age, or drunkenness, it asked urgently for a special meeting of the society. An extraordinary, a really impressive, experience was to be described while still fresh in the mind, though what the experience had been was left vague. Colonel Crashaw would have hesitated to comply if the note had not

been signed by a Major Philip Weaver, Indian Army, retired. One had to do what one could for a brother officer; the trembling of the hand was probably either age or sickness.

It proved principally to be the latter when the two men met for the first time on the platform. Major Weaver was not more than sixty, tall, thin, and dark, with an ugly obstinate nose and satire in his eye, the most unlikely person to experience anything. What antagonized Crashaw most was that Weaver used scent; a white handkerchief which drooped from his breast pocket exhaled as rich and sweet an odor as a whole altar of lilies. Several ladies prinked their noses, and General Leadbitter asked loudly whether he might smoke.

It was quite obvious that Weaver understood. He smiled provocatively, and asked very slowly, "Would you mind not smoking? My throat has been bad for some time." Crashaw murmured that it was terrible weather; influenza throats were common. The satirical eye came round to him and considered him thoughtfully, while Weaver said in a voice which carried half-way across the hall, "It's cancer in my case."

In the shocked vexed silence that followed the unnecessary intimacy he began to speak without waiting for any introduction from Crashaw. He seemed at first to be in a hurry. It was only later that the terrible impediments were placed in the

way of his speech. He had a high voice, which sometimes broke into a squeal, and must have been peculiarly disagreeable on the parade ground. He paid a few compliments to the local society; his remarks were just sufficiently exaggerated to be irritating. He was glad, he said, to give them the chance of hearing him; what he had to say might alter their whole view of the relative values of matter and spirit.

Mystic stuff, thought Crashaw.

Weaver's high voice began to shoot out hurried platitudes. The spirit, he said, was stronger than anyone realized; the physiological action of heart and brain and nerves were subordinate to the spirit. The spirit was everything. He said again, his voice squeaking up like bats into the ceiling, "The spirit is so much stronger than you think." He put his hand across his throat and squinted sideways at the window-panes and the nuzzling fog, and upwards at the bare electric globe sizzling with heat and poor light in the dim afternoon. "It's immortal," he told them very seriously, and they shifted, restless, uncomfortable, and weary, in their chairs.

It was then that his voice grew tired and his speech impeded. The knowledge that he had entirely lost touch with his audience may have been the cause. An elderly lady at the back had taken her knitting from a bag, and her needles flashed along the walls when the light caught them, like a bright ironic spirit. Satire for a moment deserted Weaver's eyes, and Crashaw saw the vacancy it left, as though the ball had turned to glass.

"This is important," the lecturer cried to them. "I can tell you a story—" His audience's attention was momentarily caught by this promise of something definite, but the stillness of the lady's needles did not soothe him. He sneered at them all: "Signs and wonders," he said.

Then he lost the thread of his speech altogether.

His hand passed to and fro across his throat and he quoted Shakespeare, and then St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. His speech, as it grew slower, seemed to lose all logical order, though now and then Crashaw was surprised by the shrewdness in the juxtaposition of two irrelevant ideas. It was like the conversation of an

old man which flits from subject to subject, the thread a subconscious one. "When I was at Simla," he said, bending his brows to avoid the sunflash on the barrack square, but perhaps the frost, the fog, the tarnished room broke his memories. He began to assure the wearied faces all over again that the spirit did not die when the body died, that the body only moved at the spirit's will. One had to be obstinate, to grapple. . . .

Pathetic, Crashaw thought, the sick man's clinging to his belief. It was as if life were an only son who was dying and with whom he wished to preserve some form of communication.

A NOTE was passed to Crashaw from the audience. It came from a Dr. Brown, a small alert man in the third row; the society cherished him as a kind of pet sceptic. The note read: "Can't you make him stop? The man's very ill. And what good is his talk, anyway?"

Crashaw turned his eyes sideways and upwards and felt his pity vanish at sight of the roving eyes that gave the lie to the tongue, and at the smell, overpoweringly sweet, of the scent in which Weaver had steeped his handkerchief. The man was an "outsider"; he would look up his record in the old Army Lists when he got home.

"Proof positive," Weaver was saying, sighing a shrill breath of exhaustion between the words. Crashaw laid his watch upon the table, but Weaver paid him no attention. He was supporting himself on the rim of the table with one hand. "I'll give you," he said, speaking with increasing difficulty, "proof pos . . ." His voice scraped into stillness, like a needle at a record's end, but the quiet did not last. From an expressionless face, a sound which was more like a high mew than anything else, jerked the audience into attention. He followed it up, still without a trace of any emotion or understanding, with a succession of incomprehensible sounds, a low labial whispering, an odd jangling note, while his fingers tapped on the table. The sounds brought to mind innumerable seances, the bound medium, the tambourine shaken in mid-air, the whispered trivialities of loved ghosts in the darkness, the dinginess, the airless rooms.

Weaver sat down slowly in his chair and let his head fall backwards. An old lady began to cry nervously, and Dr. Brown scrambled on to the platform and bent over him. Colonel Crashaw saw the doctor's hand tremble as he picked the handkerchief from the pocket and flung it away from him. Crashaw, aware of another and more unpleasant smell, heard Dr. Brown whisper: "Send them all away. He's dead."

He spoke with a distress unusual in a doctor accustomed to every kind of death. Crashaw, before he complied, glanced over Dr. Brown's shoulder at the dead man. Major Weaver's appearance disquieted him. In a long life he had seen

many forms of death, men shot by their own hand, and men killed in the field, but never such a suggestion of mortality. The body might have been fished from the sea a long while after death; the flesh of the face seemed as ready to fall as an over-ripe fruit. So it was with no great shock of surprise that he heard Dr. Brown's whispered statement: "The man must have been dead a week."

What the Colonel thought of most was Weaver's claim—"Proof positive"—proof, he had probably meant, that the spirit outlived the body, that it tasted eternity. But all he had certainly revealed was how, without the body's aid, the spirit in seven days decayed into whispered nonsense.

Lake Superior Coast: Train Window

CHARLES BRUCE

EAST of the port, the gaunt euclidean town
At the edge of the prairie sky, at the venturous end
Of the sea's last traffic with the climbing land—
You come to the hills; the spruce and rock steep down

To the mountain beach. Inlet and channel and reef
Return, in the slow dance of the land's turning;
Shadowed and clear and dark in the desolate raining
Of lost and shadowy light, and the lost brief
Moment—flashed and repeated in the drumming wheels:

Repeat . . . repeat . . . repeat . . . the flashing earth
Streams in its rhythm. And the moment's breath
Is time's deliberate breath.

The wheeling hills
Drift with its tide; the hills, and the quilted flock
Of the sky; and a gull, remotely flying
And stilled in flight . . .

Time; and the granite flowing
Of stonegray water and precambrian rock.

BOSTON'S OLD GUARD

CLEVELAND AMORY

Pictorial Comment by Gluyas Williams

VISITORS to Boston are often impressed by the profound awe in which the leading members of the First Families of the city are held. There may be some question as to how far down the line this respect goes on the part of Boston's total population; but among the socially elect and the socially ambitious, there is nothing quite like a genuine First Family patriarch, a Cabot or a Lowell, a Higginson or a Peabody, on the face of the Boston earth.

Not long ago a wealthy widow in the city, not strictly a First Family lady but one far enough up the social scale to be listed in the *Boston Social Register*, began to have brief periods of mental aberration. In between times she was quite normal, but her doctor felt it would be best for her to go to a sanitarium for proper care. Knowing the woman's distrust of psychiatry in general, he waited until she was entirely capable of making her own decision before broaching the subject. The woman heard him out and then named her condition: she would go if the step should be declared necessary not by a single psychiatrist but by a committee of two psychiatrists, one to be appointed by Lawrence Lowell, then president of Harvard, and the other by Godfrey Lowell Cabot, long a First Family stand-by. The fact that the doctor met this condition and brought Mr. Lowell and Mr. Cabot into the case, and that on the advice of the

committee appointed by Lowell and Cabot the woman went happily off to the sanitarium, is interesting enough. But it is at least equally interesting that neither her doctor, nor the psychiatric committee, nor Messrs. Lowell and Cabot ever seemed to be particularly surprised at the affair. The lady had never met either of the two gentlemen in her life, but that too was unimportant. She knew they were Boston's best, and that was that.

Such men, in Boston's curious social oligarchy, are not mere men; they are institutions. When on October 5, 1933, the late Bishop William Lawrence was given a "day," it was a social landmark in many respects similar to a day of the Harvard Tercentenary celebration. It began with a church service by invitation only in St. Paul's Cathedral, went on through a large luncheon in the Cathedral rooms, and continued with a rally at Symphony Hall for which tickets were engraved in landmark style "The Fortieth Anniversary of Bishop Lawrence." Actually Lawrence was no longer bishop of the diocese, having retired six years before, but no successor could challenge his right to reign supreme over Boston Society. He was still called Bishop Lawrence, and he took part in the ceremonies commemorating him in a modest yet notably objective manner.

Major Henry Lee Higginson, whose celebration was set for November 18, 1914, on his eightieth birthday, had to do

This is the second of two articles on Boston's old families by Mr. Amory, himself a member of one of them. It will be embodied in his forthcoming book, The Proper Bostonians.

even more. Since it was planned that the affair would begin with a dinner at the Tavern Club, of which he was president, proceed with a dinner at the Boston Harvard Club, of which he was also president, and end with a dinner at the Copley-Plaza Hotel to the accompaniment of the Symphony Orchestra, which he had personally founded, Higginson had to take an executive hand in all the advance preparations for his honoring. Fortunately there was no occasion for embarrassment; the Major had for some time given unmistakable evidence that he accepted himself as an institution. "He always seemed to me," declared Joseph Lee, writing his distinguished cousin's obituary for the Saturday Club, "like the old knight of the castle—a part he played in some theatricals—giving sympathetic, spirited advice and inspiration of high example to the apprentice squires." Among Higginson's squires were Presidents Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. To be sure, he had never held public office and even his Majority had expired as of the formal ending of hostilities in the Civil War. But he was senior partner of Lee, Higginson & Co. and a pillar of Boston Society, and he did not hesitate to correct such mere elected mortals as the temporary occupants of the White House.

The Major saw it as an obligation. "Any well-trained business man," he was fond of saying, "is wiser than the Congress and the Executive." Certainly he was not just any business man. When Theodore Roosevelt began speaking harshly about monopolies, Higginson told him to stop his nonsense. "Cease all hard words," he wrote briskly, "about corporations and capitalists." The Major was fond of "Teddy" but apparently Roosevelt did not stop his hard words soon enough. When Charles W. Eliot was about to resign as president of Harvard, Higginson was considering Roosevelt—entirely irrespective of his being occupied in Washington—for what would soon be the supreme earthly vacancy. But though Roosevelt seemed to him "generally satisfactory" as President of the United States, he felt that he lacked the necessary "judgment" to be President of Harvard. After the trust-busting campaign, Higginson

was sure of it. "I give him up!" he wrote a friend tersely. President Wilson gave him, as he used to admit, even more trouble, but he generously noted that he invariably received "very pleasant replies" about his directives as to the war leader's proper course. If Wilson found the correspondence onerous he was too tactful a man to give any indication of the fact. Only once did he ever chide the Boston institution, and then so delicately that he could be sure the Major would not be aware of it. "I think I realize," he wrote Higginson from the White House on December 10, 1914, "that there are two sides to every question, and sometimes two of almost equal weight."

BISHOP LAWRENCE, unlike Higginson, left the Presidents and Congress alone, but his prestige was nonetheless immense. The Bishop had three homes, a winter home on Commonwealth Avenue, a summer home at Bar Harbor, Maine, and a fall-and-spring home in Milton, Massachusetts. Near this last residence a family of Boston Hallowells possessed a large and none-too-even-tempered dog. The animal had long been the bane of the neighborhood. At one time or another he had bitten the postman, the milkman, the garbage man, and several children. But all complaints were in vain. He was recognized as a bad dog but he was a Hallowell dog living in the suburb of Milton, and he enjoyed on a canine scale a life of First Family privilege that made him immune to ordinary neighborhood dissatisfaction. One day, however, the animal, which had always shown a catholic impartiality in his nippings, observed Bishop Lawrence taking a short cut across Hallowell soil onto Lawrence property. In a twinkling he was on the spot, and before the trespasser could make a getaway he had in his teeth a sizable portion of the back of the Bishop's trousers. That evening Bishop Lawrence paid a call on the Hallowells. In comparison with the many previous complaints the Hallowells had had of their dog's behavior the Bishop's was a mild one, but the next day the dog was gone. Even the Hallowells had no use for a dog which could not distinguish between the biting

of a postman and the biting of a Boston institution.

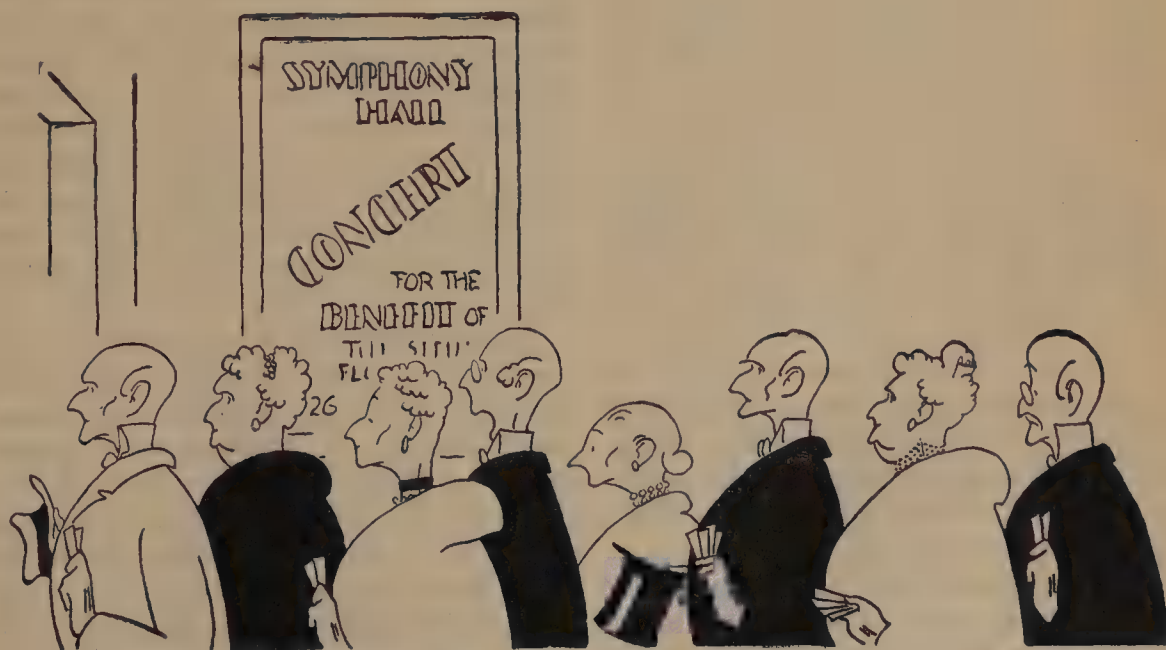
Endicott Peabody of Groton was another of Boston's lords of creation, the third in a recognized triumvirate which included Lowell of Harvard and Bishop Lawrence. Operating thirty miles from Boston and as much or more concerned with New York scions of privilege as with the sons of Boston's First Families, he was nonetheless a city "First Citizen" and stood, with or without Groton behind him, as a Proper Bostonian institution. It was to Peabody that Boston fathers sent their sons, not just to Groton. Peabody stood for Proper Bostonian manhood and he, like Higginson, was all wool and a yard wide. Higginson corrected Theodore Roosevelt, Peabody corrected Franklin Roosevelt. It has been said that Boston fathers would have sent their sons to him whether he had been engaged in building a school or a railroad.

For generations boys who have attended Groton School have gone out into the world as Peabody's personal product. More than one father or mother felt that Peabody was almost too much of an institution. One Boston mother complained to him. "The trouble with your school, Mr. Peabody," she said, "is that it makes boys despise their parents." "No," said Peabody, "it makes boys anxious about

them." He was not wholly wrong; Groton boys never lost their respect for him or their awe of him. At the time of his death in November 1944 he had, in his capacity as an Episcopal minister, married over one third of the school's twelve hundred living graduates. One graduate, ten years out of Groton with a wife and two children, was leaving Hamilton harbor aboard the *Monarch of Bermuda* and had climbed out to the end of a lifeboat to wave good-bye to his Bermudian acquaintances. At the moment he reached his post Peabody, returning from a vacation on the same boat, came striding down the deck. "Come down off that davit, boy," boomed a stern voice. With a smart "Yes, Sir," down came the "boy" and Peabody continued his walk without a word.

II

IT HAS for some time been the opinion of many people that Boston Society ain't what she used to be. Old Boston is dead, they say. The *Transcript* is dead. Beacon Hill is tottering and the heart has been cut out of the Back Bay. The home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cabot Baylies is the Boston center for Adult Education. The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears is a recreation center for members of the Armed Forces—people



The third group are the "Sponsors."

from "dear knows where," Mrs. Sears would say if she were alive today. Nevertheless the First Families succeed pretty well in undemonstratively maintaining their prestige—and the status quo.

A few years ago New York's Frank Crowninshield came to the conclusion that playing the big-league social game in Manhattan was a matter of spending something around \$60,000 a year for the maintenance of appearances and for compulsory entertaining. In Yankee Boston Society such a figure is unheard of. The simple fact of the matter is that there is not that much of a game to play. The opera, once called by Henry James "the great vessel of social salvation," has never achieved formidable standing in Boston, and first-nighting at theaters is regarded with some suspicion. The funeral of a First Family leader is perhaps the closest approach to a place where one really must "be seen," but beyond such an occasion Boston Society moves on from year to year without a single mandatory event on the social calendar. There is little doubt that this peculiarity of Boston Society, combined with the absence of any semblance of Café Society, has served the First Families well in their maintenance of the city's unchanging standard of social stratification.

One of Boston's most indefatigable social organizers exhibits a striking example of this stratification in her copy of the *Social Register*. She has marked the volume in three colors. The first classification includes the correct young marrieds and those among the elders who are known for liking to go out and have a good time. The second is the "workers"—a small group of those who have proved by previous performances that they are willing to do actual work on committees. And the third are the "sponsors." This latter group is sub-divided to include one long list of possible sponsors of events of which the primary object is to make money, and a short list of sponsors for events in which the monetary consideration is secondary to pure social succulence.

Such listing may seem elaborate, but it has apparently always been necessary in securing First Family attendance at any function. A Southern war veteran who re-

cently rented Symphony Hall and hired an orchestra as a money-making venture, was blocked at every turn in his attempts to interest what he called the "nice people" in his concert. Finally he learned through a Boston Society underground channel that he should telephone Mrs. Ronald T. Lyman. "Who the hell's she?" the young man wanted to know. "Never mind," he was told, "just call her." The man did, explaining his proposition to Mrs. Lyman, who not only agreed to sponsor the concert but also enlisted the support of such of her friends as Mrs. George Saltonstall West and Mrs. Bayard Warren; and the concert was a success.

THE core of the Boston social system is clubdom, and here the status quo remains awe-inspiring. In the feminine field a girl may become a debutante in Boston simply by applying to the secretary of the Parents League for Debutantes and asking for an admission blank. No questions will be asked beyond those on a simple form to be filled out. The fact that she will be on the social stationers' official debutante list, and will have her name in the newspapers as such, does not, however, mean that she will in her debutante year be favored with an invitation to join the Vincent Club or to become a provisional member of the Junior League. Nor does it mean that she will in later years enjoy the elite feminine fellowship inherent in such quaint organizations as the Mahjong Monday Club or a Sewing Circle. Boston's Sewing Circles are a unique feature among present-day city Societies. In other cities these Circles have all but died out; in Boston such Circles as the "97" and the "99"—both of which are named from their founding dates, 1897 and 1899—still go merrily on their way.

Sewing Circle 97 is particularly swank. Limited to sixty members—with three blackballs sufficient to keep out any proposed candidate—it meets once a week for lunch from November through May and costs just \$2.00 a year. Members no longer sew for charity as they did in bygone days but instead are asked to contribute two articles of clothing to some charity each season. They meet on Wednesdays, rotating from dining room to din-

ing room in members' houses. A rule of the Circle states severely the terms of this meal: "Luncheon shall be served promptly at 1 P.M. and shall consist of two solids, a sweet, bread, cake, tea, coffee, or chocolate."

IN THE male field one way of measuring the status quo of the Proper Bostonians' clubs lies in the service records of their chief employees. The Somerset had a James for a full fifty years and now has a Joseph who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth year of stewardship. The Union had Max for twenty-five years and still has two Pats who have divided desk duty for over forty years. The Tennis and Racquet has had Touhey in its locker room since the club was founded in 1904, and the Tavern's Bernard died after thirty years on the job. The City Club Corporation has a Joseph of thirty-five years' standing, and even the Club of Odd Volumes, an organization devoted to some genteel camaraderie as well as to the sampling of rare books, has its John of equal vintage. At the Brookline Country Club Mr. Sleeper served so faithfully and long that he was finally rewarded with membership in the club, and at the Somerset not only the late James, but also the present James and Joseph have made permanent places for themselves in Boston Society.

Joseph won unusual recognition on January 4, 1945. On that date, at 7:30 in the evening, when the monthly dinner of the Somerset Club was in progress, a fire broke out in the flue of the charcoal broiler in the kitchen. It was four hours before the blaze, which extended to other parts of the club, was totally extinguished, but Joseph's behavior throughout the crisis was exemplary. When the firemen arrived at the club's front door at 42 Beacon Street, Joseph promptly barred the way and ordered them to the service entrance. This action caused some delay in the fire-fighting operations, but members were spared the pain of seeing strangers enter by the front door. Dinner for thirty-one members was already in progress when Joseph first received word of the fire, and he saw to it that all thirty-one were allowed to consume the major part of their meal without being disturbed. Finally,

after all main courses had been served, Joseph went from table to table with the advice, still remembered by all present: "There will be no dessert this evening, gentlemen. The kitchen is on fire."

So severe are Boston's leading clubs that even blue-bloods have had to watch their step to gain admission. The late Rodman Weld made a habit of entering his nephews in the Somerset at birth so that they would be ready for election immediately upon their graduation from Harvard. One nephew, Rodman Peabody, has recalled in his diary protesting that he would rather wait a few years after graduation until he could better afford the dues. Upon which he was told by the shrewd Mr. Weld: "Young man, someday you may do something. Whatever you do some member of the Somerset Club will disapprove of it. I will pay your dues until the time when you tell me you would like to." At the City Club Corporation, First Family sons have been known to stand in line as long as fifteen years to get under the wire of its steady 180-limit, and to become a Family member of the Myopia Hunt Club, which has long had a 100-maximum rule, is still a feat of such magnitude that it was accomplished by the president of the State Street Trust Company only after he had spent the better part of two years writing the early history of Myopia. That the majesty of these organizations does not end with a man's election is evidenced by such haughty house rules as the City Club Corporation's ban against smoking during lunch, the Union Club's reading room sign "Only Low Talk Permitted," and the curious note over the only basement floor toilet in the Somerset: "This lavatory is to be used only in the case of emergency."

III

PERHAPS the most durable custodian of the city's Old Guard tradition is the Boston Athenaeum. There are a number of other private libraries in operation in the country, but all have made at least slight obeisances to modernity and admit the public to certain privileges. The Athenaeum, however, has never let its hair down.



*Guests who use the Athenaeum usually have the feeling
they are not in a library at all.*

Founded in 1807, it was the only library in Boston for almost half a century, but aside from a temporary order permitting the entrance of Harvard professors it operated in complete privacy through the period. It still operates so today. Located in a grimly archaic building at 10½ Beacon Street overlooking the Old Granary Burial Grounds, it is strictly a library for its proprietors or shareholders. A few of the 1,049 Athenaeum shares change hands from time to time at prices which have ranged from a low of \$152.50 to a high of \$900, but the majority of them come down among Boston's best like Family silver from generation to generation. Shareholders who want to take books out may pay ten dollars a year and do so, and also may give two guest permissions. But the Proper Bostonian is not by nature a library inhabitant; new books he likes to buy, and as for old, he has a library of his own that he intends to get around to reading before he dies. The result is that the Athenaeum is sparsely settled—so much so that guest ticket-holders who use the place usually have the feeling they are not in a library at all but rather unwanted visitors in a shrine whose primary purpose is to preside over the last rites of Brahminism.

There are those who feel that from the standpoint of culture this is a pity and that the library's able staff and its collection of 360,000 books, including most of the personal library of George Washington and the best assortment of Confederate history in existence, might well be put to better use. From the standpoint of a study of Old Guardism, however, the Athenaeum is Mecca itself. The library fairly bristles with reaction. Its vigilance in the matter of fiction is striking. Novels which the library purchases by authors not tested by time contain criticism slips at their backs which read: "Readers who care to express an opinion of this book for the guidance of others may do so below. An opinion should contain not more than five words and should be followed by the initials of the reader." By such critiques the Athenaeum has long felt it can assess the value of current volumes which, if unfavorably reviewed, will then be disposed of rather than allowed to occupy permanent shelf space. It is a rare detective

story which survives—the recent thriller *Poison, Poker, and Pistols*, for example, received the words "Monotonously ill-tempered. M.P.B."—and in the long run it would appear that the majority of these reviews have been unfavorable. In contrast with other libraries of its size, which devote in some cases as much as half of their total book population to novels, the Athenaeum—which has five floors and a basement—devotes only part of one floor to any kind of fiction.

It is not surprising that the Athenaeum should still boast what it calls its "scruple room." It is invariably locked and to get a book from it permission must be obtained from the head librarian, with the additional stipulation that the book desired must be named in advance; no one may enter and make a choice from what he finds there. Even lifelong Athenaeumites have been known to quail at this protocol, among them an ex-Morgan partner who not long ago started to go through the process to get out a French book he was interested in, only to blurt out to the librarian at the last minute, "Aw, the hell with it," and give up. In recent years under the influence of Boston bookbanning this room has increased out of all proportion to the rest of the library, but even in years of comparative liberalism it has stocked such volumes as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and *What Makes Sammy Run*.

NOT the least characteristic feature of the Athenaeum is its penury. Though it is handsomely endowed, it does not believe in throwing its money around. During World War II a visitor to the library overheard its librarian, Mrs. K. D. Metcalf, explaining to a trustee some matters which had been brought up for discussion at a meeting of the previous night which he had apparently been unable to attend. "We did not make any decisions on new books," she assured him, "but we did decide to go ahead and order a pamphlet. We so hope it meets with your approval. The cost is five cents and we feel it will be a real addition to the library." Mrs. Metcalf was not being humorous. The Athenaeum is proud of its reputation for econ-

omy, and its afternoon tea served daily at 4:00 P.M. on the fourth floor to all inhabitants of the building is in its little way perhaps the most militant stand against inflation that can be found anywhere in the country today. The menu reads:

TEA or BOUILLON

with 3 crackers plain	.03
with 3 crackers & cheese	.05
with 1 cracker plain, 1 sweet	.03
with 1 cracker & cheese, 1 sweet	.04
Each sweet cracker extra	.01
Each 2 plain crackers extra	.01

For at least one of its workers this menu is a lifesaver. Miss Sophia Elizabeth Haven joined the Athenaeum staff in the spring of 1880 as a girl of sixteen. Her initial wages were 12½ cents an hour, which was increased to 15 cents when she was able to do shorthand and typing. She once reorganized the library of Oliver Wendell Holmes, not the "young one," as she refers to the late Justice, but the elder Dr. Holmes. She got a brief glimpse of Ralph Waldo Emerson on one of his last trips to the Athenaeum in 1882. In 1901 she began typing, on the typewriter she still uses today, a complete list of Athenaeum books. She finished the list in 1921, and since then she has been constantly recopying it as well as attending to other library duties. Although Athenaeum employees are allowed six days of sickness leave each year, she never took hers and once went fifteen years without missing a single day. She has lived at the same lodging house for forty-five years. At last reports her salary was \$24 a week.

Looking over her career Miss Haven is philosophical. "It's pretty monotonous work," she says, "but after all, a lot of people pay good money to be able to get in here."

IV

THE durability of Boston institutions is matched by the durability of the First Family Bostonians themselves. At the age of seventy-five Captain John Codman felt he was "going soft" and rode a horse from Boston to New York in the middle of winter to prove to himself he was not. In the same way Lawrence Lowell, in his last illness just a month or

two before his death, broke away from those watching him long enough to reach the Esplanade and try to walk. He had felt that all he needed was one of his customary four-mile-an-hour constitutionals to put him back in shape. His cousin, who had run after him and in whose arms he collapsed, still could not convince him he would never take one of those walks again. When Endicott Peabody was eighty-four a visitor who called on him and attended a late dinner in Boston with him returned to Groton at midnight and noted Peabody seemed to "regret" the four hours and forty-five minutes of sleep he was about to have before rising the next morning in time to "get some things done" and then listen to a broadcast of a speech by Hitler scheduled to begin at five-thirty.

To this day the Proper Bostonian feels he is letting down the grandfather-merchant tradition if he shows any signs of weakening in old age. Peabody was not a startling exception. "Seventy-seven years old," declared Bishop Lawrence in his *Memoirs*, "I feel as I did at fifty or sixty, but not able to do as much at a stretch and of course do not run except short distances." The "except short distances" was no exaggeration. The Bishop liked to move right along, even upstairs, and it took an attack of whooping cough at the age of eighty-five—of which a friend recalled that it "delighted" him to be the oldest person on record to have the disease—to make him use the elevator his family had installed in his four-story home.

Boston First Family men scorn elevators. They travel in automobiles only reluctantly and they do not take taxicabs. They walk. Even wearing too heavy an overcoat is taboo. Leathery old Augustus Lowell, father of Harvard's Lawrence, on the testimony of his own daughter never wore an overcoat in his life. Today Bostonians can set their watches by the pedestrian early-morning comings and late-afternoon goings of such present-day First Family leaders as Godfrey Lowell Cabot, Charles Francis Adams, and Neal Rantoul. All men in their eighties, they regularly walk all winter long from their Back Bay homes to their downtown offices and back again—a distance of some four miles. Cabot, nearing ninety, likes an ex-



They do not take taxicabs. They walk.

tra stroll around lunchtime and has averaged close to five miles of walking a day ever since he can remember.

THE Proper Bostonian of today inherits from his merchant forebears a rock-like satisfaction with his lot in life which serves him to the end of his days. It is apparent in little matters as well as in larger spheres. One First Fam-

ily man, for example, will shortly round out a full fifty years of going every summer to the same island in Maine for his vacation. He maintains it is the best vacation spot in the world and his friends find it difficult to argue with him on the point since he has never been anywhere else. In the larger sphere, this calm front is useful even in the facing of death. Inheriting the idea that if he had it all to do over again he

would change nothing, the Proper Bostonian never desires any extra time to set his record straight. His record is already straight, and death in its own good time can be looked forward to as actually desirable.

The last few days in the life of Nathan Appleton, a successful nineteenth-century merchant of Boston, were outstanding in this regard. Just four days before his own death his daughter—the wife of the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—had tripped on a lighted taper at the foot of the stairs of her home, and though the poet had tried to smother the fire by jumping to wrap her in a rug, the immense steel hoops under her skirt had prevented the fire from being smothered and she had been burned to death. On a Saturday the merchant went to her funeral, at the same time being advised by his doctor that he had himself but two days to live. A friend who came to see him after the funeral said he would return on Monday. The merchant, who by this time had begun arranging for his own funeral, told him quietly that this would be unnecessary as he would not be alive on Monday. At this the friend became worried that the merchant's mind had been affected by so much bad news and told the doctor as much. When the merchant died, however, as he said he would, on Sunday

morning, the friend later recalled what his last words to him had been, two days earlier. "I am not afraid," the merchant had said. "To tell you the truth I believe I am not afraid of anything."

The death of the elder Colonel Perkins was likewise characteristic. As his end approached, all entreaties on the part of his family to make him realize death was near appeared to fail. Finally his sister begged him at least to take to his bed. "Certainly not," he replied with decision, "I have always proposed to die dressed and sitting in my chair." An hour later he did.

But it was Perkins' son, the younger Colonel Perkins, who provided perhaps the most notable of all the Boston merchants' exemplary departures. Once called the best-dressed man in the city, he had been rather a gay blade in his time, and on his deathbed was approached by a friend who gave him, rather hesitantly, the advice that he would do well to repent his sins if he wanted to go to heaven. Perkins thought little of the idea. In two sentences he delivered what will undoubtedly remain the all-time Proper Bostonian statement on the question of the hereafter.

"I am about as good," he declared, "as Gus Thorndike, Jim Otis, or Charlie Hammond, and almost as good as Frank Codman. I shall go where they go, and there is where I wish to go."

The Biggest Aspidistra in the World

A MYTH survives from past years that film stars live in Petronian luxury. The salary figures seem dazzling, and indeed, she [the Hollywood film star] does live in a degree of comfort very enviable by contemporary European measure.

But it is no more than that. In fact her standard of life is precisely that of a moderately successful Englishman of fifty years ago. That is to say, she lives in a neat little villa with half an acre of garden; she has three servants, seldom more, very often fewer. Her antique furniture, collected at vast expense, would be commonplace in an English rectory. Her main time of entertainment is Sunday luncheon when she asks half a dozen professional friends to share her joint of beef. She has more clothes than her counterpart, but her menfolk are infinitely worse dressed. In only one substantial particular does she differ. She has a swimming pool which can be lit up at night. That is the mark of respectability, like the aspidistra in the parlor.

—Evelyn Waugh in the *London Daily Telegraph*.

OBITUARY OF A BONE HUNTER

LOREN C. EISELEY

THE papers and the magazines have been full of it these past few days. I mean that business of the skull at Tepexpan and how it was found by sound devices and nobody had to guess at all and they brought the skull home and everybody was famous overnight.

I'm the guy who didn't find the skull. I'm the guy who'd just been looking twenty years for something like it. This isn't sour grapes. It's their skull and welcome to it. What made me sigh was the geophysics equipment. The greatest gambling game in the world—the greatest wit-sharpener—and now they do it with amplifiers. An effete age, gentlemen, and the fun gone out of it.

There are really two kinds of bone hunters—the big bone hunters and the little bone hunters. The little bone hunters may hunt big bones, but they're little bone hunters just the same. They are the consistent losers in the most difficult game of chance that men can play: the search for human origins. Dubois, the discoverer of the Java Ape Man, hit the jackpot in a gamble with such stupendous odds that the most devoted numbers enthusiast would have had better sense than to stake his life on them.

I am a little bone hunter. I've played this game for a twenty-year losing streak. I used to think it all lay in the odds—that it was luck that made the difference between the big and little bone hunters. Now

I'm not so sure any longer. Maybe it's something else.

Maybe sometimes an uncanny clairvoyance is involved, and if it comes you must act or the time goes by. Anyhow I've thought about it a lot in these later years. You think that way as you begin to get grayer and you see pretty plainly that the game is not going to end as you planned.

With me I think now that there were three chances: the cave of spiders, and that matter of the owl's egg, and the old man out of the Golden Age. I muffed them all. And maybe the old man just came to show me I'd sat in the big game for the last time.

II

IN THAT first incident of the spiders, I was playing a hunch, a long one, but a good one still. I wanted to find Neanderthal man, or any kind of Ice-Age man, in America. One or two of the big authorities were willing to admit he *might* have got in before the last ice sheet; that he *might* have crossed Bering Straits with the mammoth. He might have, they said, but it wasn't likely. And if he had, it would be like looking for humming birds in the Bronx to find him.

Well, the odds were only a hundred to one against me, so I figured I'd look. That was how I landed in the cave of spiders. It was somewhere west out of Carlsbad, in the Guadalupe country. Dry. With

We published Professor Eiseley's "Long Ago Man of the Future" in January 1947. Since then he has been appointed chairman of the department of anthropology of the University of Pennsylvania.

sunlight that would blister cactus. We were cavehunting with a dynamiter and a young Harvard assistant. The dynamiter was to blow boulders away from fallen entrances so we could dig what lay underneath.

We found the cave up a side canyon, the entrance blocked with fallen boulders. Even to my youthful eyes it looked old, incredibly old. The waters and the frosts of centuries had eaten at the boulders and gnawed the cave roof. Down by the vanished stream bed a little gleam of worked flints caught our eye.

We stayed there for days, digging where we could, and leaving the blasting till the last. We got the Basket Maker remains we had come to get—the earliest people that the scientists of that time would concede had lived in the Southwest. Was there anything more? We tamped a charge under one huge stone that blocked the wall of the cave and scrambled for the outside. A dull boom echoed down the canyon and the smoke and dust slowly blew away.

Inside the cave mouth the shattered boulder revealed a crack behind it. An opening that ran off beyond our spot lights. The hackles on my neck crawled. This might be the road to—something earlier? There was room for only one man to worm his way in. The dynamiter was busy with his tools. "It's probably nothing," I said to the assistant. "I'll just take a quick look."

As I crawled down that passage on my belly I thought once or twice about rattlesnakes and what it might be like to meet one on its own level where it could look you in the eye. But after all I had met snakes before in this country, and besides I had the feeling there was something worth getting to beyond.

I had it strong—too strong to turn back. I twisted on and suddenly dropped into a little chamber. My light shot across it. It was low and close, and this was the end of the cave. But there was earth on the floor beneath me, the soft earth that must be dug, that might hold something more ancient than the cave entrance. I couldn't stand up; the roof was too low. I would have to dig on hands and knees. I set the light beside me and started to probe the

floor with a trench shovel. It was just then that the fear got me.

THE light lay beside me shining on the ceiling—a dull, velvety looking ceiling different from the stone around. I don't know when I first sensed something was wrong, that the ceiling was moving, that waves were passing over it like the wind in a stand of wheat. But suddenly I did, suddenly I dropped the shovel, and thrust the light closer against the roof. Things began to detach themselves and drop wherever the light touched them. Things with legs. I could hear them plop on the soft earth around me.

I shut off the light. The plopping ceased. I sat on my knees in the darkness, listening. My mind was centered on just one thing—escape. I knew what that wavering velvet wall was. Millions upon millions of daddy-long-legs—packed in until they hung in layers. Daddy-long-legs, the most innocent and familiar of all the spider family. I wish I could say I had seen black widows there among them. It would help now, in telling this.

But I didn't. I didn't really see anything. If I turned on the light that hideous dropping and stirring would commence again. The light awoke them. They disliked it.

If I could have stood up it would have been different. If they had not been overhead it would have been different. But they had me on my knees and they were above and all around. Millions upon millions. How they got there I don't know. All I know is that up out of the instinctual well of my being flowed some ancient, primal fear of the crawler, the walker by night. One clambered over my hand. And above they dangled, dangled. . . . What if they all began to drop at once?

I did not light the light. I had seen enough. I buttoned my jacket close, and my sleeves. I plunged blindly back up the passage down which I had wriggled and which, luckily, was free of them.

Outside the crew looked at me. I was sweating, and a little queer. "Close air," I gasped; "a small hole, nothing there."

We went away then in our trucks. I suppose in due time the dust settled, and the fox found his way in. Probably all that

horrible fecund mass eventually crept, in its single individualities, back into the desert where it frightened no one. What it was doing there, what evil unknown to mankind it was plotting, I do not know to this day. The evil and the horror, I think now, welled out of my own mind, but somehow that multitude of ancient life in a little low dark chamber touched it off. It did not pass away until I could stand upright again. It was a fear out of the old, four-footed world that sleeps within us still.

Neanderthal man? He might have been there. But I was young and that was only a first chance gone. Yes, there were things I might have done, but I didn't do them. You don't tell your chief dynamiter that you ran from a daddy-long-legs. Not in that country. But do you see, it wasn't *one* daddy-long-legs? That's what I can't seem to make clear over the cigars. It wasn't just one daddy-long-legs. It was millions of them. Enough to bury you. And have you ever thought of being buried under spiders? I thought not. You begin to get the idea?

III

I HAD a second chance and again it was in a cave I found. This time I had been alone, tramping up a canyon watching for bones, and I had just happened to glance upward in the one place where the cave could be seen. I studied it a long time—until I could feel the chill crawling down my back. This might be it; this might be the place. . . . This time I would know. This time there would be no spiders.

Through the glasses I could make out a fire-blackened roof, a projecting ledge above the cave mouth, and another one below. It was a small, strange hide-out, difficult to reach, but it commanded the valley on which the canyon opened. And there was the ancient soot-impregnated cave roof. Ancient men had been there.

I made that climb. Don't ask me how I did it. Probably there had been an easier route ages ago. But I came up a naked chimney of rock down which I lost my knapsack and finally the geologist's pick that had helped me hack out a foothold in the softening rock.

When I flung myself over the ledge where the cave mouth opened, I was shaking from the exhausting muscle tension and fear. No one, I was sure, had come that way for a thousand years, and no one after me would come again. I did not know how I would get down. It was enough momentarily to be safe. In front of me the cave mouth ran away darkly into the mountain.

I took the flashlight from my belt and loosened my sheath knife. I began to crawl downward and forward, wedging myself over sticks and fallen boulders. It was a clean cave and something was there, I was sure of it. Only, the walls were small and tight. . . .

They were tighter when the voice and the eyes came. I remember the eyes best. I caught them in my flashlight the same instant that I rammed my nose into the dirt and covered my head. They were big eyes and coming my way.

I never thought at all. I just lay there dazed while a great roaring buffeting thing beat its way out over my body and went away.

It went out into the silence beyond the cave mouth. A half minute afterward, I peered through my fingers and rolled weakly over. Enough is enough. But this time I wasn't going back empty-handed. Not I. Not on account of a mere bird. Not if I *had* thought it was a mountain lion, which it could just as well have been. No owl was going to stop me, not even if it was the biggest owl in the Rocky Mountains.

I twitched my ripped shirt into my pants and crawled on. It wasn't much farther. Over the heap of debris down which the great owl had charged at me, I found the last low chamber, the place I was seeking. And there in a pile of sticks lay an egg, an impressive egg, mottled and full of potentialities, fraught, if I may say so, with destiny. It was almost an insolent egg.

I affected at first to ignore it. I was after the buried treasures that lay beneath its nest in the cave floor. The egg was simply going to have to look after itself. Its parent had gone, and in a pretty rude fashion, too. I was no vandal, but I was going to be firm. If an owl's egg stood in the path

of science. . . . But suddenly the egg seemed very helpless, very much alone. I probed in the earth around the nest. The nest got in the way. This was a time for decision.

I know a primatologist who will lift a rifle and shoot a baby monkey out of its mother's arms for the sake of science. He is a good man, too, and goes home nights to his wife. I tried to focus on this thought as I faced the egg.

I knew it was a rare egg. The race of its great and lonely mother was growing scant in these mountains and would soon be gone. Under it might lie a treasure that would make me famed in the capitals of science; but suppose there was nothing under the nest after all and I destroyed it? Suppose. . . .

Here in this high, sterile silence with the wind crying over frightful precipices, myself and that egg were the only living things. That seemed to me to mean something. Well, at last I backed quietly out of the cave and slipped down into the chasm out of which I had come. By luck I did not fall.

Sometimes in these later years I think perhaps the skull was there, the skull that could have made me famous. It is not so bad, however, when I think that the egg became an owl. I had had charge of it in the universe's sight for a single hour, and I had done well by life.

It is not the loss of the skull that torments me sometimes on winter evenings. Suppose the big, unutterably frightened bird never came back to its egg? A feeling of vast loss and desolation sweeps over me then. I begin to perceive what it is to doubt.

IV

IT WAS years later that I met the old man. He was waiting in my office when I came in. It was obvious from the timid glances of my secretary that he had been passed from hand to hand and that he had outwitted everybody. Someone in the background made a twisting motion at his forehead.

The old man sat, a colossal ruin, in the reception chair. The squirrel-like twitterings of the office people did not disturb him.

As I came forward he fished in a ragged wallet and produced a clipping. "You made this speech?" he asked.

"Why, yes," I said.

"You said men came here late? A few thousand years ago?"

"Yes, you see—"

"Young man," he interrupted, "you are frightfully wrong."

I was aware that his eyes were contracted to pin points and seemed in some danger of protruding on stalks.

"You have ignored," he rumbled, "the matter of the Miocene period—the Golden Age. A great civilization existed then, far more splendid than this—degenerate time." He struck the floor fiercely with his cane.

"But," I protested, "that period is twenty million years ago. Man wasn't even in existence. Geology shows—"

"Nothing!" said the massive relic. "Geology has nothing to do with it. Sit down. I know all about the Golden Age. I will prove to you that you are wrong."

I collapsed doubtfully into a chair. He told me that he was from some little town in Missouri, but I never believed it for a moment. He smelled bad, and it was obvious, if he brought news of the Golden Age, as he claimed, that he had come by devious and dreadful ways from that far era.

"I have here," he said, thrusting his head forward and breathing heavily into my face, "a human jaw. I will unwrap it a little and you can see. It is from a cave I found."

"It is embedded in stalactite drippings," I murmured, hypnotized against my will. "That might represent considerable age. Where did you find it?"

He raised a protesting hand. "Later, son, later. You admit then—?"

I strained forward. "Those teeth," I said, "they are large—they look primitive." The feeling I had had at the mouth of the owl's cave came to me again overpoweringly. "Let me see a little more of the jaw. If the mental eminence should be lacking, you may have something important. Just let me handle it a moment."

With the scuttling alacrity of a crab, the old man drew back and popped the papers over his find. "You admit, then,

that it is important? That it proves the Golden Age was real?"

Baffled, I looked at him. He eyed me with an equal wariness.

"Where did you find it?" I asked. "In this light it seemed—it might be—a fossil man. We have been looking a long time. If you would only let me see—"

"I found it in a cave in Missouri," he droned in a rote fashion. "You can never find the cave alone. If you will make a statement to the papers that the Golden Age is true, I will go with you. You have seen the evidence."

Once more I started to protest. "But this has nothing to do with the Golden Age. You may have a rare human fossil there. You are denying science—"

"Science," said the old man with frightening dignity, "is illusion." He arose. "I will not come back. You must make a choice."

For one long moment we looked at each other across the fantastic barriers of our individual minds. Then, on his heavy oak-wood cane, he hobbled to the door and was gone. I watched through the window as he crossed the street in a patch of autumn sunlight as phantasmal and unreal as he. Leaves fell raggedly around him

until, a tatter among tatters, he passed from sight.

I rubbed a hand over my eyes, and it seemed the secretary looked at me strangely. How was it that I had failed this time? By unbelief? But the man was mad. I could not possibly have made such a statement as he wanted.

Was it pride that cost me that strange jaw bone? Was it academic dignity? Should I have followed him? Found where he lived? Importuned his relatives? Stolen, if necessary, that remarkable fragment?

Of course I should! I know that now. Of course I should.

TEN years have passed since the old man came to see me. I have crawled in many caverns, stooped with infinite aching patience over the bones of many men. I have made no great discoveries.

I think now that in some strange way that old man out of the autumn leaf-fall was the last test of the inscrutable gods. There will be no further chances. The egg and the spiders and the madman—in them is the obituary of a life dedicated to the folly of doubt, the life of a small bone hunter.

Writ in Water

ROBERT BRITTAIN

Now how can one winnow, how worry the words out
To arrest and fitly to fix in phrases the troubling
Presence of such a one as John Keats?
Of all creepers in corners where the mind hides treasure
What a ghost is here, will not be laid by the mumble
Of the White Paternoster, eludes the traps and springes
Set by mousecatchers, and suddenly in the dark
Clutches the heart like a bright and noble melody.

Timorous, pettish, you who carry candles to bed with you,
Let him not enter your attics, wave him away,
Else will he haunt whatever of life has meaning for you:
And every frolic of bells in a sun-drenched tower
Or quirk and flirt of a bird's tail, or even
Touch of your lover's lips, will summon him up
And you will stare till your heart breaks again
For pure joy at the sight of him bounding up the stair.

THE GREAT TOLL-ROAD MIRAGE

MYRON STEARNS

THE United States boasts the greatest system of free streets and highways this planet has ever known. During the war, which followed two decades of feverish road-building, new construction naturally lagged. Thousands of miles of secondary and even main roads fell into disrepair. Today, in order to maintain and improve the highway networks without—supposedly—undue burden to already overloaded tax-payers, toll roads are being widely advocated.

The proposals are so numerous they suggest an epidemic. In Ohio alone, \$800,000,000 of toll super-highways have been under consideration. Oklahoma is proposing a 105-mile super-toll-road (always super) between Tulsa and Oklahoma City. In Connecticut, H-240 proposed plans for scenic toll parkways along the Housatonic River. Arkansas has already authorized construction and operation of a toll highway. West Virginia has created a five-man Turnpike Commission to issue bonds for the construction of multilane expressways. Georgia is planning a scenic super-highway along the coast. The State Road Commission of Maryland has been authorized to construct bridges and motorways financed by toll charges. The Associated Farmers of California are advocating the financing of the state's entire expressway system through tolls. Massa-

chusetts, Pennsylvania, Washington, and New Hampshire all have new toll-road proposals, either pending or already passed.

New York has authorized the collection of additional tolls on the Hutchinson River Parkway, the Saw Mill River Parkway, and the Fleetwood Viaduct, all in the New York City vicinity, in spite of the fact that there are eighteen different parkways, bridges, and tunnels within fifty miles of Times Square on which tolls are already being collected.

Nearly all these toll-road proposals stem from, or have in some degree been influenced by, the construction and operation of the Pennsylvania Turnpike. This fine 161-mile divided highway through the Alleghanies between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh was constructed in the late thirties, and received a lot of publicity. It was opened with "no speed limit," and cars made 80, 90, and even 100 miles an hour on its easy grades. Too many of them, unfortunately, made these speeds at the wrong time or place; some hit early-winter patches of newly-formed ice, and skidded into eternity. Presently the speed-limit was lowered to 70 miles, where it still remains, enabling big trucks and busses to make far better time than on any other road through the mountains. The daily thousands of motorists who pay

Myron Stearns' most recent article for us on the perils of motoring was "Traffic Jam," January 1947. Readers may also remember "The Scandal of Our Traffic Courts," March 1946.

a dollar and a half for the privilege of driving its full distance feel well satisfied with their expenditure.

So do most of the drivers on what is perhaps the nation's second-best-known toll road, the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut. Here, with an allowed speed of 55 miles an hour against a state speed limit of 40 elsewhere, you can avoid the crowded Boston Post Road and save the best part of an hour in getting from the State Line to New Haven.

The state of Maine created a Turnpike Authority in 1941, and authorized it to sell bonds and build a highway clear across the state. A first 44-mile section of such a road, from close to the New Hampshire border to Portland, is just being finished, at a cost of around \$20,000,000.

II

THERE are three main reasons for this widespread legislative agitation for, and placid public acceptance of, toll roads.

Most influential is, of course, the delusion of getting something for nothing. Harassed legislators, hounded between the rising cost of all branches of government, the necessity for big road outlays, and the desire to avoid political suicide by raising taxes any higher, turn to toll-road projects with gasps of relief. It seems that without raising the state's indebtedness a cent new modern highways can be constructed at private, or semiprivate, expense, with the tolls themselves paying all charges. No money out for anybody except the motorists who benefit by using the new road and are glad to pay for the privilege!

It's as satisfying as the old Republican "chicken in every pot," or Ham and Eggs in California's political campaigns, or the \$5,000 a year for every man that once was going to make Huey Long President. Even the taxpayer can't see where it's going to cost *him* anything.

Less obvious than this pleasant something-for-nothing feeling is the second fact: that toll-road bonds appear to financial people at the present time to be a very satisfactory form of investment. A *Wall Street Journal* article calls the move

toward toll-road financing "a huge new invasion of the no-man's-land between public and private enterprise." "LOCAL GOVERNMENTS TO RAID RICH BOUNDARIES OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE" is one headline.

Ever since the great bull market for stocks that crashed in 1929, investors have been looking for "safe" investments. Toll-road bonds seem to offer the desired safety. At a time when our existing bull market in supposedly noncollapsible securities has reached a point almost equal to the demand for common stocks eighteen years ago, toll roads, toll bridges, and similar quasi-public enterprises are easy to launch. One New York law firm alone is handling the legal end of half a billion dollars' worth of such securities.

The third reason for the epidemic of toll-road ideas is that they have been sponsored by a surprising number of leaders who apparently see no fallacies in them.

"We have reached the time when we must consider the advisability of great, wide, high-speed highways, such as the Pennsylvania Turnpike," said Governor Lane of Maryland in his opening message to his legislature this year. "The only practical way to finance such highways, as other states have found out, is by building toll roads." A *Saturday Evening Post* article states flatly: "If the Maine Turnpike . . . fails, Americans will be forced to get along for many years to come with tens of thousands of miles of dangerous, congested highways." Also: "Public prejudice against toll roads, if it really exists, is probably due to abuses of the remote past."

Historical toll roads, another widely-read article agrees, unquestionably died merely because of their abuse as private monopolies. But now big public service "authorities," like the Port of New York Authority, or others at St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, make them practicable again. We want the roads they can give us "without adding to the general burden of government."

Behind such leadership the rest of us follow along—perhaps a little hesitantly at first, because in some way it seems almost too good to be true, then more and more whole-heartedly.

III

JUST as the Pennsylvania Turnpike is leading the toll-road procession today, the Philadelphia-to-Lancaster Turnpike, chartered in 1792, started the "toll-road era" of a century and more ago. Investors were so eager to subscribe for the Turnpike Company that their numbers had to be limited. Sixty-two miles of macadamized road was built at a cost of \$465,000.

Then, as now, the idea was contagious. Good roads for nothing! By 1801 there were five turnpike companies in Pennsylvania, 13 in New York, and 48 in New England. By 1850 Pennsylvania alone had chartered 428 toll road companies. Between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh there were eight turnpike and three toll bridge companies: the through traveler paid eleven separate tolls.

But the companies didn't do as well as they had expected. Dividends on the original Philadelphia-Lancaster road to January 1803, averaged less than two per cent. Repairs cost \$8,000 a year; there were 13 toll gates, with keepers getting from \$250 to \$350 a year apiece. Firewood and lights for the toll houses, with office rent and salary for the company treasurer, came to \$1,500 a year.

It was written of Pennsylvania turnpikes, in 1828: "None have yielded dividends sufficient to remunerate the proprietors. Most of them have yielded little more than expenses for repairs; some have been abandoned."

But that was not all. Resentment against the turnpikes had risen. In some areas farmers built "shunpikes" around the toll-collection houses. Companies felt forced to give more and more "exemptions"—to funerals, to persons going to or from public worship, to persons going for a physician or midwife or to vote, to persons going to or from a blacksmith shop, to persons living within a mile of the toll gate.

One after another the flood of 1800-1830 turnpike companies were bankrupted, abandoned, or turned over to the states.

Obviously the conditions of a century ago offer no exact parallel with those of

today. But the fate of those earlier ventures at least suggests caution. And the first thing our caution should prompt us to do is to distinguish between toll bridges or tunnels, on the one hand, and toll roads on the other.

THERE is a sharp and easy-to-grasp difference between toll roads and toll bridges or tunnels. Toll roads always have to compete with free roads, which are public necessities. But bridges and tunnels have to be used by anyone who wants to get to the other side of the river or avoid climbing over the mountain. They take all the traffic there is.

The Pennsylvania Turnpike parallels U. S. Route 30. The Merritt Parkway in Connecticut parallels the Boston Post Road. The new Maine Turnpike to Portland parallels U. S. Route 1. But toll bridges and tunnels have no such competition. To avoid the Lincoln Tunnel under the Hudson River you have to take the Holland Tunnel or the George Washington Bridge, where equal tolls are charged, or a ferry boat that charges just as much. Consequently toll bridges or tunnels, because of their monopolistic character, should always be publicly owned and operated, and made free after they have been paid for.

Legislators, during the Turnpike Era, apparently failed to recognize this, and allowed many bridges to become private monopolies. The Harrisburg Bridge Company, for example, still collecting tolls across the Susquehanna River in Pennsylvania, has paid handsome dividends on its common stock since 1821.

With the coming of automobiles, which began to be really numerous about 1910, toll-bridge revenue jumped. A toll bridge over the Connecticut River, on the Shore Road between New Haven and New London (more exactly between Old Saybrook and Old Lyme) was finished for private interests in 1911 for \$468,642. In 1912 it grossed \$20,221, in 1922 \$80,987. It was freed of tolls after paying for itself in twelve years of operation.

A bridge across the St. Johns River at Jacksonville, Florida, cost \$1,187,863 and was opened in 1921. It paid for itself inside of six years. An interstate bridge

across the Columbia River at Portland, Oregon, was opened in 1917. In 1919, 910,341 vehicles paid tolls of \$326,455 to use it. By 1925, the numbers of cars passing over it had risen to 1,802,970, paying at a reduced toll \$487,504.

IV

BUT toll roads—as distinguished from bridges and tunnels—are something else again.

We have today in this country nearly four million miles of roads and streets. Some 350,000 miles are primary state highways. Another 350,000 are city streets. The rest are county and local country roads of various types, more than half of them unsurfaced. Across this huge road-web move about thirty-three million passenger cars, trucks, and busses. The system has grown up because of automobile travel and its needs; even at that, car production has kept ahead of highway construction.

These roads have practically all been free. During the past forty years they have changed the entire American way of living, as we were reminded during the war when gasoline was rationed: trips to town, to the office, to church, to school, to the factory, to visit Aunt Hattie, to go shopping or to the movies, to get a new part for the tractor, or to meet Grandma at the railroad station, are all made by car. Deliveries of mail and milk and laundry and groceries and dresses and diapers are made by car. Trucks carry each year increasingly large proportions of raw materials to factories and finished products to market.

We have become, as a nation, dependent on automobiles and the roads that carry them. Our highways are almost as necessary for our community life as are veins and arteries to the human system.

To meet mounting highway costs the different states began taxing motorists. By 1934, to meet road expenditures by the state highway departments alone of more than \$900,000,000, the states took in \$376,000,000 from gasoline taxes and \$195,071,000 from registration fees and other charges on motorists. The federal government, unifying the whole system and concentrating on a strategic network

of roads for national defense, chipped in \$317,815,000.

Then the talk of toll roads started up. They were boosted as PWA projects. By 1938 there were so many proposals that an international trade journal wrote editorially: "Toll bridges which were once the rule in America are becoming rather numerous again, and there is a noticeable agitation for toll roads." It went on to point out that an Italian experiment with 300 miles of scenic toll roads, in the lake region, had been a complete failure. Hardly enough was taken in for road maintenance, and the government had to take over the roads.

President Franklin Roosevelt favored large PWA grants to the Pennsylvania Turnpike project. Influenced, as so many others have been, by its splendid prospects, he went still further, and envisioned six great toll roads running clear across the country, three from east to west and three from north to south. He used to explain his plan to road-minded visitors—Don Kennedy, former Highway Commissioner of Michigan, who was one of them, tells me—by drawing a rough outline of the United States on a piece of paper, and then marking lines across it.

"Here," he would say, "we need a highway from coast to coast, straight across the country." He would draw it in, from about San Francisco to somewhere around Washington. "We need another along our northern boundary, and this third one in the south"—drawing them in. Then he would draw north-south lines along both coasts, and make a long oval to represent the Alleghany Mountains.

"We'll have to have these big highways along our two coasts," he'd go on, "and a third one somewhere behind the mountains, running from Texas up toward the Great Lakes." And he would draw it in.

Congress, alarmed by so many toll-road proposals in the Federal Highway Act of 1938, directed the Public Roads Administration to make a thorough study of such projects. Its report, a carefully documented work covering 132 pages, was submitted to Congress in 1939.

It threw, respectfully but very accurately, a large bucket of cold water on all toll-road plans.

More than half the cars in the country, it pointed out, are owned by persons who earn less than \$1,500 a year. Only one car-owner in twenty has an income as great as \$5,000 a year. Automobile trips, all over the country, average only 16 miles in length; in country districts they average only 11 miles. Of 2,532 cars reaching or leaving the Pacific Coast states daily from or for points east of Idaho, Nevada, and Arizona, only 800 came from or get as far as the Mississippi, and less than 300 come from or go to states on or near the Atlantic Coast. Total cent-a-mile tolls over the entire six-highway, 14,336-mile gridiron, would bring in less than half of the annual cost of upkeep and operation—even in 1960!

"Direct toll highways," the report stated regretfully, "cannot be relied upon as a sound solution of the problem of providing adequate facilities for the vital and necessary transportation of the United States or to solve any considerable part of this problem."

Thomas MacDonald, chiefly responsible for the report, is generally regarded as one of the ablest long-time servants of the federal government. In charge of the Office of Public Roads for more than twenty-five years, he has many admirers and few critics. President Roosevelt accepted his report and transmitted it to Congress. He proved himself a good loser, dropping his in-favor-of-toll-roads position as mistaken, and getting firmly behind MacDonald's later proposal for a 40,000-mile system of great free interstate highways.

V

IN SPITE of what seemed a death blow, the toll-road dream lives on, growing and menacing our whole free-road system. Here is a partial summary of the arguments against it.

First, and of tremendous importance, is the still-little-realized fact that toll roads cannot carry all the traffic along their lines. The existing roads they parallel and supplement must still be maintained and improved for local traffic. Roads on which small communities, farmers, and various short-trip travelers depend can't simply

be closed off. Five and ten mile traffic can't use toll-roads on which the gates are fifteen or twenty miles apart—because of the maintenance cost, toll-road gates have to be widely spaced.

Analysis of highway trips in 11 states, made before the war, showed that trips of less than 20 miles ran from 79 to 88 per cent of the total. In New Hampshire, for instance, more than three-quarters of all trips were less than 20 miles long, and more than half of them were of less than 10 miles. Consequently, toll roads must always be understood to be only partial facilities, capable of serving only a limited portion of the traffic in the areas they traverse. Keep this in mind.

Now: To attract traffic, in the face of roads which are free, toll roads must be designed to standards *beyond the need* of the traffic they get. The Pennsylvania Turnpike, for example, could carry comfortably 12,000 cars a day, while its actual daily average is between three and four thousand—the bare minimum ordinarily considered enough to justify a four-lane highway. Motorists will use the Maine Turnpike to get away from heavy traffic on Route 1 *only as long as it offers better, safer, less crowded traffic lanes.*

The corollary of this is that, if the toll road is to remain solvent, the parallel free road must be held to definitely lower standards, both as to congestion *and as to safety.*

Accordingly toll roads, competing for traffic in our great public road system, have to be in a sense class roads. They are for people who can afford and wish to travel long distances, instead of having to watch every cent per mile; and they lower, instead of help, the status of low-income road users. To that extent they definitely are economically unprogressive.

This "class" sense tended to arouse resentment against toll roads in the old days. And if anybody doubts that the same force will work again, let him drive parallel to the Pennsylvania Pike on U. S. Route 30, and buy his gas at wayside stations. In spite of state pride in the great new highway, filling station attendants are already quick to tell you how, on not-too-long stretches, you can save money by avoiding the Turnpike.

Remember, please, that road improvement means reduction of accidents. Already toll road proponents are pointing out that the better-designed and constructed turnpikes are safer than other roads. So, with toll roads, we head directly toward a situation where safety, for the minority who can afford tolls, will be greater; while for the more numerous, lower-income drivers who can't afford tolls and who make only short trips, safety will be pushed back.

It's an ugly thought.

NEXT we face the fact that anyone using a toll road is paying a double tax, since as a citizen he has already been taxed for the parallel public road that he is not using. There is no refund to pay him back because he has decided to use the toll road.

Few people realize how heavy this second tax really is. At a cent a mile or thereabouts it is the equivalent of an additional gas-tax of say 16 cents a gallon, as long as you are on the toll road. For the well-to-do, this may mean little. For the jallopy-owner, it's serious.

Next: Our greatest traffic problems today are in or near big cities. And here toll roads help but little. All around New York, for instance, are toll parkways; but they do not, and cannot, relieve such congestion as can be encountered on the West Side express highway, or the Pulaski Skyway in New Jersey, during rush hours. Toll roads are good only where traffic can move swiftly.

Again: The necessity of collecting tolls in itself makes toll roads more expensive than others. Go back to the figures on the old Philadelphia-Lancaster pike; now as then collectors have to be housed and warmed and lighted and paid; the executive personnel has to have its offices and salaries. The traveler—and through the traveler, in the long sense, all of us—must foot the bill.

We already have enough unproductive jobs in this country without unnecessarily creating more.

Let's look at the Pennsylvania Turnpike, which is at present the shining example of successful toll road, just as its Philadelphia-Lancaster predecessor was in the old days.

It cost about \$71,500,000 to build. But it had the advantage of utilizing millions of dollars' worth of grading and some tunnel-work done for the never-finished South Penn Railroad—a project abandoned more than half a century ago. That was a great help, which other toll-road projects must do without. Besides that, it was given \$29,500,000, free, as a PWA project. The balance of some \$40,000,000 was borrowed from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

In the first year it was open to the public, and again in the first year after the war, it took in less than \$3,000,000 in tolls. That doesn't leave the project very alluring when we remember first the upkeep, then the railroad-grading head-start, then the PWA help, then the road's strategic location and the inadequate competition offered by U. S. 30, with present grades up to ten per cent through the mountains.

THE idea that toll roads offer the only escape from serious highway difficulties ahead runs spang into the fact that gasoline taxes have already paid for a large proportion of our great road system, and that they can be collected far more cheaply than road tolls.

Gasoline taxes are, in fact, the ideal substitute for, and preventive of, toll-road financing. Levied equally, on all car users for the benefit of all, they can meet all necessary highway construction costs. This has been shown by a meticulous \$100,000 survey of California highway needs, which can be met on a pay-as-you-go basis, to the tune of more than \$200,000,000 a year right through to 1960, by a two-cent rise in the gasoline tax.

During 1945 gasoline taxes and other automobile revenues, such as car and driver license fees, throughout the United States, totaled \$1,235,780,000. Quite a tidy sum. Of this almost an even hundred million dollars (\$99,834,000, to be exact) was siphoned off for non-highway purposes. Texas, for example, collected a total of \$73,122,000, and used \$13,780,000 of it on other things than roads. Pennsylvania collected some \$47,679,000 in gasoline taxes, and spent \$6,271,000 of it elsewhere.

Better, by far, to levy gasoline taxes for public roads than collect tolls from favored toll-road users and spend gasoline money elsewhere.

SO WE come to the fact that nearly all competitive toll roads, even the best planned, must face eventual loss. Just as they did in the old days. Just as they have each time a new toll-road epidemic has sprung up.

Listen to Mr. MacDonald on Toll Road's End:

What is going to happen if, or probably I should say when, the traffic remaining to be served by a free alternate route rises in volume to the point where only high-standard improvement can provide the facility and *safety* it requires? Are we then going to improve the free road to its required standards and let the consequences to the toll road be what they may? Or are we just going to "free" the toll road, that is, take over its bonds as a public obligation and suspend the toll collection? The first course would mean loss to the toll road investors. The second would mean the public assumption of a debt bearing a higher rate of interest than it would have been necessary to pay had the road been built free in the first place. Moreover, if we choose the second alternative we will probably find that the road built as a toll road is not located properly to serve as an acceptable all-duty free highway.

And finally: Our great free road system has made us what we are today—an industrialized civilization, leading the world. Anything that interferes with the effectiveness of our great free highways menaces our economic well-being, our entire way of life.

According to Charles Deering, highway authority with the Brookings Institution and author of *American Highway Policy*, this part that a toll road plays in our whole system of highways is the most important matter of all. It may complicate and confuse, he points out, many of the overhead problems of road financing and road construction.

In spite of our gridiron road system, in rural areas as well as in cities, the traffic tends to select certain main roads. The per-car cost of improving these main roads, even up to great divided six-lane highways, is less than the per-car cost of little-traveled streets and country roads. Through gasoline taxes, the big roads help pay for the little ones. Turn part of the best-paying arteries into toll roads, and you handicap the less important roads that need help most.

When a toll road is put in the public highway system of the country, it acts almost as would a short partial block in one of the veins or arteries of the human system. The analogy is of course not exact, because human blood circulates as a far more perfect unit than the highway arterial system, which is to a great extent made up of many smaller units. But it comes fairly close.

No one toll road, to be sure, is going to wreck us. Here and there this or that particular toll project may work out well, serving its special ends. But too many toll roads, if the present dangerous way of thinking about them continues to run wild, will injure us all.

WHY THE PROFESSOR FELL OUT OF BED

CARL BINGER

HEALTH and happiness are relative conceptions. The words are frequently used to express rather ill-defined abstractions. We know, and no one else does, when we feel healthy and happy. Our doctor may tell us that everything is perfect: that our weight, pulse rate, metabolism, electrocardiogram, reflexes, blood count, are all normal, and yet we may suffer from headaches, sleeplessness, a general feeling of lassitude, apathy, and discouragement. Or we may be the president of the largest bank in our community; we may have a wife who is loving and devoted, and yet we may be prey to irrational fears or a shuttlecock between opposing and irreconcilable impulses.

Here is an example of what I am talking about:

A middle-aged woman sits in the chair next to the doctor's desk. Her face is finely chiseled and she has lines of tension about her mouth. She has been to many doctors and has had many examinations. It is hard to find out just what she complains of. She is underweight. She drives herself hard, sits on many committees, has a strong sense of "noblesse oblige" and a feeling of owing a debt to society for the privileges that she has enjoyed. She often wakes in the middle of the night with a feeling half of pain and half of fear, which she locates in the upper mid-abdomen. She

thinks this must be the beginning of the menopause. She has, moreover, been given many injections of hormones and they always make her feel better—for a while. A gynecological consultant recently told her he could find no evidence of the menopause, nor anything else wrong with her physically. That has disquieted her. What can it be? She hopes she is not going to have a nervous breakdown; she doesn't want to go to a sanitarium. She is really frightened. Only one doctor, a country practitioner, helped her. He didn't do much for her but whatever he did was good. Each new specialist holds out new hope and occasions new disappointment.

HERE is an opportunity for preventive psychiatry. Who is to provide it? There are about 4,000 psychiatrists in the country; about 1,000 of them are engaged in psychotherapy. And there are millions of such patients. Is medicine organized to take care of them? Everyone now seems ready to admit that they form the largest percentage of all those who consult doctors—from fifty to seventy-five per cent—the people "without anything the matter with them," who suffer from headache, fatigue, constipation, backache, and all the tiresome list of minor symptoms. Mixed with them, too, are the sufferers from anxiety, from depression, from

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body overconcern, from hypochondriasis, from various organ neuroses and hysterical symptoms, from obsessions and compulsions, from phobias. They are no crazier than you or I.

What do we doctors do about them? The first thing that most of us do, and quite correctly, is to take the patient's complaints at their face value. Their one fear is that there is something serious the matter with them. This fear is rivaled by a second, almost as intense, and that is that there is nothing serious the matter with them, and that they will be told it's all "just nerves." Now the doctor, being conscientious and well-trained, is, of course, zealous not to overlook "anything organic." In his eager search he stirs up the patient's anxiety and overconcern. When all the tests come back negative the doctor, like the patient, gets more and more troubled, because when confronted with symptoms which are "just neurotic" he doesn't know what to do. When he is faced with what he calls "organic pathology" he feels that he knows just how to proceed, but when he is faced with psychopathology he gets scared and wants to take to the woods or, at least, send for a psychiatrist. In this he reminds me of one of my classmates at medical school who was asked, in an examination in obstetrics, what to do in case of uterine hemorrhage. His answer was brief and to the point. He said: "I'd send for a doctor."

Now why is it that we medical doctors feel so comfortable in the presence of what we call a frank pneumonia, an acute appendicitis, or even chronic cardiovascular renal disease, and so ill at ease when faced by the much more common and perhaps less dramatic neurotic symptoms of our patients? Why, in the first case, do we move swiftly and expertly to the appropriate therapy, while in the second we flounder, delay, and resort to a variety of ill-considered sedatives and placebos? In place of the little pink pills of the past we now trot out an array of hormones, vitamins, and barbiturates which often do about as much and as little good as the pink pills.

The answer is that in organic disease our education has been adequate and in neurotic illness it hasn't. Added to this is

the fact that in the so-called organic diseases our knowledge is more precise and our therapy more apparently rational.

What about education in psychiatry? Of the forty-six departments of psychiatry in our medical schools about twenty are at all adequate. We now turn out from fifty to seventy-five qualified psychiatrists a year—hardly enough to make up the loss from death and retirement. From this small number we have to man our state and voluntary hospitals, provide communities with experts in diagnosis and treatment, and train teachers and intellectual leaders. You need hardly be told that we are falling down on the job. The minimum requirement for institutional work alone is 6,000 to 7,000 men. And we could easily absorb 20,000 to 30,000 analytically trained psychiatrists, in addition to the paltry 400 or 500 we have today.

Why is there such a shortage? It is partly related to an over-all shortage of physicians. In the first forty years of this century the population nearly doubled, but the number of licensed physicians increased from 132,000 to 165,000 only. In other words, the physician-patient ratio has dropped greatly.

II

THE dearth of psychiatrists, however, is not wholly a reflection of the lack of physicians. It is in part the result of our teaching methods. In a recent alumni appraisal of psychiatric education, questionnaires were submitted to 412 former students—most of whom graduated in 1940—in sixty-nine of the seventy-eight approved medical schools of North America. The chief grievance expressed was that the students did not see enough psychoneurotic cases.

This complaint is well founded in fact. To meet it, in my own teaching, I avoid selecting patients for class discussion who exhibit so-called classical evidences of psychopathology. They need present no memory defects, no paranoid projections, ideas of reference, retrospective falsifications, delusions, or hallucinations. They merely need to be human beings in trouble.

At present it is very hard for the medical student to get a stereoscopic view of a sick man. Like so many of his teachers he must see a symptom as either "psychogenic" or "organic," as if these were opposite and antithetical conceptions. One of his favorite pronouncements is: "There is nothing psychosomatic about this case. The patient had a happy childhood and the family history is uneventful." At this point I usually interrupt and say: "No childhood is altogether happy and no family history is uneventful."

Most patients who consult psychiatrists are either very much afraid of something or angry about something, or they want something they can't have or they want to have their cake and eat it too—that is, they want irreconcilables. The symptoms they complain of are, therefore, often physiological discharges which serve to relieve tension. Curing the symptom will frequently only increase the tension and necessitate a discharge along another pathway. It is, therefore, necessary to understand what the emotion is that the symptom is trying to relieve and express.

HERE is a detailed report of a conversation between a medical student and an instructor. The scene is the sun porch at the end of a male medical ward in one of our large voluntary teaching hospitals. There are about fifteen or twenty fourth-year medical students sitting, or rather lounging, in comfortable armchairs in a semicircular formation. The instructor is seated in a similar chair opposite them. He asks a student to tell the group about the patient whom the student has just spent an hour interviewing and whose clinical record he has studied and now has before him. The student keeps his eye pretty constantly glued on the record for fear of forgetting any important facts.

According to stylized convention he begins: "The patient is an unmarried white male of forty-nine." The instructor interrupts him: "Is the patient a man or a marsupial? Are you a white male, or a medical student?" He allows that he is a medical student and that the patient is a professor of Romance languages. The student goes on: "He came to the hospital

for a bleeding duodenal ulcer. X-rays show deformity of the cap." But the instructor stops him again and says: "What university does the professor belong to?" The student then mentions one of the oldest and best known of the Eastern universities. At this point the instructor inquires why a professor of one of our most famous universities is a patient on the public ward. Why not in a private or semiprivate room? The student doesn't know the answer, but says that the patient was admitted through the accident ward, where he came for a minor injury. He hastens to add that that was merely coincidental; when they discovered in the accident ward that he had typical signs and symptoms of a duodenal ulcer they sent him into the hospital for investigation. The student, like a hound picking up the scent, is off again on the subject of the deformity of the duodenal cap. The instructor, however, relentlessly pursues his Socratic way.

He inquires rather flatly: "Why was he brought to the accident ward?"

The student replies: "For a cut on his hand, but that had nothing to do with his admission to the hospital. He was *admitted* because of his bleeding ulcer."

Instructor: "How did he cut his hand?"

Student: "He fell out of bed."

Instructor: "Why does a forty-nine-year-old professor of Romance languages fall out of bed, especially if unmarried?"

Student: "He's very fat."

Instructor: "Do you mean he was too big for his bed and rolled out?"

Student: "Yes, that's it."

Instructor: "How can you cut your hand by falling out of bed?"

Student: "He fell on a milk bottle."

Instructor: "What was he doing with a milk bottle under his bed?"

Student: "I don't know."

The instructor continues: "Why is he so fat?"

Student: "From drinking cough syrup. He gained about sixty pounds in a year. He takes the cough syrup, which contains codeine, because of epigastric pain caused by his ulcer, and it's the ulcer that is responsible for his being in the hospital."

The patient is now brought in in a wheel chair. He is a mountain of a man

with an intellectual brow and large limpid eyes. He has a small button of a mouth. The instructor shakes hands with him. His hands are moist and tremulous. He is a glib and voluble talker, full of rationalizations. Although the instructor does his best to put him at his ease, he is obviously on the defensive and is much ashamed of his codeine addiction. He explains that he has taken the cough medicine because of his intractable and excruciating pain, which comes on mostly at night. His illness and, of course, his addiction, have cost him his job and he is now without a position on the faculty. This has confronted him with new and very real problems of livelihood.

When the patient has been wheeled out of the room the instructor discusses with his class the emotional aspects of the professor's illness, more specifically what careful physiological and psychiatric research have revealed about the relationship of dependent needs to ulcer formation.

I have told this story not, of course, to hold a poor medical student up to ridicule; nothing is more unforgivable in a teacher. My object is to bring out a familiar and prevailing attitude in medicine—often more pronounced in the older members of the staff than in the younger group of residents and interns: the "either-or" attitude, the "psychogenic" versus "organic." It is a pedantic, traditional, academic attitude, that has little to do with the facts presented us by nature. The case which I have just outlined is one in point—an example of a gross structural lesion, intrinsically bound up with a man's personality and with the way he leads his life.

III

IF PSYCHIATRY is to permeate medicine and surgery and the specialties, as I believe it should, then it must be taught, not in one department of a medical school, but in all departments. It is not enough to expose medical students to a few catatonic schizophrenics or patients suffering from involutional melancholia and expect them to emerge with an understanding of the complexities of human personality and of the motive power be-

hind human behavior. And yet, such understanding is necessary for everyone engaged in the healing arts as well as the science of medicine.

The experience and intuition of the old-time practitioner is a good thing—now rather rare—but it is not enough. There is new knowledge that can be taught and there are new techniques that can be applied in practice. Symptoms such as vomiting, constipation, diarrhea, sweating, breathlessness, palpitation, loss of appetite, constant hunger, obesity, etc., should always be thought of as expressing some emotional need, as well as betraying some diseased organ or organ system.

The fact that treatment is time-consuming and that results are often meager is no reason for withholding this knowledge from students. It takes a long time to cure tuberculosis, except in its very early stages; a long time to cure diabetes, and we have not yet learned to replace a small contracted kidney with a new one through which the blood flows freely. And yet no one will doubt that the more the physician knows about the mechanisms involved in these illnesses, the more he will be able to do for his patients. Stacked side by side the results achieved by psychotherapy would probably measure pretty well against many other forms of medical treatment.

I have dealt, so far, with teaching medical students and not with teaching men already in practice. We, in this country, have never really tackled the problem of postgraduate medical education seriously enough. Once a man is established in practice, it is ordinarily difficult for him to do more than attend a few condensed refresher courses. But there is a great need for expanding this sort of service to the profession, and psychiatric training should have a prominent place in such programs.

THERE is another side to the problem if we are to bring good preventive medicine, including psychiatry, to more people earlier. Not only in medical schools but throughout hospitals psychiatry must be at home, instead of remaining isolated, esoteric, and outlandish. Are our hospitals too frozen in their brick

and mortar and the brick and mortar of their administrative habits to adapt themselves to the changing needs of society?

It is the medical out-patient department where preventive psychiatry can best be practiced. This is where the majority of patients are seen in the early stage of illness; they come in great numbers daily for comfort and help, as well as for diagnosis. But as long as the out-patient department remains the stepchild of the hospital—shoved into a basement or a remote wing, where its hereditary origin seems to have consigned it—it will not fulfill its possibilities.

As it has been physically isolated so has it been intellectually. It is seldom manned by the best talent. For the modern out-patient department is actually the offspring of the eighteenth century dispensary, an institution separate from the hospital and often in competition with it. It should be the very core and brains of the institution and a workshop for the study of social relations.

Preventive psychiatry must, however, extend its campaign beyond the workshop, into the whole community. Two things are required to prevent a disease: knowledge and organization. We need to know the cause of the disease and its means of transmission and we should have information about the number of susceptibles in the community. Let us, for a moment, look at mental and emotional disturbances as though they were pandemic, which in truth they are. Can we put our finger on the cause of them? No, not in any simple way; there is no one cause. But can we say that the tubercle bacillus alone causes tuberculosis, or that the pneumococcus alone causes pneumonia? If that were true all of us would be sufferers from these maladies.

ALTHOUGH we are still ignorant of all of the causes of the emotional illnesses, we can describe the setting out of which they arise. About that we have a good deal of information. We know that the seeds of later psychoneurotic illness are sown in early childhood, that lack of tender maternal care is the best preparation for later trouble. We know that these

disturbances are passed on from parent to offspring, not through the genes, but through the transmission of anxiety and through imitation and unconscious identification. We know that the susceptibility to them is as universal as it is for measles; that all human beings are prone to develop, at some time or other, neurotic disturbances, either in the form of organized psychoneuroses or in the form that we now call psychosomatic. We know that susceptibility varies at different periods in life and in response to different kinds of stress. The most susceptible period is infancy and early childhood. It is also the one in which prophylactic measures are most productive of good. Adolescence, with its emotional upheavals, is another period of high susceptibility or low resistance. Again, the period of middle-age—the climacterium, in both sexes—is one of extreme vulnerability to emotional disturbance.

This is not to say, of course, that susceptibility exists only at these times. It is always with us, though usually more pronounced during these critical periods. As susceptibility varies, so does the intensity of the stimulus required to call forth disturbance. For an infant in arms, a mother's prolonged absence may suffice. For a five-year-old, the birth of a brother or sister, a parent's death or the departure of a beloved nurse may pull the trigger; for a preadolescent, the absence or drunkenness of his father or the divorce of his parents. Later in life, an unsuccessful sexual encounter, an unhappy love affair, a change in routine (as, for example, induction into the army), physical illness, loss of home or partner or money, any one of these may be as damaging as an earthquake or a flood. But these experiences are not the causes of the neuroses. They are the releasing mechanism of previously prepared reactions.

IV

IF WE are to prevent such reactions, our familiarity with them and our understanding of them, even if far more adequate than it now is, would not suffice. We cannot withstand the onslaught of an invading army by tactics and logistics

alone. We need a maneuverable force as well. In the war against these illnesses we have no such force. We have no shock troops and few reserves. In the very front line of defense should stand the practicing physician, and he must be trained and disciplined not to turn tail in rout at the first sign of the enemy.

The front battalions that should be deployed are the obstetricians and the prenatal care clinics. They could furnish a mighty resistance. Every woman who is going to have a baby should be prepared for the event by relieving her of anxiety. She should be fully instructed before delivery on the rudiments of infant care—especially on how to hold and carry a baby. She should practice first on decoys, then on live models. She should be reassured about her fears of labor. And her husband should be interviewed and shown a few new-born babies—the redder and the more wrinkled the better.

Behind the obstetricians there should be companies of pediatricians trained in psychiatry. There is only a small band of them now. But what they have done is invaluable. There are a few pediatricians of my acquaintance who practically never have a feeding problem in their practices because they know how to reassure mothers. These men are able to allay maternal worries over thumb-sucking, masturbation, constipation, tantrums, and nightmares and, by so doing, help to stop these symptoms. One human and humane pediatrician in a large New York hospital is in the habit of writing "T.L.C." on certain charts. The initials stand for *tender, loving care*, which he prescribes at regular intervals and in definite doses, as he might have ordered paregoric. He is convinced that he has shortened illness and reduced mortality by this prescription.

It can no longer be doubted that *mothering* is essential to an infant's proper development. When babies are separated from their mothers and are placed in the sterilized, impersonal atmosphere of foundling homes, they usually develop subsequent psychiatric disturbances and become asocial, delinquent, feeble-minded, or psychotic. When prolonged hospital-

ization occurs during the first year of life the resulting impairment seems irremediable. Even the most destitute family offers more mental and emotional stimulation than the usual impersonal hospital ward.

BUT to go on with the plan of battle. Supporting the pediatricians and ready to replace them, when they are expended, are the divisions of internists, surgeons, and specialists, each equipped with suitable weapons to counterattack and to meet the enemy where he actually is, not where they want him to be. They will be prepared to carry the war into unexplored territory. The real field of prevention is in the home, in marriage, in schools, in colleges, in the law courts, in the factory, as well as in hospitals. This is no longer a war of professional soldiers alone.

Just as in the fight against tuberculosis or typhoid or smallpox, the co-operation of the public is essential, so here too the education and awareness of the layman are prerequisite to our effectiveness in the battle against psychiatric disorders. It is probable that the greater the number of doctors equipped to diagnose and treat such disturbances, the greater will be the number of patients demanding and requiring such help. In this, psychiatry is like dentistry. Bad teeth are universal in our civilization. If dental treatment and prophylaxis took as long as psychiatric care we would be put to it to find enough dentists, even though there are 72,000 of them now in practice, as compared with the almost unbelievably small number of 4,000 psychiatrists.

The more our knowledge of emotional maladjustment grows, the more widespread we find it to be. It has been said that psychiatry is being oversold, that by our very articulateness we psychiatrists are creating demands that we cannot fulfill. That may be true, but if the demands from an intelligent and informed public are sufficiently insistent, I believe they will be met. The prevention of mental illness is the most essential task of the community.

TREAT THE NATIVES KINDLY

A STORY BY JOHN BURGAN

Illustrations by Robert Greenhalgh

BY THE Navy's definition, the tiny anti-aircraft outfit which I commanded for a while during the war was an uncommissioned unit. Perforce, we were a dependent, parasitic organization which sat idly on the West Coast for many months before the Pacific high command decided who was to be our parent organization. When, in December 1943, we finally went into action under the fostering wing of the Marines, we were in technical aspects a highly-trained unit but in practical military terms as tender a group of tenderfeet as ever got hung up on a reef under fire. Which we did, although we had the luck of beginners and escaped without damage.

There were thirty-one of us, one officer and thirty men. None of us had ever seen a Pacific island before we raised the coast of Korialen in the dawn of December 3, 1943. But remarkably enough, there is not much to relate about the combat phase of our task. We operated well. Our light guns were in position on the second day of the invasion and we had no disasters during the entire seven days of battle. By the time the campaign was finished, we felt that we were hardened Pacific veterans at long last. We had now had it, as they say.

The naïveté of this solemn feeling was not demonstrated until the post-battle period when we met Bill Tingos, a native rancher of Korialen.

Although the indoctrination booklets in the States had told much about the

Pacific peoples and had relentlessly urged upon us a feeling of patriotic kinship with them, there were a number of matters for which we could have been better prepared. Quite properly, the booklets had exhibited considerable concern for the possibility that we might abuse the amenities of life among the natives and so offend our allies. But the instruction in this direction had been so emphatic that an inexperienced invader, reading the Korialen publication series, was insulated against any suspicion that a native might abuse *his* privileges as host.

It was the constant example of Bill Tingos which supplemented our textual training in this respect. He filled in the blank spaces for us, at times fairly romping in the areas of our ignorance.

I MET Bill Tingos immediately after the organized fighting was finished. The defending forces ordered us to set up our light guns on a high bluff on the rugged, forested northern shore of the island in the modest hope that we might harry any low-flying Japanese raiders which might try to sneak in from not-too-distant enemy bases. Bill Tingos' ranch was about a mile or so down the coast from us.

We were in a lonely position, far from the comforting security of the big camps on the island. There were substantial military estimates that hundreds of armed Japanese vagrants were hiding in the bush

country in our area. Any friendly neighbor was welcome. And Bill Tingos was nothing if not friendly. He visited us the day we arrived in the neighborhood.

Bill was about fifty years old, a brown, gaunt native with strong, stringy arms and legs. He was tall, as the natives go, but somewhat bent and round-shouldered. His face was a curious mixture of the round features of the Micronesians in an elongated shape that indicated some Western blood. At some time in the distant past, his last name may have been English, Spanish, or German, becoming distorted in the melange of dialects spoken on the island. Bill had seen much of Australians, Englishmen, Germans, and orientals in the plantation trade. He was a fluent speaker of English. He had at least a dozen children, ranging in age from a sulky grown-up son to an infant boy. He was a cocoanut rancher by profession and better off than most native farmers. Set in a jungle of palms, bananas, and pandanus, his house was a structure on short stilts that had been revised and multiplied so often it had become a dismal reproduction of the imprint of Random House.

The correct measure of Bill Tingos' prosperity, by native standards, was to be found in his livestock. He had a little dun-colored hunchbacked bull, which he used as a ox, a couple of thin-sacked cows, a massive carting carahao, a substantial number of chickens which had the lean look of fighting stock, and a number of pigs, living in a pen near his house.

If we had realized how few natives owned the equivalent of Bill Tingos' tangled estate, we might have been somewhat more cautious in our preliminary dealings with him.

The first time Bill came to our camp, he brought us a basket of soursops, which are ubiquitous spiny green melons, grown in many parts of the Pacific, and whose creamy meat tastes not unlike a pleasant combination of strawberries, grapefruit, and peaches. Bill wanted to do many things for us.

"If you kindly tell me what I do," he said, half-bowing, "I do it."

Since we were in the first stages of placing our camp in the wilderness, there was almost nothing in help or food that was

not acceptable to us. We paused in our job to inspect this skinny brown man, accept all his offers, and ask the usual American questions: How had it been, living under the Japs? Was he surprised when we invaded the island?

Bill Tingos was very graphic.

"The Japs, they are hard on the poor fella," he said. "They do not care for nothing. They give the water treatment."

This latter, he explained, was the forced pouring of water down one's throat. We readily assumed that he had experienced this form of torture and a good many of the men romanticized on it in their letters home. I know, because I censored the mail.

Bill was tremendously enthusiastic about the liberation of his island, as one would expect. Each time he alluded to it, he seemed unable to refrain from a grateful half-bow to me or to anyone in uniform. I recall thinking that this mannerism was probably a relic of long months under the harsh military discipline of the Japs. I was to discard this theory later when it became clear that Bill was humble and grateful for approximately the same reasons as those of a literary predecessor of whom he had never heard, one Uriah Heep.

Bill even went to work for us. He joined the chief gunner's mate's gang and for a couple of days he helped to clear away palm trees which obstructed the gun positions. He did not mention that he owned the trees, even when we chopped the boles open to extract the hearts of the palms for salad. But I heard afterward that he entered a heavy claim against the military government a month later and received a considerable sum for the destruction we had done.

FROM the first, my chief gunner's mate did not care much for Bill. The chief was about twenty-five years old, an extremely intelligent farm boy from the Middle West, who had developed an amazing affinity for the complicated mechanism of light anti-aircraft ordnance. Because all of the other men were youngsters in their teens, the chief and I were drawn rather closely together. He was a solemnly wise sort and we were, I think, always good friends. The chief was both forthright and dependable and he volun-



tarily shared a lot of the responsibility for the outfit with me.

He speculated curiously about Bill Tingos as they became acquainted, but I was too preoccupied with our gunnery problems to be interested. The men seemed to like the native. In fact, the early days of our relationship were replete with the first fine zest of friendship. Bill Tingos brought us some eggs and, once, a small pig. He offered us numerous other things and foresaw many of our desires before we even felt them.

These happy contacts with him were soured only slightly by the emerging knowledge that Bill always wanted something in return. We regarded it as only fair that he should get some flour, condensed milk, coffee, and tea.

The youngsters in our outfit began to spend most of their off-duty hours at Bill's ranch and it was not long before each of them was carrying presents to Bill. They had discovered that visitors bearing gifts were favored in his home.

The chief gunner's mate mentioned this matter to me when it became apparent

that the commissary behind our alley tent was beginning to shrink at a ridiculous rate. The chief and I did some hell-raising about it, but our threats did not work well for the simplest of reasons. Bill Tingos had several daughters of an interesting age group, fourteen to nineteen. Furthermore, the story got around that the oldest one had been the mistress of the Japanese island commander for a while and had lived with him at his headquarters before it had been finished off by our cruisers. Why this story had the result it did is a commentary on perversity. The young lady became the most sought-after companion in that part of the world, with immediate and damaging effects upon our food stores.

My chief gunner's mate and I decided it was time to lay about violently before most of our property moved to Bill Tingos' ranch. So we declared the ranch house out of bounds for two weeks.

This hurt Bill's feelings so much that he came to camp to see us about it.

"We have been such friendships, we always treat everybody so good," he said,

removing his hat and standing respectfully with bowed head.

The chief gunner's mate enjoyed this spectacle immensely.

"It's not your fault, Bill," he replied soothingly. "You didn't know where the stuff was coming from, did you, old pal?"

"No," said Bill humbly.

He was so earnest in his answer that we somehow felt we dared not even smile.

However, we kept Bill's ranch on the blacklist for the full period, even though the order produced the precise effect that would have been anticipated by a more experienced commander. Most of the men sneaked over to Bill's anyway. When they failed to get there, the girls hung around the camp at a respectful distance.

As the time expired, we took the curse off Bill's place with the modest hope that everybody would be more careful about our supplies in the future.

We had hardly got started on our new footing, however, before the incident of our two-wheeled light trailer came up. It was gone one morning when we needed it and one of the men claimed he had seen it at Bill's ranch but thought we had loaned it to the rancher. Bill, however, knew nothing about it. He had never even seen our trailer. So he said.

And it was two weeks before we found the vehicle; or rather, it was two weeks before I passed it along one of the island's rice paddies. It had been fitted with shafts and when I caught up to it in my jeep it was jolting along slowly, drawn by a carabao, and driven by a fat little native. The numbers were still on it in three-inch letters but the native was reluctant to give it up. He had found it in the jungle, he

said. Perhaps he had. But the suspicion grew and remained that Bill Tingos had sold it to him.

Once more the chief gunner's mate and I went over the Tingos situation but we did not declare the ranch out of bounds again. We did not care for jobs as stupendous as enforcing the Volstead Act. So we contented ourselves with a lecture to the men on the subject of generosity to Bill Tingos. They received our suggestions in respectful silence because they were standing at attention to muster at the time. Otherwise, there seemed to be no noteworthy results.

So we put an armed guard over our commissary day and night, hoping that the guards would not conspire together to remove supplies themselves.

This was our first real progress in the problem of our involuntary enrichment of Bill Tingos. The diminution of our supplies seemed to be checked. The chief and I were just congratulating ourselves on the salubrious results of our new system when Bill Tingos' profit-taking activities affected us from another direction.

A FEW miles away from our camp there was a native village in which the Army maintained a squad of infantry under a young sergeant. He was a cheerful chap and he stopped to see us occasionally, eventually striking up quite a friendship with our chief gunner's mate.

It was the sergeant who brought us the disturbing news. One evening he dropped in to tell us that rumors were passing through the village to the effect that any natives who wanted GI canned food could get the stuff from Bill Tingos—at a price.



"I thought you would want to know," the sergeant said. "If Tingos gets caught, the authorities will suspect that you are in on the deal. You're the only military outfit near him."

The chief gunner's mate and I *knew* we were involved. We had no doubt that the supplies which Bill Tingos was selling were ours.

"Where did you hear this?" I asked.

"A couple of natives told me," the sergeant said. "They don't like this Tingos much in the village. They say he was a Jap-lover."

"A Jap-lover?"

"He took good care of the Japs around here," the sergeant said. "Gave them anything they wanted, the natives claim. He was a pal of the Jap captain who used to be billeted in the village."

"We don't get anything from Tingos for nothing," the chief gunner's mate snorted.

And this seemed to be the source of greatest chagrin to him all through the conversation. That Bill Tingos had been friendly to the Japs did not bother the chief so much as the fact that he had *given* his services to them and was *selling* them to the Americans.

After the sergeant left that evening, the chief suggested that we give Bill a high-handed kind of treatment to intimidate him into more respectable ways. Having no better solution, I accepted the idea.

The chief climbed in the jeep and drove to Tingos' ranch and ordered Bill to accompany him to my tent, preparing the native on the way for some harsh news.

So I played the Prussian role of the offended occupation commander and I threatened Bill with immediate delivery to the POW stockade. Bill was almost prostrated by the cruel interpretation we had placed on his works; he had been imperfectly understood by everybody, it seemed.

Yes, it was true he had given food to his friends in the village. But no, it was not true that he had sold it. Except, of course, in cases where friends had forced him to take a little money.

"I am a poor man," he said, "and I make a mistake. I should not took this money."

I believe there were genuine tears in his eyes as he stood before me and I remember feeling very much the villain of the act by the time it was finished.

"I go to give back the money," Bill said when we let him go. "I did not know it was a wrong thing, to help my friends." He bowed in farewell and went out the door.

"There goes a slippery guy," the chief said.

He ruminated bitterly again on the disclosure that Bill had been so generous with the Japs and so money-minded with our troops.

Whether Tingos ever gave the money back to the villagers, I do not know. I suppose he did not. Anyway, we heard no more reports about his marketing military supplies.

SHORTLY after this incident we had one of those trying experiences with our search radar that were characteristic of electronic apparatus during the war. It is no secret now that some of our radar was not exactly as graphic as motion picture film. It is also no secret that sometimes it became erratic for reasons which bordered on the occult. For two weeks the chief and I tested, replaced, and jiggled parts of our system to bring it back to normality. By the time this ordeal was over, Bill Tingos and his activities were reduced to decidedly secondary quantities in my thinking.

When, one sunny morning, the radar began suddenly to behave as if nothing had ever been wrong with it, the chief and I accepted this gift of the gods and repaired to my tent with a number of chilly, beaded cans of beer from the galley refrigerator. After a few cold ones the chief wandered off and I took a nap which extended into the late afternoon.

When I awoke it had cooled somewhat but the air was motionless. I could hear from behind the camp the low drone of the generators and from across the tented street the tinkle and clang of pans in the galley where the cook was working.

I had not been awake for more than a few minutes when I heard our jeep chug up the driveway into the camp. In a moment the chief gunner's mate came up



and poked his head through the doorway.

"You awake?" he asked. He came in and dropped into a carpentered chair beside my cot, a distinctly exuberant air on his face.

"Boy," he exulted quietly, "I've got enough on that Tingos to hang him."

He did not pause for any questions from me. Instead, he plunged directly into his story.

That morning, he said, he had decided to resume his interest in the affair Tingos and, accordingly, had gone to Bill's house. There he had been told that Bill was working in one of his cocoanut groves up in the hills. The chief thought it might be fruitful to have a covert look at Bill's activities and so had hiked up into the bush country.

Even with his suspicions, I think, the chief's discoveries were rather wider than he had hoped for.

When he reached the fringe of the palm grove, he hung back under the jungle cover in order to look about the area unseen and perhaps observe Bill Tingos at work. It was not difficult to do. Bill was clearly visible across the grove. He was sitting on the ground quietly conversing with a Japanese soldier.

"I watched them," the chief told me, "and I saw this character give the Jap some C-rations. Our C-rations! How do you like that?"

"What did you do?" I asked.

The chief blushed. "Nothing," he said. "When I went out this morning, I left my gun here."

The chief had remained concealed until the Japanese soldier arose and disappeared into the bush. Then he backtracked the jungle trail for a short distance and ambled deliberately into the grove as if he had just come up from the ranch.

"You should have seen that Jap-lover squirm," he chortled. "He didn't know whether I had seen anything."

"Did he have a gun?" I asked.

"Yeah, he had that old carbine of his. But I didn't need to be afraid of this character. He always wants to be on the winning side."

I got up and began to put on my clothes.

"We had better give this to the intelligence people and let them take over from here," I said.

I finished dressing and we went outside to the jeep. We were just climbing in when Bill Tingos' plodding carabao came up the driveway hauling Bill's cart. Bill drove up beside us and we paused. The cart contained not only Bill but the fresh corpse of a Japanese soldier who had recently been shot through the head.

"I catch a Jap up near my grove," he said, smiling.

We were dumfounded.

Bill hopped down from his cart. Although he was at least as tall as I am, he seemed only half my size because of his continual bowing and scraping. There was nothing in his meek brown face but the blandest humility.

"It's the same Jap," the chief whispered hoarsely. "Bill knows whose side to be on now."

The corpse had been a chubby little fellow whose red and silver collar marks indicated an Imperial Army captaincy. With the blood drained away, his facial features and hands had taken on the minute and pale delicacy of the newly dead.

"How did you get him?" I asked Bill.

"Oh, I knew him once," Bill said candidly. "He many times come to make me give eggs and things. Very cruel fella. Glad to meet him today."

The chief was shifting about impatiently and now he interrupted.

"He must have come around after I left you," he said.

Tingos was not to be caught by that kind of bait.

"No," said Bill placidly. "He come before I see you but I let him go away because I think I follow him and find more Japs. But then you come, Chief. I do not tell you. I wish to have honor of killing him myself. I wish to help U.S.A. also, like you."

There was no reply to this interpretation of the afternoon's work. So the chief simmered silently.

By this time most of our men were crowded around the oxcart speculating on the victim's rank and the possibilities of souvenirs. So I told Bill to take his prize out and bury it several feet deep. Bill climbed obediently back on his cart and, with plenty of followers, drove out of the camp.

"What do you think of that?" the chief murmured wonderingly. "He murders his old friend just because we were getting too hot on his trail."

We got in the jeep and drove to the nearest garrison camp and reported the incident to an intelligence officer.

The next day a couple of investigators visited Bill's ranch. But nothing happened afterward. Much later I met one of the

officers who had talked to Bill. He was very casual.

"We couldn't make anything out of that guy," he said. "His story seemed okay. After all, what's one dead Jap, more or less? The woods are full of them."

This seemed to me a singular way of missing the point but it was not unexpected. So much confusion always attended Bill's activities that nothing could ever be proved conclusively.

THE vagaries of war planning assisted Bill in the completion of his last deal with our outfit.

Although our operations plan had called for us to remain on the island permanently, I was quietly informed by the authorities to stand by for relief at the end of the third month. A garrison outfit was on its way to replace us and we were to report to Nouméa for a new assignment. The sudden arrival of an army lieutenant for duty under instruction at our camp gave my men their first inkling that we were to shove off.

The news of our impending departure made no greater impression on anybody than it did on Bill Tingos, I'm quite sure. The relief of one military outfit in the field by another has such possibilities of profit in leftover gear that I suppose it was inevitable that Bill would recognize his opportunity. However, I did not anticipate any such bizarre scheme as Bill worked out, much less foresee its success.

I was in the shop tent one morning soldering a connection when one of the young seamen came in and stood about watching me with more interest than such a job could possibly inspire.

After he had exhausted all possible desultory topics, I asked him what he wanted.

"What's on your mind? Do you want to see the chaplain or something?"

The boy laughed but not very heartily. Then he blushed and unhappily blurted it all out at once.

"It's about Bill Tingos," he said. "He claims I got one of his daughters into trouble."

I laid the connection on the workbench.

"Well?" I asked.

"I was always careful," he said. "If she's in trouble, it ain't me."

This statement was not very helpful to his case, naturally.

But I talked to him at considerable length and I sympathized with his belief that Bill Tingos was simply trying to hook him. However, there was no overlooking the gravity of the boy's position; I don't think he fully realized it himself. I am sure there are few institutions which take a



more spinsterish official view of sex problems than the armed forces. Confronted with a situation which is usually handled in hushed tone in private life, they always seemed to me to suffer noisy surprise and consternation, resulting in a legal uproar accompanied by extremely severe penalties.

Our seaman was facing just such an involvement whether he knew it or not. His mere admission of having been careful was enough to convict him of almost anything.

I sent him back to his post and went to talk to the chief, whose previous experience with Bill Tingos might be useful, I thought.

The chief registered no surprise.

"Those girls are just a bunch of tramps," he said. "Which one is it?"

We sent for the seaman to find out which girl was involved. And this proved to be the worst news of all.

It was the youngest of the daughters.

"Well," the chief said after the man had gone, "he's as good as up the creek, no matter how much she co-operated in the deal."

We agreed there was only one thing to do. We would have to go to the ranch and

have a talk with the native.

We drove up the road to his house in a mood of self-immolation and found Bill working in his pig pen. He and his eldest son were raking up rubbish and throwing it over the fence where it would not annoy the pigs.

Bill ushered us to a little porch tacked on to his rickety hut and he offered us a pitcher of home-made spirits.

He knew what we were there for before we opened the subject.

"Yes, yes," he said, sitting down and permitting himself an indulgent, understanding smile. "The young men—so hot-blooded, yes?"

And that statement characterized the whole conversation. He didn't do anything and he did not promise not to do anything. He merely created an atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty. Meanwhile the young girl in question was conspicuously present, bringing us some of our own coffee in new thick GI cups. Her condition was not noticeably advanced, though apparent.

Bill presented a very acceptable performance in the role of the father of a wronged daughter. He was his usual Uriah Heep throughout, well-tempered and humble, except for one moment. Simply for the hell of it, I asked him if he would be willing to accept our man as a son-in-law. This startled him.

"She is so young," he said, "and it is more better to marry a native boy who does not go far away."

How this could be arranged, in view of the average native's rigid concept of chastity, I could not imagine. But I knew that if anybody could plot a way around it, Bill Tingos was the best possible candidate for the job.

It was a wholly unsatisfactory interview as far as agreements went. But it was fruitful in one respect. Although the possibility had not even been hinted at, the chief and I drove away in our jeep feeling that Bill Tingos could be bought off.

"The only thing he is sorry about," the chief said bitterly, "is that all of his girls didn't get into trouble. That way, he could make a lot more out of the deal."

Our theory was valid. The seaman dickered his way out of his dilemma with one hundred thirty-seven dollars, all the

money he had on the pay books. It was a private deal between him and Bill.

I was cheered by the thought that we had escaped a messy business. We had come out more evenly perhaps than we ever had before in our relations with Bill Tingos; or so I comfortably imagined when the thirty-one of us sailed away for Nouméa. Not only was I wrong in this illusion, but time also demonstrated that I had not yet bade Bill Tingos farewell forever.

UPON our arrival in Nouméa there occurred one of those headlong changes of plan by which wars are arranged and fought. Instead of being reassigned, the little outfit I commanded was ordered broken up forthwith and I presently found myself in an officers' pool awaiting a new assignment. Meanwhile I was given temporary duty as an instructor. It was four months before I got permanent orders and, when finally received, the orders were poetic in their irony: I was sent back to Korialen to join one of the outfits staging there for operations farther up the route of the Tokyo Express.

And so my next meeting with Bill Tingos was set up. He was no less surprised than I was when I appeared at his house just seven months after my first landing on Korialen. My new associates on the island had invited me out to dinner at a native's house without identifying the place until we arrived there, assuming naturally that a newcomer would not know the host.

After our departure from the island, Bill Tingos had established himself as a caterer to parties of officers or men who tired of eating in their own messes. For a fee of a few dollars, he would set up a meal of banquet proportions. I had unknowingly accepted an invitation to one of these exotic affairs.

Whether Bill was glad to see me that evening, I don't know. He was still Uriah Heep, the humble one grateful for all kindnesses, and he shook my hand in a remarkable exhibition of delight at my appearance.

His new restaurant business was set up on the porch on which we had held our last conference, and a dozen officers were standing about waiting to eat the spread

of delicacies which Bill's family was placing on the wooden table. It was some time before it dawned on me that one of the young ladies serving the dinner was the daughter who had been party to our final trouble with Bill Tingos. I first noticed her when she appeared with a great platter of pickled fish, a wonderfully aromatic dish whose recipe I never learned.

The platter did not interest me at the moment. The young lady, however, did. Her figure showed no evidence of the natal event which, I calculated, should be impending. Instead, she was as young and lithe as ever.

I must have registered considerable emotional response to this observation, for Bill Tingos lost no time in answering the question I had not asked.

"I happy to tell you my daughter has given birth," he said. "She gives a boy."

"That's fine," I said.

Bill bowed in appreciation of my mild congratulations.

"The baby comes early," he said.

"That's what I thought," I replied.

It was a cruel remark but Bill responded with his usual humility.

"I must see dinner gets ready for you. This is friendship occasion," he said, and he hurried into the house.

It was a splendid meal although an odd mixture of native delicacies. There was roast pig with yams, bananas, and herbs in its belly, considerably more of an epicurean treat than the recipe would imply. The women served us broiled chickens and boiled *langouste*, which, though tougher than Maine lobster, has the same delicate flavor. There were the usual starchy gelatine of taro root, for which a taste can be developed, and a great variety of fruits, as well as the customary native spirits, which taste a little like sauterne, but very little.



After dinner Bill took the guests on a brief tour of the place and while the rest of them were so engaged, I went on a tour of my own.

AS CASUALLY as I cou'd, I walked around to the rear of the house where the women were working. The young mother was there and I surprised her while she was nursing the child on the edge of the doorstep.

She smiled shyly but she showed no signs of being disturbed at my approach.

"Could I see him?" I asked.

She seemed happy that her child had aroused my interest. In a quick motion she slipped her hand over her blouse and lifted the baby away from its feeding. It burrowed its head into her for a moment and,

being disappointed, squalled suddenly, turning its face upward.

It took only a glance to recognize that Bill Tingos' last transaction was the most successful he had ever negotiated with our outfit.

Screwed up as the little face was, it was easily apparent that Bill Tingos' grandson was no premature weakling. He was a husky, half-breed Japanese, perhaps the son of the Jap soldier who had been shot by Bill that afternoon many months before.

When I returned to the front of the house, Bill Tingos was meekly refusing to accept any money for the dinner. This dinner had been a special friendship occasion, he said. But eventually the guests forced him to take ten dollars, which he accepted with great reluctance.

A Congressional View of Art

Mr. Busbey of Illinois, speaking at a hearing on the State Department's budget and referring specifically to a collection of current American art which had been assembled for the Department by J. LeRoy Davidson for exhibit abroad:

I HAVE seen pictures of the paintings. Some of them are so weird that one cannot tell without prompting which side should be up. . . .

The exhibition is billed by its promoters as "Advancing American Art." Mr. Davidson defended the pictures as being what he termed modernistic. From my discussions with Mr. Davidson, I came to these conclusions:

The pictures of those artists who have been recognized down through the years as old masters are too drab, uninteresting, and too unnatural. The movement of modern art is a revolution against the conventional and natural things of life as expressed in art. The artists of the radical school ridicule all that has been held dear in art. Institutions that have been venerated through the ages are ridiculed.

Without exception, the paintings in the State Department's group that portray a person, make him or her unnatural. The skin is not reproduced as it would be naturally, but as a sullen, ashen gray. Features of the face are always depressed and melancholy.

That is what the Communists and other extremists want to portray. They want to tell the foreigners that the American people are despondent, broken down or of hideous shape — thoroughly dissatisfied with their lot and eager for a change of government.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

IF SOMEONE stops you in the street these days and he has a portable microphone with him, you may assume that he wants to know, for a soap company, how soon you think we are going to go to war with Russia. But if he has only a pencil and some copy paper he is the Inquiring Reporter and he wants your views about the immediate future of American literature. Mr. George George, salesman, 187 West 187th Street—that's the Bronx, isn't it, Mr. George?—believes that the Hemingway influence is played out. Register at a hotel anywhere west of the Hudson and, if you've had your name in a literary sheet lately, the clerk phones the local newspaper and before you can change your shirt it gets a legman there to ask if the vogue of the historical novel (*sic*) is poisoning fiction. Stop off on your way north to see a friend who teaches at a university and the graduate students of English and those of their instructors who read will come on the run to use up his gin and ask you which young novelists to play for a rise.

Now *Time* has done it. Most of the novels on the current list of best sellers, it believed, "would fail to outlive the month in which they were published" (what about those that have been on it for a year?), and it wondered what "the writers of solid reputation were up to" and what they thought about the immediate future of American writing. So it sent out inquirers to interrupt what six writers of solid reputation (make it five and let's call for a vote on the sixth) were up to and take down their predictions. All *Time* could get from Mr. Saroyan was a plug for his next novel and it found only ten

usable words in Mr. William Faulkner's statement. From the others it got the mixture of sense and nonsense to be expected from literary people who have to speak extemporaneously about a subject that doesn't interest them very much, and who have to speak about it in the knowledge that whatever they say is likely to get timeangled.

Ernest Hemingway protected himself against that last contingency by insisting that *Time* quote him exactly and print the questions he was answering. And Mr. Hemingway, before getting round to some nonsense of his own, made the most sensible remark in the whole symposium. Asked why we aren't getting more significant writing than we are, he said, "Really good writing very scarce always. When comes in quantities everybody very very lucky." When discussions this sort entered upon better bear in mind.

ACCORDING to *Time's* diagnosticians "big money," represented by the slicks, the book clubs, and especially Hollywood, "is the ruination of many a promising writer" and has brought our current degradation on us. Oh? Four of the six writers quoted have incomes mostly derived from the slicks, the book clubs, and Hollywood that put them in the big money. Mr. Dos Passos, I believe, has not, and his remark that "young writers who believe in themselves should be willing to starve in a garret once more" comes with more grace from him than it could from some of the others. I don't know about you but I'm beginning to sour on this superiority of best sellers to best sellers. I once heard one of these oracles gripe because

his publisher had disturbed his leisure over a mere six thousand dollars (from the *Reader's Digest*)—in the presence of three or four writers whose publishers would never have to bother them about more than six hundred dollars at the outside. Most young writers, and most old ones too, if not starving in garrets are at least banting in walkups, and maybe the well-heeled ought not to solve for them such ethical problems as involve income.

If you know beforehand that a slick, a book club, or Hollywood, or two of them or all three, will take your next novel, you will find it easy enough to warn writers of weaker moral fiber that they mustn't invite such seduction. I find the moralities rather obscure here. Miss Katherine Anne Porter, one of the complainants, was not carried off to Hollywood by a press gang, she went of her own free will and presumably for pay. And it is not on record that any of the others has refused a book club adoption or a Hollywood sale, though they are free to do so at any time as an example to the tempted young.

Mr. Hemingway, to be sure, has an answer to that one. He says of people who write for the slicks, Hollywood, and radio, "Most whores usually find their vocation," and points out that he has never written for Hollywood, but adds that the whorehouse-keepers there "can make good pictures from good stories honestly written." Guess which pictures based on whose stories to the preservation of what virtue. I like Mr. Faulkner better. He says he is writing for Hollywood "only when I run out of money."

None of our wise men alluded to a different economic factor that, on behalf of the writer in the walkup, we must bear in mind. Publishers now tell us that a book has got to sell eight or ten thousand copies (depending on which publisher you are talking to) in order to cover the cost of publication. They have also launched their products into the inflationary spiral. Two-fifty novels are beginning to sell for three and three-fifty and the trade expects them to go to five dollars and there is no end in sight. This last consideration is the less serious of the two, for if publishers price themselves out of the market, other kinds of business men will come in, will develop

methods of reproducing and distributing stuff that is now printed, bound, and jobbed to retailers, and will bring down the price of books.

But even at the present limits there seems no point in worrying about young writers or well over half of all the writers you regard as good, regardless of age. Their books never have sold and never will sell ten thousand copies apiece. If the publishers are right, we won't be hearing from them at all.

RANDOM critical remarks that *Time* elicited are at least interesting. Mr. Robert Penn Warren, who is obviously more high-minded than you, could think of only fourteen contemporary writers who are doing good work. That census makes this the lowest level American literature has reached since Parson Weems died. Mr. Marquand thinks that "the older writers have said about all they can be expected to say" and Mr. Hemingway says that "writers my generation mostly dead except Dos Passos, going very good . . . Robert Penn Warren [writer Hemingway's generation] writing very well." Excuse me. Presumably Mr. Marquand will not withdraw from competition nor will he be committing public fraud when he brings out his next book. Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Faulkner will continue to write first-rate novels for a long time yet. Many more than fourteen good writers of that generation have their best work ahead of them.

Mr. Hemingway says that the Hemingway influence was only a certain clarification of the language, which is now in the public domain. If he means that he taught a lot of people to write more simply, then he is right and we are in his debt, though an occasional acre of the public domain remains open for filing. But if by "the Hemingway school" we mean writers who were imitating Hemingway instead of doing their own stuff, and if it has indeed run its course, then Miss Porter is right to rejoice. But some of her other remarks are opaque. She says that belief in "love and fear of death can go only so far." Well, how far? Does she want them out of fiction? Should we forbid young writers to write about love or the fear of death?

She complains that "many write small novels of bewildered souls trying to find a way out." It would be wise to leave the adjective "small," as well as the "little" in her remarks about Freud, to a third party, but does she want fiction to give up bewildered souls trying to find a way out? If she means that there is a lot of bad writing in one of the momentary fads, she is right. But the times are fully as troubled as they have always been and the mind and spirit are troubled too, and I think that young writers may continue to inquire what emotion is without asking Miss Porter's leave.

Miss Porter implies that young writers would do well to write like Miss Porter. Mr. Warren's rather hazy remarks about "the friends and relations of Oliver Allston" and "complacent tin-horn patrioteers"—he probably regretted them before they were in print—suggest, however, that young writers ought instead to write like Mr. Warren. That's all right too. Writers are not usually adept at believing that the general literary health extends far beyond their own work, and at this moment Mr. James Farrell is conducting a one-man campaign to compel writers by Constitutional amendment to write like Mr. Farrell. Most of us, however, believe in variety and the happy accidents of chance, though some of us would caution young writers against shouting-Methodist expressions such as the "deed of light" and "deed of darkness" that Mr. Warren applies to his new poem.

Let's remember, "really good writing very scarce always." Also, when critics or lucinquirers get to work, it is always whatever time of the day they want to make it. *Time* chooses to believe for a week that we are ebbing toward midnight; but a month or so ago *Life* endangered the future of a handful of young writers by finding, with a lot of photographs, that the dawn was on their foreheads.

Forget about the clock and look for the kind of writing which Mr. Hemingway tells us you would be very very lucky to find in quantity. Good writing is where and whatever age you find it, it is by the grace of God or the genes, and it never has much relation to what *Time* and its personages were talking about.

TO BEGIN with, let *Time* send a research team to the New York Public Library. It will find that the kind of historical romance which it sees as a froth floating on the stale jello of contemporary literature has been a standard best seller in the United States for almost exactly a hundred years, for as long as we have had a recognizable literature of our own. It lasted right straight through the periods of Emerson, Mark Twain, Dreiser, and Hemingway. And what of it? It means nothing much, except that a lot of people have always liked to read that kind of stuff. Neither those people nor serious writers have ever been harmed by it; none of them expected to find Emerson or Hemingway in it, they just liked an entertaining book with a lot of action and an immoderately successful lover. It has this relation to literature and no more: that by induction it sometimes increases the popularity and sale of a good historical novel. It is simply a constant in public entertainment, and anyone who feels that it is dangerous had better call in the Freudians of whom Miss Porter disapproves and start reconstructing the public mind, beginning with its daydreams.

What *Time* has actually observed is that there is no dominant fashion in fiction just now. That fact would justify setting aside next Sunday as a day of praise. There are, of course, some minor fads. I'm willing to guess that the twenty-five novels about drunks now being written on commission from nineteen publishers will flop and that novelists who write on commission will thereupon lose interest in drunks. The novelty market in insulin-shock therapy, insane asylums, and the rehabilitation of shattered minds is about used up too. When that fad passes serious novelists will be free to devote their art to the strains which the mind and spirit must sustain in this neurotic age. Let's not legislate against that kind of fiction; among the novelists we would be silencing are Mr. Warren, Mr. Hemingway, and Mr. Faulkner. Publishers think that war fiction also is beginning to fall off, but I'm not so sure.

That we haven't got a full-blown literary fashion is a sign of health, not of senility or decadence. A fashion is a hysterical and compulsive mass movement composed

mostly of inferior writers: writers of second-rate intelligence, of slight ability, or of some kind of personal insufficiency that makes them uncomfortable unless they can compensate through gang spirit for what nature left out of them. The critics take charge and formulate gospels and attack as heretics all writers who do not acknowledge their authority.

Since all good writers must make their way by their own lights, only those who have arrived at the gospel by themselves, never very many, will be within the fashion. The rest have to endure, besides the natural vexations of a writer's life, disdain, abuse, and innumerable verdicts that they are worn-out, corrupt, and against God. Worse still, young writers come to believe that there is a single right way of writing, a fixed and orthodox set of values, a way by which alone they can be saved.

The last fashion we had here was labeled the proletarian movement. It was neither proletarian nor a movement. Not more than a half-dozen good writers all told adhered to it even briefly and not more than two of those got there of their own nature. Though it came to nothing it churned up such a mud-slinging and witch-burning, such a production of sixth-rate books and such agitation of them as masterpieces, as no writer now under thirty could possibly believe. Where are its gospels and its geniuses now? While providence sees fit to protect us from another such, let us all live purely.

COME back to war novels. They are one reason why we cannot accurately appraise the talents of a good many promising young novelists. After every war writers have felt that their first artistic obligation was to deal with their war experience. They are right but also they are under a heavy handicap, the difficulty of making good fiction out of war. Look at our own or any other literature following the First World War, following any war. There are not three good novels about the Civil War and, turning

to great fiction, the Napoleonic wars had to wait for Tolstoy. The last war has produced more good writing than the first one did but what fiction has to say is still the same, for the range of experience and emotion with which war fiction can deal is limited. A novelist approaches it under the necessity of being more like other novelists than he need otherwise be. It is still true that war is an abnormality, an interruption of every individual's expectation, a forced molding of everyone's experience into aberrant, rigid, and rather limited forms. When novelists now writing about the war turn to the experiences which we must still believe to be more meaningful and more implicit in the common lot, then we will be able to speak with more certainty about their talents.

When that happens we will, I think, be just about where we are now. Writers of every age from twenty to seventy will be writing according to their interests, their capacities, and what they take to be their opportunities. Nobody is going to remake either the world or the literary temperament in a few years. By the time writers now in their twenties have reached their forties they will have set the dominant moods and forms of their period, and those moods and forms will be different from the ones we are now used to. But writers who are now in their forties will still be going strong. Most writing, of whatever age-group, will be second- and third-rate and good writing will be scarce. Second-rate writers will be presenting an honest if ephemeral account of experience. Third-raters will not be imitating Hemingway but will be imitating someone else, traveling in gangs, and comforting themselves with gospels. But right now the best advice to give young writers is to go their own way, to write as well and as honestly as they can, to stick to the jobs they have chosen for the sake of the jobs, and let who will go Hollywood. That, I take it, is what Mr. Dos Passos was saying in *Time*. But you do not need to give the good ones that advice and it doesn't matter much what you tell the others.

EGYPT'S INFERIORITY COMPLEX

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

IN A few years there will be only five Kings in the world—the King of England and the four Kings in a pack of cards.” That, at least, is what Farouk I of Egypt is fond of saying. And coming from a King it makes interesting hearing.

So far, the Arab world has been kinder to royalty in the twentieth century than have other parts of the globe. In the rapidly dwindling stock of ruling Kings, four are from countries of the Arab League. The old Lord of the Desert, Abdul Aziz ibn Saud; the boy King Faisal of Iraq; his great uncle, Abdulla, recently promoted from Amir to King of Transjordan; and Farouk himself. (The Imam of Yemen might almost count as a fifth.) If Farouk is right in his prediction, there are stormy days ahead for the Middle East—a point on which many other prophets are agreed—and storm in the Middle East may well send people scurrying for shelter—atomic bomb shelters—in other parts of the world.

Of course Farouk may be joking. He has a pronounced and occasionally far-fetched sense of humor. Other prophets in agreement may be dismissed as professional Cassandras (by equally professional Pollyannas). But the speculation makes Egypt an interesting place, worthy of study. It is a land of violent contrast, in an area from which violence may spread.

Study of Farouk himself makes a good point of departure for study of his country. He is a man young in years but not appearance, trying to rule an ancient country, which in many ways has hardly changed since the days of the Pharaohs.

THE King of Egypt is a heavy-set, balding man who looks far older than his twenty-seven years. He has been King for eleven of those years, but until recently his political life has been one of almost complete frustration. Perhaps to compensate, his social life has been active, notably unmarred by frustration of any kind. This political frustration is reflected in his appearance but rarely in his photographs, in which the royal physiognomy receives most favorable presentation.

Farouk is the only son among six children. His father, King Fuad I, believed that “F” was a favorable letter for him, so Farouk’s older halfsister is named Fawkiya, and his four remarkably beautiful sisters are called Fawzia (now Empress of Iran but separated from her husband), Faiza, Faika, and Fathia. His wife, the Queen, changed her name to Farida upon marriage. To complete the pattern their three daughters are named Ferian, Fawzia, and Fadia.

Like most wealthy Egyptians, Farouk has travelled much in Europe; he was at

Kermit Roosevelt's controversial “The Arabs Live There Too” appeared in our October 1946 issue; here he returns to the Middle East.

school in England when the death of his father brought an end to his education. Also like many wealthy Egyptians, Farouk is not of Egyptian origin; the royal family descends from Mohammed Ali, an Albanian in the service of the Turks, who successfully revolted against the decaying Ottoman (Turkish) Empire.

Particularly indicative of his country's problems have been Farouk's relations with the British. These have played an important part in the development of his character, and in the character of present-day Egypt. King Farouk as a boy was a proud youngster, intelligent, very much aware of his kingly status and of his country's recently won independence. This "independence" was recognized by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, already in negotiation when Farouk came to the throne and signed formally a few months after his accession. As one result of this treaty the British High Commissioner in Egypt, who had played a very active role in the ruling of the country, was to be replaced by an Ambassador who would presumably serve as other Ambassadors do.

Unfortunately—so far as Egypt *and* England were concerned—the British kept on the former High Commissioner (Sir Miles Lampson, later Lord Killearn) as their new Ambassador. Killearn never grasped, or at least never accepted, the implications of his change of status. He went on treating Egypt, and particularly Egypt's King, as though nothing had happened. Farouk might have been a young schoolboy in the hands of a bluff and hearty but, when necessary, severe tutor.

THE climax came on the 4th of February, 1942, when Rommel was threatening to sweep through the British armies to the Suez Canal and beyond. Killearn rightly or wrongly attached great importance to the appointment of Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafdist party, as Prime Minister. Farouk refused to appoint him. Killearn didn't hesitate. The schoolboy flouting his tutor? Rap his knuckles! British tanks rolled into Abdin Palace courtyard, trained their guns on the doors. In walked Killearn with a paper in his hand, a royal decree

appointing Nahas, all prepared for signature. It was signed. But Killearn in particular, and the British in general, have not been forgiven by the Egyptians. And even though Farouk, now that Killearn has gone, is personally friendly with the new Ambassador, his hatred of Nahas is unflagging.

The King was not allowed by Killearn to be a King on big affairs, so he took it out by being extra arbitrary in small things. Not that his behavior was always aloofly regal. During the war, for example, he was on occasions very "democratic" and hail-fellow-well-met in his relations with foreigners, particularly Americans. But apparently he had to show that laws were for ordinary people, not for him. If he couldn't appoint his own prime minister, at least he could drive as fast as he liked. He had a collection of great shiny new cars in which he tore around the country at fantastic speed—thus demonstrating his kingship. Or if he saw something he liked, he *must* have it. Cairo, one of the most extravagant, imaginative and uninhibited gossip centers of the world, was full of stories about what happened when somebody else's cigaret case or electric razor happened to strike the royal fancy.

Since the departure of Lord Killearn and his replacement by Sir Ronald Campbell, King Farouk has somewhat relaxed. The British Ambassador's behavior is scrupulously correct; British forces have evacuated Alexandria and Cairo (the English Bridge in Cairo is now popularly known as Evacuation Bridge). If these developments had occurred earlier, the attitude of Farouk and Egypt might be even more relaxed.

THE King's personal reaction to British pressure and its sudden relaxation is shared, though in different, nonregal form, by many of his subjects. Old-time foreign residents of Egypt, particularly Britishers, speak of antiforeign feeling, and newspaper correspondents write about Egyptian xenophobia (which is the same thing). Probably, however, that is not a fair description.

The fact is that foreigners are used to being treated like masters in Egypt. The

readjustment which results from being treated more or less as equals is hard for many of them to make. It is also true that some Egyptians, exuberant in their newly found "equality," express it by rudeness and adolescent arrogance.

Nevertheless this writer at least noticed little difference in the way he was treated this year and when he was last in Egypt, during the war, four years ago. Street urchins occasionally make rude remarks or gestures, but that is neither new nor peculiar to Egypt. The horde of dragomen and beggars around the big hotels is infuriating, but it has always been. Individually, the Egyptian seems unchanged. He is still a friendly fellow, especially if the foreigner makes some effort to speak his language and observe his customs. And certainly many of the measures of which foreigners complain are, in the light of modern Egyptian history, quite understandable. For example, the requirement that firms operating in Egypt employ at least ninety per cent native personnel may work hardship on individual foreigners, and will almost certainly be an economic handicap to Egypt for some period, until local people can receive more training for technical tasks. But business has for so long been almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners that drastic action was necessary if Egyptians were to take over. A government regulation that accounts be kept in Arabic has also caused complaint from foreigners. But imagine the reaction of American tax inspectors to a firm operating in the United States which kept its books in Arabic only.

However, the friendliness of the average Egyptian and new regulations such as those discussed above do not tell the whole story. Nationalism is rising in the Middle East generally, and new nationalism, lacking self-confidence, is often touchy and extreme. Moreover, political parties in Egypt vie for popular favor chiefly by expressions of anti-British, and in some cases generally antiforeign, sentiments.

Recently a Belgian woman, whose father had bought up and developed what became one of Cairo's best residential suburbs, was sitting with an Englishman in a cabaret she had inherited from her father.

The son of a prominent Egyptian politician joined them, and a political discussion ensued. In the course of the argument the Belgian woman said that Egyptians were foolish to force the British out of their country. The Egyptian took offense, asked by what right she made such a statement. "You are a foreigner yourself and have no more right here than the British," he told her. She replied that, on the contrary, she had more right than he did, she owned the land, and the building in which they were sitting; she could have *him* ejected if she wished. As the argument continued she made a gesture as if she might have the Egyptian thrown out. He rushed to a telephone, called Abdin Palace (the King's official residence in Cairo), and the Belgian woman was expelled from Egypt within twenty-four hours.

This incident illustrates the extreme sensitivity of the Egyptians as well as the arbitrary action which may follow any offense to that sensitivity. Certainly in a country whose independence and national pride was assured, such remarks might have aroused contempt, or even rage; but except in a nervous police state, say in Soviet Russia, they would be regarded as too trivial for official notice.

The incident also illustrates the ill-advised, unnecessary provocation which some foreigners, resentful of the Egyptians' change in demeanor, continue to offer.

Even so, the question remains: why is it that Egypt, particularly its "ruling classes," are so lacking in confidence in themselves? Surely it is not only because they recall that they have been under British domination since 1862. Another answer can be found by consulting some of Egypt's staggering statistics.

II

AT THE time of Farouk's forbear, Mohammed Ali, little more than a century ago, Egypt had a population estimated at 2,000,000. Now its population is about 19,500,000, and is increasing at a rate of over 20 per cent every ten years. Yet the arable land in Egypt has increased but little, and most of the population lives and depends upon the land. For Egypt, though it is big on the

map, is mostly uninhabitable desert. Only 1/125 of it is covered by water; only 3.5 per cent of Egypt's land, 8,600,000 acres, is fertile; and only 5,350,000 of these acres are under cultivation. Thus Egypt, for practical purposes, consists of the Nile valley; it is the most densely populated country in the world, far exceeding Belgium and Bengal. Egypt's density of population is now estimated at one person to each third of an acre of arable land.

The fact that a country is densely populated does not necessarily mean that its people are destitute. Belgium, for example, is a comparatively wealthy country. But Egypt is, unfortunately, more like India than like Belgium. The Egyptian *fellaheen*, or peasant farmer, is lucky if he earns as much as ten piasters (forty cents) a day, and usually the land he works on, the crops he tends, are not his own. Ninety-five per cent of the population live in extreme poverty. Eighty per cent are illiterate. It is when one gets into the field of public health, however, that the statistics become really shocking.

Diseases which are endemic in Egypt include worms and other parasites, amoebic dysentery, malaria, and, in some localities, *filaria*, a worm transmitted by mosquitoes, which causes elephantiasis. Eye infections are almost universal—their omnipresence is one of the facts of Egypt which impresses itself first and most strongly upon the visitor. A doctor on the medical faculty of Fuad I University in Cairo told me that he estimated over ninety per cent of the population suffered from *trachoma*—and that other eye infections were also prevalent. The most serious public health problem is presented by *bilharzia*, a worm whose life cycle carries it from human to water to snail and back. While in the human body it settles in the portal veins which carry blood from the intestines to the liver. There the worms mate. Their young secrete a poison which dissolves the human tissue so that the *bilharzia* can pass from the veins to the intestines themselves, and thence to water to continue the cycle. The destruction of tissues creates wounds and internal bleeding, and though it is not likely to be fatal itself it is extremely debilitating and lowers resistance to other infections. The inci-

dence of *bilharzia* in rural districts is 75 per cent. For the country as a whole it is 60 per cent. *Ankylostoma*, a hookworm, is another widely prevalent parasite. One out of every two rural Egyptians suffers from it. Fifteen per cent of the country's inhabitants suffer from pellagra as well.

Now return to the King and the ruling classes, which constitute less than 5 per cent of the population and hold probably 95 per cent of the country's wealth. The *fellah* lives with his family, his *gamoos* (water buffalo), his donkey or camel and goats, and whatever other livestock he's lucky enough to have, all in one little mud hut. (The animals, being more valuable than humans, usually get the best quarters.) The King, on the other hand, with an income of about £. E. 1,000,000 a year, has two palaces in Cairo, two in Alexandria, one in Inchass, and one in Helwan, as well as other properties which, as one member of the Palace staff put it, "are too numerous to mention." A pasha may leave untouched on his table after one evening's entertainment enough to feed a peasant and his family for several weeks. Surely contrasts of that sort are part of the explanation of the lack of confidence shown by so many educated, well-to-do Egyptians.

Moreover the wealthy Egyptian without social conscience is now losing, with the departure of the British, his standard infallible excuse for the miserable conditions of his country, which were easily blamed on foreign occupation. As long as issues remain unsettled with the British—such as the presence of troops in the Canal Zone, the future of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and so forth—unscrupulous demagogues will continue to seek popularity by berating the British instead of trying to grapple with the real problems of Egypt. Undoubtedly, too, the efforts of workers to improve their lot will be dismissed as Communist agitation. But these excuses are going to wear thin very soon.

AT THE moment, Egyptian political parties are a pretty meaningless lot. The present government of Mahmoud Fahmy el Nokrashy Pasha is a coalition of Saadists and Liberals. Nok-

rashi is an honest and able man, but his government is weak. The chief issue of interparty debate is the manner in which Egypt's differences with the British should be pressed. It is a senseless debate in which the shades of opinion are often hard to detect and the inadequate basis of Egyptian "democracy" is clearly shown. In a free election, without coercion of any kind, so small a section of the population would vote that it is difficult to talk of the popular backing enjoyed by any one party. The masses are indifferent; the interested fraction is so volatile that the real following of any party may vary from zero to one hundred per cent in a few days. In such a situation, strong party organization is at a premium.

The Saadists and Liberals, who have combined to back Nokrashi, have no such organization. Together they would probably be unable to corral as many votes as either of the two well-organized parties in Egypt—the Wafd and the Ikhwan al Muslimum or Moslem Brotherhood.

The Wafd was once, under the leadership of Egypt's "liberator" Saad Zaghloul, a great party. But Zaghloul is dead, his colleagues have died or fallen away, and only Nahas Pasha remains. Nahas has been hated by the King ever since Kill-learn forced his appointment as Prime Minister on the famous 4th of February incident. After several years in power the Wafd government became so notoriously corrupt that the censors would not allow newspapers to print any kind of cartoon showing thieves or highwaymen because they knew the public would immediately regard them as antigovernment satire. Eventually, after protracted difficulties with the British, Farouk was able to dismiss Nahas. Subsequent governments, if more honest, have been no more effective. People have forgotten their grievances against the Wafd and Nahas has kept the party machine together. Some observers claim that in a fairly free election the Wafd would get as much as 60 per cent of the vote (presupposing, in a "free" election, a very light vote). This seems far too high a figure; it is probably safe to assume that the Wafd would get a plurality—if not a majority—say at least 35 per cent, of the votes cast.

However it would require pretty desperate circumstance to persuade Farouk to appoint Nahas premier again, and there is no one else in the Wafd he could appoint. Moreover the Wafd is growing old. There is a young extremely leftist wing which keeps the name Wafd, but otherwise the leaders are elderly men who have made small fortunes and who aren't feeling aggressive. They will not, in an old Paris expression current in Cairo, "*descendre dans les rues*," go into the streets and demonstrate—or fight. The Wafd is unlikely to get in power while Nahas lives, and will probably break to pieces when he dies.

The Moslem Brotherhood, on the other hand, is only too eager to "*descendre dans les rues*." It is a young aggressive party led by a fiery orator-demagogue, Sheikh Hassan el Banna. Its members are mostly students and laborers. Fanatically religious, antiforeign and reactionary, it is well organized and growing in strength. Nahas always opposed it, but its development was assisted, only a few years ago, by the Saadists as a counter-balance to the Wafd. Even now the government is said to be paying it to keep quiet and attack only the Wafd. Nokrashi and his successors may some day look on the Brotherhood as Frankenstein looked on his own handiwork.

There is no open Communist party, but the leftist element in the Wafd has been suspected of Communist affiliations, as has the Labor Party of Prince Abbas Halim. Prince Abbas, a sporting gentleman who flies airplanes and shoots big game, was a pilot in the German airforce during the first World War, but no one takes his party very seriously. There is also a young leftist party known as "Young Egypt" led by Ahmed Hussein, who has been spreading the gospel in America by way of full-page newspaper advertisements. "Young Egypt" was, until the defeat of the Axis, a strongly Fascist party. Its conversion to the Left is a little hard to take seriously. However, that is what, too often, Egyptian political parties are like.

It is obvious that Egypt is not, and cannot immediately become, a democracy in any real sense of the word. Aside from anything else it is too much to expect that

a people 80 per cent illiterate, infested by parasites which sap the very blood from their veins, and often so close to starvation that they can scarcely work—it is too much to expect that such a people can spare the energy or develop the skills necessary to effective democratic rule. It is obvious also, that although Communism has made very little progress in Egypt to date, conditions are such as to be an open invitation to Soviet propaganda.

III

THAT is the black side of the picture. It is not by any means the only side. There is plenty of white to be seen too. (Cairo is a city where everyone talks pitch black or dazzling white; one who listens and looks hard is likely, after some time, to see everything in pale muddy brown, the color of the Nile.)

The Egyptians argue that their present low estate cannot be blamed on them. For centuries they have been under foreign rule. When, in the early nineteenth century under Mohammed Ali they gained practical independence from Turkey some progress was made—particularly in irrigation projects. Foreign interests soon intervened; in 1882 the British took over effective direction of the country, which they retained, in spite of gestures to the contrary, at least until 1936. It was not until 1923 that Egypt gained a constitution which gave it a pretence of democratic self-rule. By this constitution (which is still in effect today) the King, who appoints or dismisses the Prime Minister, governs in conjunction with a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. Two-fifths of the former are chosen by the King, the remainder, together with all the Deputies, are directly elected by the people.

The British, even after the adoption of the constitution, still retained the effective power. And, in discussing the social progress Egypt has made in the last few years (since the elimination of British influence), Egyptians point to the budgets of today in contrast with those of the past. In 1924, for example, one half million pounds (an Egyptian pound equals about four U. S. dollars) was allocated for public educa-

tion. Now the Ministry of Public Education has an annual budget of almost ten million pounds. The Health Department in 1924 has an allocation of two hundred thousand pounds; in 1936 this had increased to nearly three million pounds. After the 1936 treaty the Department was elevated to a Ministry and will spend in 1947/8 over eight million pounds. Two million of these are, however, not in the regular budget but part of a five-year campaign against poverty, disease, and ignorance.

In this and other campaigns, such as that for village improvement, Egypt has in the last few years made considerable progress. Water works are being built to bring the *fellaheen* pure drinking water for the first time in history. New primary and secondary schools are being built and staffed throughout the country. Hospitals, dental and maternal clinics, social welfare institutes, agricultural education centers, and health propaganda units are making their appearance in villages that had never before seen a sign of outside interest in their welfare.

The most important progress has been made in public health. A vigorous campaign is being waged against *bilharzia*, including drives to exterminate the snail which plays an essential part in the life cycle of the parasite, the draining of marshes and ponds and provision of pure water and sanitary toilet facilities, public health instruction, and the treatment of those already diseased, who are themselves a source of further infection. This later phase has been running into difficulties on two scores. The treatment requires one month of intravenous injections of antimony (tartar emetic) which produce painful symptoms. The *fellaheen*, disliking those symptoms and anxious to devote all their energy to their work, are likely to stop the treatment as soon as the active signs of *bilharzia* disappear, even though the disease is by no means conquered. Another problem is that the full strength treatment proves fatal in about one case out of a thousand. Since the death of a patient undergoing treatment is damaging to the doctor in charge, many doctors do not risk the full treatment nor achieve the full cure.

This is the first year in which Egypt has had *no* epidemics. Doctors attribute this chiefly to the systematic widespread use of DDT. Once every two months the villages—people, clothing, houses—have been thoroughly dusted. As a result, up to the middle of May this year there have been 54 cases of typhus as against 1201 for the equivalent period last year. (In 1943 there were over 40,000 cases.) For relapsing fever, the figures are 166 this year as against 77,519 for last; of plague, there have been 2 cases instead of 76. In 1944 there were 644 cases.

IV

AT THE moment, Egyptians not only have an inferiority complex, but at the same time a grossly exaggerated notion of their own importance. Here again, King Farouk reflects his country's tendencies. His aspiration to become champion of Islam has been shown on many occasions, most notably in the reception he has given to the Grand Mufti and the old anti-French Riff leader, Abd el Krim. His intentions are doubtless praiseworthy, but sober counsel might suggest that Egypt has enough problems inside her own borders without taking on those of Palestine and North Africa as well.

An American comes to Egypt with the idea that the country *is* important—as a communications center, close to oil, as a key state in the Arab world where democracy and communism meet face to face. But after a few weeks in which Egyptians go all out to make a pusillanimous piker of the Persian who coined the phrase "Isfahan is half the world," reaction sets in. One would think that foreign troops had never evacuated a country before. You get tired of being told that the United States must prove thus and so by doing thus and so—or that a favorable decision on Egypt's case before UN is the last chance UN has to gain world respect. They cannot see Egypt's problems as part of a larger picture. This is natural enough—but tiresome.

Americans throughout the Middle East are upbraided because of United States assistance to Zionism, which Arabs everywhere regard as unwarranted aggression.

(The Egyptians made great capital of the recent visit of members of a Senate committee to Palestine, pointing out—unfortunately with truth—that the senators spent their whole time with the Jewish Agency and did not even call upon the representative of their own government—let alone the Arabs. "Is that," they ask pointedly, "an example of American open-mindedness?") But in Egypt, in addition to the issue of Palestine, we are criticized for backing the British everywhere and for not supporting Egypt on the issue of evacuation and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

On these two points the Egyptians are in a curious frame of mind. They insist that justice is unquestionably on their side and that no fairminded person could oppose them. On the other hand, despite expressions of confidence they are inwardly expecting little from their appeal to UN. Justice means nothing in politics, they say, pointing to Palestine.

Why, then, have they appealed to UN? Partly because the maneuvers of internal politics forced the present government to make an appeal. Partly because it was hoped that an appeal might force concessions from the British. And partly because, if the appeal fails, Egyptian politicians will again be able to point outside Egypt—away from themselves—to explain why things go wrong. A foreign scapegoat is useful, and once you become accustomed to it, you miss it very quickly when it's gone.

On the issue of evacuation, the question is purely one of timing. The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 provided that British troops could remain in the Canal Zone until 1956. Egyptians argue that this treaty was negotiated under pressure and is contrary to the terms of the UN charter. Recent negotiations for a new treaty, during which the British offered to remove their troops by 1949, were broken off without conclusion. Foreign Minister Bevin now states that Britain will adhere to the old treaty. The Egyptians want evacuation immediately, and insist that its date must not be used as a bargaining point in further negotiations. If they accomplish nothing else at UN, they do expect to separate entirely the question of evacuation from that of a new treaty.

The future of the Sudan is likely to produce far more headaches. According to Egyptians, the Nile is indivisible; the Sudan and Egypt, living literally upon and out of the Nile, must be united. The British are proud of the job they have done in the Sudan, which is indeed a model of colonial administration. They say that the Sudanese do not wish domination by Egypt and that they, the British, are morally obligated not to "sell the Sudanese into bondage." As a matter of fact it is hard to prove just what the Sudanese *do* want. Any rejection by them of union with Egypt would be attributed by the Egyptians to British pressure and propaganda.

WHEN I talked to Nokrashy Pasha, the Prime Minister, the question of Russia inevitably came up. Communism, he told me, had extremely little public support in Egypt. He emphasized also that in presenting her case to UN Egypt was not acting at the instigation of any big power. "But," he went on, "if the United States supports Britain against us, and Soviet Russia supports us against Britain, then the Egyptian people will surely say to themselves, 'Who is it that is our friend?'"

It is certainly true that the Arabs are not sympathetic to Communism. They do not expect much from Russia. But this they know: Russian policy is directed at

the removal of British forces from the Middle East. That is what the Arabs want, too.

The United States, which is happier when interests of security and international morality go hand in hand, is thus presented with a delicate diplomatic problem—in an area where Palestine alone provides more difficulties than we can solve. How do we feel about troops of one country occupying the territory of another, or do we put the Middle Eastern countries in the same category with certain Pacific islands? Is United States security harmed more by weakening of the British position in the Middle East, or by losing the friendship of the Arab people? And how much do we depend upon Middle East oil?

Like the evacuation of British troops, these questions come down to a matter of timing. Clearly we want to see an independent and a democratic Egypt. Independence has been achieved, but there is still a long hard road to travel before Egypt attains democracy. Peace and assistance along that road—for Egypt and the other Middle Eastern countries—are what American interests dictate.

And this much is certain. To build up Greece and Turkey, as a first line of defense or anything else, is an empty gesture if the Arab countries fall away. It is like relying on a Maginot Line—which stops trustingly at the Belgian frontier.

The Poverty of Independence

MAN! The most complex of creatures, and for this reason the most dependent of creatures. On everything that has formed you you depend. Do not balk at this apparent slavery. . . . A debtor to many, you pay for your advantages by the same number of dependencies. Understand that independence is a form of poverty; that many things claim you, that many also claim kinship with you.

André Gide, *Journal*, 1893; from *The Journals of André Gide*, Volume 1, 1889–1913, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1947.

SHE'LL TALK LATER

A STORY BY RALPH MCGILL

Woodcuts by Hans Felinek

HE WAS thinking to himself, "This is not what I thought it would be like," when the call came through to the Sergeant's desk.

The officers ran out and he followed. They got into the radio patrol car and started.

The officer beside the driver was chewing tobacco. Every time he wanted to say more than a sentence he spat out the window. The car was going quite fast into a steady wind.

Every time the officer spat, the reporter on the back seat behind him cringed toward the middle and then sat again. He was completing his first week on the job. It wasn't coming off, at least not as he had expected. Back in the days when he was in Italy he had trained himself to be quiet under mortar fire by thinking very intently on going back to college and taking journalism. He would think very hard on the details of loans and studies and go on to invent stories to cover. In time he developed a reputation as a fellow who wasn't worried under mortar fire, which was something one never got used to.

"We always break in our cubs on police," the city desk had said.

He had been filled with instructions about making friends on his beat.

But, sitting there on the back seat, cringing away from tobacco juice, the reporter was listening with a deep, sullen resentment to the older officer talk. He was always around the press-room,

chewing and talking about himself.

"What's the call about?" the reporter asked.

"It's a killin', a nigger killin'," said the older officer. "At least it's a nigger address. There's some white trash out there, too. But it's a dead nigger. You can bet on that. A good nigger," he added, laughing.

"What was that damned street number?" he asked of the driver.

"9812," said the driver.

"Well," said the officer, "we'll see the crowd in front of the house before we see the number anyhow."

He spat hard and the reporter cringed away, silently cursing himself and the officer. They were going to a shooting. It was very ridiculous, in a way, to be riding in an automobile fast as hell to get to a dead man. It was a quiet afternoon and here they were driving quite fast, with housewives halting their sweeping of porches to peer at the police car speeding by. Motorists pulled into the curb at the sound of the siren. Small boys stopped their play to yell and wave at them and their shrieking noise.

"One damned dead man," thought the reporter. He remembered how, with flooding bitterness, in north Italy, they had cursed the radio and newspaper correspondents for giving the impression that only in France and Germany were there men dying, planes crashing, and guns shooting. It certainly seemed silly to be

in the back of a well-cushioned automobile driving like hell to see a dead man and to catch the killer. He found himself trying to remember the sound of one bullet being fired on so quiet an afternoon, but all he could remember was mortar fire. His mood changed and he grinned wryly to himself. "If this keeps up," he said, "I will have to go and get myself adjusted to civilian life."

THEY were off the good pavement and running down a long, narrow street. There was the smell of hamburgers, frying onions, and fish.

"It's got the nigger smell," said the older officer.

The car was bouncing heavily over the ruts and potholes and the older officer said there was no use being in such a hell of a hurry. If it was a nigger shooting it was all over.

"Niggers," he said, spitting and turning to the reporter, "shoot fast and run fast.

"There ain't a damned bit of use trying to scare them with jail, either," he said. "If they get shootin' or cuttin' in their heads it's got to come out. They know the courts don't pay much attention to nigger killin's anyhow. So, they don't give a damn.

"It's a curious thing about niggers," he said, "how few folks there are know anything about 'em."

The old pavement ran out and a dirt road began. Ahead they could see, along each side of the road, a stretch of small, new houses.

"It's that nigger veterans' housing section," said the older officer. "Some smart nigger real estate men caught some suckers with it."

"I've got to notice things," the reporter thought to himself, "to remember what it all looks like."

There was a knot of people standing in front of one of the houses. The car pulled up beside them and the three men got out. Most of those before the house were Negroes, but there was a scattering of whites. A quarter mile away, across the flat-looking land, there was another development for white veterans.

The reporter followed the two officers

right on through the gate as the crowd opened up for them.

The house was brand new and unpainted. It somehow reminded him of the big, white pine shipping boxes the new motors and parts arrived in at the docks and the supply dumps.

THERE was a woman screaming somewhere in the house.

He stepped up on the porch. He could smell the pine smell of the new boards, warm in the sun. They went on into the house. Going through he noted, in the front room, two heavy, overstuffed chairs and a table. "Grand Rapids," his mind said to him, "or High Point, North Carolina, the new Grand Rapids." There was a bright rug. It all smelled new.

They walked right on through into the next room which was kitchen and dining room. A small new cookstove, a kitchen table with a red-checked cloth on it, and two straight chairs furnished the room. He saw, too, what he had seen through a door in the first room, that there was a door opening into a bedroom. He could just see a double bed covered with one of those tufted bedspreads with a peacock woven into it.

The woman screaming turned out to be a Negro girl, about twenty-three. She wasn't in the house, but on the small back porch. Two Negro women were standing with her, their eyes big with apprehension. She had on a tan house dress that fitted a bit tightly. She was light yellow and well built. Her face, in the moments between screams, was a good one, with excellent features.

When she screamed she would throw back her head and arms, pulling the tan dress tight across her breasts. Then her features would relax and she would stare at the floor, crying softly.

The reporter realized he was staring at her. He could smell the hot pine smell of the new house, and the unwashed sweat smell of the woman. He had heard wounded men scream and he had seen agony but somehow this seemed to him the most agony he had seen, and something in him resented that, too. There was agony in the sound of the screaming and there was agony in the whimpering

sobbing and in the look on her face.

Then he remembered. Someone had been killed. He looked around.

The two officers were in the back yard. The Bermuda grass was uncut and high. There was the sprawled figure of a Negro man in the grass. He had on khaki pants and a skivvy shirt. His long-muscled arms, shoulders, and the pillar of his neck looked very brown there in the green of the grass.

The reporter went down the steps and out to the two officers and the dead man.

"I told you it was a nigger shootin'," said the older officer.

The dead man looked as if he had died trying to crawl. There was blood on the grass by his body. He didn't look asleep. He just looked dead.

The reporter looked back at the girl on the porch.

He realized she had stopped screaming. There was a sudden reality of silence. She was looking at them, but with no more of consciousness on her face.

"I killed him," she said, quietly.

Then she turned to the two women and said, with a sort of incredulity in her voice, "I killed him."

Two or three white men had come around the house. One of them said:

"A nigger out front says they just got married a few months ago."

The older officer turned to the reporter.

"Just like I said, they are curious. Once they get killin' in their heads they got to get it out. She caught him with another woman sure as hell. She'll kill her, too, if she ain't already done it. I know niggers, son, if I don't know nothing else. You

police as many years as I have, son, and you learn that anyhow."

All about him there was the smell of things hot in the sun, the grass, the people, and the clean smell of the pine. Only the dead man had no smell to compete with the others and that was, he thought, queer. It was odd, too, how the dead man seemed so enormously dead, deader than all the men he had seen flung down by death along the roads and in the fields of Sicily and Italy.

The garrulous officer broke away and went up on the porch to the girl. The two Negro women who were with her stood back. He took her by the shoulder and shook her.

"Shut up for a minute," he said.

She looked at him dumbly, her throat moving convulsively. Big tears rolled from her swollen eyes and splashed off her tan dress.

The young driver came up.

"Well," he said, "you sure as hell shot him dead. Was it another woman? Did you catch them here at the house?"

The girl was crying again, deep down in her chest. She didn't answer.

"She'll talk later," said the older officer.

"Let's get going. They got too much animal in 'em," he said to the reporter, who was watching. "They always got to cheat."

HE TOOK the girl by the arm and they walked back through the hot air of the house. The driver had the pistol. It had been in the grass near the body.

They went on out into the small front



yard. No one looked back at the house, not even the girl. The reporter wondered at it. The girl seemed to have changed. She was not crying audibly, though her eyes were red and spilled tears slowly. Her sobs had ceased and there was a set look to her face.

They halted outside the gate. The crowd fell back a few steps, talking in low tones to one another. One of the white men said something to those about him and there were some low chuckles.

"Has someone called an undertaker for that boy in the backyard?" asked the driver.

"Yes, suh," said an old Negro man. "He oughtta be here by now."

"Always a hell of a race between nigger undertakers," said the elder officer, spitting against the pine fence, directing his explanation to the reporter.

He turned to the crowd. "Anyone to look after the house?"

"I got the key. I'm her sister," said one of the women who had been with the girl on the back porch.

"You know something about this shootin'?"

"No, suh, not exactly," she said.

"Well, you lock up, and come on down to the station and report in."

"Yes, suh," she said.

The officer took down the names of the neighbors.

"Be sure and lock up or these niggers will steal everything in the house," he said to the sister, taking the silent girl by the arm and walking her to the car.

"Is there a telephone around here?" asked the reporter.

"Mary Jones, up at the corner, she got one," said the sister.

"You go ahead," said the older officer. "We gotta wait a minute till that undertaker shows. There may be two of them and if there is the sons of bitches will fight sure ■ hell. You go ahead. But they won't want much. They don't bother much about nigger killin's."

He went, cursing silently the smug coarseness of the officers.

When he came out of the house the car was waiting. He got into the back seat with the older officer and the girl. The girl was between them.

"Don't let her jump out," said the young driver, laughing, and starting off at high speed, hitting the siren a hard lick.

THE girl sat very still, looking down at her knees. She was not crying and she did not seem to be thinking about anything at all. She was just there. The fat bulk of the older officer caused all three bodies to make contact. He could feel the girl breathing and he suddenly realized she was tense, breathing rapidly and shallowly like a boy in his company whom he had watched die of pneumonia.

The reporter asked, quietly:

"Why did you kill him?"

She looked at him, thoughtfully, as if weighing him more than his question.

"You wouldn't understand," she said, finally. "It was something that built up for a long time."

"Was it another woman?"

She looked at him again, weighing him and his question.

"No," she said, "there was no other woman. It was just something that built up for a long time and it was something that I had to do. A little learning is a dangerous thing," she said, as if originating the axiom.

"Learning?" he asked.

"Well," she said, weighing him again, searching for any sign of condescension, "this was a nigger tragedy in the Greek framework."

She was speaking slowly, spacing her sentences.

The older officer was looking and listening, forgetting to spit.

"Yes," said the reporter.

"I was a teacher with a B.A. degree," she said. "We went to school together. He went off to war and he was a good soldier. When he got back we got married and he made me quit teaching."

"It was then," she said, "it started building up. It went on for months. When he came home he was a man with an honorable discharge and the Bronze Star. He was going to stay in the South and show the way," she said. "He believed in that. But it kept building up. There were porters' jobs and waiters' jobs and all the while I watched him change from a man to a nigger. Today he came home and



cried. A man had hit him and he had just come home and cried. He got up, finally, and took out that German Luger gun. I knew what he was going to do. I sat there until he started out in the yard. Then something came over me and I walked out there. I walked out to him and I took the gun out of his hands and I shot him. He was a race horse with a broken leg, and I shot him. I had to get up out of the chair and do that for him. I couldn't let him do it. It had been building up for months and months and I knew, when I saw him walk out, what there was to do. It just built up to that. All the way up to that."

THE reporter nodded. He had the curious feeling he was listening to a story he already knew.

The officer leaned over.

"There ain't no use trying to figure out niggers, son," he said. "I know 'em. You can't make no sense out of that."

The reporter did something then that released something in him. Her left hand

was down beside her, between her thigh and his. He reached down and squeezed her hand.

The girl began to cry again, quietly.

Then he did something else.

"If you will pardon me," he said, very politely, leaning across the girl to the officer, "you don't really know a God-damned thing. About niggers or anything else."

The officer's face was flooded with red. He spat out the window and turned, his eyes almost closed shut in his fat, sagging red face.

"Okay, nigger-lover," he said, fighting to hold back his anger, "ohhhhh-kay. We'll be looking after you."

They had got on the good pavement by now and were going quite fast.

The reporter realized he felt fine. It was a good job he had and it had a future. And he knew a GI lawyer and he had plans. He began to whistle a low tune, laughing out loud once as he remembered the look on the officer's face when he had let him have it.

The Flowers of the Forest

PHILIP GARRIGAN

I

THE delight of my mind is a harbor facing the sun
And under the rolling piedmont covered with evergreen trees,
Where a town with sailing-boats nosing the barnacled quays
Lies neat and idle as noonday in a dream of time that is gone.
Today is over the mountain—miles away.
Nobody travels the road but the mail or the pedlar's van;
Nobody turns landward, over the wharves and the sand
Houses look on the ocean and streets run down to the bay.
Daylong, nightlong, the hours are clean washed
With warm love of being and the cold salt spray—
And I know this is a child still, though childhood would not stay,
Dwelling in my mind's delight that never can be lost.

I think myself commercant with this earth, this air and water,
With this moment blossoming—as I fancy—out of time's way.

II

Yet on the dunes or the meadows under the clouding sky
Wind steals the footstep on the grass, wave on the beach;
Arms are flung in a frenzy, fingers reach
Into the burned saltmarshes back of the rotting tide-mill. . . .

And often at midnight waking I tremble to know

My life a small stone dropping with never a sound. . . .

I have accepted these—shall I not now renounce
This child dreaming that the sun shines and the winds blow?
No! If I know nothing of beginnings and ends
I am much acquainted with now; it is as it shall be
Though the waves roar and complain, the beaches slide in the sea,
The patient trees revert on the ancient stony fields

And inch and minute and grain, earth yield
This eaten island, man, to his mad ocean of enemies.

LOVE'S OLD SWEETISH SONG

MARGARET MACMULLEN

IN THE early years of the present century, when *Sons and Lovers* was jeered at, *Of Human Bondage* neglected, and *Sister Carrie* banned, a number of beautiful masterpieces of a very different sort were flowing like a thick, pink wave of tomato soup into the stream of current fiction. On the crest of this wave, three surprised and discordant Venuses, rode Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, Mrs. Florence Barclay, and Mr. Harold Bell Wright.

We can visualize them as in a Botticelli canvas, slightly revised. No frail cockleshell would bear them up, and no amorini blow secular trumpets. Instead, with their feet set on a stout raft and with music pumped from an ornamented melodeon, Mrs. Barclay would be stately in black velvet with "soft old lace at the bosom," Mrs. Porter winsome in white, and on her head "a pure white creation of fancy braid, with folds and folds of tulle, soft and silken as cobwebs, lining the brim; and a great mass of white roses [which] clustered against . . . her hair, crept about the crown, and fell in a riot to her shoulders at the back." Thus they embellished their heroines. Why not themselves? Mr. Wright would be manly in chaps, a clerical collar, and a ten-gallon hat. They would be well dressed and triumphant, and rightly so, for each had the supreme felicity of being born at the right time.

The elements of what we idly call

Victorianism—class pride, bad taste, false sentiment, and an excess of optimism and paper-lace piety—though undoubtedly present in the day of King Assurbanipal, had not before been assembled into this particular blend. It wanted industrialism and general education to bring out its full flavor, and in addition to have been preserved to the point of incipient decay. These three novelists, with the best intentions in the world and by a stroke of luck they confused with Providence, seized on the prescription and out of it brewed results of unparalleled bathos and popularity. The movies had not yet diverted the public from reading, tabloids and picture magazines hardly existed, and the radio was still a laboratory dream. The field, therefore, was wide open to them. They had only to move into it with the assured gait of the born storyteller.

IT MAY be argued quite reasonably that such gifts will always command an audience and that the special kind of florid bad taste which we associate with the early nineteen-hundreds is almost as prevalent today. Is a bronze nymph with a clock set in her stomach any worse than the white plaster poodle sitting on a cushion, with a lamp springing from his head, which these charmed eyes beheld only yesterday in a New York decorator's shop? Is the hat lovingly described by

Margaret MacMullen, an omnivorous reader, is an extremely occasional writer; her one previous contribution to Harper's was an article on "Pulps and Confessions" in 1937.

Mrs. Porter more unnerving than plaid slacks and high-heeled sandals? And if Mrs. Barclay could write, "Aunt has dropped her false teeth on her marble washstand and must get to the dentist. . . . But I would sooner break false teeth than true hearts, any day," the announcer on the Ma Perkins soap opera can counter with: "Do you remember the night Fay woke up to find the window open and the crib empty? Her baby had disappeared. Fay has been acting strangely ever since." The human instinct for the tawdry and absurd is whimsical in its choice of outlets, but it flows on forever.

The generation which steered its course by the Wright-Porter-Barclay constellation now finds guidance in the soap operas, the movies, and the romance magazines. Even so late as 1920, Sinclair Lewis put on a parlor table in Main Street the latest novel of Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter and gave to an elderly couple in Gopher Prairie a literary philosophy summarized thus: "Harold Bell Wright is a lovely writer, and he teaches such good morals in his novels, and folks say he's made pretty near a million dollars out of 'em." Today on that table—smaller, because of the space taken up by the cabinet radio-phonograph—would lie the movie magazines, and the elderly couple would exclaim over the earnings of the Fitzgeralds and Bing Crosby. But nowadays, alas, lovely writers who teach good morals find the best-selling novel a somewhat corrupted channel. Readers who have lived through two major wars and one major depression, having forgotten what security feels like, will no longer take their optimism undiluted. And with education more general, the public demands more competent workmanship and an increase in intellectual content. Nevertheless, education acting upon a basic soft-mindedness does little to change the true quality of that content. We have all known people who were both very learned and very silly. In the case of this particular trio of novelists, it is an open question whether the intellectual training which they did not undergo—in contrast to the more skillful and better equipped modern writers—would have had much effect on their natural tendency to let emotion

seep through and moisten the whole fabric of their thinking, like damp on a cellar wall.

When we look back to the Wright-Porter-Barclay triumvirate, however, this point becomes academic. What is interesting is that from different starting places and by different roads they all arrived at pretty much the same destination.

II

OF THE three, Mrs. Barclay had by far the best chance in life. Her father was a rector first in Surrey and then in London. Married at eighteen to a young clergyman of good family, she was busy with her six children and the parish until 1905, when she developed a heart condition which kept her in bed for months. During this illness she wrote *The Rosary*. It was not her first book; she had already finished a short novel, *The Wheels of Time*. Both manuscripts were put away for several years until, on an impulse, she sent the latter to her sister, Mrs. Ballington Booth, in America, who liked it so much that she arranged for its publication and asked for a copy of the longer story. *The Wheels of Time* had a little success; *The Rosary*, published in 1909 and bound, as her later works were to be, in a rich purple, flew like a homing dove to the hearts of the public in both countries. Such was its popularity that when in the next year she came to the States to oversee the appearance of her new opus, *The Mistress of Shenstone*, she met with a reception such as no writer of today can boast.

A traveling companion exulted that on arrival in New York harbor "we noticed a crowd of people standing together on a part of the quay all hung with purple draperies. Many of [them] held and waved bunches of violets. . . . We wondered what the demonstration could be, and then, suddenly, we saw a purple banner with 'The Rosary' upon it, in large gold letters. . . . On landing, we were at once surrounded by reporters, photographers, and the crowd of delighted readers who had gathered to do her honor." Under the prevailing dewiness even the customs officials came unstuck and refused to

examine the luggage of the author of *The Rosary*.

In 1912 Mrs. Barclay suffered a blow of fate worthy of one of her own plots. A head injury in a motor accident brought on cerebral hemorrhage, and even after she had supposedly recovered, her inventive powers completely dried up. But justice, muscular as well as even-handed, intervened. One day, while boating, Mrs. Barclay was again hit on the head, this time by an oar, to such good effect that whatever was wrong clicked into place, and she resumed her profession with as much spirit as ever. In fact, she made cerebral hemorrhage the theme of one of her ineffable works, *The Wall of Partition*. Her name was known far and wide, her desk was piled with letters from admirers ranging from high church dignitaries to convicts serving time, and a great deal of money had come in. The only attribute missing from her endowment of virtues and talents was brains.

THE same might be said of Mrs. Porter. The daughter of a farmer-clergyman in Indiana, she early developed the knowledge of bird, animal, and flower life which she kept all her days and which later was to mitigate the fatuity of her novels. Her first taste of success came when she was called to read aloud to the school her review of Saintine's *Picciola*, the story of a flower which sprang between the paving stones of a prison yard. The boys "turned away their faces," the girls sobbed into their pinafores, and even the superintendent wept visibly. After such an encouraging debut it would have seemed natural for her to keep on writing, but love stepped in. While visiting a friend, she received a letter from a stranger describing himself as "a flourishing young druggist" who had admired her on sight.

"You will perhaps wonder," he continued, "as to where I have seen you. Allow me to explain as follows. I saw you during the assembly at Rome City 26th to 29th July last, and was aboard the same train on which you took your departure southward. You will perhaps remember seeing two couples at various times. . . . I am the smaller gent of the

two, of rather thin (excuse me) form, and wearing a light mustache."

Geneva Stratton replied to this respectful approach, and before long romance was tapping at the door. In a transport of courtship, Mr. Porter (as she continued to call him) went so far as to hang a whole bunch of bananas at the door of the cottage where she was staying. It was he who shortened her name to the "Gene" she formally adopted. During the engagement she soothed the hours of separation by long letters, many of which are, rather embarrassingly, included in the biography written by her daughter.

To my dearest of lovers, Mr. Porter, good-night. I will have such loving kisses and caresses for you when you come.

Your darling baby,
Gene

After their marriage they settled in Geneva, Indiana, where the young druggist indeed "flourished" to such an extent that they were able to build a summer cabin near the great swamp of the Limberlost, which Mrs. Porter, who had become interested in photography, haunted for pictures of the wild life hidden there. Having placed several articles with the nature magazines, she then proceeded to write a book, *The Song of the Cardinal*, published in 1903. In spite of its considerable sales, no one would have guessed that in the next year she would produce a novel, *Freckles*, which was to capture the affection of countless readers, in England as well as the United States. When the story was nearly twenty years old, one publisher in one year sold a million copies. Imbecile as it is, *Freckles* had an excellent influence. Schools—regular, reform, and Sunday—encouraged the reading of it, and boys from all over the world communicated their gratitude and aspirations. This book was followed, among others, by *The Keeper of the Bees*, *The Girl of the Limberlost*, and, most popular of all, according to her daughter, *The Harvester*, the central figure of which is intended to suggest Thoreau. It doesn't.

Mrs. Porter claimed to work on the principle of putting into her stories real people whom she had known, but they moved through events of an iridescence all her own. Tireless as Agnes Copper-

field in "pointing upward," she confided that "the greatest service a piece of fiction can do any reader is to force him to lay it down with a higher ideal of life than when he took it up." Unsympathetic criticism annoyed her, even when she was basking in her enormous sales, and she replied acidly to some question regarding the intellectual content of her work: "I am perfectly willing for anyone, I care not how cultured, to skip my nature books and select at random any one of the novels and compare it with any novel, and then say honestly if there is not as much evidence of intellectual pursuit in my book ■ is to be found in any other."

FEW such evidences of self-content are apparent in Harold Bell Wright's autobiography, though in overcoming a cruelly hard youth he had good grounds for it. Left orphaned early, he struggled for many years at makeshift jobs and in makeshift shelters until he was able to set up a little painting and decorating shop in an Ohio town. There he began to prosper. His interest in church matters and longing for education were quickened by a youthful evangelist from Hiram College. There Wright enrolled himself for what amounted to high-school training, with the hope that he might advance to the regular course and become a minister. At the end of two years, however, his funds gave out, and though first the faculty and then a friend offered to stake him, he refused to stand on any feet but his own. Leaving Cleveland with fifty cents in his pocket, he landed in Lowellville, where he got a job in a stone quarry; but a severe attack of pneumonia, followed by a threat of blindness, forced him to take refuge in Missouri, near the Ozarks, with an uncle and aunt who nursed him back to health.

Pinch-hitting one day for a clergyman who failed to appear at a community gathering, he spoke so effectively that he was adopted as an unofficial preacher, and later was preferred to a real charge in a very tough coal town in Kansas. Discouragement with his efforts to introduce practical Christianity where it was so much needed led him to write *That Printer of Udell's*, an honest picture, as he

saw it, of the town, its churches, its clergy, and, it may be surmised, himself. A friend arranged for its publication, and it sold very well, but not until his health again broke down did Mr. Wright decide to give up the ministry and support himself by writing. His next effort was *A Shepherd of the Hills*, this time a real hit, and from then on he was established in the hearts of a vast public.

To such critics as found his work absurd, he replied: "And so I stand today, guilty in the sight of God and man of feeling life too deeply and of putting into my books too much of what I feel. It is not that I fail to see the virtues of intelligence. . . . But when I sit down to a job of writing, however sternly I resolve to use whatever brains God in His mercy has given me, I always end by writing sentimentally. I plan with the sobriety of a mathematician, and proceed to execute with the drunken recklessness of a confirmed toper." "

ONE lays down the story of his life, and of Mrs. Barclay and Mrs. Porter as well, with the conviction that here were three very good people, who forfeit immunity from criticism only because their great popularity and influence form a footnote to literary history. If they wrote very bad books, they did so with innocence, and since they themselves remained incurably adolescent no one could accuse them of trading on a like quality in their readers. Indeed, any such attempt would have been detected. Granted that it is easy to write down to a public if what you give them is love or adventure or comedy—the movie producers have proved that—when it comes to moralizing about things you yourself do not believe in, that instinct by which immature minds are, rather feebly, guarded, and which our politicians call native intelligence will spot the fraud.

Sentimentalism is essentially a disease of decadence. Among the American pioneers, whose noses were perhaps so close to the earth that they could not lift them to sniff at wistful lavender, the ailment either did not exist or did not find expression, but with the beneficent growth of education and some relaxation of the

fiercer demands of survival, it expanded toward the turn of this century with the spongy fecundity of unhealthy cells. In the English novel of the mid-nineteenth century, it was tidily compartmented. In a kind of holy vacuum, Amelia Sedley, Bella Wilfer, and the lesser-known heroines of Miss Yonge, Mrs. Wood, and Mrs. Oliphant shook their curls, kept albums and anniversaries, wept for grief and pleasure, and surprised their husbands with a ninth baby. Though the world might wound, it could not sully them. By the end of the century, however, realism began to threaten the excesses of sentimentalism, not merely in "good" novels but in popular fiction. Some authors, like Anthony Hope and George Barr McCutcheon, dodged it by the road of pure romance in Ruritanian kingdoms; others, like Robert Hichens, neutralized the effects of passion on the human frame by placing their characters in foreign countries, where, as everyone knows, things are different. Still others, like Robert W. Chambers, to the extent permitted by the women's magazines, and Elinor Glyn, whose books lived in bureau drawers, faced the facts of life in a flurry of tiger-skin rugs and polo ponies.

III

THOUGH one cannot picture either Mrs. Porter or Mrs. Barclay curled up in front of the fire with *Three Weeks*, and Mr. Wright would have blown a boiler at the very mention of it, they could not and apparently did not want to by-pass the new literary tendencies. By nature and by training they were so concerned with the ethical aspect of life that it was impossible for them to bar the flesh and the devil from their pages. In sentimental and moral tales of the earlier Victorians the problem of evil had been handled with extreme gentility. The deceptions, frailties, and broken hearts had been kept remote from any taint of explicit carnality. One gets the impression of lots of heaving, struggling, and humping going on behind a heavy plush curtain. Our particular authors, on uplift bent and living in an age of greater frankness, disdained such cowardice, and

introduced with a certain succulence the sins they intended to fight. In a word, they progressed from the bosom to the breasts school of literature. This is less true of Mrs. Porter, whose young couples made love in a lusty girl-scout fashion suggestive of middy blouses and khaki pants, than of Mrs. Barclay and Mr. Wright. He, in fact, went so far as to land one of his heroines in a most unfortunate establishment—of which he gave an enthralling description—and made her accept the prospect of a life of shame as casually as she would a jujube.

For the most part the background was simple and familiar. The girls worried over their clothes, the boys played games, chickens were fed and stock watered, young and old struggled to make ends meet and talked about their neighbors. Mrs. Barclay's county families ate strawberries with their tea and the rector came to call. If only the plots and the character-drawing matched the surroundings we might have had something of merit, for the ability to tell a story was there. Instead, what did happen? Here, as a starter, is *The Rosary*.

JANE CHAMPION, orphan niece of the Duchess of Meldrum, is a large young woman of twenty-eight or so, with a fine bust, powerful muscles, and a plain face. Well-off and well-born, she has received a few offers, none of them, regrettably, accompanied by the heart. The scene opens with a house-party at the Duchess's, where everyone is, if not titled, extremely chic. Among the guests is a portrait painter, Garth Dalmain, possessed of youth, beauty, genius, and a Highland castle, all complete. His high ideal of womanhood has so far prevented his falling in love with any of the lovely creatures he has painted, but he has not reckoned with Jane.

One evening, when the Duchess is giving a party, a famous singer fails her at the last moment. Jane is persuaded to step in and sing. Her choice is "The Rosary." Not only are her voice and playing perfect, but she exhibits to Garth's imagination such a wealth of tenderness and splendor of soul that he is quite bowled over and goes out to commune

with the stars. "‘I have found her,’ he said, in low tones of rapture, ‘The ideal woman, the crown of womanhood, the perfect mate for the spirit, soul, and body of the man who can win her. . . . Jane! Jane! Ah, how blind I have been! To have known her for years, and yet not realized her to be this. But she lifted the veil, and I passed in. Ah, grand, noble heart! She will never be able to draw the veil again between her soul and mine.’ ”

The following evening, wearing a dinner jacket made festive by red silk socks and a crimson rose in his button-hole, he asks her to be his. Though much shaken and deeply anxious to accept him, Jane fears that his love will not survive the test of her lack of good looks and, on the ground that he is younger than she and that she cannot marry "a mere boy," refuses him.

Garth takes this death-blow with courage, but Jane, after some months of anguish, is so near collapse that her doctor and friend, Sir Deryck Brand, orders her abroad. In Egypt, a year or so later, she accidentally hears of Garth's fate. He has been blinded in a shooting accident. She puts for home, only to be warned by Sir Deryck that Garth, to whom she intended to fly, will never accept a love he thinks based on pity. A way is found. As Nurse Rosemary Gray she goes to Castle Gleneesh, restores the unsuspecting Garth to an interest in life, and at length manages to explain all. She reveals herself to him by singing "The Rosary," they are married, and Garth becomes a famous composer.

MUCH of the action of this lovely novel takes place in people's souls. The plot of *Freckles* is as busy as a bee.

Into a lumber camp of the Limberlost staggers a worn, ragged boy of twenty with only one hand. The owner of the company, McClean, takes pity on him and engages him as guard of a stretch of woodland. When asked about his past, Freckles says that he was found, a bruised and mutilated infant, on the steps of the foundling asylum in which he was brought up, and he still is ridden with the thought that it was his parents who used

him thus. Triumphant over his fears of rattlesnakes and other dangers of the swamp, he becomes the treasured protégé of the boss.

In the woods he meets a girl christened by him The Angel, who is accustomed to roam the country with The Bird Woman, a naturalist. He falls helplessly in love, but chokes down his passion because he is penniless and her father is a Man of Affairs. (The roguish capitals are not mine. We never learn the real names of these characters—a dismal archness shared by Mr. Wright and Mrs. Barclay, who love such substitutions as The Seer, The Boy, The Little White Lady, and so on.)

A former employee of the company tries to bribe Freckles to relax his guard of a certain valuable piece of timber, and is beaten to jelly by the indomitable boy. Shortly afterwards, reinforced by other desperadoes and the principal villain, Black Jack, he overpowers Freckles, binds him to a tree, and settles to torture him to death as soon as the gang has finished their theft of the lumber. The Angel appears, by her woman's wit and wiles (she is just sixteen) tricks them into releasing him, and then runs for help. McClean and his men arrive at a gallop for the final rescue, and the villains are apprehended—all except Black Jack, who escapes into the swamp and is eaten by rattlesnakes.

Freckles soon pays his debt to The Angel by saving her life when she gets in the way of a falling tree. At the point of death, he is rushed to a hospital in the city, followed by the boss, The Angel, and other outlying members of the cast. She confesses to him her love, and on his refusal to accept it because of his nameless state, determines to make investigations at the foundling asylum. There to her surprise she learns that someone else is on the track of Freckles—Lord O'More, an Irishman, who with his wife has come in search of a long-lost nephew. Who is that nephew but Freckles! His father and mother lost their lives in trying to save him, a baby, when their house burned down, and an aged servant dumped him on the steps of the asylum. The meanest intelligence can supply the rest of the story.

BUT the mild flames of *Freckles* pale before the greater lambency of *The Eyes of the World*, by Harold Bell Wright.

Aaron King, a young painter "with a fine head poised with the natural, unconscious pride of the well-bred," arrives at a California hotel, where he makes the acquaintance of a famous novelist, Conrad Lagrange. Lagrange, though a world-weary cynic, warms to Aaron, and introduces him to a distressing circle of fashionables. The first of these is Mr. Taine, an elderly man dying from an assortment of unpleasant diseases, wearing a huge diamond ring and, from a wheel chair, coughing in a baffled way at his beautiful young wife. She has a "voluptuous figure," but "a carefully nourished reputation for prudery. She has never been seen in an evening gown." The third is James Rutledge, a distinguished and wicked critic. Aaron is invited to share the quarters of Lagrange and commissioned to paint Mrs. Taine's portrait. From the garden next door, heralded by the music of her violin, appears Sybil Andrés, a "winsome" girl who peeps from behind tree-boles; also a Miss Willard, no longer young, the object of her tender devotion, who not only has a terribly scarred face but weeps by day and screams by night, and is altogether about as cosy a companion as a banshee.

Aaron has some trouble in brushing off Mrs. Taine during the painting of the portrait. On its completion it is judged by the expert Rutledge. "The great critic moved back and forth in front of the easel . . . shifted [it] a hairbreadth several times . . . peered through his half-closed fist; peeped through funnels of paper; sighted over and under his open hand or a paper held to shut out portions of the painting," and finally pronounced it very tasty.

Rather exhausted by his contact with the higher brackets of society, Aaron, along with Lagrange, makes for the mountains. There, accompanied by Miss Willard, Sybil turns up, singing in orange groves, dancing in glades, and playing her violin to the fish. She and the artist fall in love, but it is not yet time for a declaration, so they all troop back to town. As a climax to an evening party

given by the Taines, at which Sybil is engaged to play, Mr. Taine dies. His widow, jealous of Sybil and much taken by Aaron, tells the girl, who is constantly frisking in and out of his studio, that she is reputed to be his mistress. Sybil, naturally shocked, runs away to the mountains, where she meets real trouble in the person of Rutledge, who has set his unrefined affections on her. Having already had one bad rebuff to sharpen his appetite, he forces a high-principled escaped convict in his power to kidnap her and imprison her in a lonely cabin.

Just as the critic has her cornered, to the equal disapproval of Sybil and the convict, Aaron bounds in. The two men are locked in a death struggle and Aaron is being pushed over the edge of a precipice when the convict shoots Rutledge. Over he goes. The convict makes his getaway, and the young couple rejoin Lagrange and Miss Willard. It is now revealed that Miss Willard is the mother of Mrs. Taine, tricked years before into a false marriage by Rutledge's father, and the victim of a bottle of vitriol hurled at her by his real wife. Some of the acid fell on the baby, the infant Mrs. Taine, so now we know why "her beautiful shoulders have never been bared to the eyes of the world." The book closes with Sybil, Aaron's lovely bride, dancing in a glade.

IV

CERTAINLY it was not subtlety of plot which distinguished these writers. Neither was it mastery of style. We have had in Garth's moonlight musings a sample of Mrs. Barclay; here is Mrs. Porter's hero in *The Keeper of the Bees*. He has discovered an unknown and weeping young lady, wearing a "kimono" over her nightgown, seated by the ocean at night in the middle of a howling storm. Somewhat hampered by the roar of the surf, the rain, and the thunder, to say nothing of her own sobs, she begs him to go through a marriage ceremony with her. He replies: "There's no one to care what I do with my name or with the few remaining months of my life. The nearest I can come to a family is a mother and a father, and they are both in Heaven, and

if either of them were here this minute, they would say, 'Cover the shame baby with your name, Jamie.'" Somewhat earlier in his travels he realized, in Mrs. Porter's best backhand, "that a place of such exquisite beauty would attract people, that probably campers or picnickers might be enjoying themselves beside the water that ran so impetuously that never before had he seen water travel in such haste."

And here is Mr. Wright: "The faraway cities were already in the blaze of their own artificial lights—lights valued not for their power to make men see, but for their power to dazzle, attract, and intoxicate—lights that permitted no kindly dusk at eventide wherein a man might rest from his day's work—a quiet hour; lights that revealed squalid stone and tinsel show—lights that hid the stars. The man on the Divide lifted his face to the stars that now in the wide-spaced sky were gathering in such unnumbered multitudes to keep their sentinel watch over the world below."

IF LIVING people step out of it, a novel can rise above awkward style and construction, as a good actor, handicapped but not obliterated, can surmount a poor play poorly staged; but our trio, with all their output and with all their conviction to the contrary, created only characters flatly "good" or "bad" or "quaint." Though both Mrs. Porter and Mr. Wright had an ear for the vernacular with which they were familiar, their local characters could under pressure of plot make quite dressy speeches, while those blessed with superior education expressed themselves with an almost Attic glory. Unlike most of us, who even on ordinary occasions bog down in "I mean" and "we-e-ll," and in emotional ones end in just plain babbling, they were never at a loss for the rounded sentence and the punctuated paragraph. Mrs. Porter's Laddie, a farm boy, described his best girl to his little sister with remarkable detail: "Her face is oval and her cheeks are bright. Her eyes are big moonlit pools of darkness, and silken curls fall over her shoulders. One hair is strong enough for a lifeline that will draw a drowning man

ashore, or strangle an unhappy one."

Equally startling, though in a milder way, was her admiring version of the speech of a cultivated young Englishman. He used "fawct" for fact, "hoss" for horse, "uth" for earth, "cawn" for can. He also dropped his aitches. "When I've gone through the fahmality of asking your parents for you," he remarked to the girl in his arms whom he had restrainedly kissed, "and they have said a gracious 'yes,' I'll put the fust one on your lips. In the meantime, you be fixing your mouth to say 'yes' also, when I propose to you, because it's coming befowr you sleep."

V

How could such books sell by the million? Why were extra freight cars needed to distribute *The Winning of Barbara Worth* on the day of its publication? Why were countless readers comforted and amused, excited and exalted?

The first and most important reason was the writers' unconquerable gusto. Not only did they believe every word they wrote, but they gave the impression of having torn off their books as a locomotive blows off steam. Puerilities, bad style, shaky grammar, contradictions, all dissolved in a fiery vigor that was irresistible to an uncritical reader and could not be entirely withstood by the critical. Mrs. Barclay's daughter wrote of her mother: "Her pencil flew over sheet after sheet of manuscript paper, without pause or hesitancy. The work was sheer delight, exhilaration of mind and body, and every night she would read aloud what she had done during the day, with the sense that it was something good." I'll bet she did. And human nature, for all its praise of the moral grandeur of hard work, is attracted by facility. The man who plugs his way to the top isn't half so persuasive to the imagination as the man who soars there, because the easy conqueror embodies something of romance, and you and I, bound to grub along, are dazzled by the meteor.

And there was sound reason in the works themselves for this success which begot success. The fairy tale happy end-

ing, the cheerful moral lesson, the salt of sex were combined in a perfect formula. In these novels was an insane optimism adapted to beguile those who spend much of their lives averting their gaze from the glare of reality. When the theme was regeneration, the uphill road was pleasantly graded and florally landscaped, with the love nest on the summit always in sight. No matter how the forces of evil might plague from without, internally the hero and heroine suffered no setback of humiliation. Love conquered at the last—and in a chinchilla dolman.

The ladies were seldom in need of any moral remodeling. They were as pure as they were beautiful—pathologically so, in fact. For purity is a virtue which may be said to exist only in the negative state; any definite affirmation suggests coldness, self-righteousness, overlong preservation. The vapor of pruriency, of something not quite fresh, creeps in. The traces of it in Mrs. Porter's work, a mere cream-cheese whiff, ripened to the full power of Gorgonzola in that of Mr. Wright and Mrs. Barclay. *The Eyes of the World* was condemned on its appearance by more than one reviewer as pornographic, which it was not, except in a most infantile and disarming way, and only as a result of the author's unflagging effort to drive home a moral lesson.

Spurred by the great theme of purity, Mrs. Barclay in particular soared to her loftiest wing-beats. In *The Broken Halo*, a handsome, stalwart young doctor, though, alas! an infidel, had never kissed a woman until, some weeks after their marriage, he pressed his lips to the cheek of his bride, aged sixty, a sufferer from heart disease. Lady Ingleby, the "Mistress of Shenstone," whose husband had been reported dead and who had fallen madly in love with another earl, was confronted with a pretty problem when word came that Lord Ingleby was alive and Lord Airth suggested she elope with him. "So this is your love," she said. "This is what it means? Then I thank God I have hitherto only known the 'cold travesty' which at least has kept me pure and held me high. . . . You are no longer speaking to a widow, Lord Airth; nor to a woman left desolate. You are speaking to Lord

Ingleby's wife, and you may as well learn how Lord Ingleby's wife guards Lord Ingleby's name and defends her own honor, and his." She struck him with an ivory fan, twice across the cheek. "Traitor!" she said, "and coward! Leave this house and never set foot in it again!" That's the stuff to give the troops. It is also the stuff to give readers who demand plenty of sex interest, but want it very high-minded.

THIS blend Mrs. Barclay, and to a lesser extent Mrs. Porter, achieved by an admixture of religion, sincerely felt, but handled in a way which destroyed its integrity. When Garth, in *The Rosary*, was finally united to the woman whom, like Prince Bulbo, he "fondly, madly, rapturously, devotedly loved," he concluded a love scene on the terrace on the evening of their wedding by taking her into the house to sing hymns to her. Come, come! In *The Wall of Partition* an elderly widow trying to comfort the hero with the text, "God is love," explained to him what it meant to her when her three children died within a fortnight of diphtheria: "The three little graves in the churchyard bore the names, Griselda, Irene, and Launcelot; and on each we put the text, spelt out by the initials of our darlings' names: God is love." Such foolishness is hardly fair to God, but it must have been palatable to a great many persons forty years ago, and may still, for all one knows, be so today.

Mr. Wright, however, whose faith, though equally sincere and pervasive, was of a sturdier weave, tempered the appeals of the flesh by an emphasis on wholesomeness. All his girls, like those of Mrs. Porter, were strapping, "deep-bosomed" young women, bursting with woodsiness and vitamins. When the aged schoolmistress in *Bryan Kent*, surely the most futile chaperone since Brangaene, went away for some days leaving Bryan and Betty Jo alone in her remote house, it took a slimy-minded visitor from the East to imagine anything amiss in the situation. Mrs. Porter's Jamie, implored by Molly for a wedding ring to save an unborn child, never could believe it was for her. "Sure you couldn't," she cried in the

final explanation scene. (It was her sister all the time!) "Of course you couldn't! You're enough of an outdoor man yourself to know the outdoor kind of girl when you meet her." These are fair samples of what the contemporary reviewers praised as "wholesomeness," which captivated so many loving but confused readers.

THE scale of values was actually a first-class muddle. On the one hand there was an exaltation of simple faith and plain living; on the other, a worldliness less knowing but as complete as Edith Wharton's. Mrs. Barclay, whose formative years were passed near the slums of London and who did valiant social service there and later in her husband's country parish, peopled her stage exclusively with the crustiest of the upper crust. Her duchesses were paralleled by Mr. Wright's "fashionable hardware merchant." If his or Mrs. Porter's characters entered the scene nameless or unidentified, their origins proved in the last chapter to be the height of elegance; an avowed contempt for social labels was outweighed by a strong bias in favor of aristocratic background. Moreover, the final affluence assuring the future of the young lovers was often inherited rather than earned. It seems to have had more *ton* that way.

Confusion is inevitable when art and ethics are awash with the sentimentalism which flourishes equally in those who don't like what they have but don't know what they want, and those whose minds are so padded with sanctities that there is no room left for ideas. Either type may be counted on to supply a boundless patronage of bad art. Certainly the devotees of *Freckles* and *The Rosary* liked these soda-fountain concoctions all the more because so many artificial moral or social implications had been stirred into them. For instance, *Freckles'* beneficent employer did not wear "a big, shimmer-

ing diamond stone of ice and fire that glittered and burned on one of his fingers"—this at the lumber camp—from ignorance of what was suitable but as a "visible sign of his wealth," and Mrs. Porter commended him for confining his display to this jewel and to his "dainty thoroughbred mare." And Aaron King's masterpiece of descriptive painting was, unintentionally, a symbol of art debased by prudery: "The figure in the picture, standing with uplifted glass and drunken pose at the head of the table—with bestial, lust-worn face . . . and dying, licentious eyes fixed upon the beautiful girl musician—might easily have been Mr. Taine himself. The distinguished writers, and critics; the representatives of the social world and wealth; . . . Mrs. Taine with her pretense of modest dress that only emphasized her immodesty, and, in the midst of the unclean-minded crew, the lovely innocence and the unconscious purity of the mountain girl with her violin."

The average reader of novels will no longer throb to such an appeal, though he may accept a chromium-plated version on the screen or over the radio. Unabashed sentimentality can expand only in an atmosphere of security, and that we have lost. With the exception of *A Shepherd of the Hills*, which because of its production as a movie has reappeared in a twenty-five cent reprint, you will find the stories of Mrs. Barclay, Mrs. Porter, and Mr. Wright only in small, old-fashioned libraries, from which the elderly subscriber will once in a long while draw *The Winning of Barbara Worth* or *The Rosary* on a sleepy summer afternoon.

It may be that from their pages floats an image of that lost world in which some of us grew up; of the hammocks hung under apple-trees and lemonade pink with squashed strawberries. But the lemonade is too freely sugared, and the motion of the hammock makes one a trifle queasy.

After Hours

THE other day I happened on an item in the press—a paragraph obscured at the end of a lengthy dispatch on the latest crisis in Greece—which was as encouraging a bit of news as I'd seen for some time. Frank Sinatra, it said, would henceforth allow only elderly bobby-soxers to attend his broadcasts; no more pained squeals for "The Voice," no more ecstatic gurgles. From now on, only postadolescent types would be admitted—quiet, dignified, and music-loving. We had arrived, I thought, at the end of an era; there was nothing wrong with this country after all.

Then, on what otherwise was a reflective Saturday evening in a friend's apartment, someone switched on the radio, and I was forced to listen to a breathy, pleasant baritone voice that sounded to me like almost all the other breathy, baritone voices. It might have been Russ Columbo (on a recording) or Perry Como; it might have been the man from Hoboken himself. But it wasn't. I had been listening, the announcer gleefully informed me, to Vic Damone; and, when he said the name, certain clearly non-adult members of the studio audience applauded, shouted, giggled, breathed audibly, and groaned with pleasure. I groaned, too—there went a fond hope—but a few days later I tracked down the young man the announcer had labeled "America's newest singing sensation."

Mr. Damone, in case you've been living in a cave lately, is one of what can be no more than a handful of nineteen-year-olds in this or any other country who are earning \$1,000 a week. At first glance—and after an hour or so of conversation—it is unlikely that you would be able to distinguish between Damone and any of a

number of other young men of similar age and background, except that he wears flamboyant sports clothes obviously not from the bargain basement, recently turned down a quarter of a million Hollywood dollars, and is the object of so much feminine enthusiasm that admirers have already organized clubs with such names as "Vic's Chicks" and "Vic's Victims." The second-year Latin scholars among them call themselves "Veni, Vidi, Vic," and one group of young ladies is known as "Damone's Devoted Debs." Moreover, Damone has reached heights only dreamed of by Sinatra; a handful of grandmothers in Brooklyn (Vic's home borough), none of them a day under sixty, call themselves "The Golden Agers" and like the high-school types spend a lot of time attending Damone's radio shows and collecting his records, phonographic and otherwise.

Mr. Damone finds the whole thing a little overwhelming, and I'm inclined to agree. Two years ago he was named Victor Farinola (his mother's maiden name was the more easily pronounceable Damone), had just been graduated from Lafayette High School in Brooklyn—where he was popular enough because he would sing at practically any party, without charge—and was working five afternoons a week as an usher at New York's Paramount Theater. He was studying singing in his spare time, paying for the lessons with as much of his \$10 salary as was left over after he contributed to the family spaghetti fund; his father was out of work at the time. Practically nothing came of the Paramount experience except that during a Sinatra appearance Damone, like the youthful Alexander, cursed his fate. "I was seventeen," he says, "and

nobody." A few weeks later, in a moment of brash enthusiasm, he cornered Perry Como, a slightly older crooner also of Italian descent, in one of the Paramount's elevators and sang for him. Mr. Como listened very quietly, then escaped, mumbling a few words that Damone interpreted as kindly.

Then, late in 1945, Vic sang at a party for a returning soldier in Brooklyn. Among the guests was a young olive oil importer named Lou Capone, no relation to the late citizen of Chicago. Capone shared Vic's own enthusiasm for his voice, and immediately threw over the then-inactive olive oil business for the full-time occupation of making Farinola (who became Damone almost at once) a national figure. It seemed to be surprisingly simple; Capone spent some \$3,000 cutting what were probably the most expensive audition records in history, with a twenty-seven-piece orchestra; most such records, which are peddled to radio stations and advertising agencies, are quickly and cheaply made with just a singer and, perhaps, a piano. Within six months Vic was on one of New York's local stations on an evening program and a fifteen-minute sustainer in the afternoon, won an Arthur Godfrey contest, and from there went to La Martinique, one of Manhattan's expensive smoke-filled rooms. His press agent admiringly told me what was undoubtedly the truth, that until Vic entered La Martinique for his first rehearsal, he had never been in a night club. After that, he was signed as an understudy for the "Hit Parade"; but unfortunately the regular "Hit Parade" crooner, Andy Russell, was discouragingly healthy and Vic never appeared. As soon as that contract ended, he moved to the Mutual network, and early this summer he began the sponsored coast-to-coast "Saturday Night Serenade" (CBS, 10-10:30). His first record, "Ivy" and "I Have But One Love" (part of which is sung in Italian), became a best seller when 100,000 people, mostly women, decided they simply couldn't do without it. Somewhere in between, a Hollywood producer representing M-G-M listened to Vic, called him a "Sinatra with quality," and offered him a seven-year contract, \$250,000 on the line. Vic (on the advice of Capone) turned the offer

down flat. "We decided to wait until I got famous," Damone explains. "You know, really famous."

Mother Farinola, who used to give piano lessons ("just a few, you know"), and Father Farinola, who plays the guitar ("just a little") and sings ("just sings, not crooning, you know"), and the four sisters—Pearl, Therese, Elaine, and Sandra—are somewhat awed by their son and brother, but Vic isn't. A tall, distressingly thin young man with Sinatra-like shoulders, curly hair, dark skin, and a nose around which his face hasn't quite grown up, he is pretty well convinced that he is here to stay. So far he hasn't had to use any back doors to escape admiring fans, but that's just a question of time. New fan clubs spring up at the rate of about one a week.

The Damone success-story has no ending, but already the traditional possibility of becoming President can have little appeal for him. He signs more autographs than Mr. Truman even now and can scarcely be tempted by a mere \$75,000 a year. This seems to be a time in which great things descend abruptly on those who are not prepared for them, and the old-style moral of the rags-to-hard-knocks-to-riches school will have to be revised. Vic Damone is as much like Horatio Alger as "Portia Faces Life" is like Cinderella. If there is a new moral it is that the lightning is bound to strike somewhere sooner or later—or, as Chic Sale used to say in his sermon, "All things cometh to he who waiteth, provided he knoweth *where* to waiteth."

At the moment, Damone puts a reasonable amount of that weekly \$1,000 in the bank, still lives with his family in Brooklyn ("we are just rolling in spaghetti"), and makes plans for the foreseeable future when "that grand grand will be just chicken feed—you know, just chicken feed." Perhaps his most tangible ambition is to build a mansion in Brooklyn, but he is in no hurry. It is a curious combination of publicity and chance that has singled him out from the thousands of other anonymous young men equally eligible to become new national idols. If the machinery works properly from here on, we will have to conclude that the young women who

can't scream at Sinatra will inevitably yell at Vic Damone. If not—Vic is a competent, practicing electrician (he learned the trade from his father). Anybody want any light switches fixed?

Homemade Cheesecake

IF YOU are in any doubt about the importance of the camera as an American institution you will be interested to know that the magazine *Popular Photography* recently reported that the Governor of Iowa, the Honorable Robert D. Blue, crowned a young lady named Jacqueline Andre "Miss Flashbulb of 1947." The Governor, the account said, "placed a crown of flashbulbs on Miss Andre's head." Whether intentionally or not he quite surely endeared himself to a good many of his constituents, for photography (now that film is readily available again) is reawakening as one of America's most expensive and least harmful pastimes.

During the war I lost touch with what the amateur photographers were up to, but I have recently spent some time bringing myself up to date on this important by-product of our culture. I have inspected a few photo-supply shops, read a number of magazines about photography, looked at the *Herald-Tribune* prize winners in the Sunday edition and at the blowups in my neighborhood drugstore, and I can report that as far as the pictures go everything is normal. Nothing has happened. This year's prints are the same silhouettes against faked sunsets, long-legged girls poised ornamentally on springboards, squatting babies with ducklings, and close-ups of water-sprinkled daffodils that we were all used to ten years ago. In spite of the remarkable mechanical photographic developments during the war and the example of excellent reportorial photographs produced under stress, the camera in the hands of the amateur remains as old hat as a decalcomania outfit.

In many ways photography should be the perfect art for a mechanical people like ourselves who are impatient with slower picture-making processes and who can achieve considerable technical facility merely by paying attention to what we are doing. Nearly anyone can learn to read a

light meter, select a filter, set an aperture, and with some practice learn to control the unexpected eccentricities of a camera. A high degree of technical facility is the common property of hundreds of thousands of amateur photographers.

The trouble is that with all this skill at their finger tips they want to make Art. The amateur, especially if he is skillful, forgets that he has in his hand an instrument for recording or revealing a fact, and falls into the trap of trying to make a picture as he thinks an artist makes a picture. The result far more often than not is an empty piece of technically expert and unimaginative sentimentalizing.

The difference between the point of departure of the professional photographer and that of the amateur explains what I mean. The professional works on assignment. Almost never does he set out to "create" art. If he is a fashion photographer he is concerned with merchandising and with chic, and some of the handsomest photographs that have been produced in the last twenty years are the work of men like Steichen and Horst and Lynes and Beaton who have brought imagination to selling dresses—or by the photographers of the Farm Security Agency (and most notably by Walker Evans) who were recording a way of life during the early days of the Depression. These men were working on fact, and if there was art in the final print it was a by-product of expert functional picture-making. So it is with the news photographers, the industrial photographers, the scientific recorders, and an occasional honest portrait maker.

The amateur, lacking direction, tries to create in a sort of purposeless vacuum. Clicking the shutter becomes important in itself, and print quality is talked about as though it were an end in itself. Last summer, for example, a Photo Carnival was held at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York. Professional models were hired to come and pose for amateur photographers who attended by the thousand. "They went away tired and happy," *U. S. Camera* reported, "and with an estimated half-million pictures."

Setting out to make Art with the camera is not limited to amateurs, of course, and there are many professionals like Man Ray

and Steiglitz who have attempted to create with the camera. But in the long run only those photographs are worth looking at whose subjects are themselves interesting. It is the subject matter that makes the fascination of Brady's pictures of the Civil War, of Nadar's portraits of nineteenth-century literary figures, of Steichen's prints for *Vanity Fair* in the thirties, and of the records of Paris that Atget made at the turn of the century. It is also why I believe that Steiglitz' picture of a pair of hands, for instance, is meaningless (this is heresy, of course), and why great technicians like Edward Weston seem to me to fall into the trap of endless and boring repetitions on the same themes.

The same principles of subject matter can apply to the amateur if he is a serious photographer. Let him stick to taking those things that really interest him, of which he wishes to have a record—his friends and his family, his house and barn, or apartment and fire escape, and let him show them only to people who are interested in those same things. Taking pictures for art's sake is a disappointing, fruitless, and finally disheartening business. The family album is a remarkably friendly and interesting document; the photographs of mountain peaks reflected in upland lakes are a bore to everyone—even eventually to the person who takes them.

Ta-pocketa-pocketa

IN HOLLYWOOD a year ago last May my wife and I spent the better part of a morning in one of the airdrome-like sound stages at the Sam Goldwyn studio. We watched the making of a brief scene for "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," which is embroidered, of course, on a five-page story by James Thurber. For two and a half hours we sat in those canvas-and-wood directors' chairs, our view obstructed by lights, baffles, technicians, "grips," and the enormous technicolor camera while Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford, Danny Kaye, and a horrid little gray lap dog went through half a minute of dialogue again and again and again. The most important part of the dialogue was the dog's, and in a way he was the most dependable and obliging of the actors. He yapped,

snarled, and bared his teeth when Danny Kaye put out his hand to pat him. He did it mechanically (though convincingly) every time he was supposed to and then lapsed back into dignified quiet until the next time his cue came. Kaye was more playful, teasing Irene Sharaff, the costume designer, at the top of his lungs between takes (they had worked together in Kaye's first Broadway success, "Lady in the Dark"), acting like a prima donna, relieving the monotony for himself by cutting up. No one was entertained, but no one seemed disturbed either. It was part of the hot, tiresome business of movie-making.

Walter Mitty stayed in the cans for well over a year before he finally got to the theaters, and now, as anyone who has read Thurber's and Goldwyn's letters to *Life* knows, it is Thurber who is acting like the little gray dog, baring his teeth and snarling every time Sam Goldwyn puts his hand out to pat him. I went to see the film soon after it opened in a Broadway theater, principally to find out if the morning's work I had witnessed had ended on the cutting-room floor. It hadn't; it was there all right, even shorter than I remembered. It looked spontaneous enough, and I was reminded of what Danny Kaye had said as we walked with him and Miss Sharaff to the commissary after the morning's work was finished. My wife, obviously trying hard, asked him whether it was any fun. "Fun!" he snorted. "You saw how it is. How could it be any fun? Everything is rehearsals; you never do a performance."

If you are an admirer of Thurber's story (which I am) and a purist besides (which I am not) you will wring your hands in despair at the movie version of Walter Mitty's dream life. The fantasy of the daydreams becomes confused with what is meant to be Mitty's waking life so that finally all is confusion, all fantasy, and all Hollywood. If, however, you aren't worried about misplaced literary values, you will have fun—even moments of delicious laughter—and you won't be concerned about Thurber, who evidently had daydreams of his own about Hollywood. He is there only as a snubbed genius, while Kaye, as subtle a clown as you please, emerges as something close to a very great comedian.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

FROM KEYNES TO CANBY

C. Hartley Grattan

[Jacques Barzun and Katherine Gauss Jackson, on vacation, will return to this department next month. — The Editors]

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES (1883–1946)—or, more formally, Rt. Hon. John Maynard Keynes, C. B., Baron Keynes of Tilton, Sussex, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom—was one of the truly great Englishmen of his generation. Quite apart from the fact that he was a vastly influential economic thinker, especially among the numerous company of those who, while dissatisfied with capitalist orthodoxy, are as yet unable to accept any variety of socialism, he was an exceptionally versatile and quite delightful character. As yet his greatness is insufficiently appreciated in America, hardly seen in correct perspective; which is a pity, for until one acquires some sense of Keynes the man of multifarious interests—arts, the theater, book-collecting, farming, the management of university finances etc., etc.,—and especially of Keynes the profoundly *liberal* person, it is impossible to understand how his economic doctrines should be viewed. They sprang, in a way, it seems to me, from his profound sense of responsibility for the condition of the nation of which he was a citizen. For a complete understanding, we Americans will have to wait for his biography, and here it is in order to express the hope that it will be done by a master hand.

Meanwhile, one thing about his economics is clear: it is a gross error to think of Keynes as the author of a new orthodoxy, of a fixed and immutable system of ideas, which henceforth can be handled by lesser persons with uniformly beneficent results. Keynes was less a systematic thinker than a daring speculative intelligence, rapier-sharp, ever on the alert

to meet a new challenge. In many areas he was the clever improviser, not the patient investigator. Keynes himself, toward the end of his life, when Keynesians began to flourish like green bay trees, was horrified by some of the growths that came to his attention, as at the party Lauchlin Currie gave in Washington to enable some worshipful young disciples to meet the Master. (By the same token the disdained disciples felt that the Master was disappointingly unwilling to follow his own logic through to the bitter end, that he had become an old fogey.) Like Karl Marx, who once said irritably, "I am not a Marxist," Keynes declared his independence of the Keynesians, at least to the point of obliquely dismissing them with the observation, "How much modernist stuff, gone wrong and turned sour and silly, is circulating in our system, also incongruously mixed, it seems, with age-old poisons."

The Keynesians, of course, are a highly literate crowd, masters of expository styles most of them, skilled in statistical techniques, and all too willing to befuddle bystanders with that variety of economic exposition which issues in fearsome mathematical equations. Moreover they are frequently corrupted by a sense of their immense superiority to the tragic dopes who have not seen the light, which makes them ever eager to instruct. It is to be expected therefore that we will be freely supplied with worshipful books on Keynesianism, neo-Keynesianism, and various sub-varieties of the true belief now that the Master is dead and unable to confound his epigoni by exhibiting a new facet of his mobile, vigorous, and versatile intelligence. Aside from some

collected essays in public journals, a mass of secret memoranda prepared in wartime for the British Treasury which, I am authoritatively assured, are of superlative brilliance, and possibly some revelatory private papers, the record is there for all to study. It is an ambiguous record. Keynes did not have one of those small minds that made a hobgoblin of consistency. On the contrary his mind moved from position to position with astonishing ease, trailing behind it the wreckage of positions abandoned and fortifying the new outlook with a brilliance positively dazzling, however dubious. Keynes always put on a fine show and one suspects that his pyrotechnics had something to do with drawing the crowd. I hasten to add that I do not mean Coney Island pyrotechnics, but rather the verbal variety proper to a sophisticated London drawing room.

Of the two new books on Keynes which are the excuse for these remarks the most comprehensive and useful is *The New Economics: Keynes' Influence on Theory and Public Policy*, a collection of essays and other material edited by Seymour Harris (Knopf, \$4.50). The other is a much shorter work by a single hand, reasonably worshipful, *The Keynesian Revolution* by Lawrence R. Klein (Macmillan, \$3.50). The Harris volume is a kind of omnium-gatherum of useful Keynesiana, old and new, ranging from *The Times* (London) obit. of Lord Keynes—a masterpiece in its field—to sober essays, early and late, on the Keynesian revelation and fractions thereof. Some of the essays have the pleasant flavor of the famous chapter on the snakes in Ireland: "Keynes' contribution to the technical literature on planning public works has been virtually nil." Primarily intended for economists there are, along with essays which only economists would even pretend to read, a good many essays anybody can read with pleasure and, I hope, will. Two pieces stand out with especial vividness: Professor Schumpeter's essay, a masterpiece of sympathetic criticism, and Keynes' own great speech on the American loan to Britain, delivered in the House of Lords on December 18, 1945. The latter has a fascination for me beyond any other British speech delivered since the war. The editor, Professor Harris, contributed all too freely to the volume; I found his essays uniformly boring and advise all readers to skip them.

This is not the place to examine Keynes' ideas in detail, but it may be useful to set down some of the conclusions that were reinforced by reading these two books. Keynes did not offer a complete and rounded system of economic thought. He examined special problems and emphasized points he felt were unduly neglected by other thinkers. It is for this reason, I think, that as Keynesianism percolates down into special interest propaganda, like that of the trade unions, it becomes vulgar nonsense. His emphasis on the problem of full employment was salutary, his emphasis on savings and investment was equally salutary, and so also was his deep concern with effective demand for the products of industry. But these emphases, and the insight he brought to their discussion, do not constitute a rounded interpretation of the economic universe. This is why Keynes' own devotion to liberal capitalism should be kept constantly in mind. *He* was an individualist.

When Mr. Klein, for example, argues in his book that Keynesianism is a last stand for capitalism and that if Keynesian ideas fail to gain general acceptance, the next possible steps are either right to fascism, or left to socialism, he is not arguing Keynesianism, but Kleinism. Keynes remained a capitalist. In fact his declining years were largely devoted to rehabilitating liberal capitalism, especially the open international market through the Bretton Woods devices which, he said, would "implement the wisdom of Adam Smith" (not of the neo-Schachtians or the Marxists). He differed from the stand-patters in believing that exceptional action was needed to achieve that rehabilitation. The point is, I think, that Professor Sweezy is profoundly right in viewing Keynes as a great bourgeois economist—not perhaps the last, as Sweezy feels—but in any case not a forerunner in *his own person* of some variety of non-Marxist socialism. What others may do with Keynes' doctrine is quite another story.

Two other points among a possible host may profitably be mentioned. Professor Schumpeter insists that "It cannot be emphasized too strongly that Keynes' advice was in the first instance always English advice, born of English problems even when addressed to other nations . . . he was surprisingly insular." And he adds, "Practical Keynesianism is a seedling which cannot be transplanted into foreign soil; it dies there and



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becomes poisonous before it dies." This leads logically to the observation that perhaps after all Keynes' doctrines are a reflection of the general economic conditions in Britain in recent times. Is Keynesianism a "depression economics"? Contributors to Mr. Harris' volume vehemently deny it, but the feeling will not down that in mood Keynes is somehow related to the general British fatigue and sense of exhaustion, so accentuated by World War II, but present long before. It is surely no accident, moreover, that the American depression allowed a rapid dissemination of Keynes' doctrines over here. Professor Schumpeter remarks that capitalism, with Keynes, "issues into a stationary state that constantly threatens breakdown." A sustained reassertion of dynamic factors in American capitalism—such a possibility is ruled out in Britain by the actions of the socialist regime and the basic peculiarities of the situation—particularly a sustained American development in private capital investment, will utterly confound the Keynesians.

Books like Terborgh's *The Bogy of Economic Maturity*, essays like Arthur Burns' "Economic Research and the Keynesian Thinking

of Our Times," quite apart from their special emphasis, also raise the question of the absolute relevance of Keynesianism in America, not so much in the hands of the Master, had he paused to examine our condition, but in the hands of his epigoni, whose interpretations tend to be mechanical and dialectical rather than pragmatic. In short, how closely related to the special circumstances of Britain from 1930 to 1945 are Keynes' doctrines? Certain it is that Keynes' policy suggestions were designed to meet British problems of that period. It was his singular agility in adapting himself to changing circumstances that saved him from doctrinaire absurdity. Such agility is not always observable in his disciples.

Yet it cannot be forgotten that the points that especially interested Keynes today interest us all. That is not to say, however, that on considering them we will all accept Keynes' diagnoses or prescriptions. The point is that we all have lived in Keynes' intellectual climate, and may, worse luck, do so again; but if we are preoccupied with the same things, and evolve policies vaguely within the ambit of his thinking—which thus far sums up the

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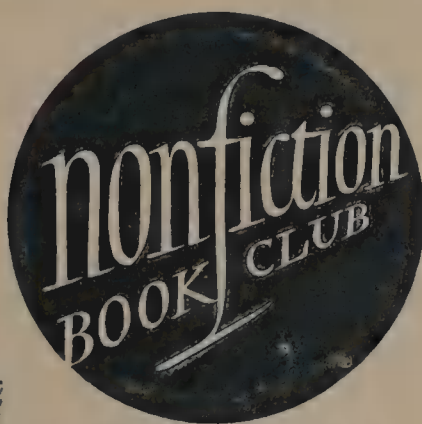
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American public record—this only makes us Keynesians in the sense that, as a British statesman said years ago, we are all socialists now—which is to say, not at all.

Capitalism Among the Dinosaurs?

Dr. Alexander Baykov's book *The Development of the Soviet Economic System* (Macmillan, \$6) deals with a fascinating subject in a fashion that creates the maximum amount of difficulty for the reader. Neither when writing English himself nor when submitting his Russian to a translator does Dr. Baykov achieve anything remotely resembling a lively style. But because he gives a play by play account of how the Soviet economic system got the way it was in 1939, one hurdles the stylistic obstacles and even avoids being sucked down into the bog of obstinately academic footnotes (referring mostly to Russian sources). This book outlines with enormous—one might say appalling—care the economy that, on the testimony of the Muscovites, is to carry humanity to ever rising levels of welfare when capitalism, in spite of the best efforts of the Keynesians, has joined the dinosaurs. I cannot say I respond very warmly to the prospect.

In the beginning Dr. Baykov has to make the familiar but nevertheless often overlooked point that, on coming to power, the Bolsheviks had not the foggiest idea of how they were going to order the economic system to serve communist ends. They had no ready blueprints of their own, none had been inherited from Marx and Engels. They therefore had to fumble around, at first in a darkness confounded by counter-revolutionary and foreign intervention, seeking to discover some way merely to make the wheels turn. It was easy enough to expropriate the expropriators and sound the death-knell of capitalism, but it was appallingly difficult to make the properties of the expropriators disgorge what the expropriators had, with malign skill, wrung from them. The NEP was at once a confession of failure to turn the trick—the Soviet economy came as near to a dead-stop as any in modern times—and a desperate gamble. "Who will win?" asked Lenin. "The capitalists . . . or the proletarian sovereign power?" In the event, the latter triumphed, largely for two very good reasons: (1) the "proletarian sovereign power" did not abandon the commanding heights of the economy but hung grimly on to them; and (2) that same power was used ruthlessly to favor the socialist sector



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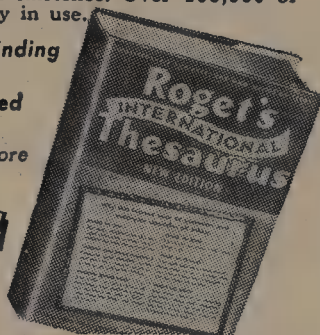
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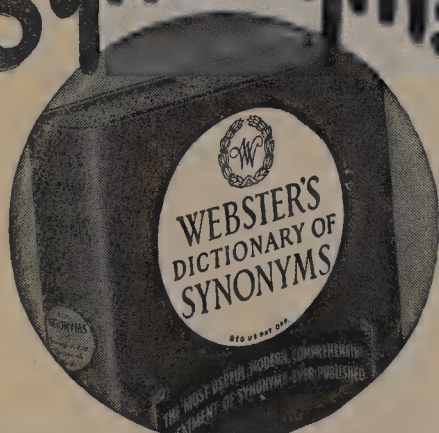
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of the economy and to milk the capitalist section for all it was worth. In technical terms, the Bolsheviks used capitalism under the NEP as a method of quickly accumulating capital to use for advancing socialism.

In the NEP period no state planning worth mentioning was undertaken, not only because the techniques were unknown, but because planning in a mixed economy was deemed impossible. Only as the movement toward an all-embracing socialism really gained momentum in the years 1927-1929, did planning begin its rather slow evolution toward the forms now flourishing in the USSR. On Mr. Baykov's showing, comprehensive state planning *à la Russe* is what really fills the vacuum in socialist theory so inconsiderately left by Marx and Engels. That is why the economic systems of all nations which go communist will, sooner or later, be shaped to the Russian pattern.

As Dr. Baykov requires pages and pages of plodding, footnoted prose to explain the genesis and evolution and operation of the Soviet planned economy, I cannot rightly be expected to reduce the matter to a few well-turned phrases here. However several rather unrelated generalizations spring to mind. I may say that what animates the spring is my preoccupation with the problems of socialist Britain.

The productivity of workers and of industry continues to be as vitally important under communism as under capitalism. The Soviet authorities are much farther from mastering the problem of productivity than are the capitalists, all hue and cry about the handicaps under which the victims of capitalism labor to the contrary. While quantitative goals can be achieved under the Soviet system, though with discouraging lapses and always with appalling difficulty, the question of *quality* is a continuously plaguing one to which no satisfactory answer has yet been found. The position of the managerial personnel in Soviet industry is excessively difficult, to the point where they cannot possibly, as yet, do the best work of which they are capable. Even though the period when anybody who knew beans when the bag was open was suspected of being a counter-revolutionary wrecker has passed, the facts remain that the managers are badgered from above by the planning hierarchy, by the trade union spokesmen who—though integrally a part of the state apparatus of control—find it difficult

to give managers their head even in technical affairs, and by the Communist party commissars who persist in seeing party issues in straight-out managerial decisions.

It is interesting that all capital investment, in which the Keynesians are so furiously interested, is in Russia a function of the state budget—thus effecting a complete merger of what under capitalism is a two-part affair: private and governmental investment. Such a merger is going on in a fragmentary and rather haphazard way in England as government funds are made available for the rehabilitation of private industry, for example the cotton industry. Finally I found Dr. Baykov's account of how prices are determined and manipulated utterly fascinating—especially the role of the turnover tax in pricing. We would call the turnover tax—a kind of sales tax—a radically regressive tax and so it also appears to be in the USSR, the consumers being the helpless victims and the beneficiary being the state budget for which it is the principal source of funds. If I understood correctly, the capital cost of an industry has nothing to do with the prices it is instructed to charge. Capital costs are a charge on the state budget. I suppose the reason this is not considered exploitation of the customers by the Soviet theoreticians is that the industries built, and the social services paid for, from the state budget, replenished by the turnover tax, are, in the case of industries, the property of the people (a fiction hard to accept) and, in the case of the services, a rational return for the deprivations imposed in the first instance.

All in all Dr. Baykov's book, in spite of its graceless literary style, is one of the most fascinating on Russia I have ever read. I am now looking around for others of a similar kind. Better such reading on the USSR than an equal acreage of perfervid political argumentation.

Urchin and Don

When I went over to England early last year I found the members of the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry on Palestine also on the *Queen Elizabeth*. I talked with several—about all sorts of things, but not about Palestine. I therefore have lately read the two books that grew out of the Commission's Inquiry, the personal reports of Bartley Crum—*Behind the Silken Curtain* (Simon & Schuster, \$3)—and Richard H. S. Crossman

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—*Palestine Mission* (Harper & Bros., \$2.75)—with very particular interest. I met Crum casually; I had a long chat with Crossman. Far be it from me to dogmatize here on the Palestine situation, though these two books provide adequate material on which to found dogmatic opinions. I imagine many have already read them with that fell purpose in mind. But I should rather like to comment on the point that Crossman is obviously a far more sophisticated (in the good sense) person than Crum. In fact Crum is almost aggressively naïve about the world and its wicked ways and one cannot help wondering where and how he spent his time before joining the Commission. Of course Crossman is no Machiavelli. He is, as I shall note in a moment, also naïve in his own peculiar way. But when it is a question of ordinary *savoir-vivre* he takes the honors and Crum is a rather innocent urchin. What is the matter with the Americans anyhow?

The Crossman book has added interest (beyond the Palestine question, that is) because it is a self-portrait of a conspicuous leader of the left wing of the British Labor party—the gentleman who recently spoke lightly in Parliament in favor of “some inevitable infringements of personal liberty.” I was disappointed, therefore, not to discover any coherent account in the autobiographical background chapter of how Mr. Crossman became a Laborite of the left. He tells of his preoccupation with Plato and the writing of poetry (he is of the generation of Auden), of how he observed the coming to power of Hitler while in Germany, and of how, suddenly, he was in politics as a Laborite while still an Oxford don. (Oh, what Oxford dons have done to England!) But how he got from Plato and poetry to Labor politics he fails to explain, although that is, for me, the crux of the matter. (Is his apparent indifference to infringements of personal liberty a queer working out of his devotion to the totalitarian Dr. Plato?) I am oddly disappointed not to learn the inner history of Mr. Crossman's transformation. But I'd also feel the same way were the book by Michael Foot or even, God save the mark, Koni Zilliacus. But with all his *savoir-vivre* Mr. Crossman is, as I hinted above, as full of simon-pure naïveté as our good friend Bartley Crum. Crossman's naïveté consists of his utterly uncritical acceptance of the mystique of “socialism” as the solvent of all the world's ills.

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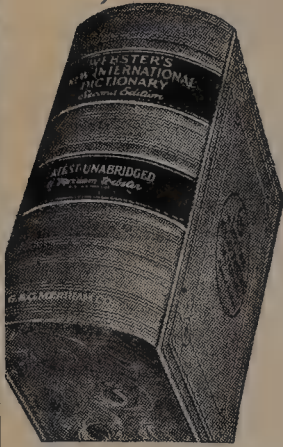
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An odd pair to "solve" the Palestinian tangle, I must say. . . .

As everybody knows, the Palestine question is involved in the oil question. Leonard M. Fanning's *American Oil Operations Abroad* (McGraw-Hill, \$5) is a most useful straightforward account of the subject announced in the title, including a circumstantial narrative of how the Americans got into the Near East.

Farmers' Perennials

A good book on the perennial farm problem is *As You Sow*, by Walter Goldschmidt (Harcourt, \$4). Professor Goldschmidt is concerned with the industrialization of farming, especially as exemplified in California, and the urbanization of the countryside which inevitably results. His report makes exceedingly profitable reading, though it is rather overloaded with the hugger-muggery of sociological "methodology." He accepts the trend he discusses—what else could he do?—and advocates changes in general agricultural policy which to my mind make sense. His indictment of New Deal policy is cogent and, as far as I know, rather original. This, indeed, is a book all Congressmen and Senators concerned with agricultural legislation should read and ponder. Properly used it could effect a much-to-be-desired revolution in farm policy.

James Rorty's *Food at the Grass Roots* (Department of Agricultural Relations, TVA, free) is also required reading for all concerned with the everlasting farm problem. In a way it cuts a bit deeper than Professor Goldschmidt's volume. Rorty's concern here is with soil fertility and its preservation—with "the five per cent of exhaustible soil minerals—calcium, phosphorus, potassium," etc. His discussion of the problem on the farms and in the fertilizer industry and in national policy is most cogent and illuminating. He rather fumbles in his account of phosphate on Nauru Island and in Australia and New Zealand, but that is a mere by-blow of an admirable job.

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Henry Canby's *American Memoir* (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$5) is a very successful effort



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to explain Henry Canby. To do so it tells of Dr. Canby's life from childhood in Wilmington, Delaware, among the bourgeois Quakers, to elderly maturity in Cornwall, Connecticut, among the eternal New England hills, the "lit'ry" life in New York 1920-1946 being the real road of transition, though he survived temporary interment at Yale as a professor. May I be permitted to express passing wonder that Dr. Canby felt this auto-explanation to be a necessary enterprise? Having committed that gaff, I hasten to add that my social sense leads me to understand that to an army of earnest readers the Doctor is indeed a V.I.P. His book about himself will undoubtedly find its thousands of readers unimpeded by my gentle deprecation. Actually there is a lot of "lit'ry" information in it: a lot about the *Saturday Review* and the Book-of-the-Month Club, those very noble institutions, a good many well-done portraits of literary folk, more of sub-literary folk, something about the New York wits (who, as Sam Hoffenstein remarked, "are at least half that"), and a considerable bulk of miscellaneous anecdote which is fairly entertaining. I could not hope to comment learnedly on all this, even had I the space, but there is one remark which insistently demands my professional attention: "Years later I was to see Australian writers still trying to repeat the English pattern for their own vast scene. . . ." Did he really have to see that when he was in Australia for OWI in 1945? I think not. The best Australian writing of the past fifty years has been done by men and women who have tried, often a bit desperately, to master the Australian scene as it is. I cite two classic names: Henry Lawson and Tom Collins; and I could cite numerous living writers too. How Dr. Canby missed perceiving this development baffles me, for the evidence of it must certainly have been crowded on his attention at almost every turn.

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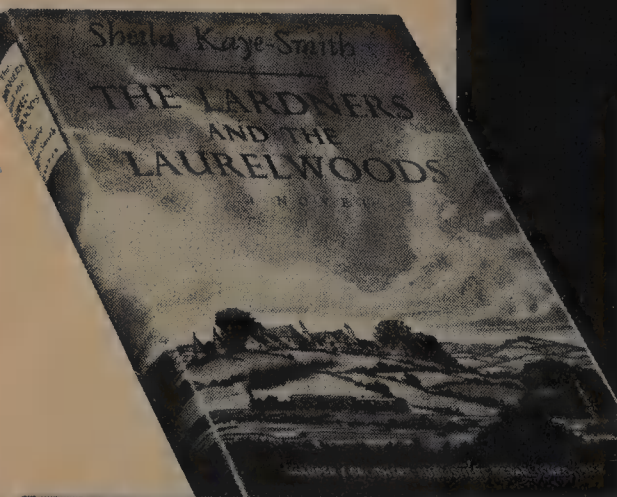
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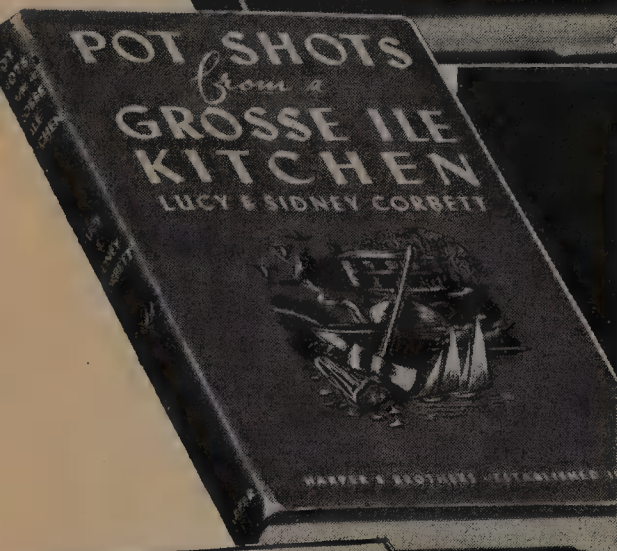
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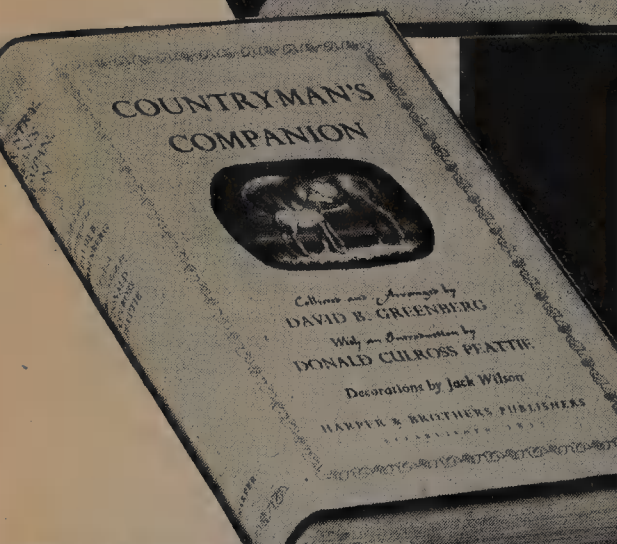
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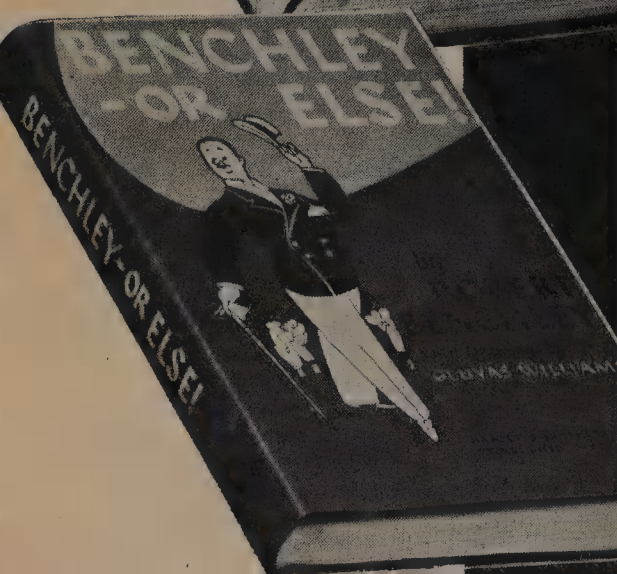
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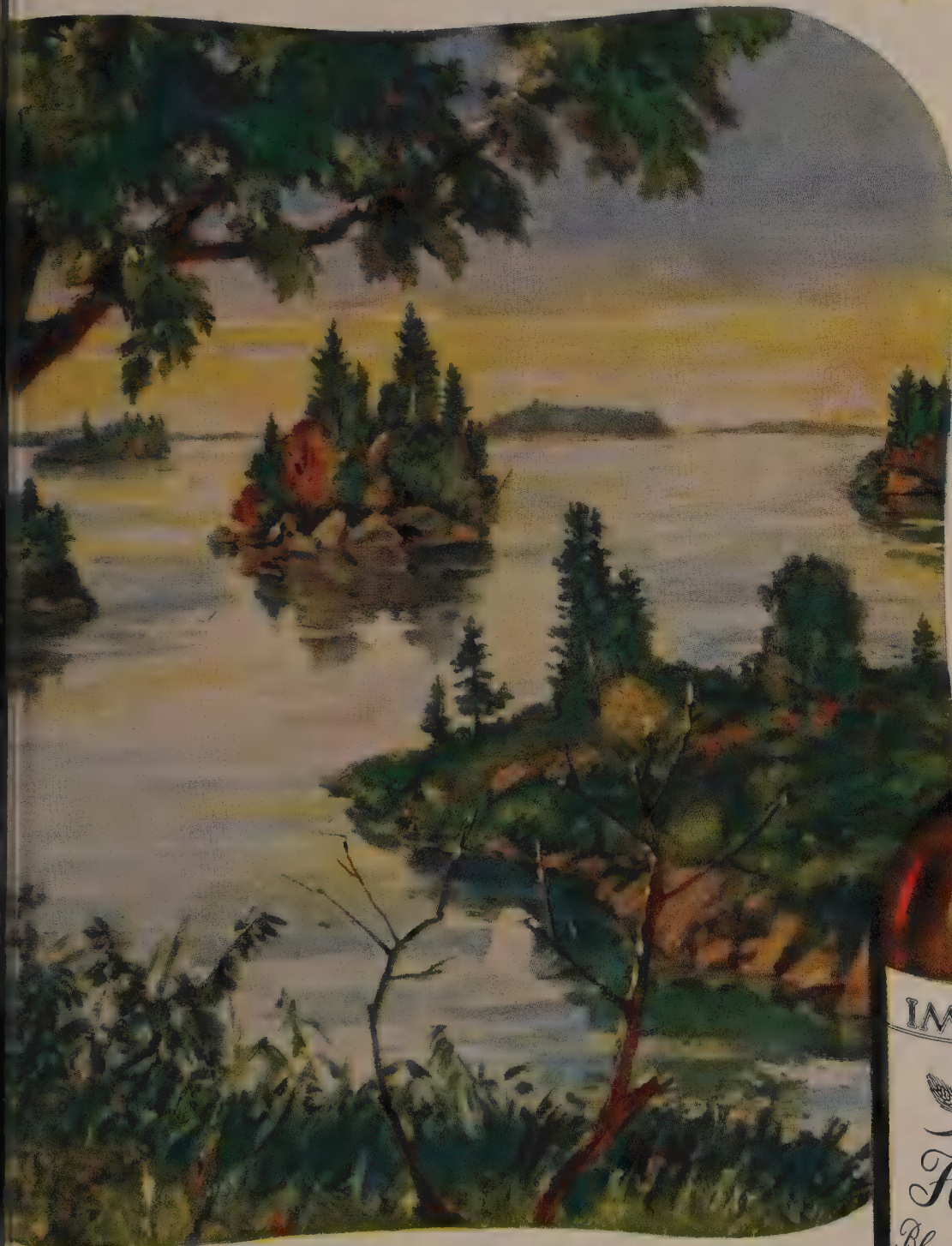
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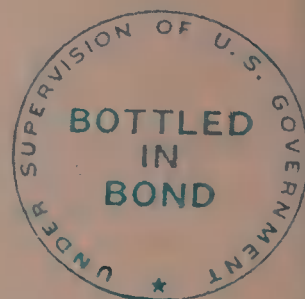
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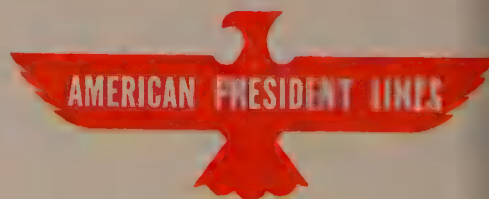


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Harper's Magazine: Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 50 cents a copy; \$5.00 a year. Vol. 195. Serial No. 1170. Issue for November 1947. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as Second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

Coming next month in . . .

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MAGAZINE

THIS time we're going to mention not only a little of what we're planning for our December issue but something of what we have in mind for the months to follow; obviously on one page we can only get around to the highlights. But we can promise that **Hanson Baldwin**, the noted *New York Times* commentator, will be represented in next month's magazine with an exciting article on the increasing and, Mr. Baldwin thinks, dangerous influence of the military in Washington and in our foreign embassies. In addition, we'll have a profile of Georgi Dimitrov, Stalin's errand boy in the Balkans; **Joseph C. Harsch**, the distinguished *Christian Science Monitor* and CBS reporter, will let us have a look at the notebook he kept during a recent tour from Warsaw to Budapest to London; **George Polk**, who's there, will report on Greece, that most important and controversial of countries; **Edith Iglauer** will tell about the business of designing and building a permanent home for the United Nations; **Cyril Connolly**, the current idol of the British literati, will jot down his observations and criticism of *this* country in an article that may irritate a good many people but will absolutely not bore anybody; and **Katherine Anne Porter** will continue our series of articles about important literary figures by important literary figures with a lively discussion of Gertrude Stein. (Forthcoming in that series will be a critique of Arthur Koestler by **V. S. Pritchett**, the British critic and short story writer.)

SPEAKING of series, we ought to note that **Richard H. Rovere**—you'll remember his profile of Thomas E. Dewey, "The Man in the Blue Serge Suit," and you may have read his recent book *Howe & Hummel*—will write a number of campaign-year political articles for us. **Frederick Lewis Allen** has started work on what promises to be a two- or three-part study of that titan of American finance, J. Pierpont Morgan (the elder), whom few of us remember distinctly. By the time this page appears **Wolfgang Lange-wiesche** will probably be off piloting a plane to England and then across Europe and the Middle and Far East to Java. We hope to have both the ambitious study of all-weather flying on which he's been engaged for months as well as some articles on his adventures as a private flyer going to places which private planes seldom if ever reach. And **Cleveland Amory**, that now well-known Bostonian, is visiting some American resorts for us; he's starting with Newport.

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P *ersonal*



O *therwise*

THE game of international name-calling is getting to be big league stuff. If the mood of world affairs were not so deadly serious, the exchanges between the American and Russian press would be as funny as the verbal exchanges between the supporters of the Dodgers and the Yankees. Under present circumstances, however, we all tend to lose our sense of humor, and first thing you know the American ambassador in Moscow is compelled to register an official protest against the article by one Boris Gorbato^v which was published in a Russian magazine called *Literary Gazette* No. 39, the weekly organ of the Union of Soviet Writers. Mr. Gorbato^v, according to Ambassador Smith, was "wantonly libelous" in his remarks about President Truman.

I cannot recall [said the Ambassador] that Dr. Goebbels, of unsavory memory, at the height of our common struggle against Nazi Germany ever stooped to greater ridicule and vituperation against the head of an enemy country than has Mr. Gorbato^v against the Chief Executive of a friendly and allied state.

These are stern words, and just ones. We've read the full translation of Mr. Gorbato^v's article as published in the *New York Times* (the only American paper, so far as we know, to print anything but inflammatory excerpts), and we thoroughly agree with Mr. Smith about its low and cheesy tone. Even so, we wonder whether the Ambassador's protest is the best way to cope with such performances.

In the first place, protests of that sort never get anywhere. Mr. Molotov, as expected, refused to do anything about it and merely returned the compliment by accusing the American press of printing "lying and slanderous" articles about the USSR and its statesmen—which it does. The fact that the Russian *Literary Gazette* presumably is subject to gov-

ernment "advice" while the Hearst-McCormick press is not is—from the Russian point of view—a purely metaphysical distinction.

More important, the Ambassador's protest seems to P & O to be a sign of weakness rather than of strength. We rose to the Russian bait like a hungry trout, whereas a well-fed, self-respecting leviathan would have passed it up without a quiver of its fins. (Or don't whales have fins?) Our official protest makes it look as if we were unduly edgy about our international prestige.

ACTUALLY, there's nothing to get mad about in Mr. Gorbato^v's article. On the contrary, it's a very amusing revelation of what might be called Soviet-Communist values, and P & O doesn't believe that President Truman or any other American need feel insulted by remarks which reflect those particular values. Taking the article as a whole, it's clear that Mr. Gorbato^v has a low opinion of a country in which a former errand boy who became an unsuccessful haberdasher can reach the Presidency. The article is studded with the kind of snobbish remarks that one would expect from the most decadent capitalist dowager discussing the appearance of a member of the lower classes. You can almost see Mr. Gorbato^v's aristocratic proletarian lips curling in a thin suggestion of a sneer as he speaks of "a man who loves bow ties, wears his pants two inches shorter than ordinary, and has no other external marks of distinction."

The State Department, and Ambassador Smith, should be reminded that there was an earlier American President whose clothing and personal appearance induced horrified comment from the gentry, here and abroad, and who was even likened by a foreign journalist "to the most sensual and unscrupulous

of Eastern tyrants," which is roughly the equivalent of Mr. Gorbатов's likening Truman to Hitler. But, as E. L. Godkin recorded at the time, Mr. Lincoln never uttered or wrote "one word to show that these shameless attacks ever aroused in him a single angry impulse." The smart thing for the State Department to have done with that article in the Russian *Literary Gazette* would have been to print up a couple of million copies and distribute them wholesale in Korea, China, and wherever else American democracy could do with an effective plug. Mr. Gorbатов handed us a first-rate piece of propaganda, and the humorless State Department threw it right back in Mr. Molotov's face.

Passing the Bucks

THE editors' note at the beginning of this issue calls attention to the fact that our first three articles, although they were independently planned, all turned out, by force of circumstance, to deal with various aspects of a single problem: the world-wide shortage of American dollars. It begins to look as if the dollar were indeed almighty—though in a rather terrifying way.

The first of these articles, "Our Foreign Trade Crisis" (p. 385), is by **Robert Heilbroner**, an economist with the importing and trading firm of Stein, Hall & Company and author of "The Uncomfortable Paradise of Full Employment," which we published last April, and of technical articles in the *American Economic Review* and other journals. Mr. Heilbroner comes at the dollar shortage from the point of view of America's own future economic health. He makes it clear that foreign loans and aid to Europe are not mere questions of charity, and that the Marshall Plan is not—as some in their corporate or senatorial wisdom seem to suppose—a sort of glorified international Community Chest to which we should "give" till it doesn't quite hurt. On the contrary, the Marshall Plan, as it is called, is a method of helping to avert a catastrophe in international trade which—if it comes—will involve the United States along with all the rest of the world.

THE second article, "Britain in the Shadow" (p. 392) comes up against the dollar shortage as one element in the con-

temporary decline of British economic power and as a serious maladjustment incident to "the cataclysmic shift in world power" from Great Britain to the United States. The author of the article, **Barbara Ward**, is foreign editor of *The Economist*, by all odds the most useful and brilliant journal of economic and political comment published in England. Miss Ward is a thirty-three-year-old native of York, educated in schools and colleges in England, France, and Germany, who took a first-class honors degree at Somerville College, Oxford. She has been an editor of *The Economist* since 1940, a governor of the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells theaters since 1945, and a governor of the British Broadcasting Corporation since 1946. Her books include *The International Share-Out* (1938) and *Turkey* (1941).

Miss Ward's article is, of course, by no means an article *about* the dollar shortage or the Marshall Plan. It touches upon them only incidentally in the course of analyzing the various crises which have simultaneously pounded Great Britain. In its total scope the article might almost be called "The Decline and Fall of British Influence—and Now What?" Written as it was after Miss Ward had spent a considerable time in the States, it seeks to answer the very questions about Great Britain which are uppermost in the minds of American citizens.

THIRD and last in the group of articles is "Canada in Uncle Sam's World" (p. 401) by **Leslie Roberts**. Here, from still another point of view, the serious problems involved in our trade-relations with the rest of the world are emphasized. Since Mr. Roberts' article was written, the Canadian weekly *Saturday Night*, which deals soberly with political and economic matters, has declared that the dollar crisis does not at all mean that Canada will have to form any sort of union with the United States. "On the contrary," it says, "it means cutting ourselves off from that country to a far greater extent."

Mr. Roberts has written for *Harper's* before. His first article for us, "Step-Uncle Sam" in June 1930, was, like the present one, an analysis of the relations between Canada and the United States. Meanwhile, he has written many other articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and other magazines here and north of the border, has written seven books,



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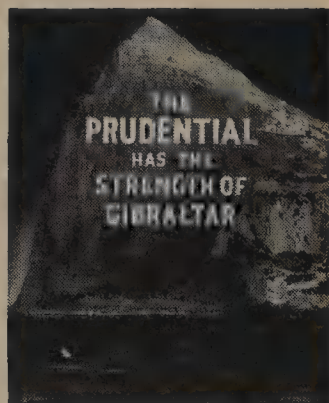
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and writes a syndicated column in the Canadian press called "Report to the Nation." During the first year of the war Mr. Roberts was Special Assistant to Canada's Minister of National Defense, and thereafter he was a war correspondent.

Security without Hysteria

THE potential conspirators with foreign connections who are a threat to American democracy are by no means all on what is called "the left." We emphasize this point because the title "How to Rid the Government of Communists" (p. 438) might otherwise give a misleading impression of the intention behind **James A. Wechsler's** article. The fact is that the title might well have been "How to Rid the Government of Communists and Fascists," as far as the author's basic idea is concerned. But the immediate problem is the Communists, and the first law of title-making is not to scatter your fire.

The problem with which Mr. Wechsler is concerned is one of the most difficult with which the citizens of a democracy must deal: How can civil rights be protected without denying those rights to individuals who want to destroy them? His article is the climax of a good deal of personal experience and intimate acquaintance with that problem.

Mr. Wechsler was graduated from Columbia in 1935, at the height of that period of undergraduate ferment which he described in his first book, *Revolt on the Campus* (1935). Like a number of his college contemporaries and older intellectuals in those depression years, he became involved in various Communist "fronts" from late 1934 to 1937, and for a while in 1936 was a member of the National Committee of the Young Communist League. But—again like many others—he was troubled by the Moscow trials, and when he subsequently joined the staff of the *Nation*, he severed his connections with the Communists. For a while he "tried to be fairly dispassionate about the whole experience," but when the Soviet-Nazi pact was signed, that was no longer possible and he began to write critically of the Communist apparatus.

Meanwhile he married a Barnard College girl who is at present general counsel of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights and whose father, Osmond Fraenkel, is a member of the board of the Civil Liberties

Union. With her and with his brother, Herbert Wechsler, a professor of law at Columbia, he has argued out the ideas which underlie his present article.

In 1940 Mr. Wechsler was co-author with Harold Lavine of a book on *War Propaganda and the U. S.*, and in December became labor editor of Ralph Ingersoll's *PM*. In 1943, after publication of his biography of John L. Lewis (*Labor Baron*), he became *PM's* national affairs editor and head of its Washington bureau. In 1945 he went into the army, returning after six months in Germany to resume his work on *PM*. In June 1946 he resigned after some disagreements with Mr. Ingersoll, and since then has been in the Washington bureau of the *New York Post*.

Other Contributors

• • • **Maxwell Arnold**, aged twenty-eight, unmarried, has lived in Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and Boston, but he was born in San Francisco—which is his favorite city and which he thinks is too good for California and should be moved to the East.

He has been in and out of college for ten years, four of which were used up by the Navy and another three by tending bar and other jobs. He is now back at Stanford University working for an A.B. as a member of the Writing Center headed by Wallace Stegner. "Never Hit a Cripple" (p. 410) is one of several short stories he has written on night clubs (his father owns one), jazz musicians, Negroes, Jews, pressure-cooker manufacturers, Algerian cats, and Provincetown artists. He is now working on his first novel.

• • • The author and the illustrator of "Conscience Free" (p. 466) are husband and wife. **Lloyd Frankenberg**, the author, is a poet and critic who in 1940 had a Guggenheim Fellowship in poetry and at present has an American Academy of Arts and Letters Grant to work on his forthcoming book of criticism, tentatively entitled *Meanings in Modern Poetry*. His poems and critical articles have appeared in *Poetry*, *Horizon*, *Yale Review*, *Harper's Bazaar*, the *Nation*, and other periodicals.

Loren MacIver, the illustrator, was one of the painters represented in the exhibition of "Fourteen Americans" which was put on by the Museum of Modern Art last year. Her work is included in the collections of the

A MESSAGE FROM BRITAIN

We in Britain look forward to welcoming you, the people of America, to our friendly shores next year.

In spite of many difficulties or temporary restrictions we may be enduring, we can still offer you the warmth of our hospitality, the inspiration of our ancient places and the evergreen loveliness of our countryside.

For some of you, this will be a first experience of the British Isles—with all their old-world color and pageantry, their wide choice of modern diversions and events.

Others, on this visit, will be re-living the good times and great occasions—in the fields of art and sport and commerce—that they shared with us in pre-war days.

And others again, more recently here as our comrades in arms, will find that their very special place in our homes—and in our hearts—has been kept warm for them.

Already, a great deal has been done in preparation for your coming. And, depend on it, between now and next April no effort within our power shall be spared that can help to make your visit with us enjoyable.

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan, the Detroit Institute, the Addison Gallery, and the museums in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Newark. Her most recent one-man show was held at the Pierre Matisse gallery in 1944. Her previous illustrative work has included covers for *Fortune* and *Town and Country*. Recently she completed a mural for the Moore-McCormick liner *S. S. Argentina*.

Mr. Frankenberg's article deals mainly with his experience as a conscientious objector at CPS Camp No. 52, at Powellsville, Maryland, but he feels that it is a fairly representative picture of the humdrum routine that prevailed in most camps. "I hope," he wrote us; "it may contribute to assuring that no such setup is again perpetrated; not that the life was unbearable but that it was pointlessly wasteful. Even more strongly I hope that, after the present hysteria about World War III has spent itself, the question may remain academic."

● ● ● **Irwin Ross**, author of "Tolerance by Law?" (p. 458), is a free-lance writer who has contributed several times to *Harper's* since he was graduated from Harvard in 1940. His most recent article for us was "It's Tough to Be a Communist" (June 1946). This time he produces the results of a wide-ranging survey of the workings of some of the state laws on Fair Employment Practices which have gone into effect in the past few years.

■ ■ ■ **Agnes Rogers** has been here before, but no subject she has dealt with in our pages has been so combustible as that which smolders between the lines of "Quiet, Please" (p. 433). Even **Mr. Harper**, judicial and urbane as he customarily is, has been unable to repress a certain disdain for her altogether-too-feminine reaction to one of the major issues of the season—as you will see if you turn to page 479.

In her less frivolous moments Miss Rogers is, however, capable of work which even the soundest citizens can applaud. It is she who with her husband, Frederick Lewis Allen, has just put out the popular volume of pictures and text called *I Remember Distinctly*, a record of life in America from 1918 to 1941.

● ● ● "Twilight of the Outward Life" (p. 449) is **Peter Viereck's** third poem in *Harper's*. His most recent was "Well Said, Old Mole" (July 1947). Formerly at Harvard, Mr. Viereck is now teaching history at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

■ ● ● **Oliver La Farge** has written for *Harper's* on several occasions, but never before on the subject which was originally his vocation and has remained his principal avocation. Trained as an anthropologist and ethnologist, he did much of his work among the Indians of the Southwest. The Navajos about whom he writes in "They Were Good Enough for the Army" (p. 444) were the first he knew at first hand and the first he studied intensively. As president of the Association on American Indian Affairs he has devoted much time to working for the welfare of Indians generally.

As to the present article, Mr. La Farge writes:

During the war I was deeply impressed by the splendid service of our Indian brothers in arms. It seemed to me that their fine record, of which to some extent I was able to have an inside view, would unfailingly ensure their receiving really fair treatment when they returned to their reservations. When I got out of the Army and returned to Santa Fe, I began hearing the evil tidings from the Navajo country. I went out there several times, attended their tribal council meetings, talked with the government officials, and learned the shocking truth. Writing about it was inescapable. It had been my intention to keep away from writing about Indians, as I am tired of being classified as an Indian writer, but this was something which could not be passed by.

● ● ● The generation of writers coming out of this war may become a "lost" one, like their predecessors after World War I, but it's pretty clear that they won't be lost up the same blind alley. But if **John W. Aldridge** is correct in his appraisal of "The New Generation of Writers" (p. 423), they won't get lost at all.

Mr. Aldridge was born twenty-four years ago in Iowa, moved to a farm in Tennessee when he was eleven, and knew how to spit tobacco juice between his teeth by the time he was fourteen. At the University of Chattanooga he got into difficulties with the school authorities over some critical articles he wrote for the campus newspaper and left after three years. He was a Fellow at Bread Loaf in 1942, then went into the army and served with Patton's Third Army in France and Germany. Back in this country he was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley last spring, and is now living with his wife and their small child in Vermont.

At Berkeley Mr. Aldridge edited the campus literary magazine, *Occident*, and made

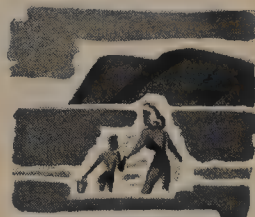


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some mortal enemies with an article about California writers which accidentally followed pretty closely on Mildred Edie Brady's piece in *Harper's* about the writers who have congregated in the Big Sur country ("The New Cult of Sex and Anarchy," April 1947). He is at present working on a novel, and his article is the result of a lot of thinking about the relation between the writers of the twenties and of our own time.

• • • "Our best [British] novelists and short-story writers today," said Louis MacNeice in an article in the *New York Times Book Review* recently, "are, I would venture (leaving certain Irishmen out of it), Elizabeth Bowen, Graham Greene, V. S. Pritchett, Joyce Cary, and, in spite of his shocking limitations, Evelyn Waugh." He calls **Graham Greene**, whose second story in *Harper's*, "A Drive in the Country," begins on page 450, "exciting in that he writes stories full of action and violent characters—perhaps our only serious author with affinities with the American 'Tough School.'" He believes Mr. Greene's position is that of "a moralist, almost a parable writer" and that his work has "a separate plane from that of the outer events." *Harper's* published another story by Graham Greene last month, "Proof Positive."

• • • **Virgil Thomson**, pianist, organist, composer, and conductor, also happens to be music critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune*—so he knows what he's talking about when he answers the question "Is Reviewing Fun?" (p. 406). Mr. Thomson was born in Kansas City in 1896, was educated at public schools and Harvard, and studied composition with Scalero and Boulanger. His best-known compositions are two operas with librettos by Gertrude Stein, "Four Saints in Three Acts" and "The Mother of Us All," and the music for Pare Lorentz's two films, "The Plow That Broke The Plains" and "The River."

The illustrations accompanying Mr. Thomson's article are from a part of an unpublished book on *The Concert Stage* by **Hans Alexander Mueller**, one of the world's foremost wood engravers and the illustrator of more than fifty books, who is an instructor in graphic arts at Columbia University. Mr. Mueller, incidentally, is also a musician—an expert violinist who was at one time conductor of his own twenty-piece orchestra in Germany.

• • • **John Kobler** is a free-lance writer who often contributes to *Life*, the *New Yorker*,

and the *Saturday Evening Post*. For nine years before the war he was a newspaperman and foreign correspondent, then worked for a year on *Time*. During the war he was an economic intelligence officer with the Foreign Economic Administration in North Africa, Italy, and France. For a year after his return to this country he worked for *Life*, but he now lives in the country with his wife and two children—without commuting. He wrote "Diplomat in Silk Pajamas" (p. 415) because he has always thought of Masaryk as a remarkably decent, idealistic man and "wondered what happens to a decent, idealistic man in an indecent situation."

The sketch of Masaryk on page 421 was drawn by **Oscar Berger**, whose work is familiar to readers of the *New York Times*, *Life*, *Look*, the *Nation*, and other publications. Almost all the prominent figures of our time have posed for Mr. Berger's caricatures, from Presidents Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman to General Eisenhower, Molotov, and the Pope. His first sketch of Masaryk was made in London in 1941 during the blitz. A bomb fell on the roof of the building and Mr. Berger nearly lost the sketch.

■ ■ ■ "A Note on War Guilt" (p. 465) is taken from a letter written in 1814 in Paris by Jacob Grimm (of the *Fairy Tales* fame) to his brother Wilhelm in Cassel, Germany. This quotation was sent to us by **Dr. Ralph A. Brenninger**, professor of modern languages at Fresno State College, Fresno, California.

To Our Readers:

With this issue the single copy price of this magazine goes from forty to fifty cents. A year or so ago we were forced by rising costs to set the annual subscription rate at \$5.00; but although this meant that it was a few cents more expensive to subscribe than to buy *Harper's* month by month on the newsstands—an odd anomaly—we did not change the newsstand price.

Now, however, the continued advance in manufacturing costs leaves us no choice. Our printing and shipping expenses have increased steadily in the past six years and are now very nearly double what they were in 1941. Hence the new price of fifty cents, which we should like very much to be able to reduce again when the opportunity offers.

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magnificent landscapes
air-swept by clear
mountain breezes. No
wonder you feel like a
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this world". Every
month: colorful festivals,
entertainment, sports
events. Remember,
Switzerland is ideal
any time of year.

LETTERS

To the Editors:

The article by Commager on loyalty ["Who Is Loyal to America?" by Henry Steele Commager, Sept. 1947] is a good job so far as it goes, but it wholly fails to meet the issue.

This issue is whether Communists can be loyal federal employees. If we think not, then the government is justified in trying to find out who is one. Commager doesn't touch that point, and so his article will miss its greatest effectiveness.

Of course he is right in pointing out what most others have neglected—namely, the identification of loyalty with the status quo. And he is right in condemning the methods now followed to hunt down the heretics. But he would have been on much stronger ground if he had conceded that a superior loyalty to a foreign government disqualifies a citizen for service to ours in any post where political attachments are a factor.

ROGER BALDWIN
New York, N. Y.

The problem of Communists and security is considered in "How to Rid the Government of Communists" on page 438 of this issue of Harper's.

To the Editors:

. . . My reaction is that America is in immediate need of an extraordinary dose of Divine help if such confused thinking is typical of what our adolescents are getting from their teachers of history. . . .

BRIGADIER GENERAL
BRICE P. DISQUE
Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.

To the Editors:

As a student here at Michigan State College I myself know a few educators who might profit by reading this article. . . .

S. F. SANDOVAL
East Lansing, Michigan

To the Editors:

It is refreshing, stimulating, and reassuring

to see a publication call a spade a spade, a buffoon a buffoon, and a bigot a bigot. . . .

MARVIN MILLER
Bronx, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Why should so many educators, ordinarily credited with a superior degree of intellect, go off the deep end when it comes to their political ideas? How can a man of the scholastic attainments set down in the *Who's Who* biography of Professor Commager bring himself to emit the pinko bleatings contained in his "Who Is Loyal to America?" . . .

H. A. WHIPPLE
Atlanta, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . This in my opinion is one of the most important and moving pieces of journalism of our times. I hope that its message can be widely distributed by the magazine as well as by individuals like myself.

PHILIP DUNNE
Beverly Hills, Calif.

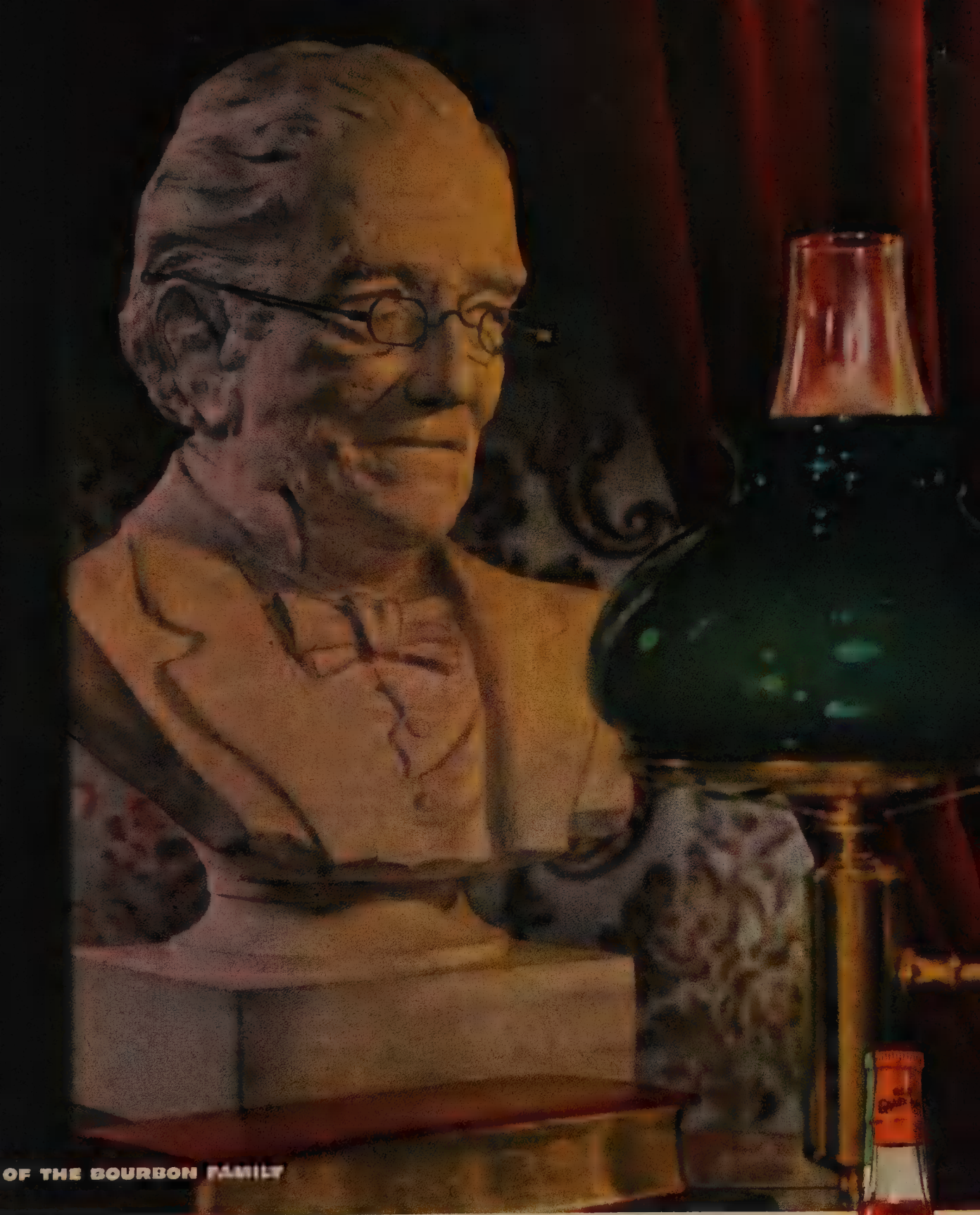
Mr. Dunne, like thousands of others, ordered reprints of "Who Is Loyal to America." At this writing more than twenty thousand reprints have been purchased from our Department G, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. They are still available at fifteen cents a copy, one hundred copies for ten dollars.

Politician vs. Novelist—

To the Editors:

In your footnote to the article in your August issue, by John P. Marquand, under the title, "Why the Navy Needs Aspirin," you say: "John P. Marquand, the novelist, returned recently as the guest of the Navy to the Pacific Islands, which he visited during the war as a correspondent for *Harper's*."

Having read this article with a good deal of interest, I would suggest that your introduction be amended to read: "John P. Mar-



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AND—which is most important—you can buy them *regularly* and *automatically* . . . which helps overcome human inertia and reluctance to save.

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Of course, there are other reasons for buying U. S. Savings Bonds.

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They're PROFITABLE. You get 4 dollars out for 3 put in, after 10 years.

They're LIQUID. Like water. You can get your cash out of them at any time . . . in a few minutes . . . without penalty.

Remember those words "melt away." They say better than a volume of statistics that you have less time than you think, to save.

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quand, always the novelist." . . . Moreover, as the guest of the Navy, Mr. Marquand necessarily was under some obligation to be as polite as possible. . . .

Nothing more would be required to illustrate the spirit in which Mr. Marquand, "the novelist," undertook his "investigation," or to demonstrate the objectiveness of his mind, than to compare, to their advantage, the living conditions of the Guamanians with "the unhealthy slum swamps around the city of San Juan, Puerto Rico, long the interest of the Department of the Interior." Here we have a devastating "you're another" retort. The argument seems to be that, after all, Navy rule is beyond criticism if, in Guam, there are no such slums as deplorably exist in the city of San Juan. It seems to me that the question for the Navy to answer is whether, considering all of the circumstances, it has given the best possible government to Guam. The slum conditions in San Juan are not properly to be taken as a standard by which to judge what the Navy, with absolute powers of government, has achieved in Guam. . . .

When, as Secretary of the Interior, I was also Administrator of Public Works, we did make at least a beginning at slum clearance. Even Mr. Marquand, "the novelist," ought to know that slums cannot be cleared without money. And if he did not know, he could quickly have acquainted himself with the fact that it has been much more difficult to get money out of the Congress for any such purpose than it would have been for the Navy to draw on its ample funds to send Mr. Marquand, "the novelist," as the third of its desperate expeditions to Guam, in the hope that he could fling enough whitewash to effect a thick coating over the whole unpleasant scene. . . .

HAROLD L. ICKES
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

Mr. Ickes was kind enough to send me a copy of his long letter to you on my recent article. It was a little hard to read because it must have been a tenth carbon, but I think I understand it. I do not blame him for wishing to send copies to his many friends and well-wishers because it is a delightful letter, but one which hardly requires an answer in detail since it seems to be largely an explanation of why he did not do better with the slums in Puerto Rico. For the rest, he refers to me as a

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novelist, which is most courteous of him, and it may perhaps be, in spite of the princely entertainment accorded me by the Navy, that I am less of a romanticist than he. At least I have never written such unfounded romance as Mr. Ickes in his article in *Collier's*, "The Navy at Its Worst," from which he appears to draw most of his present ammunition. As Mr. Ickes occasionally applauds the hard things I have said about the Navy, I feel he is almost as benign as he says he is, and I know your readers will enjoy his squib.

JOHN P. MARQUAND
Newburyport, Mass.

Mr. Ickes' letter was almost twenty-five hundred words long, and we have been unable to do it full justice in the excerpts printed here.

Correction —

To the Editors:

I notice a reference in "The Proper Bostonians" [Cleveland Amory, Sept. 1947] that "the Boston newspapers are largely controlled by the Boston banks." I don't know of any Boston newspaper that is under the control of any Boston bank or banks.

ROBERT CHOATE, *Publisher*
The Boston Herald,
Boston, Mass.

Hellenists, to the barricades! —

To the Editors:

"More Fallacies About Art" by W. M. Ivins, Jr., in the September issue will arouse every Hellenist—and a Hellenist is easily aroused—to bark back at Mr. Ivins. And don't try to tell us that Mr. Ivins isn't barking. . . .

Mr. Ivins says that the Greeks, according to Professor Cassirer, had neither the word nor the idea of humanity. Certainly they hadn't the word, a Latin word, and they didn't need the idea. They were humanity. . . .

The ideal beauty of Greek art is tied to order, proportion, and harmony, says Mr. Ivins, at the cost of discarding reality, humanity, expression, and subjective symbolism. Nonsense. A good Greek temple has as much reality, humanity, expression, and subjective symbolism as a Gothic cathedral. But it also has order, proportion, and harmony.

This could be carried on indefinitely. . . .

H. C. MONTGOMERY,
Miami University, Oxford, Ohio

To the Editors:

Mr. Ivins did a magnificent job of demolition but perhaps there remains in the rubble something that is worth salvage. Most of the fallacies seem to have sprouted out of some genuine human experience, and they flourish because they aroused response in other people. When a man curses a brick that he has stumbled over, his resentment toward the brick is a fact just as real as the brick. The fact is not destroyed by proving that animism is a fallacy. . . .

If we gladly get along without *tactile values* as a philosophical "essence" of "pure art," perhaps we can keep it as a similar essence of peppermint. It tastes and smells (to me) like the painting of Giotto and Masaccio from which it was distilled. The expression of Bernhard Berenson's covers the contributions of touch and muscular sense to impressions of sight. Mr. Ivins simply tosses this out with a sniff at the psychology of 1896 and a snort at Mr. Berenson's lack of experience in driving a car in heavy traffic. To turn the tables, I wonder how anyone so analytical as Mr. Ivins could drive a car in traffic without realizing that his picture of the situation—including the trajectories of other cars, the hesitating pedestrian, and the movement of his own car—did not represent an integration of eye, ear, hand, body, and sense of orientation. . . .

ROSSITER HOWARD
Saltaire, N. Y.

Anyone who wishes to pursue this matter further can find an ample fund of argumentative material in Mr. Ivins's book, Art and Geometry, published by the Harvard University Press.

"Old Doc"—

To the Editors:

Having read Mr. DeVoto's excellent article on the physicians in Atlantic City ["Doctors Along the Boardwalk," September 1947], I cannot help but think the bogey of the A.M.A. in its fear of control by the government is well matched by the bogey of those on the outside—that the profession is too autocratic and plain stubborn-headed ever to allow itself to be pushed into a corner where its grasp will be weakened on the discipline that is medicine.

It cannot be too great a digression from the



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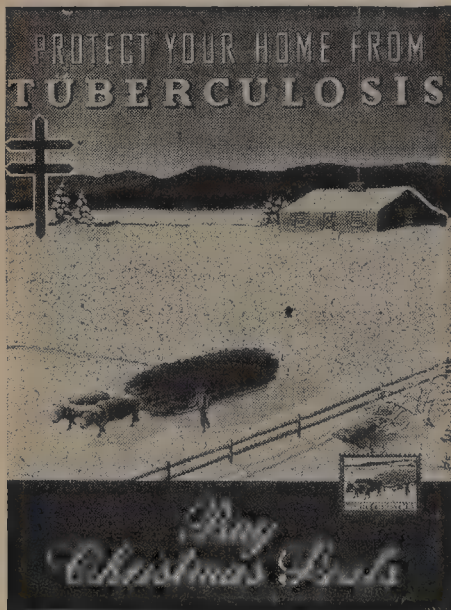
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always-recurring opinions in this very old argument to point out that it is that rock-bound conservatism, that sinful reaction of the A.M.A. rulers which only too often prevents "old Doc" from murdering his patients by trying out all the new fads and quackery which are constantly being pressed upon him by his unknowing patients, by rumor, by ignorance, by some of those very slick salesmen pushing their products. If a group can be found to replace the A.M.A. which can be rigorous in one direction, and loose, or rather uncertain, in another, then it will have to be made up of some creatures whose training is other than that of the scientist's. . . .

H. B. CHAPIN

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Not having attended the A.M.A. convention at Atlantic City, I was glad of Mr. DeVoto's panorama. His indictment of the A.M.A.'s socio-political attitude is unfortunately all too accurate. A copy of the article should be sent to all A.M.A. members so that they might see themselves as others see them. I am a member of the A.M.A.

L. A. ELDRIDGE, M.D.

Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

Misplaced Lake—

To the Editors:

In his article, "Western Half-Acre," which appeared in your August issue, Thomas Hornsby Ferril writes: "But personally I find the fishing pretty terrible."

I found something even more terrible in Mr. Ferril's article, that question of his: "What would it be like to tie into one of those whopping Pend Oreille rainbows in Oregon?" In that may lie the explanation as to why he found the fishing terrible, for if he tried to catch a Pend Oreille whopper in Oregon he'd find himself several hundred miles off the beam, any way he figured it.

The only place in the U. S., sirs, where you can catch a whopping big Kamloops rainbow trout is in Lake Pend Oreille, and Lake Pend Oreille is still nestling among the Selkirk and Cabinet mountains of north Idaho. I just looked out of my office window and can assure you that as of today it is still there. . . .

JIM PARSONS

Sandpoint, Idaho

Shockingly Depressed—

To the Editors:

A word of praise for Robert B. Cochrane for his courageous article on Japan in the September issue, "MacArthur Era, Year Two". Too long and too thoroughly correspondents, magazines, and the great American public have sucked their thumbs in complacent satisfaction while the Japanese economic situation has deteriorated with alarming acceleration. . . .

Having returned myself from Tokyo two weeks ago after a year as a civilian employee of GHQ . . . I have been shockingly depressed by the complete disinterest registered by the American public and the purveyors of news in the Japanese occupation, and read with delight the first accurate analysis of the occupation I have seen since returning to the States.

Congratulations. . . .

JAMES T. RHIND
Cambridge, Mass.

Proper Bostonian—

To the Editors:

Our attention has been called to statements made regarding Mary Baker Eddy in your September issue. The article is entitled "The Proper Bostonians" by Cleveland Amory and refers to Mrs. Eddy's coat of arms.

. . . The information given in the article is inaccurate.

Marion Moor McNeil, the paternal grandmother of Mary Baker, was a descendant of the McNeils of Edinburgh. Sir John McNeil, of Edinburgh, Scotland, belonged to the Order of the Bath. This entitled him to use certain emblems on his coat of arms. According to custom, these emblems were returned to the Order at his decease. Mrs. Eddy mistakenly used this form of the McNeil coat of arms. When it was brought to her attention by a descendant of Sir John McNeil, she immediately ceased using it. From then on, she used the McNeil coat of arms to which she was entitled. She used this crest on her best stationery. . . .

WALTER W. KANTACK
Christian Science Committee
on Publication
New York, N. Y.

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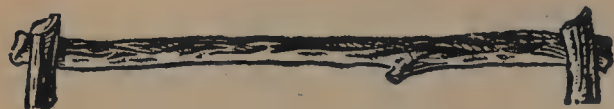
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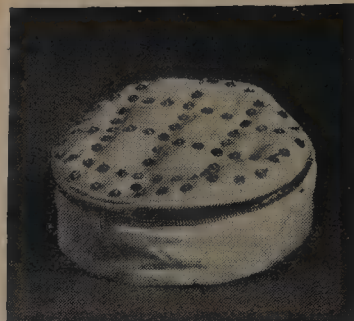
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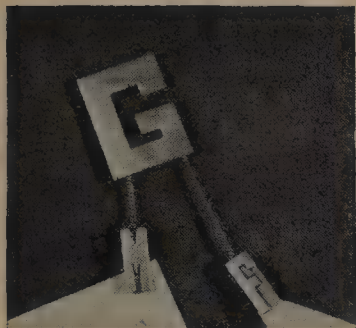
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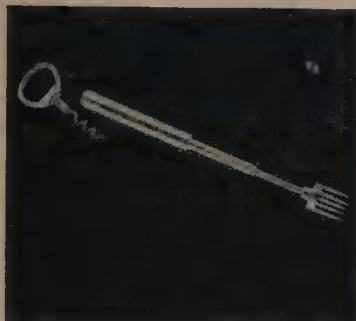
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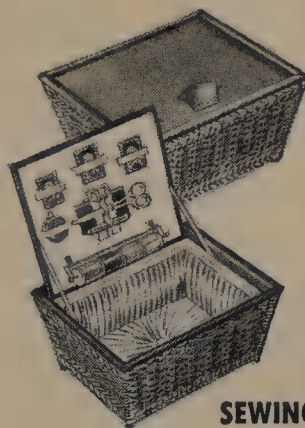


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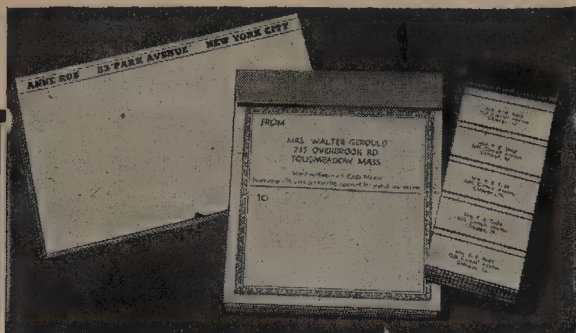
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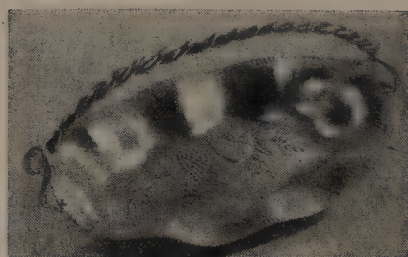
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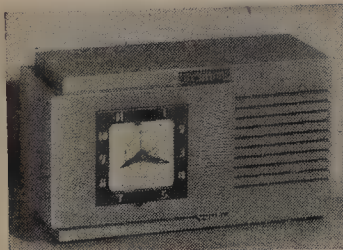
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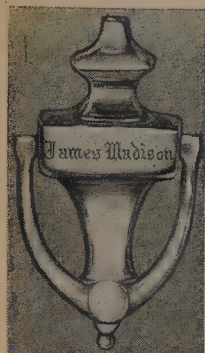
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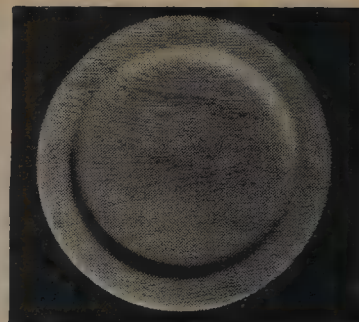
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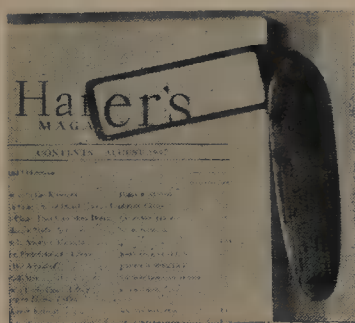
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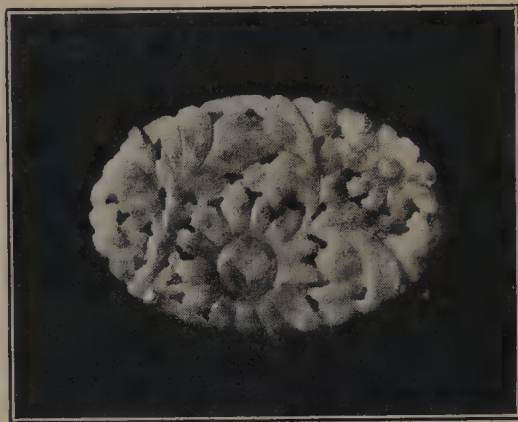
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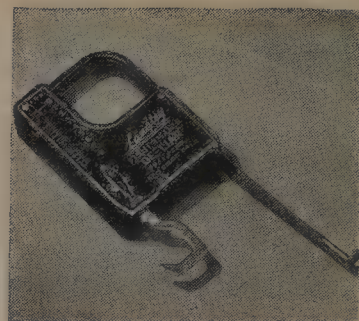


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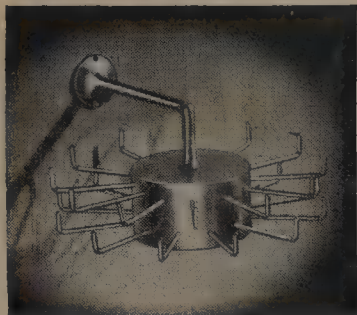
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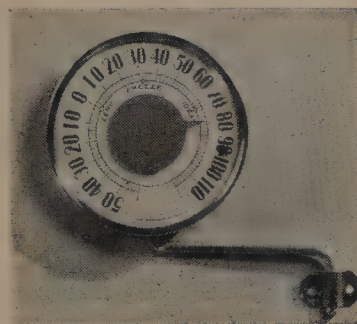


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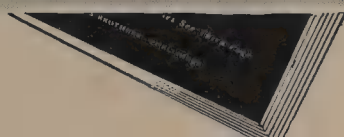
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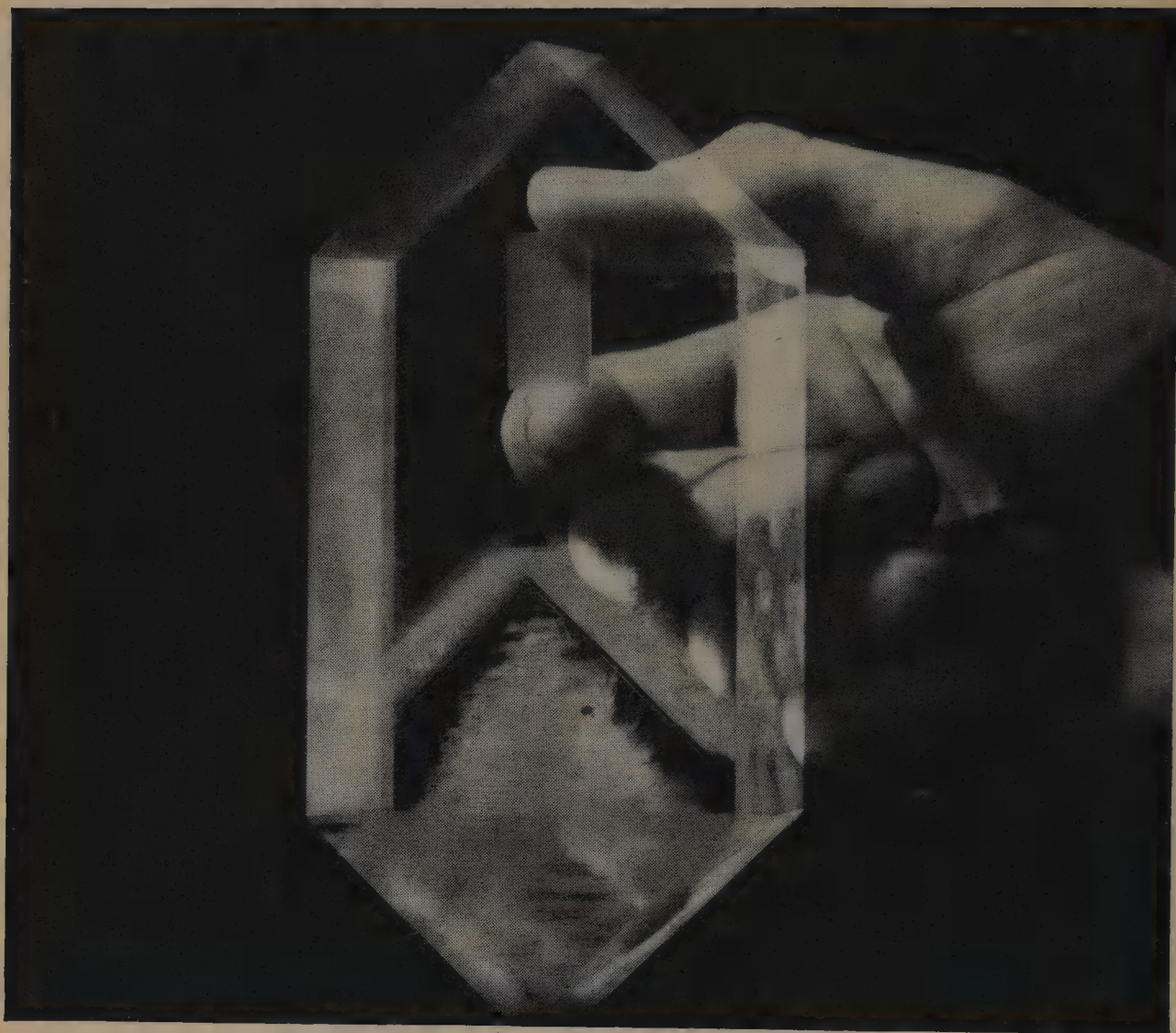
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MAGAZINE

THE MOMENT FOR DECISION

The international economic crisis which confronts us today is acute and many-sided. In this issue we present three different approaches to it, in articles by Robert L. Heilbroner, New York writer on economics, author of a recent Harper article on "The Uncomfortable Paradise of Full Employment"; Barbara Ward, foreign editor of the London Economist; and Leslie Roberts, Canadian journalist and former special assistant to the Canadian Minister of Defense. In view of the fact that these three authors, widely separated, wrote without previous consultation, their arguments and conclusions, though by no means identical, seem to us strikingly in harmony, so that the net effect is orchestral. But this is natural in view of the gravity of the facts.

The need for (a) immediate short-term aid to Europe, (b) implementation of the Marshall Plan, and (c) a long-term readjustment of American economic policy to take account of our changed position in the world, seems to us transparently clear. Indeed, the chief question in our minds is whether American action will not prove to have been too little and too late. We hope, therefore, that these three articles will help toward the sort of understanding on which prompt, vigorous, and far-sighted action can be based.—The Editors.

Our Foreign Trade Crisis

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

IMAGINE for a moment a gigantic industry employing 5,000,000 people and producing 7 per cent of our total national income. Suppose such an industry announced that at the half year it was laying out \$20,000,000,000 a year for labor and materials, but that its sales were going

at a rate of only \$10,000,000,000; all the rest of its purchases were being financed by drawing on its cash, selling its assets, and borrowing from the public. And now suppose that its cash and its assets were down to minimum safety levels, and the public was no longer willing to advance its

savings. This alarming situation is a sort of upside-down picture of what is going on today in foreign trade. The reason we have been so calm about it is that it is not we who are threatened with bankruptcy, but the rest of the world.

FOREIGN trade has never been a major concern to us as a nation. Unlike Norway or France or England, which have relied on overseas commerce for a quarter to a third of their living standards, neither our imports nor our peacetime exports for the past thirty years have exceeded 10 per cent of what we make and consume at home. In our blissful self-sufficiency we could afford to ignore the problems and difficulties faced by a nation which depended on other nations for its prosperity. But our economic strength has been a political weakness; it has bred an ignorance of foreign trade that hinders us from an easy understanding of the role which imports and exports play in a nation's economic life.

For the business man, foreign trade is an aggravating and risky venture. It is entangled in foreign language difficulties, import licenses and export permits, letters of credit, and documents in sextuplicate and up. It is complicated by currency fluctuations, the uncertainties of ocean voyaging, differences in laws and customs. It is a wonderful business in which to lose your shirt. If it has romance and liberal rewards, it also has more than its fair share of headaches and failures. One must look far beyond this confusion of documents and statistics and cables to discover that a basic pattern underlies all foreign trade—a pattern which has changed radically since the beginnings of modern commerce in the sixteenth century.

In the colonial times of Philip of Spain and Elizabeth of England, international trade had for its *raison d'être* the gathering of exotic riches. It was not markets, but silks and spices, jewels, and pre-eminently gold that sent voyagers out on dangerous expeditions of exploration and adventure. Fabulously successful ventures were undertaken for speculation and quick wealth. It has been said that the treasure brought back by Sir Francis Drake in the famous cruise of the *Golden Hynd* was enough, at

compound interest, to account for the entire prewar wealth of Britain.

With the advent of mass-production capitalism there was a change: the search for riches was displaced by the effort to sell one's own goods abroad. Industrialization meant specialization, and specialization meant that a country could produce more of its specialty than it could consume itself. Nations came to look upon each other as huge personalized customers (Uncle Sam and John Bull), and naturally each country tried to adjust its accounts with the world so that foreigners appeared on the Accounts Receivable rather than the Accounts Payable side of the ledger. In terms of commercial policy this meant that it was *exporting* which was the driving force behind foreign trade; imports were largely left to take care of themselves. If imports exceeded exports, a nation was in debt to the world; it lost gold, curtailed credit, cut its wage level, and eventually cheapened its produce sufficiently to enable it to regain a "healthy" balance of trade.

Today another way of thinking about trade has permeated the international scene. Nations seem primarily concerned over their *imports*; exports have been relegated to a position where they serve as a necessary means to an end, but not as an end in themselves. It is the inflow of goods which matters, rather than the inflow of money. Most of the world (with the conspicuous exception of ourselves) is today engaged in figuring out the necessary amount of goods it must import in order to survive and then in setting up a schedule of exports to pay for these imports. In England, France, Scandinavia, Italy, most of Latin America, and Asia, governments want to export, not because exports "make money," but because they pay for imports.

The reasons for this changed emphasis on imports are not hard to find. The devastation of the war so far exceeds earlier estimates that the import of food and machinery has become a matter, not of richer or poorer, but of life or death. In addition, the world trend toward socialization has dampened the European capitalist surge for expansion and has made the buttressing of living standards through imports a prime political necessity. It is not surpris-

ing that a socialized world is worried about decent living standards, nor that a war-smashed world depends on imported goods for any living standard at all. And it is certainly not surprising that the world has turned to the United States, with its 30 or 40 per cent of the world's entire production, to supply its needs.

II

THE extent of the world's demand for American goods and services has been phenomenal. In the first quarter of 1947 we shipped abroad \$4.9 billions' worth of goods—almost as much as in the entire year of 1929. In the first half of 1947 we exported nearly double the amount for the full year 1939. But perhaps if we take just one month (an average month for the first half year) we can bring the figures a little closer to earth.

Here is what we exported in June 1947, compared with our monthly average exports for 1939:

	June 1947 (in millions of dollars)	Monthly Average 1939
Crude materials (cotton, coal, tobacco, etc.) . . .	152.8	44.0
Crude foodstuffs (corn, wheat, barley, etc.) . . .	56.8	9.2
Manufactured foodstuffs (meat, dairy products, flour, etc.)	137.4	16.9
Semi-manufactures (leather, timber, gas, pulp, etc.)	159.4	51.3
Finished manufactures . . .	721.9	138.9
Total goods	1,228.3	260.3

In the month of June alone, just short of a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of goods was sold or given away—and this does not include the services* we also sold in dollars. The over-all total on a yearly basis approaches the staggering sum of \$20,000,000,000.

The world has bought tremendous quantities of food, machinery, and raw materials. Our table above shows food purchases stepped up to nearly eight times prewar, while raw material purchases

* Services are non-merchandise items in foreign trade. They include interest and dividend payments due us from abroad, foreign tourists' expenditures in the United States, freight and insurance bought from American companies, etc.

have almost quadrupled in order to keep foreign production above the starvation line. A partial breakdown of the huge \$721.9 millions of finished manufactures we shipped in June shows:

	(millions of dollars)
Steel and iron manufactures	56.5
Electrical machinery and appliances	48.2
Industrial machinery	109.5
Agricultural machinery	27.6
Office appliances	6.5
Trucks and busses	34.5
Airplanes	4.7
Merchant vessels	41.0
Cotton manufactures	67.5
Medicinal preparations	15.6

These items alone totaled \$411.6 millions for the month; the monthly average for them in 1939 was \$68.9 millions.

It was not only necessities that were sold in June. Nylons, rayon, and synthetic textiles totaled \$22 millions (against \$1.2 million prewar), while soap and toilet articles at \$4.5 millions and cigarettes (the European currency) at just under \$6 millions were both five times their 1939 monthly rates.

Obviously not all our foreign sales were made to the needy. Latin American nations, many of which had made a killing out of the war, poured their dollar hoards, while they lasted, into the American luxury goods market. Our exports of refrigerators and radios soared, as did those of notions and novelties, jewelry and silverware, table glassware, cameras; even the export of brooms, brushes, and mops increased sevenfold. There was no part of the world which did not buy more from us than before the war. By the first quarter of 1947, the United Kingdom had doubled, Canada had tripled, Asia had quadrupled, and Continental Europe had quintupled its prewar rate of buying from us. The American republics had increased their purchases eightfold and our sales to Africa were up 500 per cent. But the luxury goods market was not what backed the boom.

Basically it was a world food shortage that ran in the millions of tons, a world shortage of machinery that ran in the billions of dollars, and a world shortage of goods that is beyond calculation.

III

AT THE quarter year we were supplying the world with goods and services at a \$20,000,000,000 annual rate. How were we getting paid for them? Looking at the total of transactions we see a pattern that has characterized our foreign trade ever since the war.

FINANCING U. S. FOREIGN TRADE *
1947 1ST QUARTER

	(billions of dollars)	%
Total goods and services transferred.....	4.9	100
<i>Method of Financing</i>		
Through goods and services sold to us.....	1.9	39
Through liquidation of long and short-term foreign assets and gold.....	1.2	24
Through long- and short-term credit.....	1.2	24
Through unilateral transfers in kind or money.....	0.7	14

In other words, we bought \$1.9 billions of foreign goods in the first quarter of 1947, paying dollars to foreigners and thus making available our currency to purchase our own products. *All the rest of our exports—61 per cent—were paid for by the world drawing on its cash or assets, borrowing from us, or accepting relief.*

The results are calamitous. England has virtually come to the end of its \$3,750,000,000 loan, Holland has been selling its American securities, France's gold reserve will not last until winter. Canada is running more than a \$900,000,000 deficit on foreign account, Latin America is losing dollars at the rate of a billion and a half a year. The parallel with the fictitious industry which was mentioned at the beginning of this article is unpleasantly true; the world has been living on its capital and its capital is running out.

As early as July of this year the accumulated drain on foreign dollars began to show in our export totals. Monthly exports from May on revealed a slow decline in their over-all totals; luxuries took a far steeper drop. By the midyear the dollar shortage had been hammered home as country after country was forced to curtail

its buying in the United States. Argentina, Sweden, Mexico, England—by import control or exchange regulation, country after country was squeezing out non-essential purchases from the United States. By August the financial pages had columns on the drying-up of the foreign market for radios and washing machines, refrigerators and personal luxuries. The United States was—and still is—draining the world of dollars but failing to replenish the larder. The dollar crisis has ceased to be an academic threat—it is an immediate reality.

If we go back for a moment to our industry which was selling only half of what it was spending, it is obvious that one of several courses must be taken: it must step up its sales, replenish its credit, or else cut its purchases to a level it can afford. Precisely the same is true of the world in its dealings with the United States. If we are to continue to export \$20 billions a year, the world must somehow be provided with the dollars to make purchases. Its bank account, as we have seen, is badly overdrawn already. Either the world must double its sales to us, or we must continue to lend more billions, or else we must resign ourselves to a level of exports which can be financed by our level of imports. To put the matter differently, we must either buy \$20,000,000,000 a year (we are now buying less than half of that) or lend the difference (some \$10 billions plus) between what we are selling and what we are buying, or else allow our exports to drop to \$10 billions or less.

This is certainly not an easy decision to make. Importing unfortunately has the odious connotation of coolie labor and sweatshop goods. Foreign lending has been tainted by our disastrous experience with the South American issues of the twenties. And a 50 per cent slash in our exports is certainly not a prospect our mass production industries contemplate with pleasure. But the choice must be made.

LET US look first at the last of these solutions. Suppose we allow our exports to fall, and thereby avoid opening our markets to foreign competition and weakening ourselves with endless foreign loans?

* Survey of Current Business, June 1947.

It is commonly said that exports take 10 per cent of our national production. Actually they do not. The average, even in the heyday of the twenties, was only a little more than 7 per cent of our gross national product. If we gear the export question to our over-all prosperity, we can say that the 7 per cent of our production which we have exported has given us the necessary extra market to run our industries above the break-even point. With our present levels of gross national product, our export needs, while remaining the same percentage-wise, have grown enormously in dollar value. Seven per cent of our present national product gives us a figure of \$15,750,000,000 as the size of the foreign market we need, each year, to absorb our surpluses. The disappearance of \$5 or \$10 billions of this market would leave a gap hard to fill.

It would, in fact, be much more damaging than one would gather from these figures for over-all production. For our economy is a delicately balanced and interdependent affair. If the farmers have an off year, their lack of buying power hits the textile mills in the South and steel output in Pittsburgh. A bad year for automobiles leads to lower department-store sales in Los Angeles or New York. And a bad year for the export industries spreads its unemployment in just the same way.

Some of our industries would be particularly hard hit by a severe drop in foreign buying. In 1939, a third of our aircraft, over three-tenths of our cotton, and three-tenths of our lubricating oil were marketed abroad. So was more than a quarter of our tobacco leaf, a fifth of our office appliances, a fifth of our rice crop, and a seventh of our salmon catch. Just for these seven products, half a billion dollars of revenue came in from abroad. In 1947 all this is true to an exaggerated extent. We are now selling abroad something like three-tenths of our Diesel engines, a sixth of our power cranes and shovels, a twelfth of our passenger cars and over a fifth of our truck production. Well over a third of our 1945-1946 wheat crop went abroad, together with a third of our dried milk production, and a fifth of our corn, oats, rye, and barley. And our movie industry has been depending, until very recently, on four-tenths of

its receipts coming from foreign theaters.

If our exports fall and if domestic demand does not sop up these large percentages of output, trouble will develop in many sectors. And trouble spreads with alarming rapidity. While it may be that there is enough untapped domestic demand to absorb an unsold \$5 or even \$10 billions of exports now, that is not such a simple question to face if we look ahead to 1948 or 1949. How are we going to sustain our export industries when foreign dollars finally give out?

IV

THE obvious solution to the world's shortage of dollars is for the United States to step up its purchases from the world. No one can forever sell without buying, or buy without selling; when one player gets all the chips, the game breaks up. But although almost everyone agrees that stepping up our purchases would be an ideal solution, no one has suggested how it is to be done.

Our imports, like our exports, bear a certain relation to our national income. The great bulk of the goods we acquire abroad are crude materials which enter into further manufacture after they are brought into this country. Their volume fluctuates sympathetically with the pulse of our national prosperity. Roughly they amount to just about 6.5 per cent of our gross national product. In 1947, we should need, by this rule of thumb, a total value of imports of about \$14 billions. Actually, it will be closer to half of that. What is holding back our imports?

The chief stumbling block seems to be that there is not enough production in the world to allow it to export its normal quota of goods to us. With a European crop failure which is bringing the Continent to the verge of famine, with low coal production in England and the Ruhr, with unmade-up wartime damage and continuing political unrest, it is not surprising that Europe has too few left-overs for sale to the United States. The same is true of other parts of the world. The tin mines of Malaya are still producing only a fraction of their pre-war output; the plantations of the East Indies are not yet recultivated and ready to produce fibers and vegetable oils. India

is virtually in the throes of civil war, as are Madagascar, Indo-China, and China. The Philippines and Japan are both prostrate from the war. It is impossible to expect a normal flow of goods from many of these countries for several years.

Of our total imports, about two-thirds constitute raw materials. On most of these items, the tariff is not the decisive factor. Generally speaking, we are either buying all the raw materials we need or all we can get. Although we might easily absorb another billion or two of ores, fibers, fats, and oils, we just can't get them.

One way of balancing our foreign trade would be to encourage imports through lower tariffs. Although the same lack of foreign production hinders the import of manufactured goods, lower tariffs would help. But certain problems have to be met if we choose this course. Cutting tariffs is a nasty political proposition. The Ways and Means Committee listened to seventy-odd witnesses in April and May of this year during its hearings on the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. Everyone came down to Washington to put himself on record: labor leaders, exporters, importers, lawyers, economists; representatives of the Cultivated Mushroom Institute of America, the Scissors, Shear, and Manicure Implement Manufacturers Association, the National Rinderers Association; lace manufacturers, watch-makers, oilmen, fishermen, women's organizations, capitalists, and crackpots. Everyone agreed that our foreign trade was horribly out of line and nearly everyone had the same solution: buy more from abroad. No one volunteered to sacrifice his industry for the good of the whole.

Aside from the difficulty of persuading Congress that what may be bad for the wool growers may be good for the nation, a more formidable obstacle stands in the way of balancing our trade via tariff cuts. The Tariff Commission has published a study which shows that an over-all tariff reduction of 50 per cent would only increase our imports by 15 per cent. While this is a strong argument against those who raise the specter of a flood of ruinous imports if we cut our duties, it also shows the impossibility of doubling our imports through tariff adjustments alone.

An honest appraisal of the facts seems to indicate that in the near future we cannot raise our imports enough to support that level of exports which we desire and which the world needs. That leaves us with but one alternative: to continue a program of foreign lending and giving.

Probably the course we shall follow over the next year or two will be a compromise between these divergent economic pressures. Our exports most likely will fall from their \$20 billion peak to a rate around \$15 billions. The luxury element will be largely squeezed out, save to those countries, like Cuba, whose treasuries still bulge with dollars. Our imports may show a slow rise as world mining and manufacturing and farming increase. But in all likelihood, we shall have to buy at least \$5 billions of our \$15 billions of trade out of our own pockets.

In the light of this situation, the Marshall Plan takes on an added significance. Not only will it provide Europe with the dollars it so desperately needs, but it will reorganize and integrate Europe's economy so as to speed the day when its own output can be swapped for ours.

V

IT WOULD be a gloomy prospect to feel that our export-import trade balance would never even out; that we must go on forever facing an incipient export collapse and bailing it out with fruitless loans. Fortunately this is not quite what we face. The probabilities are that the gap between exports and imports will narrow down over the years. Equilibrium will be brought slowly nearer by these underlying trends:

(1) *A decreased need for American goods.* As the world heals its wounds, there will be less call for American food, and there will be other shopping places for machinery. Our exports, as we have seen, are already falling slowly, and the likelihood is that they will level off at something like \$15 billions a year (including services as well as merchandise).

(2) *Imports are due to rise, in the long run.* This is owing to many factors. Perhaps the most important is the rehabilitation of

foreign sources of supply. Our own need for imported goods, in turn, will be increasing. With a larger population and higher levels of income, we need more coffee, more sugar, more hides, more furs. Our resources are showing signs of depletion. Already we need oil, and soon we may need iron ore. Our mines are low on copper and high-grade bauxite. We were caught short in the war on too many critical materials. Once the world is back to levels of normal output, we should stockpile against future emergencies.

(3) *Our tariff policy cannot long remain protectionist.* Although changes may be difficult to make, we have no alternative, as the world's creditor nation, but to encourage the world's sales to us. Our wool tariff is a national disgrace and came close to wrecking the Geneva Conference. Equally bad are many of our duties on foreign foods, or on handmade articles of clothing and the like. At best these imported luxuries skim off only a small fraction of the domestic market. Their importance to the foreign producer is all out of proportion to the relatively insignificant dent they make in the American market.

(4) *New techniques for making dollars available will be explored.* American exporters are awake to the dangers of the dollar drain. In their own way they are trying to speed up imports. Westinghouse Electric International Company, a big export outfit, has set up a division which imports not only raw materials which Westinghouse needs, but also English clay for tennis courts, Florentine leather, alabaster, and gift shop goods. Westinghouse knows that without imports we cannot export; it is making its contribution to the cause by scouring the world's markets for goods that can be sold here.

(5) *Tourism will be encouraged.* As the world gets back to normal, Americans should flock abroad once again. Do not forget that tourism was the most important prewar industry of many European countries.

When all these developments have taken place, we can look forward to a balance of trade something like this:

FINANCING U. S. FOREIGN TRADE *

1960

(billions of dollars)

Total goods and services transferred . . . 15.0

Method of Financing

Through goods and services sold us . . .	9.0
Through American tourist expenditures	2.1
Interest, dividends, shipping, etc.	1.6
Net deficit	2.3

This table shows that to finance \$15 billions of exports, we may yet have to lend \$2 to \$3 billions a year abroad. But this does not imply that we are in for a succession of defaulted debts. As long as our loans are made for productive purposes there is no reason why they should not be fully serviced. This was the method which England used to build her prewar power; in our own case we have had a spotless record with Norway, Finland, Netherlands, Australia, and other countries.

As a long-run policy it would of course be folly to loan money and extend credit to cover our shipments of relief food. We must support Europe over this next winter as an emergency matter—to prevent a total collapse which would not only be intolerable from a humanitarian point of view but would be damaging to us politically and economically. But emergency gifts are one thing and a general economic policy is another; and relief food shipments are clearly not fitting goods to be covered by debts. For they are soon consumed, and Europe has nothing to show for them except a slightly less empty belly.

But debts geared to capital goods are quite different. A \$2 or \$3 billion export of productive capital can be continued year after year. Our foreign debts would not be paid back in one huge lump sum, but amortized over a period of years. There is nothing inherently unsound, from an economic standpoint, in such a program.

The decision to sustain our exports, if we must, by supplementing our imports with loans does not absolve us of all further responsibility toward world trade. Our structure of foreign debt will be secure only if foreigners can earn enough dollars to pay us current interest and amortization. If we

* Taken from *America's Needs and Resources*, 20th Century Fund, p. 530. Figures adjusted for 1947 price levels.

persist in a high-tariff, sell-everything, buy-nothing point of view, even foreign lending will not solve our top-heavy trade balance. Belatedly American foreign trade has come of age. While the rest of the world anxiously computes its imports to maintain its living standards, we must

equally anxiously compute ours to see that we do not throttle off their means of payment. We have been driving down the left-hand side of the foreign trade street and the traffic is at a standstill. It is time for us to pull over and let the other fellows through.

Britain in the Shadow

BARBARA WARD

IN THE spring of this year, I spent two months in the United States traveling from one end of the country to the other. I had arrived at the height of the British fuel crisis, which gave the outside world a dramatic first insight into Britain's economic straits. And within a week of my arrival, the decision to substitute American for British influence in Greece and the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine which followed it were equally dramatic reminders that Britain's crisis had a worldwide significance, and that the United States in particular might find its international commitments radically affected by the symptoms of declining strength in Britain. Inevitably the British crisis and its impact on the world dogged me wherever I went.

Whose fault was it? How would it alter Britain's future policy? Was it temporary? Was it permanent? Was it an advantage to the world—the end of a discreditable chapter in imperialism? Or a disaster—the disappearance of a stable and constructive world force? These were the questions which arose again and again in the talk and discussion—from Seattle to Houston, from Georgetown to San Francisco Bay. And since the British community is clearly not yet clear of its crisis—having swung from the fuel crisis of February to the dollar crisis of August with Heaven-knows-what crisis still in store for the winter—it may perhaps be worth while to chronicle some of the points and arguments and to try to

see what light they throw both on the nature of Britain's troubles and the view of them held in the United States.

The most puzzling feature of the present position in Britain is that the country has been struck by *four different crises simultaneously*. Not only are they difficult to disentangle but it is often difficult to say which crisis is responsible for what disaster. Nor have they moved at the same speed. Two already belong to history, one to the immediate past, one is completely contemporary. But they have all converged on the same point in time—the winter of 1947.

THE deepest crisis is also the oldest—the fundamental shift in the world balance of power away from a nineteenth century dominated by British power to a twentieth century in which whoever dominates the world it will not be Britain. The second crisis is a reinforcement of the first—the fact that within one lifetime Britain, alone among the nations of the world (except for Germany, the aggressor), has been involved in the two most destructive wars in history from the moment they broke out to the day the last shot was fired. The third crisis covers the span of years between these two wars and is a creeping crisis of growing economic and political stagnation. The fourth crisis is the roaring dollar-cum-coal-cum-food-cum-export crisis of today.

In other words, in Britain's present po-

sition, three of the four crises which have impinged upon the community are already beyond its control. They belong to history. They form as it were the landscape, the *mise en scène* of the present drama, and no acting or declaiming or fumbling on the part of the present cast can move one stage tree or roll up a single backcloth. The contemporary crisis alone can be mastered, and in mastering it the British can gradually build themselves a new set on which to perform their part in the world's drama; but they do so under the most difficult circumstances. It is as though a company were asked to give a really stirring performance of *Henry V* against a faded backdrop of *The Merry Widow*.

I did not find in the United States very much realization that the British crisis was the complex product of many different historical and contemporary events, but this is hardly surprising since the confusion of mind is almost as great in Britain. There as in the United States, people tend to blame the strand in the pattern they happen to dislike most—the decadence of British industrial leadership if they are British socialists or keen American business competitors, the slackness of the British worker and the paralysis of controls if they are Mr. Churchill or the Hearst press, the evils of imperialism if they read *The New Statesman* or *The New Republic*, the decline of sea power if they are admirals, the growth of leviathan states if they are followers of Mr. Aldous Huxley. The fact remains that no one strand is responsible for the whole crisis, and it is quite impossible to judge its scale and extent unless it is taken in all its complexity. What is occurring is after all one of those profound periodic modifications in the structure of world society which are never simple, never due to a single cause. But their very confusion makes it all the more important to put away easy judgments and to attempt a genuine analysis.

II

THE first, the oldest, and the deepest challenge to British society is the loss of its world position. With this loss, the whole international framework of the nineteenth century vanishes as well. My impression in America was that few

people realize the extent to which that world, which some still look back to as the golden era of "normalcy," was underpinned at almost every point by British economic and political power. Mr. Walter Lippmann has pointed out in a very widely-read book the extent to which the cornerstone of American foreign policy in the nineteenth century—the Monroe Doctrine—was in fact made possible by the consent of Britain and the co-operation of the British Navy. But the Monroe Doctrine was only one aspect of a worldwide system which gave the nineteenth century its distinctive character. Its basis was the discovery of industrialism in the British Isles. The British, with a forty-year start in industrialization, brought the whole world into a web of economic relationships which created, for the first time in man's history, a genuine world economy. This world economy has become, for many British traders and economists and—judging by my own experience—for the bulk of Americans, the Platonic ideal of an economic system against which all other systems must be set and found wanting. What is less realized is the extent to which it was a creature of circumstance moulded by the chances of history.

Its basis was British industrialization. But by industrializing themselves the British began to create surplus capital. For instance they not only could build railways at home, but they could spare manpower, fuel, and industry to build railways all over the world. In the heyday of British economic power—halfway through the nineteenth century—perhaps fifty per cent of the fresh capital created year by year in Britain was exported overseas to the United States, to South America, to Europe, to the British dominions and colonies. After industrializing itself, Britain industrialized others. Thus she was in large part responsible for the tremendous expansion of wealth which took place during the nineteenth century.

So natural, so successful, and so universal did the economic system based on British trade appear that even today many people do not realize how exceptional were the circumstances which made it possible and how precarious and temporary in fact it was. The exceptional circumstance was

quite simply that the country which took the lead in industrialization depended almost completely upon outside markets, first for its raw materials, and later for its food. When sterling went out of England in the shape of capital goods, it came back in the shape of cotton and wool and meat and wheat; and it was this free and abundant circulation of sterling, rather than the gold standard, that accounted for the smooth working of free exchanges and convertible currencies in the heyday of free trade. But in the very factor that made for a working free-trade system lay the seeds of its decay.

A small, overcrowded island with only one basic raw material—coal—could be dominant only so long as other larger systems which were intrinsically better suited to industrial capitalism did not adopt the same methods. And the export of British capital was precisely designed to help them to do so. Thus the British achieved their dominion and undermined it in the same operation.

The history of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century is the history of the rise of the new leviathans—states rich in raw materials and commanding so large an internal market that they could gain the utmost advantage from the methods of mass industrial production. Chief among these new leviathans was the United States, where the conditions necessary for a prolonged economic domination of the world community were all present—a vast internal market uncomplicated by tariff barriers, a social tradition entirely free of feudalism, a political system which put its emphasis on free organization, economic resources sufficient to fulfil any program of expansion, endless variety of climate, endless undeveloped land. Looking back on the late nineteenth century, we can see that as soon as an industrial system based on such resources swung into motion, it was bound to have a revolutionary effect on the old stable economic world of the nineteenth century; it was bound to be a Juggernaut among the Powers. For although it would shortly achieve the kind of economic domination formerly enjoyed by Britain, *it would fulfil none of the conditions which had made the British system a stabilizing economic force.*

I do not say that I found Americans unaware of the results of such economic policies as high tariff barriers, but I gained the very strong impression that they hardly realized just how far their economic practices diverged from those of free trade in the nineteenth century and how impossible it is to run that system on any other lines. Inevitably, the American economy has not developed the same policies as did the British. Its industrial system grew up under the shadow of competition from Britain's already established industries.

The result was that American industrialists insisted upon tariffs "to protect their infant industries"; and these tariffs continued and grew long after the infant industries had become the most powerful and productive in the world, able to compete without any protection in any market. At the same time, America produced within its own boundaries most of the raw materials and all the food it needed in order to employ and feed its working millions. There was virtually no need to import either food or raw materials. It is difficult to imagine a situation more different from that occupied by Britain in the nineteenth century.

The British persisted well on into the twentieth century in keeping their tariffs low. At the same time, every British loan abroad, every British sale, was matched by massive imports of raw materials. By the twentieth century, there were few periods in which Britain sold abroad more than it bought. The world was never short of sterling. Free convertibility of currencies could work as long as London was the center of a system of financial circulation through which sterling was forever being pumped.

But by the twentieth century, the immense development of modern technology in the United States and the tremendous economies effected by mass production were creating a situation in which America became the chief source of surplus capital and the producer of the cheapest industrial goods. Buyers inevitably turned from the older industries of Britain to buy in America; and at the same time, loans of American capital began to be scattered through the world as Britain's had been fifty years

before. But there the resemblance ends. The world could not earn enough dollars either to pay interest on the loans or to buy American goods; for, however cheap, they still had to be bought in dollars. Primary producers could not sell to America because America did not need basic raw materials. Industrial producers could not sell because even had their goods been cheaper in the first place (and they rarely were) they still could not have surmounted the American tariff. So long as the United States continued to lend dollars to pay interest on loans and to finance purchases, the deep disequilibrium in the world's trading accounts was masked, as it was during the twenties. But when all American foreign lending ceased in 1929 and the Smoot-Hawley tariff was imposed a year or so later, the system simply broke down for lack of dollars, just as a car breaks down for lack of oil.

In these conditions, free convertibility of currencies and nondiscrimination in trade proved almost meaningless. If everyone wants dollars, and no dollars are available, free convertibility is simply a method of draining the last dollars out of nations which still happen to have some left. This the British learned with brief, dramatic swiftness in August this year after six weeks of free convertibility for sterling.

THE workings of nondiscrimination are even more illogical. Nondiscrimination in the heyday of nineteenth century trade simply meant that if tariffs were made lower to favor one nation, all other nations should be put on the same footing. In other words all should enjoy the lower tariffs. Nondiscrimination thus became a device for freeing trade. But if the country which produces the cheapest goods does not put the world in the way of obtaining the dollars to buy those goods, the importing countries must, when the dollars begin to run out, either ration their dollar purchases or even stop buying American goods altogether. But since under "nondiscrimination" they must treat all suppliers on exactly the same footing, then any reduction imposed on American purchases must be imposed on all the rest, and if an embargo is placed on American imports, logically it must be

placed on the other as well. Thus once the world runs out of dollars it would, to fulfil the pure doctrine of "nondiscrimination," have virtually to stop buying abroad altogether.

Nondiscrimination under these conditions does not stimulate world trade as it did in the nineteenth century. It virtually extinguishes it and makes certain that every slump will be as bad as it can possibly be—a state of affairs which was fully achieved in the Great Depression of 1929.

I HAVE suggested that this substitution of American power for British in world society was already taking place in the first decades of this century. How is it that the change was not more recognized and marked? For I would say that even during my visit to America this year I found little general realization that a cataclysmic shift in world power had taken place and that America, Atlas-like, was receiving on its shoulders a weight of world responsibility which it had been used to see weighing down the British.

The truth is, I think, that the fundamental transference of power was veiled before the war by the strength of American feeling against British imperialism, by the essential isolationism of America's own policy, and also by the fact that after the first world war the British position did still seem to be remarkably intact. America was not the only country to try to achieve "normalcy" after 1919. Britain, Western Europe, and their empires carried on a shadow play of nineteenth-century thought and practice. The "Sentence of the Watchers" had already gone out on them; the East was stirring; the balance of power had vanished in Europe; sea power faced the rising menace of the air; Britain was beginning, like an elderly man, to live on its capital. But the afterglow of the nineteenth century was still so strong that it gilded these last days of the old order, this Indian summer, this brief age of the modern Antonines. The façade took on an air of reality of free trade and world peace and nineteenth-century prosperity. Why, since Europe could still pretend, should America have guessed that one more thrust would be enough to throw down that façade and extinguish forever that Victorian sun?

III

IN SPITE of the illusion of recovery, the first world war gravely weakened Britain and Western Europe. They entered the second with few resources and fewer reserves. The second war also proved infinitely more destructive of the basis of industrial strength—capital equipment—throughout Europe. For five years France was exposed to the slow deterioration of the German policy of occupation. In Britain, bomb damage and the wear and tear to an industrial and transport system used to the limit, without thought for replacement and repair, offset the advantages gained by expansion in other spheres—for instance, aircraft production. The destructive process reached its climax in the Ukraine and in Germany.

After the first war, production in the Ruhr had hardly been interrupted for a day. This fact perhaps more than any other contributed to the speed of Europe's recovery after that first conflict—a speed which has created so many illusions about the possibilities of recovery today. Now, two years after the end of the second war, the Ruhr still produces less than 3 million tons of steel a year for a steel-starved Continent, whereas its prewar figure was in the neighborhood of 18 millions. Bombing did its part in bringing about the destruction of desperately-needed industrial potential in the Ruhr, but the decisive factor was the Allied policy of "pastoralization," which decreed the end of the industrial system in Germany and for which Mr. Morgenthau must carry a certain measure of blame. Although the carrying out of the policy was not so drastic as the original conception, nevertheless the emphasis placed on de-industrialization is now paying its unhappy dividend in the existence of a German slum in the center of Europe unable to live save on the doles of the victors, and in the inability of Western Europe to get the upward spiral of production into motion—for want of coal and steel.

IN THE United States, however, in utter contrast to Europe, the war brought a fantastic increase in the capacity to produce wealth. So great was the unused margin of manpower and resources in

America in 1939 that the expansion of industrial capacity to meet the demands of war not only doubled the national income by 1944 but made it possible to fight a war and at the same time to maintain and even to some extent improve the American standard of living. What an amazing industrial feat this was is still not sufficiently recognized. In four years a new economy was added to America equal in productive capacity to the old economy it had taken some eighty years to build. A national income of some \$90 billions rose to the neighborhood of \$180 billions, and even today the level has not fallen significantly. But now instead of 50 per cent of this income being devoted to destruction and war, practically the whole of it is available for civilian purposes.

America is now the wealthiest community in history, wealthy on so dizzy a scale that the outside world can hardly imagine its extent. The gap between the British and their feudal and rural neighbors in the nineteenth century was never so great as the gap which exists now between the prosperity of the United States and the struggling poverty of nine-tenths of the rest of the world.

The curious thing is that few Americans themselves appear to realize what a revolution has taken place in their midst. That certainly was my impression when I discussed it last spring in many different parts of the United States. There, inflation, high prices, labor troubles, and the general dislocation of inflated demand pressing on still limited supplies masked the fact of how lavish all the same was the flow of those supplies. Nor were there standards of comparison, for a great majority of Americans had not been abroad since the war, and they could not picture scorched earth in the Ukraine or bread queues in Essen.

But I think there was another, deeper reason for the widespread inability to realize how devastating were the effects of war almost everywhere except in the United States. It was quite simply the fact that a belief that the quick recovery made after the first world war could be repeated after the second fitted into a lingering mood of American isolationism—not an aggressive, explicit "Europe-is-no-concern-of-ours" isolationism but a subcon-

scious, unspoken, nostalgic hope that a kind of world would quickly return in which the necessity for direct American action would vanish. Everything therefore that suggested that such a "normal" state of affairs had arrived or was already on the way was welcomed. Any suggestion that the world was still in a dreadful mess was—unconsciously—minimized.

I think it can be said that the two great American contributions in 1945 and 1946 to bridging the gap between the world's poverty and American wealth—the British loan and UNRRA—were both made in the belief that this amount of aid would be quite enough to restore a functioning economic world of free enterprise, free exchanges, and free trade. The appropriations to UNRRA and to Britain were seen as means of getting the world back to where it was. They did not entail any admission that perhaps the world could never go back to where it was, and that the old order had disappeared finally and completely under the impact of two wars.

Because of these revolutionary changes, the United States is today more than ever the country from which all other countries seek to buy; and they are even less able than they used to be to sell America anything in return.

This year American exports are running at a level of about \$16 billions. In exchange, barely \$8 billions worth of goods have been sent to America for import. So far, loans, above all the British loan, have bridged the gap. But these supplies have all but run out. Argentina, Chile, Sweden, France, Italy, Holland, Great Britain, and Canada—countries in every corner of the earth and pursuing every sort of economic policy—are all exhausting their dollar reserves at about the same time; and before the last dollar is spent they will have had to choose between three policies, two of which are more or less out of their control. They can rely on a renewal of American credit. They can increase their sales in the United States to cover the gap. Or they can cease buying from the United States (in which case, under a strict interpretation of the doctrine of "nondiscrimination," they ought equally to stop buying elsewhere and thus bring all hopes of reconstruction to an end).

The dilemma is particularly difficult for Great Britain. Unlike most other European nations, it is still saddled with commitments abroad which are a legacy in part from the war and in part from its more prosperous imperial days—commitments in the Far East, in the Middle East, above all in Germany. These commitments absorb desperately-needed manpower—the number of men and women in the British armed forces is still over 1,500,000—and eat up resources (including dollar resources) with no return in terms of productive work. Again, almost no other European nation ever gave such a hostage to fortune as did Britain when it ceased to feed itself and came to rely on imports of food for its industrial millions. At a pinch, France or Poland, however complete their inability to import food, would not starve. But Britain would. That is the nightmare lurking behind every discussion of the British balance of trade.

AT THIS point, if I were engaged not upon an article for an American magazine but upon a discussion in an American home, someone would say:

"This is all very well. You have spent half an hour telling us a hard luck story. You have blamed the economic crisis in general and Britain's share of it in particular upon every kind of external misfortune. But I would like to say to you that here in America we do not believe that your troubles simply come from factors outside your control. We believe you lost your world position because your business men were not smart enough. We think you are not recovering now because you are not putting your back into it. Why should we worry if our miners export 20 million tons of coal to Europe and your men take a five-day week and cannot even keep Britain supplied? What are we to think of your 'labor shortage' when we hear that 400,000 men work on the football pools or that British miners and engineers refuse to **work** alongside Poles? We will believe in your **production drive** when you work a bit harder and complain a bit less and stop relying on American dollars to make your five-day week possible.

"Above all, we have no confidence in your planning and your socialism. The

free competitive system has delivered the goods in the past and is doing so today. We think you are stifling recovery in a red-tape wrapper of planning and doctrinaire economics."

These criticisms take us away from the external circumstances of the British crisis. The question is whether British action and British policy could have made the situation better in the recent past or are making the best of the situation now; but before examining the question in detail, one fact should I think be made quite clear. Whatever criticisms may be fairly leveled at Britain's internal policy, at least fifty per cent of the present crisis is beyond British control. No British action, however inspired, could have reversed the inexorable wheels of history. The circumstances that I have been explaining do not excuse or palliate errors on the home front, but they should make plain the fact that Britain is going through not so much a temporary economic crisis as a profound readjustment of its whole external and internal way of life.

IT CANNOT be said that the twenties and thirties represented a very fruitful or creative period in the history of Britain. It was as though the whole nation were content to live on the last impetus of the old Victorian energy without realizing that the sources of that energy were becoming exhausted. The basic economic fact about these two decades is that the base of the British industrial pyramid, "made up of the heavy industries such as coal and steel, and the main export industry, textiles," was losing its solidity. At the time, the fact that the foundations of the British economy were weakening was hardly noticed. For there was still a steady income from overseas investments, from shipping, from insurance. And there was a vigorous expansion in consumer goods industries, in services and, in the thirties, in housing. A new industrial area grew up in Southern England. In spite of the Great Depression of the early thirties, standards of living rose a little each year. There was enough activity and enough prosperity to mask the deeper and more dangerous trend.

Yet it was there for all to see—in the existence of permanently distressed areas

in parts of the country formerly dependent upon foreign commerce and the export trade—in the coalfields of South Wales, among the textile mills of Manchester, and in the shipyards of Newcastle and the Clyde. A force of over two million permanently unemployed men created an attitude in the working class toward unemployment for which the community is paying today. Now, when everything cries out for greater effort and greater production, one of the inhibitions to harder work is the belief that hard work finishes a job sooner and that then there will be no other job to take its place. "Featherbedding," restrictive industrial practices, even the belief that there is a standard of prosperity which can be attained without more hard work (for were not thousands prosperous before the war even though others were idle?)—all these deep irrational reactions which impede effort today have some at least of their roots in the hopeless mass unemployment of the twenties and thirties.

On the side of management, too, the picture was one of stagnation in the basic industries. Neither the coal industry nor the textile industry underwent the ruthless reorganization which was necessary to bring them up to modern standards of efficiency. The other great basic industry—iron and steel—underwent a measure of reorganization after 1931, but not enough; in 1939, British steel still cost four times as much as Belgian steel. The failure to modernize adequately could be read in the figure for new capital investment in the industry—£1,000,000 a year in the twenties, £6,000,000 in the thirties. Today a modest estimate is that over £168,000,000 new investment will be needed in the next seven years—an average of over £22 millions a year!

The figure for steel is a particular instance of a wider failure. Modern economists estimate that an industrial community, to achieve a high, stable, and expanding standard of living, must devote some 10 to 15 per cent of its national income to the creation of new capital. Between the wars, the figure for Britain was 3 per cent. Part of the crisis, therefore, which has now overtaken the British people is due to their need not only to make good the destruction and wastage of capital during the

war, but to repair the sins of omission committed in the twenties and the thirties: to find the capital which should have been spent then, to mechanize, to modernize at a time when other claims on their national income are heavier than ever before. Thus an extra burden has been added at a time when the nation's capacity to bear new burdens is about to be tested to the full.

ON THE whole I did not find Americans very conscious of this aspect of the British dilemma. Certain business men, it is true, had a poor opinion of the business efficiency of their British competitors and complained of the trade association and the price-fixing group as typical of the restrictive British attitude between the wars; but on the whole, criticism of British internal policy was concentrated not upon the legacy which the Labor government inherited in 1945 but upon its handling of the economic situation since then.

On this score, I found criticism widespread, strong, and growing stronger. I think it can best be summarized under three heads. The first concerned the spending or rather wasting of the American loan. There was a widespread feeling that the \$3 billions given to Britain (and to nobody else) should have been sufficient to restore normal conditions. The palpable fact that it was not doing so must be due to British mismanagement. The second set of criticisms concerned the willingness of the British to do an honest day's work. The belief that the British worker was not working was widespread, and unfavorable comparisons were even beginning to be made with the hardworking Italians, Japanese, and Germans. Social security, shorter hours, longer holidays were being afforded at the expense of the United States.

The last set of criticisms was more concerned with ideology. The crisis, it was argued, is exactly what you must expect if you introduce socialism. Effort is stifled under a mass of bureaucratic controls. The workers are pampered. Business enterprise is checked. After two years of socialism you are bankrupt, in spite of a 3 billion dollar loan, and bankrupt you will remain until you take off the controls, restore the profit motive, break labor, and get back to work.

These criticisms of Britain's current policy are the most serious of all, and must be faced and answered.

One point at least can be established without much difficulty. The question of socialization is largely irrelevant. None of the socialized industries has yet had time to show whether it is more efficient now than it was under private ownership. Equally, however, they have not proved more inefficient. The argument that without the threat of socialization the business community would have shown more enterprise is difficult to substantiate. The government has at no time declared its intention of nationalizing more than the central ring of public services and basic industries. At least eighty per cent of industry is now run, and will be run, under private ownership. If some psychological hindrances to expanding production have developed on the side of management, they are more than balanced by the lack of hindrances to production (in the shape of strikes and ca'canny) which would otherwise have developed on the side of the workers. *The issue of socialization may become the central problem of the British economy at some later day. It is almost irrelevant to the present crisis,* which turns not on the framework or organization of the nation's economy but on what it is actually producing.

And how much in fact is that? No precise calculation of the national income has been made, but it is certainly higher than it was in 1938, possibly by as much as 10 or 15 per cent. Steel production is higher; much more electricity is being consumed (though not produced); the output in a wide range of key industrial goods is considerably above the level of 1938; and agriculture in general is producing more. Part of this extra output is due to the employment of thousands of men and women who in 1938 were on the dole; but this fact is a criticism of 1938 rather than of 1947. Despite such isolated episodes as the recent coal strike in Yorkshire, it is a gross perversion of the picture in Britain to say that the community is not working and that no effort is going into the task of recovery. This amount of work, performed in the conditions of 1938, would have given the British a prosperity such as they had not known before. Why not now?

The first reason is that the international terms of trade are unfavorable to any community depending for its livelihood upon large imports of food and raw materials. The prices for primary products are higher than ever before. To give only the most telling example, forty per cent of the British loan has been spent on food, but the rise in prices for American food-stuffs has deprived the loan of about one-third of its purchasing power in eighteen months.

The second reason is that in two industries essential to the export trade—coal and textiles—the nemesis of the neglect, unemployment, and undercapitalization of the war years is having its effect. Both industries are undermanned. It is difficult to coax workers into either, and costs cannot be brought down and efficiency increased until a big job of technical reorganization has been carried through.

BUT THE third reason is the most important. The British are living beyond their income. The national income may be as much as 110 per cent of 1938. But the claims on it must be in the neighborhood of 200 per cent of 1938.

Consider the various outlays the British are setting against their income of production and services. They are maintaining armed forces more than twice as large as the forces in 1938, and they are garrisoning the Middle East and Germany at great expense (part of the German expenses being payable in dollars). They are starting an enormous rehousing program with a larger labor force than before the war. They are introducing greatly expanded medical and educational services, demanding more schools, clinics, and hospitals. They have introduced new measures of social security. They are attempting to recapitalize and re-equip several basic industries and to make good the capital wastage of six years of war. They are seeing that at least half the people eat better than they ever did before by means of food subsidies. And they aim to export 75 per cent more goods than in 1938!

Now it is obvious that the national income to meet all these separate claims would need to be at least twice as large as in 1938. Notice that none of the aims is in

any way disreputable. Almost any decent government would be committed to most of them. But such a quart of commitments and benefits cannot come out of the pint pot of the national income; and the result—which is distorting the British economy at every point—is inflation.

Here, it seems to me, is the point at which the British Government, however good its intentions, is failing lamentably. No nation can live beyond its income and if it tries to do so, "abundant money chasing scarce goods" quickly undermines the whole stability of the economy. Not only must output in Britain be increased far beyond 110 per cent of 1938, but at the same time, the list of claims on the British national income must be reduced—not only by scaling down commitments quite incommensurate with the nation's economic strength, but also by postponing some of the proposed capital expenditure at home, lessening some of the promised social benefits, and allowing the price of food to rise to something nearer its real cost. The tragedy is that after two warning crises—the fuel crisis in February and the dollar crisis in August—the British government has still at this writing failed to offer really concrete or inspiring plans for both sides of this program—for the increase in output and the reduction in outlay. Yet the sanity and stability of the British economy can be restored in no other way.

IV

IHAVE tried in these notes to explain rather than to recommend, to describe the scene rather than to suggest remedies. So much confusion of thought exists on the nature of the British crisis, *both in Britain and in the United States*, that there is some place I think for an article that explains without admonishing. Yet certain conclusions may perhaps be drawn from the crises which have struck and crippled the British community.

The first is that the major responsibility for creating a working world economy has passed from Britain. Britain and the Commonwealth can still play a vital auxiliary part, but some other power will take up the lion's share of effort and responsibility. Russia has the will to do so and the organ-

izing principle—communism—but it lacks the means. The United States alone possesses the economic means, and offers the hope that the world order will not have a totalitarian stamp.

The second conclusion is that although the unbalance in world trade can be lessened by the work and productivity of Britain and Europe, it must remain a permanently unsettling factor so long as the largest and most prosperous unit in world economy—the United States—sells more than it buys and thus inevitably creates a lasting shortage of dollars. Such generous and farsighted gestures as the Marshall offer can do much to restore production in the outside world. Indeed, so great is the damage and destruction and dislocation caused by the wars, that without outside help productivity cannot be restored. But the long-term problem will remain unless the United States buys more from abroad, or cuts down its sales to foreign countries, or makes up the balance by steady lending.

The third conclusion may seem to concern only Great Britain and the crisis of inflation in which it is engulfed, but I think it has a wider application. In the past, the classic remedy against inflation has been a vertiginous rise in prices, including rates for capital, a slackening of investment and demand, the appearance of unemployment, and eventually falling prices, retrenchment, and deflation. Such means are effective but they are socially blind. The people who are least able to protect themselves suffer most. Man is

surrendered to the system. The admission is tacitly made that the economic environment is outside man's control. But at this point the difficulty ceases to be economic and becomes political. Men refuse to be the pawns of blind economic circumstance. The masses of the unemployed listen to those who promise them control, to the Communists or the Fascists, even if that control should prove to be total.

In Britain the experiment is being made to see whether man's economic environment can be mastered without loss of his essential freedom. Just now, it must be plainly admitted, the experiment is not going well. Men are free, but the environment is not mastered. The symptom is inflation on every side. The test facing the government is therefore to prove within the next year that inflation *can* be exorcised without either resorting to socially blind and unjust measures such as automatic deflation or by introducing totalitarian control. In this test is bound up not so much the fate of Socialism—to which many people in Britain and America are indifferent or hostile—but the fate of freedom itself. Modern man, whether he is British or German or French or American, will not tolerate mass unemployment. If it appears to be the only way of restoring reality to an inflated, unbalanced economy, he will grasp at the straws of totalitarianism, right wing or left. This is why the British experiment is of more than a purely local significance. Its success or failure may tip the scales of history in the next decades.

Canada in Uncle Sam's World

LESLIE ROBERTS

I do not see how it can be denied that the United States faces today a rising unpopularity outside its own borders. Criticism of its policies, its Congress, its press, and its people is rife even in coun-

tries which ordinarily would be expected to be its closest and most understanding friends. Many Americans, aware of this situation, have explained it as owing to the fact that Uncle Sam has been calling in

the tickets for free rides on the American gravy train, and that the passengers are accordingly complaining. But it is by no means as simple as that. Witness the present attitude toward America of the Canadian people. As one who has always been interested in Canadian-American relations, I should like to set down for American readers, as clearly as possibly, what that attitude is and why it is.

Obviously Canadians behave and think much like citizens of the United States. The ways of life on either side of the 3,000-mile international boundary are almost indistinguishable (if we except the French-speaking Canadians of Quebec). Canada is Uncle Sam's best customer. She has veered away on no ideological or economic tangents. Certainly we Canadians understand the American people and their motivations better than any other nation does.

Furthermore, Canada has been no rider on the gravy train, but has consistently paid her bills in the United States, during and since the war. She was not a beneficiary of Lend-Lease but operated a similar wartime institution of her own, called Mutual Aid, which cost the individual Canadian more than Lend-Lease cost the individual American. During the two postwar years this individual Canadian has contributed far more in gifts and credits for the restoration of ravaged countries than has his neighbor in the United States. (To cite one example, every Canadian has underwritten \$105 in credits to Britain, as against less than \$30 guaranteed to Britain by the individual American.) Hence it can hardly be argued that Canada has been a recipient of Uncle Sam's largesse and is grumbling now because the lollipops are being rationed too carefully.

Nevertheless the growing sense of irritation toward the United States among Canadians is manifest and widespread. It comes through in debates in the Canadian House of Commons, cutting across party lines. It is displayed in the principal national slick-paper magazine, *MacLean's*, which recently entitled a discussion of American atomic energy policy "Uncle Sam's Iron Curtain." It is seen in editorials such as one in the *Toronto Star*—

the most widely-circulated newspaper in Canada and one of the most influential—which, in discussing the present Washington politico-economic policy, spoke of the "atomic dollar." It has been reflected in such outbursts of annoyance as that which took place in Canada when a Washington official, Colonel Monroe Johnson, Director of the Office of War Transportation, banned coal shipments into Canada as a result of a petty dispute over the slow return of empty cars to American roads. The *Montreal Star* called Johnson a "little tin god," and its anger was characteristic of editorial opinion from one end of the country to the other. This episode offered probably the first instance in history of a government's feeling forced to intervene at the highest level and send a formal note of protest in a matter which arose from a handful of empty freight cars.

THE irritation in Canada is the more significant in that it is of very recent development. For as short a time ago as V-J Day the relations between the two countries were cordial in the extreme. Although Canada had expended the greater part of her war effort "at Britain's side" (this being the phrase generally used by English-speaking Canadian politicians), and incidentally had gone to war against Germany more than two years before the United States did, nevertheless the North American neighbors had joined together in a striking number of major hemispheric activities. A Joint Defense Agreement had been reached in the fall of 1939. Some time later an economic pact had been entered into at Hyde Park between the Prime Minister of Canada and the President of the United States. The two countries had shared in garrisoning Newfoundland. American army engineers had built the Alaska Highway across Canadian territory while Canadians were constructing the chain of airports which became the top-of-the-world highway from the United States to the Soviet Union and the Far East. Americans thrust the Canol pipeline across the mountains from the Mackenzie River to Pacific tidewater. And Canadian troops served with the Americans in the Aleutians.

The high point of this wartime partner-

ship was reached shortly before the end of hostilities in Europe, when the dramatic announcement was made in Ottawa that Canadian troops, released from European commitments, would participate in the Pacific war as part of American formations, trained in American techniques and armed with American weapons. This complete reversal of a tradition as old as the country itself did not cause so much as a ripple on the surface of Canadian political life, so close at that moment was the accord between the two countries.

BUT a process of deterioration began to set in shortly after the renewal of the Joint Defense Agreement, which took place several months after the close of hostilities. The Agreement itself is an open-and-shut document which binds the contracting parties to come to each other's aid, but states specifically that the sovereign rights of each shall be observed by the other, and that when the troops of one country operate on the soil of the other they shall do so under the laws of that country and under the command of its military at the top level. The Canadian viewpoint had been made crystal clear by the Canadian Ambassador to Washington, L. B. Pearson, a career diplomat who has since become Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, when he said, "So far as Canada is concerned, she does not relish the necessity of digging, or having dug for her, any Maginot Line in her Arctic ice." In other words, while Canada welcomed—as she still does—Joint Defense, and there was no doubt as to which side she would take in any quarrel between the U. S. A. and the USSR (if she should be given the opportunity of choice), Canadians were not partial to the idea of having the troops of another country on their soil and certainly had no liking for having their territory "occupied."

But almost before the ink had dried on the pages of the new Agreement, members of the Canadian brass were muttering privately that they were taking a lot of "pushing around" from their opposite numbers in the U. S. Army and that the Canadian Army was no longer master in its own house. The situation reached the

light of day when the *Financial Post*, Canada's leading business newspaper, reported that a meteorological expedition sponsored by the U. S. Army had been on the point of sailing from Boston under U. S. Navy escort to set up in business on Canada's arctic Melville Island without first obtaining the necessary by-your-leave. Intervention on the highest diplomatic level brought about cancellation of the sailing and a new approach on the part of American citizens in uniform; but it seemed clear that some of them had been laboring under the delusion that the United States had "taken over" the defense of Canada. Since then inter-military relationships have improved, but the Canadian government, for its part, has adopted a policy of singing extremely low concerning the presence of American troops in Canada's Far North. (I do not mean to suggest that these forces are very large.) The government's reticence about them does not stem entirely from fear of what the USSR might have to say; it derives rather from the touchiness of the Canadian people at being thrust into such a subordinate position.

During the session of Parliament which ended in midsummer 1947, for example, the Minister for External Affairs came before the Commons to request passage of an act which gives the American Army the right to set up its own military tribunals on Canadian soil. This was a move outside the four walls of the Defense Agreement. The Minister, Hon. Louis St. Laurent, proposed it in a manner which suggested that it was an extremely minor matter, a question of procedure rather than of policy; but the temper of members did not support this viewpoint.

Said J. F. Pouliot, a Liberal: "The worst form of annexation is blind acceptance of the laws of another country!" Howard Green, a Conservative, wanted to know why Canada should permit American troops to train on Canadian soil when similar privileges had been denied the British in 1938. Stanley Knowles, a Socialist (but no Communist), remarked sharply that if it was wrong for the USSR to have troops in satellite countries, it was equally wrong for the United States to have soldiers in Canada.

And his colleague, Harry Archibald, capped the debate by wondering aloud how long it would be before Uncle Sam added nine stars, representing the present Canadian provinces, to the American flag.

The bill was passed. It was not the first time that legislation sought by Washington has passed the Canadian parliament, even over the vocal protests of members who subsequently voted for it because they could see no alternative. One of the country's highest officials put this sense of frustration into words in 1945, when the suggestion had been made by a leading newspaper that if the United States refused to release to Canada the complete secret of the atom bomb Canada, in turn, should refuse to deliver U-235 from its pitchblende mines to the United States. "If you are a Canadian," he said, "you do not refuse things to the United States. The scales are weighted too heavily the other way. You discuss. You ask. You confer. You try to reach a compromise and to escape with your dignity intact. But in the pinch you don't refuse." The delicacy of such a situation does not always seem to be apparent to Canada's neighbors, but it is keenly felt north of the border. Sandwiched in as Canadians are between the principals in a two-power world, they are beginning to realize—and to be uneasy about—the implications of numerical weakness.

Another source of irritation has been the American policy on the atomic bomb. As Blair Fraser, Ottawa editor of *MacLean's Magazine*, said in its pages, "We helped to evolve the bomb and the British did a great deal more. Neither Britain nor Canada is getting today any material on atomic research classified as secret from the United States." When Dr. Robert J. Moon, a nuclear scientist who had worked on the Manhattan Project, was invited to join the staff of McMaster University in Canada, not even representations from the Canadian Government could secure from Washington a definite clearance to take up his new post. Such incidents add to the growing acerbity—and give a new sharpness to all sorts of trifling pinpricks, from the domineering manner of the American brasshat who wants to act first and discuss later, to the insolence of the

American innkeeper who insists on charging Canadian guests a fifteen per cent discount on their money, although it is pegged at par.

II

BUT the rudest shock, to Canadians, has been the discovery that their country is in the throes of the dollar crisis. What makes this infuriating is that Canada is no war-ravaged wreck, no economic weakling, no chronic recipient of aid, but a highly prosperous country. Since the war she has enjoyed the greatest export trade in her peacetime history. But the great bulk of it has been carried on through the medium of long-term government credits to purchasers, while her imports from the United States have been paid for in hard American dollars, to the tune of an adverse balance which will run in 1947 alone to almost a billion.

As a result, Canada has come to the bottom of the till of the only funds acceptable to the United States; and, as this is written, she is reported to be considering such alternatives as harsh restrictions of purchases from the United States and the possibility of floating a huge credit designed—as one waggish writer put it—"to tide us over prosperity."

Until the worldwide dollar crisis reached Canada, the average Canadian was inclined to agree with much of what was said in the United States about the right of the piper to call his own tune. If the Yankees wanted to use their dollars to contain Communism, that sounded like good capitalist sense. If they had their doubts about pouring out American money to "support Socialist experiments in Britain," the idea had the ring of simple logic. But now Canada, too, was over the barrel—Canada which had elected no utopian government, had undertaken no great ideological experiments, but had simply paid its bills and carried at least its full share of the burden of world restoration. The realization that credits to support Canadian purchases in the United States could not be made available without the sanction of Congress, and that Congress would consider such requests only at its own convenience, brought home to Canadian citizens the grim reali-

zation that even at the height of its prosperity Canada was no more the master of its economic fate than of its military defense.

Canadians have a sense of being trapped. Some of them cannot help pining for the good old days when Britain was strong; some talk of the possibility of a British Commonwealth customs union. Such ideas come naturally to people looking frantically for some sort of escape hatch from the circumstances which box them in. And inevitably public feeling against the United States rises. Down on the levels of ordinary conversation one hears talk of "invisible government" from across the border. The *Financial Post* comments dolefully that "the world's success in crawling out of the abyss of misery and impoverishment hangs inevitably on America's choice between internationalism and isolation." And President Norman MacKenzie of the University of British Columbia reflects the general dismay when he says, in a speech to the Canadian Investment Dealers' Association, that "if the United States is short-sighted and selfish, if she increases tariffs and denies capital

and supplies to the countries that need them, then I see no escape from recession, depression, and possible collapse."

Clearly this disturbing state of affairs has not been deliberately provoked by anybody in the United States. In some degree the irritation in Canada is simply an emotional reaction to a heedlessness which is probably to be expected of a nation which suddenly finds itself on top of the world. But mostly it results from a chain of circumstances whose significance is not yet fully grasped—the fact that the United States has been thrust by events into an economic role which penalizes everybody else, and will penalize the United States in turn unless statecraft can turn it into a co-operative role. That recent events have caused such anger in Canada is a matter for deep concern; for the two countries ought today to be linked together in peace, as they were in war, by positive ties of mutual trust and help. Their present common distrust of Russia is not in itself the foundation for an enduring relationship. Confidence in each other, not fear of somebody else, is the only satisfactory cornerstone.

The First Principle

FIRST, and most important, Americans must now understand that the United States has become, for better or worse, a wholly committed member of the world community. This has not happened by conscious choice; but it is a plain fact, and our only choice is whether or not to face it. For more than a generation the increasing interrelation of American life with the life of the world has outpaced our thinking and our policy. . . .

It is the first condition of effective foreign policy that this nation put away forever any thought that America can again be an island to herself. No private program and no public policy, in any sector of our national life, can now escape from the compelling fact that if it is not framed with reference to the world, it is framed with perfect futility.

—Henry L. Stimson, in
Foreign Affairs, October 1947.

IS REVIEWING FUN?

VIRGIL THOMSON



Drawings of the Concert
Stage by Hans Alexander Mueller

ONE of the chief satisfactions of music reviewing comes from the fact that the act of reporting relieves one from any obligation to enjoy or not to enjoy, to approve or not approve the occasion reported. If you buy a ticket for a concert and spend an evening at it, you naturally want to be pleased. The least you will settle for is your money's worth of scorn, which can be a pleasure too. But when you go as a deadhead, when you are paid, moreover, for going, you are not in the least bothered by fear of wasting either your money or your time.

Under these conditions the most inter-

esting musical event is simply the one that provides the best material for writing a review. Standard repertory and standard artistry are for the accustomed critic dull matter. The hardest thing in the world to do a good musical column about is a Beethoven symphony played by a first-class orchestra. There is little stimulus to the mind there and, under present circumstances, no news value. The first-class performance of an opera, any opera, is another matter, because opera is rarely sung well any more. Unfortunately one does not often get a chance to describe such a show. Even socking the Metropolitan for

This article was originally written for a Fresh Air Fund program published by the New York Herald Tribune, for which paper Mr. Thomson serves as regular music critic.

giving a bad show comes after a while to be monotonous, because when mediocrity is the standard it is no scandal any more.

The pleasantest work a music critic finds is reviewing that which is in some way novel, a new piece, a new artist, or an old work brought back to vigor. It makes no difference whether one's opinion is favorable or not. A good rave and a good razz, to use the trade terms, are equally agreeable to write and equally readable. What is important is that some kind of fresh quality, good or bad, be present, some significant variation from standard routine. That which is thoroughly familiar, no matter how excellent, cannot easily be listened to. The mind will wander. Nor written about, for the words will not come. The potato is an excellent vegetable, but its commoner preparations have little to offer the cooking columns. For the consumer, as for the writer, only that which is a little bit out of the ordinary is memorable.

CONCERT attendance for reviewing purposes is not therefore so much a matter of listening *to* music as of listening *for* certain things in it. At debut recitals one listens for evidences of high-standard professional qualifications. At the



recitals of high-standard professional artists one listens for unusual expressive qualities or style. A poor debutant is just another bad singer or pianist. A routine professional, no matter how successful, is just another good one. A good new piece is one which makes a kind of sound or a kind of sense we have not heard before. And a good orchestra is one that keeps its colors clean, balances its lines and accents in such a way that we hear more of the work played than we are accustomed to do.

Reviewing records on the radio requires a different consideration. For the most part, only standard artists and organizations get recorded. Only standard works, too, for that matter. And because of limitations inevitable to the microphone, to manufacture, and to reception or playback equipment, no fair judgment can be made of an unfamiliar work, though pleasure can often be had listening to it. Judging music from these processed versions is like judging a beauty contest from photographs. All one can really tell for sure is whether the music is by nature phono-





genic. And since even this quality depends largely on studio ingenuity, its apparent presence may well be due as much to the engineer as to the composer or to his interpreters. Myself, I find processed music easy to listen to but hard to talk about. Ideally it should be reviewed at least partly as recording or as transmission and not wholly for its qualities of musical design and execution. Either one must know the original product in both its fresh and its canned form, or one must accept processed sound as normal to music.

Thousands of people, of course, do accept this. They think of real performance as a rehearsal for broadcasting, just as they consider handwriting something people do who cannot afford a typist. It is amazing

the way microphones have come to be used in even the smallest night clubs. Processed sound is here associated with commercialized glamor to such an extent that entertainers and listeners alike feel embarrassed at its absence, as if some convention of decency were being violated. Frank Sinatra, whose voice is never heard publicly without microphonic transformation, could only be reviewed fairly under microphone conditions. But a reviewer accustomed to direct audition cannot help but wonder what the famous Voice is really like. Perhaps, like the fresh sardine, it is disappointing compared to those put up for shipment. But it might also, like the peach, have a perfume nonconservable in glass or tin. We shall never know.

In any case, just as in-the-flesh music-making (on the professional level) is interesting chiefly for its variations on familiar sound-patterns, radio and records are interesting, on the contrary, in proportion to their observance of these same patterns. The former avoids death by remaining in some way spontaneous. The latter achieve lifelikeness by avoiding the spontaneous. This is why one cannot really judge music from its processed forms. One can only judge the processing. What one hears may be fascinating or beautiful, but it is not the real thing. Its chief value to any lover of music is the foretaste or the reminder that it presents. It is a symbol of music, not the thing itself—a pin-up girl, a dream life.

SOMETIMES it becomes as distorted and vivid as a nightmare. When this happens the reviewer screams. I have long been struck by the passionate language of the record and radio critics. Concert coverage, as we all know, has often a bilious or even a venomous tone. But the record boys cry out like souls in pain. Or

write of their favorite disks as if these were hasheesh. There is, indeed, about processed music something of the fascination and all the deceptiveness of an artificial paradise. It is habit-forming, too. And its addicts frequent less and less the concert hall. The reviewer of it who does not keep contact with reality by regular attendance at live musical performances tends to lose the disinterested attitude that I mentioned at the beginning. He ceases to be an observer of music and becomes a reactor to it.

His reactions often make good reading, but the enlightenment they present about the music reviewed is less striking than the revelation they offer of the reviewer himself. Certainly record and radio reviewing, as practiced here and now, are the most personal form of music criticism that exists. Also the most violent. That is why they are a little fatiguing to write, compared with opera and concert coverage. Real music can be observed dispassionately; but about a record or broadcast it is impossible not to care.



NEVER HIT A CRIPPLE

A Story

MAXWELL ARNOLD

GEORGE says," the girl said to me, "George says the best thing is not to look at them."

The girl—Gerry, a nice girl of a kind—was sitting at the bar with me, and coming into the cheap night club were three crippled soldiers I wasn't supposed to look at, according to George, the bartender.

"Why does he say that?" I asked.

"I don't know, but George knows how these cripples are and maybe you look too much at them they get the wrong idea and there's trouble."

"Well, I don't want any of that. I just want another drink or so and then we'll go. And another dance. I like dancing with you."

"Sure."

"If looking at them means trouble, I'm certainly not going to look at them," I said. "What's the matter with them?"

"Artificial legs and smashed hands, one's face is terrible, and all that. The three of them have got all there is." She stopped to tell me to give her a cigarette.

"I don't mean that," I said, sliding her the pack and the matches. "I mean, what's the matter with them they're so touchy?"

"I don't know. They raised a lot of hell in here last night."

"What kind?"

"Nothing very bad," she said, "just kind of noisy and drunk. Just like all the soldiers were during the war, only a little worse, maybe. But don't pay any atten-

tion to them and you'll be all right."

I thought that over with my drink. Gerry was looking in her glass thoughtfully and then she said she was sorry for them, how awful it was to be crippled like that. That was so, I agreed, and I was glad I'd got through without getting shot up. She took my hand a minute and said that she was glad too, which was all right for her to say, but it was a little off-pitch, seeing I'd known her only a couple of nights.

"I'll be back in a minute. Order me another drink, Eddie dear," she said, and left, to fix her hair I think is what she said. I watched her walk away—she had a nice walk—and then I looked around for the cripples.

I didn't see them and I was wondering if they'd gone back to a table when they came out of the men's room and started for the bar. One of them, the tallest, had an overseas cap on, but the others weren't wearing caps and they weren't carrying any. I don't think they even had any caps with them. That's what it looked like, because that's the way they were dressed. Sloppy. They had on part of every uniform out of the bag.

The soldier with the cap dragged himself along painfully on one crutch with his good arm. His other arm was there all right, but there wasn't much to it that I could see, and he held it as if his jacket sleeve were sewn to his side, with the stitches running right down to the hand,

lacing the fingers together and tacking them, like a mitten, to his trouser leg. He was pale, the yellowish way, and his eyes were stuck over worn, black crescents. His hair fell in sick strands over his forehead, even though his cap was on straight.

One of his friends had an empty sleeve and there was something wrong with his face, but it wasn't clear just what it was except that it had a pasted-up look around the temples. When he came nearer I could see he had no hair around his ears. Not that it was shaved off, but the skin he had there had once been somewhere else and it wasn't the kind of skin that was ever going to grow any hair.

The third soldier limped and used a cane, which he managed with some ease and perhaps a little bravado, maybe like a dying actor making his last stage entrance. It wasn't that he looked ill, because he was in better shape really than the others, but that's the way it was with the cane.

I turned back to the bar. Maybe George had the right idea, and I didn't want to look any more, anyway. I was sorry for them, but they say you shouldn't be sorry, or show them you're sorry, that's for certain. The poor bastards. What kind of a postwar world could the advertising boys work out for them? That's one ad I wouldn't want to work on.

THE soldier with the cane took the chair that I was holding for Gerry, and the other two crowded behind him. I didn't see this until he was seated. I hadn't expected them to take a place near me, or so quickly, and it was a minute before I said anything. I bent over his way and said, "I'm sorry, soldier, but that seat's taken."

The soldier with the cane grinned at me. I waited for him to say something, but he just kept looking at me and grinning.

"I said, I'm sorry, but that seat's in use."

"That's all right," he said. He turned to his friends and said, "It's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure, Miller. You sit there. It's all right."

I didn't like the look of what they were doing, and I didn't like the sound of

them. "No kidding," I said, "my girl's got that seat and she'll be back in a second."

Miller, the soldier with the cane, said, "That's okay, we'll wait."

Miller and his friends thought this was a funny idea and they laughed together. I smiled along with them and said, "Look, there's only a couple of other people at the bar. Why don't you take those seats?"

Miller glanced at the other soldiers again and said, "We thought we'd sit here and then you could buy us a drink."

If they'd been anybody else I'd have told them that for my money they'd had enough to drink already, and they had, too. They were dripping with it. But I didn't know how I felt about buying them a round or what to say about it if I didn't feel like buying, and it was convenient that Gerry returned before I had to say anything one way or the other.

"This the girl with the seat?" Miller asked. That got a laugh from his friends.

"That's all right, soldier," Gerry said. She smiled brightly at him and moved her things down the bar to the other side of me.

"We'll be back for that drink after we have a dance," Miller said, getting up, and his friends moved off after him.

After they had limped away unsteadily, I asked Gerry if they danced.

"They try to."

"My God. Who do they dance with?"

"Oh, the girls around. They say anything to you?"

"The guy in your chair wanted me to buy them a drink."

"You did, didn't you?"

"Why should I?"

"It wouldn't hurt. Poor guys."

"Maybe I would have if he hadn't asked. Nobody but a bum has ever asked me to set up a drink. Look, they're getting a drink off that guy down the bar."

The three of them had surrounded a man who was drinking alone, and now he was getting out some money for a round. George was taking their orders, and the man didn't look as if he minded paying.

"I think that's pretty cheap stuff," I said. "I don't care what they are."

"Gee, what do you care? Don't be so rough on them. . . . Did you get me another drink?"

I'd forgotten, so I called George over and ordered. When he brought the drinks back to us I said, "What's the story on those soldiers, George? They just tried to bum me for a drink."

"I don't know—nothing. Everybody buys them drinks. They got a few coming, Eddie, don't you think?"

"Sure, I told him that," Gerry said.

"They're broke," George went on, "and they just like to have a little fun. They're in the army hospital down the south end and they come in every night for a few drinks. They ain't got much money, that's all."

"Are they still in?" I said.

"They won't get out until the Army's done all they can for 'em, then they go to the V. A. Might as well keep drawing their pay while they're getting fixed up. That guy with the crutch, see him? Well, he's got an artificial leg now and he says they'll probably have to take the arm off, too. It ain't any good to him. You see how it hangs?"

I nodded and paid him for the drinks.

"They're kind of tough guys to handle," George said, "but they're all right, and if you don't pay any attention to them they won't bother you."

"I don't get it," I said. "How do they bother anybody?"

"They can get rough. That little one with the cane—Miller—smacked somebody over the head with it the other night. I had to get the cop to help Ralph get him out."

"That's not so good. What was it all about?"

"Some dame. He's all right. Just let 'em alone. They don't bother anybody if you let 'em alone."

"They ought to be left alone. They've got enough troubles. But hell, George, if they've got free drinks coming it doesn't mean they should go around asking for them. I know some wounded vets and they don't act like that."

Gerry turned to me and asked, "What's eating you anyway, Eddie?"

"There's nothing eating me. I guess it's just that I don't know exactly how to take those guys. I feel bad about them, but I don't like to see them trying to cash in on it. Come on, let's dance."

We passed the soldiers on our way to the floor. They were at the end of the bar where they could watch the dancing, and they were having a lot of fun about it.

Gerry was a good dancer and I forgot about the soldiers until I saw the tall one with the cap and the crutch hobble out on the dance floor. I steered Gerry away from his territory, but he was following another couple who finally stopped to talk to him. Then the soldier began to talk to the man alone and in another minute was dancing with the girl. The man behaved very cheerfully and took the soldier's crutch over to the bar to give it to the other soldiers.

It wasn't the kind of dance you'd want to watch more than you could help. The soldier, his cap still on, was making a very dignified effort to dance, but he was using all of himself to keep from falling. His arm wasn't any good to him, and it was the girl who was holding him up and at the same time moving him around carefully to make it appear as if she weren't doing the leading, and it was a very good try.

The soldier was smiling happily, delighted with moving around in something like a dance, and his friends watched him from the bar. They were laughing as if it were a joke, and they kidded him every time he and the girl worked their way near the bar.

The soldier and the girl stopped after a while, and when the crutch had been brought back to him they left the floor. The soldier joined his friends and they began to talk excitedly, slapping him on the back. The soldier with the empty sleeve made an obscene gesture with his good hand and they all laughed noisily. Then they moved down the bar out of sight.

"He was pretty good, wasn't he?" Gerry said.

"Yes, poor guy. I guess they'll do anything to dance. It looks like all they want to do is drink and dance."

"Well, what else is there?"

"I can think of a couple of things. Let's go back and finish our drinks and get out of here."

The three soldiers were back by our seats. Miller, the soldier with the cane,

was in the second chair Gerry had taken.

"Hi," he said. "We came back for the drinks."

Gerry took the chair she'd had first and I sat down between her and the soldier. His friends stood behind him, looking at us.

"Okay," I said, "what are you drinking?"

"Don't you want to see our medals first?"

I'd noticed they weren't wearing any ribbons. I sat down and asked him as pleasantly as I could which ones he had.

"I got the works, but I don't carry them around. I see you wear your medal." He took hold of my lapel and inspected my discharge button. "Marines, huh?"

"No, Navy. It looks like Marines but it reads different."

"I thought you was Marines."

"No, sorry. What do you guys want to drink?"

They all wanted rye and I ordered the round from George.

"Aren't you having a drink?" the soldier with the crutch asked me.

"We're just finishing ours."

Gerry said, "I've finished mine. Get me another one, Eddie dear."

"That's the girl," the empty-sleeved soldier said. "Miller, you can show her your medals. Show her the big medal, Miller."

They all thought this was very funny and Gerry laughed with them. "I bet you haven't got any medals," she said.

"We got them all," the soldier with the crutch said. "I got three Purple Hearts myself. How about it, honey? I'll show you the Purple Heart if you dance with me."

I looked over at Gerry when he said this and before she could answer I said, "We're shoving off now, soldier. Haven't time tonight."

"He wasn't asking you," Miller said.

"That's okay," I told him, "she's with me, and we're leaving. Sorry to break it up."

"Oh, Eddie, I can dance with him a minute. We have time."

"We have to leave, Gerry. Come on."

"Wait a minute," Miller said, taking hold of my arm. "Let them dance."

I pulled my arm away from him and

said, indicating the soldier with the crutch. "You want to dance with this soldier, Gerry?"

"Sure, Eddie. There's plenty time."

"Never mind," Miller said. "I'm gonna dance. How about dancing with me?"

"I'll dance with both of you," Gerry said.

MILLER had left his chair and was standing with the other two in front of us. Gerry and I were turned in our chairs facing them, with our backs to the bar.

"I didn't mean that. I mean the boy friend. How about dancing with me?" he asked, tapping my shoe with his cane.

I smiled, taking the joke. "No, thanks."

"Come on, you dance with me and Bugs here will dance with the girl. How's that?"

Bugs, the soldier with the crutch and the bad arm, grinned, and the soldier with the empty sleeve had a wise smile on his face.

I kept up the game and said, "Thanks, kid, but you're not my type. I go for redheads."

"Don't be funny," he snapped, and he was looking hard at me. "I mean *dance*. You know? 'Dance.' Come on outside in the street and you and I will have a little dance."

I still didn't catch it, but in another second I knew it was a way he had of saying that he wanted to take me on in a fight. That was enough for me to know we had to leave right away, and I stood up to go. "Come on, Gerry, we have to get going."

"Wait a minute," Miller said, stepping up to me, "what about that dance?"

"Look," I said. "I'm not sure I've got you right, but this sounds like you want a fight. Is that it?"

"Sure, that's right. You leave now without the girl and I'll follow you out."

"Don't be a damned fool." I turned to his friends. "You'd better take care of your buddy here. I think he's had a little too much to drink." The other soldiers answered by moving to Miller's side to stand with him. Gerry was sitting quietly with her drink, watching us.

"You're a phony," Miller said.

I didn't answer him and I moved my head at Gerry to show her I wanted her to come along with me. She made no move to leave the chair.

"You're a jerk. Isn't he a jerk?" he asked the soldiers. They didn't say anything and they kept looking at me, their faces hard.

"I think you're a big phony. Come on outside and I'll show you what a big phony you are." He poked me a little sharply in the arm with his cane.

"Take it easy with the cane," I said. "Come on, Gerry, let's go." I turned to help her from the chair and as soon as I looked away from Miller I heard the cane whistle down close by the back of my head. I swung back toward the soldiers and they were laughing at me.

"I told you to take it easy with that cane."

Miller raised the cane again and I don't know if he wanted just to whip it close to me again or do some damage with it, but I put out my hand and caught it before he brought it down. He twisted at me to pull the cane back and fell against me. He got the cane loose and as I pushed his shoulders away from me he started to bring the cane down once more. Before it could land I hit him in the face and he went down like a rag doll.

THE blow had no more in it than a sharp slap—I hadn't wanted it to be even that much—but it had been enough to tip him off his crippled balance. He wasn't hurt and he was on his way to getting up from the floor. I leaned over to help him, but his friends got to him quicker, and already, in the commotion the row had stirred up around the bar, I was being held back by the bartender—George—and Ralph, the assistant manager.

"Take it easy," Ralph said to me. "Let him alone."

"I was just going to help him up."

"You helped him enough already. What's the matter with you, Eddie?"

Miller was on his feet now and he and his friends were standing together before

us. "Turn the bastard over to us, Ralph. We'll beat the spit out of him."

"That's all right, boys. We don't want any trouble in here. What's the matter with you, anyway, Eddie? I thought you could handle your liquor."

I said as calmly as I could, "Nothing's wrong, Ralph. An accident, that's all."

"Accident, hell," Miller said.

"All right, then. They were bothering my girl and this soldier was trying to use his cane on me. I didn't hurt him."

Ralph turned to Gerry, who had left her seat during the fight. "Is that right? Were these soldiers bothering you?"

"No," she said, looking at me and then at the soldiers. "No, they weren't bothering me."

"What's wrong with you, anyway?" Ralph said to me. "You better leave, Eddie. You'll be starting more trouble."

"That's all right with me," I said.

"Come on, let us at the bastard," one of the soldiers said.

"All right, boys, let's not have any trouble or I'll call the cop in again. He's going to leave. Come on, Eddie, let's go," Ralph said, giving me a gentle shove toward the door.

"Okay if you say so, Ralph. All set, Gerry?"

She didn't answer me.

"Come on, we have to get out of here."

"You do. I don't have to." She paused and looked at the soldiers. "I want to stay around here a little longer. I'm going to stay." When she said that the soldiers moved over with her to the bar.

I wasn't going to hang around arguing with her, and anyway I didn't have any choice about staying long enough for anything like that, so I let it go and started to leave.

I did have a feeling that I could have gone over and told Miller I was sorry if I'd hurt him, but he and his friends were busy with Gerry at the bar. They had a round of drinks coming up, and when I saw Gerry take a bill from her purse I walked right out.

MASARYK: DIPLOMAT IN SILK PAJAMAS

JOHN KOBLER

WHEN Jan Garrigue Masaryk, then Foreign Minister of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile, visited the United States in 1941 to enlist sympathy for his betrayed country, an immigration official handed him the usual visitor's questionnaire—date of birth, occupation, race? The third question stirred Masaryk to a characteristic piece of showmanship. Ignoring for the moment the fact of his Slav blood, he wrote in a clear, bold hand: "Human."

Masaryk would like to continue in that status. But to do so in the Slav world today—in the Western democratic sense of the word, which is the way Masaryk and most of his countrymen use it—presents a hard challenge. Both he and they subscribe to the political philosophy of his late father, Thomas Masaryk, founder of the Czechoslovak Republic, who once summed it up in the phrase: "Jesus, not Caesar." But as Foreign Minister of a government which, though no longer in exile, stands in peril of captivity, Jan Masaryk has landed squarely on the horns of the great Slav dilemma. The sharper of these horns threatens enslavement by Czechoslovakia's formidable neighbor, Soviet Russia; the other, a crippled economy.

For every other Slav people the dilemma is being resolved by fraud and terror. Jugoslavia under Tito has become little more than a Russian fiefdom. Poland's Communist-controlled cabinet was foisted

upon her in rigged elections. Bulgaria is a puppet of Moscow. Czechoslovakia alone still retains a measure of autonomy. Upon her sovereignty the hand of Stalin weighs least heavily. Whether this is because Stalin appreciates the propaganda value of being able to point to a free nation within his orbit or whether he hesitates to tackle the tough-minded, liberty-loving, highly-individualistic Czechs is less important than how long this will last.

In the hope of making it last indefinitely Czechoslovakia is pursuing a policy of paradoxes. Politically and, in part, economically she has oriented herself toward the East. In her first postwar elections, held last June, her Communists polled 38 per cent of the votes and elected a prime minister, Klement Gottwald. Yet most of her leaders, notably President Eduard Beneš and Masaryk himself, are non-Communists, and even Gottwald stated: "Experience and the principles of Marxism tell us that the dictatorship of the proletariat and of the Soviets is not the only road to socialism."

Czechoslovakia has signed commercial and mutual assistance pacts with Russia and is committed to sending 30 per cent of her total exports eastward as compared with 1 per cent in 1939. But she has also reaffirmed her favored-nation policy toward the United States, the first Slav country to do so since the war. She has nationalized her internal economy to a

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point where every industry and business employing more than six hundred people is now government-owned. In UN meetings she has voted with Russia on all important issues. She refused to attend the Paris Conference lest she anger Russia. Yet on the social and cultural level Czechoslovakia clings to Western traditions of individual freedom. The rights of her minorities are respected. Her press is free in the sense that, though every newspaper is the organ of a political party, it can print whatever it chooses. If, under a kind of gentlemen's agreement, it no longer chooses to attack Russia, neither does it attack the United States. Her theaters, her libraries, her museums welcome the cultural products of all nations. Her relations with the Vatican are excellent, another condition which sets her apart from her neighbors.

What this dualism signifies is a simple will to survive by remaining friends with everybody. But in some respects it has cost Czechoslovakia dear. In October 1946 the United States canceled a \$40,000,000 credit and dropped negotiations for another one of \$50,000,000. Long before that, while the war was still in progress, Masaryk got a sharp reflection of how American big business felt about Soviet-Czech amity. He had just sealed a treaty of alliance with Moscow. At a semi-official dinner a du Pont executive suddenly turned to him in pious horror. "Why did you do it?" he asked.

"Suppose," Masaryk replied, "that Mr. du Pont owned the biggest hotel in the city and that I owned a drugstore in that hotel. What would Mr. du Pont think if every time he passed my store I thumbed my nose at him?"

THIS was an illustration of what Masaryk terms his "efficient idealism." He made a more formal apologia last year in an address to the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum. "I know that to many of you the word nationalization is not what one would call music to your ears," he said. "According to my best judgment, it was the only way out of a situation in which we found ourselves through no fault of our own. The Germans left us bankrupt. . . . Many of my Ameri-

can friends are trying to find out whether private enterprise and state ownership can work side by side, co-operate, exchange goods, and do what we call a satisfactory business. My answer is in the affirmative. . . . I am convinced that if we really want peace and prosperity we must take certain essential and existing new social phenomena for granted. . . . Let me say a word about our alliance with Soviet Russia. There are only 11,000,000 Czechs and Slovaks, but there are at least 70,000,000 Germans. After the experiences of the past you cannot blame us if we try to make sure that they will never again attempt to swallow us. . . . Therefore, our alliance with Russia was accepted unanimously by all of us, not only by our Communists and Socialists, but by all the parties. . . . You know that our close and loyal alliance with the Western democracies did not save us at the moment of our great trial. . . ."

Where Masaryk's emotional sympathies lie, however, is no mystery to knowing diplomats. Certainly, it is none to the Russians. When Masaryk says, "I am perfectly willing to live alongside of Communism," he places the preposition in italics. He is on record as being as opposed to pan-Slavism as he is to pan-Germanism. He once offered to affix his signature to any treaty that Franklin Roosevelt drafted. For few Czechs, least of all Masaryk, are likely to forget how deeply and how recently their political roots were planted in the West.

It was in Washington that Thomas Masaryk drafted the first declaration of Czech independence and it was upon the American Constitution that he modeled his own. An American, Charles Crane, the Slavophile president of the Crane plumbing works, gave him early financial and moral support and another American, Woodrow Wilson, backed him politically. Both Thomas Masaryk and his son married American women. The son spent most of his young manhood working in the United States. He nevertheless feels obligated today to play almost any game that will maintain a freely flowing East-West, West-East economic and cultural traffic through Czechoslovakia, without destroying the personal dignity of her citizens.

II

TO SUCH A game Masaryk brings a highly-polished style. Although he may have neither the brain power of Thomas Masaryk nor the cold, comprehensive logic of Eduard Beneš, he is a master in a number of minor keys which eluded both men. In international society, arena of many a little diplomatic triumph, he commands a wide range of weapons, from skill at the piano (he is generally conceded to be the best musician among statesmen) to an encyclopedic repertoire of after-dinner stories. His humor frequently takes a ribald turn, but is so muffled in continental charm as to be inoffensive. He uses this charm with conscious cunning, now to thaw British reserve, now to soften Russian flintiness.

Only Masaryk could have drawn a giggle from a stiff-necked British dowager, his hostess at a diplomatic dinner, by replying when she asked him if he required to wash his hands: "Thank you, I just did—behind a tree." Only Masaryk could have deflected the Russian will so gracefully when, on the eve of the Czechoslovak elections last June, Soviet troops proposed to cross the country. In a mild, light-humored tone Masaryk pointed out the tactlessness of such a maneuver. The troops stayed put, the elections were the only free ones held within the Soviet orbit and, if the Communists triumphed, at least they did so within a democratically legal framework.

At international conclaves Masaryk wears an air of humility and sweet reasonableness which sometimes disarms the representatives of more powerful nations. As a delegate to the Atlantic City UNRRA conference in 1943, he staggered his colleagues by urging them to give priorities to Yugoslavia, Poland, and Greece over Czechoslovakia because they had suffered more. During the World Security Conference in San Francisco a year ago, he announced that he was the representative of a little people and that "little people should be seen and not heard." He made himself heard, however, by practically everybody in the country when, asked by a radio reporter whether he thought UN would work and not realizing that he was

on the air, he blurted out: "It had better work or we are all double-damned and headed straight for hell!"

Masaryk belongs to no political party. "I am," he says, "a political virgin." This possibly explains why the Czech press rarely has anything but good to say about him. It may also explain his survival as Foreign Minister through numerous changes of cabinet. He claims that this unanimity worries him. "When all parties agree about a man," he insists, "either they have no character or he hasn't."

AT SIXTY-ONE Masaryk is a paunchy six-footer, fond of good food and drink, a broad joke, and feminine company. He is bald and moon-faced, but with a mobility of expression which charges his oratory, his story-telling, and even his casual conversation with drama. An actor at heart, he is able to externalize his most profound convictions in a way that moves both his audience and himself to laughter or tears. He knows half a dozen countries almost as well as his own, speaks their languages fluently, and has a sense of regional nuances of speech which enables him to suit his style to his listener. Thus, with equal facility, he can talk shop to a Vermont congressman in plausible Yankee or exchange cadenced epigrams with a French academician. Women like Masaryk, and his feelings for them have found expression in a multiplicity of romantic friendships. Although, with the calm of advancing years, his interest in them is now largely aesthetic, he makes frequent wistful references to the past, and his conversation is studded with sentimental metaphors. He dresses with dash. For twenty years he has worn the same rakish black Homburg with a bravura reminiscent of Cyrano de Bergerac and his white plume. He even wore it while inspecting a Czech brigade on the beach at Dunkirk, until an officer made him remove it before a German sniper did.

Masaryk disclaims ever having had any personal ambition. "I never planned my own future," he says with a hint of regret. "I have always been pushed into success. I entered diplomacy without merit or qualification. I had merely chosen my father well." The father has been called

the Czech George Washington. The analogy can be enlarged to encompass Abraham Lincoln and a national father-image. Such is the magic of the Masaryk name in Czechoslovakia that Jan could be far less state-worthy than he is and still command the affectionate respect of his countrymen. This is a truth which Soviet diplomacy does not overlook.

Thomas Masaryk was born of a Slovak coachman and a Czech housemaid, who had to have permission before they could marry from the master of the Imperial Hapsburg estate on which they both worked in serfdom. Thomas' American wife was Charlotte Garrigue of Brooklyn, N. Y., a gifted and idealistic woman of whom he said: "I think she had the finer mind; I taught her much, but she formed me." In devotion to her he added her family name to his own. They had four children, two boys and two girls, all of them clever, attractive, and neurotic.

Alice, the first-born, became a world-famed social welfare worker. During World War I the Austrians imprisoned her in the same cell with three prostitutes because of the family's leadership in the movement for Czech independence. "When they imprisoned my daughter," the father said, "that was worth millions." But she never entirely recovered from the experience. She is living quietly today in Prague. Herbert, an artist, died of typhoid in the prime of a brilliant career. Olga served her father as secretary until her marriage to a Swiss psychiatrist with whom she now lives in Geneva.

III

JAN, the third-born, arrived in 1886 at a time when his father was teaching philosophy at the University of Prague. A professor's pay was meager, but Professor Masaryk always managed somehow to finance whatever cultural bent his children's development took. Jan's was music. Like his mother, who had studied with Liszt, he showed early promise as a pianist. But unlike her, he lacked the single-mindedness to pursue his studies and never progressed far beyond mere virtuosity. "I was too busy running after girls," he confesses happily. He had been precocious

enough, however, to write music criticism for his father's newspaper, *Cas*, at the age of twelve. His formal education was equally nondefinitive. It ended, in the Prague *Gymnasium*, at a point which would be roughly equivalent in the United States to college sophomore year. Jan was impatient for worldlier activities. Similarly throughout his sprawling intellectual adventures, he has been more catholic than thorough, more facile than profound.

The habitual climate of the Masaryk home was one of austerity and high moral purpose, and Jan or Honsa (Johnny)—as he is still familiarly called throughout Czechoslovakia—with his warm, gay, romantic disposition, frequently found it oppressive. An endless procession of cerebral heavyweights drifted through the parlor, most of them American college professors and Slav Marxists, whose after-dinner chitchat seldom skirted any topic more frivolous than dialectic materialism. Professor Masaryk himself was unequivocally anti-communist. The fine-spun talk made Jan sleepy, but he had to stick it out night after night because, in that crowded household, his bed was the parlor sofa. He had a deep emotional attachment to his father, however. It accounts for the strain of humility which still underlies even his most extroverted gestures. Some years ago another prominent Czech by the name of Jan—Jan Bata, the son of the fabulous shoe manufacturer, Thomas Bata—made a public utterance which Jan Masaryk considered to be particularly fatuous. "There were two great men," Masaryk commented. "And both were named Thomas. And both had sons named Jan. And both sons were fools. But only one of them knew it."

One American who visited the Masaryk home had a far-reaching effect not only on Jan's private life, but on the entire course of the Czechoslovak Republic. He arrived unheralded on a morning in 1902, a neat-bearded gentleman so subdued in dress and manner that the elder Masaryk took him for a clergyman in quest of church funds. He was preparing himself to scrape together a few *heller* when the stranger let it be known that he had recently donated a million dollars to the University of Chicago and wanted Pro-

fessor Masaryk to lecture there. The stranger was Charles Crane. "Otherwise it might never have happened that way," says Jan Masaryk in rueful allusion to his marriage twenty-two years later to Crane's daughter, Frances, a misalliance that ended in divorce in 1931.

The Professor accepted the rich American's invitation and gained for his country a faithful friend. Crane lived to help win Woodrow Wilson's support of Czech independence and, as it became a reality, contributed to it money, influence, and even a son. The first American minister to the new republic was Richard Crane. Czechoslovakia returned the compliment. The first representative *she* sent to Washington was Jan Masaryk.

YEARS before this appointment, when his father got back from his initial trip to the United States, Jan announced that he wanted to go there too. He was twenty. The professor gave him his blessing, eighty dollars, and the warning that thenceforth he was on his own. Crossing second-class, Jan lost most of the money playing a cutthroat German gambling game called *Frische Vier* (Fresh Four). "In the days when I had no money," he explains, "I was fond of gambling. I wanted to win so I could take girls out." Landing broke, friendless, barely able to understand the language, and too proud to look up the Cranes, he took the first job he could find—office boy for a New York insurance firm at \$5.40 a week. His duties consisted mostly of filling inkwells and buying sandwiches for the boss's lunch.

After a few months of this, he was strolling along Fifth Avenue, brooding upon his lot, when he ran into Charles Crane. Within the week he found himself weighing pig iron at the Crane plumbing works in Bridgeport, Conn. The wages were almost double what the insurance company had paid him. But the girls of Bridgeport had tastes as expensive as those of girls anywhere. To augment his income, he played the piano evenings in the local movie houses, usually Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* during love scenes and Schubert's *Marche Militaire* when the hero came galloping to the rescue. Occasionally the Cranes invited him to dinner, but he was

careful not to presume upon friendship. He had met Frances Crane for the first time when she attended an intra-factory baseball game.

"The only thing I know about diplomacy," Masaryk says, "I learned in that foundry. There were Slovaks, Swedes, Poles, Norwegians—absolutely every one. I bought a blackboard and four times a week I taught them to read and write." But the foundry itself bored him stiff. "What the hell did I care about plumbing?" was the way he felt about it. "Anybody can pull a chain." He went home.

He arrived on the eve of World War I, just in time to be drafted into the Austro-Hungarian infantry. As the son of a notorious revolutionary who had repudiated the Hapsburg monarchy and fled to Italy, he was under constant suspicion. Once he was court-martialed and almost executed for "political unreliability." But this failed to deter him from trying to disaffect other Czechs in his regiment, a fairly easy task as most of them regarded themselves as Czechs first and Austrian subjects not at all. He got in his best licks for the Cause whenever his commanding officer entrusted him with responsibility. "If he sent me to buy horses for the cavalry," Masaryk relates, "I made sure they were long in the tooth."

In December of 1918 Thomas Masaryk returned to Prague to become President-Elect of the free Czechoslovakia. "If my father had become President when I was eighteen," says Jan Masaryk, who likes to make historical speculations, "I would have gone to the dogs. As it was, I was thirty-two and I was somebody." But no man was more surprised than Honsa when his government informed him that he too could be a diplomat. "Just because I could talk languages, shaved every day, and liked girls," he scoffs.

IV

HIS first mission was as *chargé d'affaires* in Washington, pending the appointment of a minister. Knowing nothing about protocol and scarcely able to distinguish between an ultimatum and an *aide-memoire*, he besought his father, before departing, to furnish him with intro-

ductions to the right people in Washington circles. President Masaryk gave him only one. "There is an Englishman named Smith who owns a livery stable," he told him. "Give him my love."

For the next two decades Jan Masaryk served his government in a succession of secondary offices—Counsellor of Legation in London, secretary to Foreign Minister Beneš, Minister to London—sometimes brilliantly, always shrewdly, humbly, and with good humor. Few diplomats away from home have ever been more popular. Legends grew out of his spectacular disregard for the conventions of diplomatic behavior, his uninhibited speech, his depreciation of his own status. "I am a well-dressed errand boy," he is still fond of saying. "I am the comic turn of the Czechoslovak Government." A more accurate appraisal of his value was his remark to a pretty young companion as he walked her past No. 10 Downing Street: "Look, my dear. I have been going into that house for ten years, trying to persuade the British that Czechoslovakia is not the name of a contagious disease."

In September 1938, as Great Britain gave no indication that she would deny Czechoslovakia to Hitler, Masaryk handed Lord Halifax a bitter note which concluded: "The nation of St. Wenceslaus, John Huss, and Thomas Masaryk will not be a nation of slaves." He wanted to resign then, but delayed—so it is believed—to negotiate a loan of \$150,000,000 from London and Paris (he actually got \$40,000,000). Shortly after Munich, Prague, under pressure from the Germans, ordered the portrait of Thomas Masaryk to be removed from its London legation. Nobody was willing to comply. Finally the son himself volunteered. He tucked the portrait under his arm, bowed silently to his colleagues, and strode out of the building.

Always a hypersensitive man, Masaryk broke under the strain of Munich and was forced to retire briefly to a sanatorium. At no time, however, did he entirely lose his feeling for the comic element in life. He happened to enter the sanatorium the same day that a new director was expected and was mistaken for him. Far from correcting the mistake, he spent the next day gleefully impersonating a psychiatrist.

IT WAS not until late in 1940 that the Allies gave *de jure* recognition to the Czechoslovak government-in-exile, with Beneš as President and Masaryk as Foreign Minister. Masaryk had given Neville Chamberlain fair warning: "I insist on playing in the orchestra of Europe. I do not have to play the bass drum. I would be satisfied with the piccolo." As a piccolo player, he deeply impressed the conductors. One of the first statesman to present a concise program for postwar Europe, he advocated a disarmed, decentralized—but not Carthagenized—German federation; similar federations in the Balkans, Western Europe, and Scandinavia; the whole to be linked ultimately in a federation of Europe. (Although this does not suit Russia's book today, and Masaryk himself no longer pushes it openly, it is still his ideal program.) His ability to understand, if not necessarily to sympathize with, more than one side of an issue gave his arguments cogency. Although he had learned at Munich that Czechoslovakia should never again put all her eggs in one basket, he was able to view Munich more as error than crime. Beneš could neither forgive nor forget. But Masaryk was able to say within a few days after his country had been sold out: "I want nothing better for the world than that all countries shall have the same qualities as these islands of England."

To the ordinary people of Czechoslovakia Masaryk will probably be remembered longest for his shortwave talks to them throughout the Nazi occupation. He began them in the fall of 1939 with the promise: "By the name which I bear I solemnly declare that we shall win the fight and that truth shall prevail." Like his good friend Churchill ("We get along well because we are both vulgarians"), he never tried to soften the hard realities of defeat, but he never despaired of eventual victory. The London *Spectator*, reviewing the broadcasts, observed: "It was in the minor shades that Masaryk showed himself so great a master of the microphone; in intimacy, in humor, in sympathy, in solace, in exhortation, in defiance, in hope." More remarkable, Masaryk, unlike many another broadcaster from exile, was completely spared the resentment of

his countrymen who had to endure occupation. Almost his first act on getting home in 1946 was to drive out to the Prague cemetery, there to lay flowers on the grave of Karel Capek, his close friend and one of Czechoslovakia's greatest writers. When he got back to his car he found chalked on the door words that brought tears to his eyes—"We love you."

V

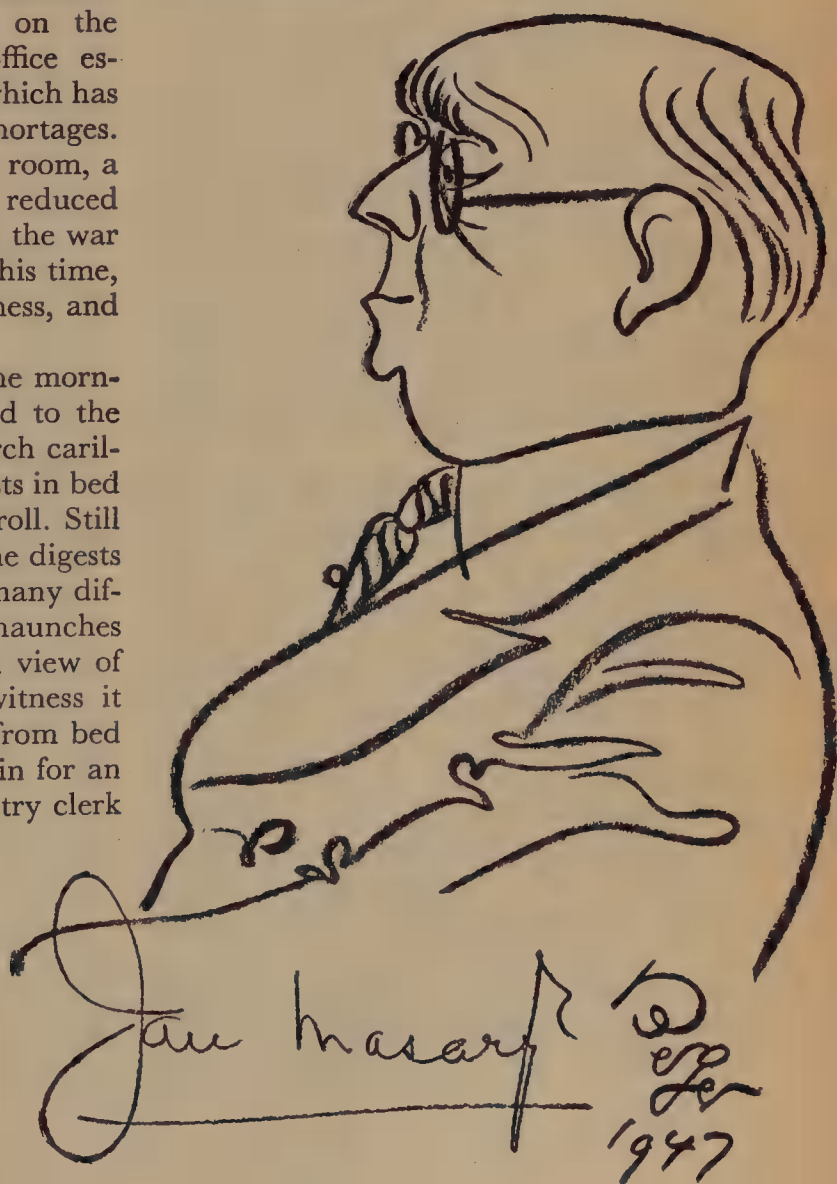
THE Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia is privileged by custom to live in the Foreign Ministry building, a dazzling example of seventeenth-century baroque standing in Loreto Square. It was built by an Austro-Hungarian count with delusions of grandeur named Czernin, who wanted a finer palace than King Leopold I and bankrupted himself in the attempt. The Minister's quarters consist of some ten tapestry-hung rooms on the second floor, a perquisite of office especially precious today in a city which has one of the world's worst housing shortages. Masaryk, however, uses only one room, a bed-sitting combination, having reduced his domestic staff of twelve before the war to three. Here he spends most of his time, sleeping, conducting official business, and taking many of his meals.

He wakes up around 7:30 in the morning in an old-fashioned brass bed to the chimes of the famed Loreto Church carillon across the square. He breakfasts in bed on tea (sugar, no cream) and a roll. Still in pajamas (he wears silk ones), he digests seven or eight newspapers in as many different languages, squatting on his haunches Buddha-fashion, a feat which, in view of his girth, amuses people who witness it for the first time. Before he stirs from bed almost anybody is likely to drop in for an informal discussion, from a ministry clerk

to Beneš himself. Masaryk does some of his best thinking in pajamas.

Around 8:30 he steps into a hot bath, shaves with a double-edge safety razor, and selects one of his twenty-odd British-tailored suits, most of them in as good shape as when he bought them in Bond Street ten or fifteen years ago. He never considers himself fully dressed until he has adjusted his pearl stickpin, a talisman which he has worn since World War I. If a conference requires his presence, he drops down to the floor below in a private elevator. It takes him precisely 125 paces from the elevator door to his place at the conference table and this is just about the only exercise he ever gets. Although he was once a crack horseman and a fair tennis player, he is appalled today by the prospect of even a walk.

He knocks off for lunch at 1:30, takes a



AUTOGRAPHED SKETCH, MADE FROM LIFE, BY OSCAR BERGER

short nap afterward, and resumes his work, continuing often until midnight. He prefers dining in his room. If time allows, he may cook the meal himself, being an artful and loving hand with a skillet. In food he has the ultrasophisticated tastes of the jaded gourmet who finds new subtleties in simple dishes like soups, stews, vegetables. His physician recently offered him a choice between staying fat or reducing at risk to his health. He chose to stay fat. As a drinking man, he is equally uncomplicated. Aside from two or three martinis (mixed three-to-one) before dinner, he sticks pretty much to whiskey, disdaining vintage wines and even beer. Prague gossip has him sticking to whiskey too closely and Masaryk, typically, does nothing to discourage the rumor. Not long ago he appeared at a public function with his hand in a sling, the result of a slight strain. "What happened to it?" a reporter inquired. "Oh," said Masaryk, "I was on a big party last night and on the way home I tripped over it."

In reality Masaryk avoids the noisier forms of night life, preferring small gatherings in the homes of friends. He complains that among statesmen the world over there are only about a dozen with whom a man can have any fun after hours. High on his list are Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, and the American Ambassador to Prague, Lawrence Steinhardt.

FROM the ministerial suite, on these bright autumn mornings, Masaryk surveys the fruits of his government's dualism. Always an industrious and commonsensical nation, Czechoslovakia has cheerfully embarked on a bold Two-Year Plan which calls for a 40 per cent increase per hour in manpower productivity, a national capital outlay of \$1,200,000,000, and the reconstruction and industrialization of her hardest-hit areas. Prague policemen who pick up drunks in the street at night send them home with the advice: "Better get some sleep, *panie*, for the Two-Year Plan." As the national slogan says, *Furt se de* ("We go on"). The Czechs have already recovered one

of the highest standards of living in Europe. With production gaining momentum, they are beginning again to export to the United States the luxury items which used to comprise 10 per cent of their trade (glass, leather goods, fine textiles) and to the East, heavy industrial products. Presently they hope to obtain from Russia chemicals, raw materials, and cotton—and, one day, from the United States, a resumption of credit negotiations.

There is no Red Army in Prague. Where Russia does exert an influence she does it more discreetly than elsewhere. Now that her monopoly on movie distribution has been broken, mainly because she couldn't furnish enough fare to keep Prague's movie houses going, and Hollywood has been coaxed out of its huff over Czechoslovak nationalization, American films are again popular. *Alexander Nevsky* was recently playing to half empty houses, while nearby a queue formed to see a Charles Boyer film. Among the best sellers have been Harry Butcher's *My Three Years With Eisenhower* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by one Harriet Beecher Stoweova. In 1946 the Czechs published more titles than did the United States, most of them translations of American and English works. Russian books remain a drug on the market. The magazine stands, unhampered by censorship, carry publications from all over the globe.

In his most optimistic moods Masaryk views this national panorama as a social laboratory where perhaps collectivist economy and democratic individualism can actually be combined, where Western and Eastern ideals can marry. But nobody understands better than he on how delicate a balance this hope rests. Its minimum basic condition is a long peace among the big powers. Without it Czechoslovakia cannot survive as a national entity at all. It was this that he had foremost in mind when, winding up a speech last spring before the Cleveland Council on World Affairs, he pleaded almost tearfully: "Oh, let us have peace," and repeated the beautiful word in eight languages—"Paix, pazé, pace, beke, vrede, ris, mir, ping."

THE NEW GENERATION OF WRITERS

With Some Reflections on the Older Ones

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

IT SHOULD be time once again for the young men who write to wash their hands of America, to begin hopping cattle boats or any outbound tramp steamer that will take them away from this land of ignorance, unculture, and aesthetic starvation. Once again they should be flocking to Europe, staking out claims in Paris and the south of France, piling saucers on the tops of cafe tables, going to the bull fights in Spain; or, if Europe is still too badly wrecked to offer them a haven, flocking to the Big Sur, to Taos, or to Provincetown, there to detach themselves with almost equal completeness from American life and to write good books about sick America.

The critics, reviewers, scholars, and other weathermen of letters are keeping an expectant eye on the heavens and awaiting just this sort of change in the literary climate. They know that only the appearance of better books can break the present drought, and they believe, logically enough, that only through a repetition of history, some new pilgrimage to some artistic Holy Land, can these better books be written. They know the circumstances which contributed to the violent

literary upheaval and fecundity of the twenties; and as they look about them they are able to find enough similarity between those circumstances and present ones to make the end they desire seem inevitable.

The country has again come through a major world war and is again experiencing the profoundly disturbing aftereffects of war. The times are again right for a re-examination of values, and if need be, for a revolt from old values. Once more there is business prosperity, and as luxury products reappear on the market it may reach proportions far exceeding the prosperity of the twenties. The young men should have, on an average, more money today—enough, with saving, to finance a trip. Since the war it has been easier to break into print than it has been for the past decade. In consequence, the books that the young men might write will have less chance of lying neglected in the bottoms of steamer trunks. Most significantly of all, perhaps, hundreds of thousands of men along with their families have been uprooted from home grounds and scattered all over the country and the world. The opportunities for absorbing foreign

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cultures, for finding stimulation in foreign intellectual movements have never been greater. The young men have once again the rare and invaluable advantage of a foreign perspective, of a point of reference from which to examine the civilization of their own country.

If we read the critical histories and eyewitness accounts of the twenties, we find much the same factors listed as the major causes of the "lostness" of its literary generation, and of their admirable creative productivity. Those earlier young men were also disassociated from place, uprooted from native grounds, brought into contact with foreign (specifically European) ideas, forced to exchange peacetime values for the more profligate values of war, and creatively and emotionally awakened by danger and the nearness of death.

Would it not be correct to assume then that, given such a similarity of experience, the young writers of today will produce a literature comparable to theirs? I, as one member of the new generation, believe not; and the factor which seems to me to outweigh all the similarities is inherent in a basic difference of attitude and response.

II

MOST of the writers who began moving into Montparnasse in the early twenties had been through the war. In one capacity or another, whether with the American Ambulance Services serving with the French, with the Red Cross Ambulance Sections on the Italian front, or in the various branches of the combat army after America entered the war, they had nearly all undergone the same experiences, had similar emotional responses, arrived at about the same conclusions. Their military careers, like their lives, followed a surprisingly identical pattern. Like most young men of their generation, they were deeply and sentimentally affected by the patriotic slogans and catchwords that are so much the vogue of wartime, and they left college and jobs to find, in what seemed a glorious adventure, relief from boredom and a cause worthy of belief. Behind them, as their transports moved out of the harbors

of New York and Boston, they left conventional boyhoods in small towns and cities, conventional training in high schools and preparatory schools where they were equipped with the same attitudes, ignorances, and prejudices, and conventional furbishings in colleges and universities where they were allowed the same privileges, endowed with the same snobberies, exposed to the same English verse. Ahead of them lay Europe with its promises of love, excitement, freedom; the Europe they knew for its women, its paintings, its books, its Paris; the Europe they knew only from steamship folders, novels, and picture postcards.

What the war should have taught these young men it somehow failed to teach them. Although it took away their illusions, it did not destroy their capacity to enjoy disillusion. They fought in it and some of their friends died in it; yet they were still somehow capable of being thrilled by danger and the prospect of giving blood for their country, stricken to a fierce exaltation by the simple poignancy of death among the poppies, melted by the spectacle of love amid the ruins of a French chateau.

A fair explanation for their enjoyment of disillusion may perhaps be found in the nature of the war service of many of these men. Working as they did with units attached to foreign armies, they were able to retain their status of American gentlemen volunteers and with it most of their civilian privileges. As strangers among strangers, they were treated with respect. They were outside the petty restrictions imposed upon the officers and men of a regular military organization, and owing to the nature of their work and a relaxed, almost nonexistent, discipline, they were able to mix in comparative freedom with the civilian population.

Out of such war experience grew what Malcolm Cowley, one of the most honest observers of the time, has called "the spectatorial attitude." In his book, *Exile's Return*, he tells how, while watching a column of men belonging to many Allied nationalities moving through a French village, he and other members of his ambulance unit felt that they "could never be part of all this. The long parade

of races was a spectacle which it was our privilege to survey, a special circus like the exhibition of Moroccan horsemen given for our benefit on the Fourth of July." To such observers the war was something apart, a spectacle it was their "privilege to survey." In the words of a Dos Passos character, it wasn't a war, it was "a goddam Cook's tour." It was an exhibition in violence and destruction, a gigantic bullfight one was privileged to view from the stands. And when it became a bit too rough or too bloody or just too dull, there were always new and exciting places to go, new and exciting drinks to sample, new and exciting girls to fall in love with.

This "spectatorial attitude" was contagious; and while it proved to be excellent equipment for young writers, it served to sever more completely the ties that held them to the war and to their country. It served to carry toward completion the long process of deracination which had begun in their childhoods, in the standardization of their customs and beliefs, and continued through their college years when each took on the stamp of pseudo-culture which made him indistinguishable from all the rest. Now in the middle of a war of which they were guests by courtesy of the management, infected with irresponsibility, danger, held to a pitch of excitement that made their old lives seem impossibly dull and tiresome, they were indeed "lost," lost from home, sanity, and themselves.

FROM this sense of isolation, of thrilled but detached observance, it was easy for the young men to take the next logical step—active, conscious revolt and self-exile from a country which was neither gay enough nor cultured enough to deserve their presence. Conveniently, a formal philosophical structure for such sentiments had been shaping itself both before and during the war years in the writings of certain prominent social-literary critics of American life, among them H. L. Mencken and Van Wyck Brooks. For a number of years, these men had been expressing the gravest concern for the plight of the sensitive artist in a machine-made, standardized society. It seemed to them

that life in America was tawdry, cheap, colorless, and given over to the exclusive worship of wealth and machinery; that for a young writer to do his best work in such a society was impossible. In 1921, Harold Stearns' symposium, *Civilization in the United States*, gave these attitudes detailed and scholarly expansion. The thirty intellectuals whom Stearns had gathered together examined in essay form as many phases of American life and came up with the same conclusions: life in America for the individual with creative talent is not worth living. If the young artist is to escape with his talent unimpaired, he must leave the country. He must, as Stearns urged in his essay, go to Europe where the creative life is still possible. To show that he meant it, Stearns left for France soon after his book was delivered to the publisher, and whether because of his example or not, the young men followed.

Most of us know the stories of what happened then. The process of exile was complete. The young men came to Paris. With their wives and children, cats and typewriters, they settled in flats and studios along the Left Bank and in the Latin Quarter. They took jobs as foreign correspondents for American newspapers, sent back social gossip and racing news; wrote book reviews, magazine articles, and stories; bet on horses, gambled, borrowed, and begged; did anything to keep alive and to prolong the show. If we can believe the stories, they were drunk much of the time, traveled considerably, and had very many love affairs. They also managed to get an impressive amount of good writing done. The early work of Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Cummings, and others bears witness to the fact. Between times, when they were not drinking at the cafes, partying, writing, or making love, they talked a lot and did a certain amount of thinking. At about this time, some of them discovered Gertrude Stein, and she, in turn, discovered among them talents worthy of her guidance. It was she, perhaps more than any other, who taught them how to make the most of their "lostness," how to develop, along with Sherwood Anderson, an idiom that would be true of their time and truly their own.

Then, as the new writing began to ap-

pear, new little magazines began springing up to accommodate it. Their titles, *Broom*, *transition*, *This Quarter*, *Secession*, were indicative of their editorial policies. Everywhere the accent was on the new and different, the departure from old forms and techniques, the rebellion. The machinery of art was grinding away at full speed, turning out new morals and literary mannerisms as conventionalized; ironically enough, as those which they were intended to supplant. Then something in the mechanism snapped, and the machine began running down. Back home in Wall Street, among the debris of ticker tape and ruined fortunes, lay the remnants of a broken promise, the promise everybody had made to everybody else—that the show would go on forever.

WITH the end of the roaring business boom of the twenties came the end of the roaring exile of its artists. The small private incomes from securities, the monthly checks from the folks, the publisher's advances toward the writing of the next book, were abruptly sliced in half; then, gradually, they ceased coming altogether. Job contracts ran out and somehow failed to be renewed. For the first time the actors, escape-artists, clowns, and special guests whose sole function it was to be slightly amused were faced with the choice of stopping the show or starving. Actually, there was no choice; it had already been made for them. They began quietly packing their bags and drifting toward Marseilles and Cherbourg.

A few chose to remain, the ones whose investments in Paradise had grown too large to abandon. Harold Stearns grimly stuck it out and was making the rounds of the cafes in search of his missing friends years after the friends had gone home. He took to wearing borrowed clothes and making bad bets on the horses. He became ill and for long periods was painfully and lonesomely blind. His story in his autobiography, *Streets I Know*, is the story of the end of an era and of one man's realization, too late, of his own folly. When compared with his bitter indictment of America in *Civilization in the United States* it becomes sad, embarrassing reading. One wishes that a better, more dignified end

might have come to a man who felt so deeply and who wrote so well, and to a time which promised so much, gave only a little less than it promised, and made so much difference in our lives.

Yet it would be a mistake to assume that the expatriate era died solely because of the collapse of the economic system upon which it was based. It died as well because its ideals were fully and elaborately exploited and found wanting. The Lost Generation learned the hard way that the extremes of art and life lead only to spiritual bankruptcy and physical suicide. The exile which had begun as an escape from the sterility of the American Waste Land and as a self-styled grace period for young American talent ended in another and greater sterility and in a blind alley for that talent. The ways of adventure, dream, and calculated futility that promised escape from middle-class mediocrity led instead to fanaticism, creative impotence, and anarchy. The extreme of art led to the negation of art, and the extreme of life led to death.

The attitudes toward American life which had helped to form the Lost Generation could not long remain tenable after its members were forced to abandon their exile and, for better or worse, to find themselves. The country to which they returned might be colorless, materialistic, and stupid, but they had to make the best of it. There was nowhere else to go.

III

I HAVE said that the main difference between the Lost Generation and the present generation is a difference of attitude and response, that while the physical circumstances of their experience are similar, the effects upon them of that experience differ radically. Perhaps there is still another difference. Perhaps the very fact that their predecessors reacted as they did made it impossible for this generation to react similarly.

Ours is a more knowledgeable time, certainly, and in many ways a more cynical one. Young men today are terribly aware, and in comparison with those who set out, with the eagerness of innocent boys, to save the world for democracy

they seem terribly old. The illusions they might have had about war were blessedly lost for them twenty years before. They had no need for glorious adventure nor relief from boredom. Their lives, as far back as they could remember, had been spent in a world continually at war with itself, in an economic order that fluctuated from dizzy prosperity to the most abject depression. They could remember nothing but domestic unrest, fumbblings at peace conferences, Asiatic invasions, and South American revolutions. They came to consciousness in the midst of breadlines, strikes, and milk riots. The generation before them found itself lost in a world it had never made. They could never be lost because the world had never been theirs.

And so they went to war. Strangely, they did not go cynically as they very well might have, but with determination. They went believing that the world was a mess and that war was a terrible means of doing something about it. They went because they had no choice but to go and because whatever hope there might be for a future depended upon their going.

THOSE who went to Europe found exactly what they expected to find. The travel folders had been outdated before they finished high school. The novels all concerned a Europe that might as well have never been. They found themselves in a place stripped of gaiety and romance. The picturesque little villages were in ruins; the girls were not lovely nor very eager; the wine was gone. Whatever hopes some of them might have had of seeing the country, mixing with the civilian population, browsing in libraries and art galleries were stifled in a tightly-organized military system where no allowances were made for individual preferences and no one was treated as a gentleman. Most of them saw Paris from the back of a truck or the top of a tank, and they remember it as a momentary relief from the stiff enemy resistance they had been encountering, perhaps as a dejected and slightly threadbare city where they stopped just long enough for a shot of cognac. The rest of the time, it was cold and miserable. The young men were tired and dirty.

They were afraid very often and pushed beyond the limits of fatigue. The spectacle of death was not touchingly poignant nor exciting. Nobody looked on, nobody was faintly amused. The war was close and too real to be analyzed or thought about. It was a nightmare that might some day end, that might somehow be lived through. With luck, someone might get home, and if he did, he was going to tell the truth. For the first time in history, Americans were close to the truth of war, and they saw it with the clearest, most matter-of-fact powers of observation any generation ever had.

And because they began to see the truth of war, the young men began to learn. They learned the things that the earlier generation gave up so much of its youth, talent, and sanity to keep from learning. They learned that not only does war solve nothing but that it contributes to and aggravates the sickness of the world; that its values, either as values of art or of life, are not true or honest; and, most important of all, that there is no escape from oneself nor from the defects of one's country. They saw that there is but one choice—to live in the world and accept the world—and that the religion of art, the expatriate movement, or any ideology that seeks to force a separation of art and life is not only intellectually untenable but physically impossible. They learned that art must always supplement life and draw its materials from life, and that life, whether in Europe or America, is worth living; indeed, must be lived if it is to produce a healthy and vital art.

The literature of the twenties had the vitality of negation and transition. It is good that it existed, for without it the literature of this generation would be obliged to do its job. But it was a literature written for the most part in the spirit of exile, and it has all the defects and limitations of that spirit. Today many of the most important books of the twenties seem dated, oddly limited, and often childish. They do have important lessons to teach, however, lessons in form and technique and in the realistic presentation of experience, and they must be read, studied, and understood by the young writers who hope to improve on them. Their defects are

equally important, and should be carefully examined if we are to profit by them.

IV

IT is difficult and a little embarrassing to reread Hemingway today. One wonders how the terse language, the clear descriptive passages, and the explosive dialogue that once—not so long ago—seemed so impressively right and so distressingly infectious, can have become so suddenly stale, can be to us now, who once were so slavishly admiring, a trifle absurd. Is it because we have discovered what Hemingway and his generation somehow failed to discover: that there is more to the world than can be expressed in monosyllables, that people do not spit their words out between clenched teeth, nor beat their environments into submission with their fists, nor live by an ethical code that admits only the emotions of brute courage, masculine assertiveness, and lust? Perhaps. It is certainly partly that. It is also partly because we realize now that Hemingway's is a severely limited world in which the motives of men are reduced to a simplicity our own perceptions will not allow us to approve. It is a world bound in the sensations of war. Its people exist by a jungle law and deify a pagan god. Only the fittest among them survive. They survive by virtue of their capacity for numbness and insensibility.

The Robert Cohns and the other weak are destroyed, go down disgracefully because they dare to admit their feelings. The Lady Bretts, the Jake Barneses, and the Lieutenant Henrys go on because they are smart enough to say nothing, hear nothing, know nothing, to insulate themselves with a good stiff drink, dope themselves with sex, relieve their emotions at bullfights, in wars, wherever blood is spilled. And the rest—the Harry Morgans, the Robert Jordans, and the Catherine Barkleys—are the luckiest of all. They die fighting. They are spared Jake Barnes' life of impotence, Lady Brett's boredom with sex, Lieutenant Henry's penalty for desertion. They go down swinging for a cause. Yet they are people who do not like to live and die this way. They would

like to be different, but they lack the will power to make the attempt.

Their creator would like us to believe that beneath their hard exterior shells they are soft and yielding, that if things were better they would do more thinking. But the condition of their nervous systems makes thinking fatal, he seems to say. They are victims of a lousy deal and can't take any responsibility for what happens to them. It may be that Hemingway is really a sentimentalist who never quite grew up, whose growth was arrested by the war, and whose emotions could not function except under the stimulus of war.

But speculations as to the kind of writer he might have become, what he might have said, fade before the fact that he is a good writer, one of the best of his generation. What the young writers have learned from him they will make their own. But his characters and their talk, their conduct, and their ethics are no longer suitable models. They are not true of our time.

THE novels of Dos Passos are not likely to embarrass us today; they are more apt to be simply dull, a trifle tiresome. So much of what he had to say after *Three Soldiers* reads like case history, straight journalistic reporting of lives governed by an apathetic genie who beckons them to destruction. In his immense chronicle of the American scene, *U. S. A.*, Dos Passos manages to fashion a net of circumstantial evidence condemning enough to convict each of the characters after his own devil, and that devil, no matter what disguise it may seem to wear, is nearly always (as in Hemingway) inability to win mastery over self, and through self, over environment. The women in *U. S. A.* spend a lifetime in bed and are destroyed by having to take the consequences. The men begin life as grotesques, as caricatures of men, scramble after happiness for a time, and disappear finally into the maw of a world where endeavor is futile and happiness a bad dream. They are all people without dignity, and, in consequence, without passion or tragedy. Their metallic little lives are pointless and their mentalities childish.

If we are to believe that Dos Passos intended their experience to be taken as a

serious commentary on the futility of human life, then we have a right to demand that his characters be endowed with sufficient substance for our sympathy and sufficient dignity for our despair. It is more likely, however, that they were meant to stand as human beings artistically derived from life. If this is the case, then it is Dos Passos himself who becomes the pawn of the times he attempted to depict; for what he gives us is, like the work of so many of his generation, not a true picture of an era but a picture cut down and distorted to fit the current attitudes of his time—that life in America is not worth living, that all experience in which Americans have a part is tawdry, pointless, and dull.

At present it would seem safe to say that, while he remains a writer of excellence and a predecessor worthy of study, Dos Passos speaks out of an era long dead and from attitudes we cannot make compatible with our senses.

ANOTHER writer who has been a major influence upon the younger generation is Scott Fitzgerald. Unlike Hemingway and Dos Passos, he has gained steadily in reputation, and today his best books are being reread by young writers as models of good prose and novel form. Although much of his work now seems thin and sentimental, even synthetic, it retains a flavor and sparkle that give it charm and distinction. Fitzgerald's people, however trivial their motives may be, have depth and meaning. Their futility does not lie in their lack of moral strength but rather in a misdirection of their energies and ambition, in the pursuance of some end—wealth, perhaps, or social position, or Gatsby's romantic dream—which is really not worth the trouble. Their experience does not disgust us; it touches us to pity. We are sympathetic because their world gave them no better ideals to strive for, and we are struck by their inability to realize the emptiness of the ones they have. They are important because they do struggle and because they will not admit failure when they fail. Fitzgerald has been able to give them dignity and purpose, even if unworthy purpose, and a reason for being.

While his criticism of American ideals of success and of the spiritual vacuity of the wealthy country-club set is sharply penetrating, he is willing to stick to his facts and able to avoid false notes of despair.

There are signs to indicate that in *The Last Tycoon*, his final book, Fitzgerald was very close to a solution of our most pressing artistic problem: how, in a world without heroes, it is possible to give meaning to life and the stature of tragedy to man's misery. It is unfortunate that he did not live to finish it. He might have taught us a valuable lesson in presenting superficiality, civilized barbarism, and the modern struggle after false gods so that they seem genuinely significant aspects of today's dilemma.

THOMAS WOLFE, although younger and certainly not technically a member of the Lost Generation, was formed by many of the same circumstances. Traces of his influence, like Hemingway's, can still be found in the work of younger writers, and his effect upon their perception of the world, particularly upon their perception of youth in relation to the modern world, has been immense. Perhaps more than any other writer, Wolfe has helped to make "lostness" fashionable. Products of his gigantic autobiographical novels are still to be found wandering the night-time streets of cities in search of "the lost lane-end into heaven." Others are still beating their fists bloody against the walls of furnished bedrooms. Now that individual loneliness is once more a modern occupational disease, the ranks of his followers are growing daily.

It is difficult to estimate Wolfe, to separate from our estimation of him the feeling he inspired in us when we were younger. Yet it is that feeling which becomes our surest means of estimating him, for it indicates the extent of his limitation as a writer. Wolfe spoke to the adolescent in us all. When we look today at his wild outpourings of language, his animal cries of joy and despair, and his uncontrolled assertions of life, we find that the spell is gone, that we are no longer touched. We now know why. We have outgrown our childhoods and Wolfe did not outgrow his.

His rantings, now that we are more detached, seem petulant, and his poetry strikes us as unbearably nostalgic and sentimental.

We are able to see in Wolfe the raw materials of an artist, even a great artist, but the balance of reason is missing. We learn from him that emotion must be objectified, protest subtilized, and energy compressed by rigid exertion of the will if literature is to be made. We learn, and with the learning we give up a youthful admiration, that like so many of his contemporaries Wolfe did not grow up, and that when he died, at thirty-eight, he had only just begun to reveal a promise of maturity.

JAMES JOYCE is, in many respects, the greatest literary figure to come out of the Lost Generation. His profoundly original experimentation in fiction has deeply affected our literature; in fact it would be safe to say that he, more than any other writer, has been responsible for shaping a novel form unique to this century. Yet it is in Joyce's work that the attitudes of the artistic twenties receive the fullest, most elaborate expansion.

His *Ulysses* is constructed upon the themes of exile and despair; it is the repository of disgust, the buried temple of the religion of art. Its principal characters, Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, typify respectively all the pallid, arrogant esthetes who ever lived and all the mediocre, frustrated men of business who were believed by Joyce and his younger colleagues to populate the modern earth. The book seems a massive, pedantic experiment in futility, a catalogue of the most decadent philosophies of its day. Its obscurity seems intentional and self-conscious, testifying to the immense conceit of a man who felt above explaining himself, who sought, as a gesture of supreme artistic contempt, to shut out all but the most astute reader from a full realization of his meaning. It is only because we recognize in Joyce the unmistakable mark of genius that we are willing to excuse such an attitude. But we realize the danger of its influence upon his imitators and upon an entire artistic credo.

Ulysses represents the extreme of the art-for-art's-sake doctrine, and it has encouraged and justified the antics of the perennial cults of that faith.

Their members, lacking Joyce's scope of mind and greatness of talent, feel with him that the modern world is entirely too coarse for their sensibilities, too stunned by material considerations to appreciate their art. They believe that comprehensibility in a work of art is a sure symptom of a mediocre talent and a superficial mind, and that the incomprehensible connotes the new and profound. Armed with such a view, they are able to foist upon their disciples work whose obscurity is taken for profundity, whose formlessness is taken for new form, and whose lack of subtlety is hidden effectively under a cloak of confusion. They, like Joyce, are too deep for the readers of books. And they are resigned to being misunderstood or even overlooked, and take comfort from the knowledge that such has always been the lot of the truly great. That Joyce, because of his integrity and detachment, was able to find in Stephen Dedalus—that partial self-portrait of the artist caught in the trap of his own intellectual crossword puzzle—a fit object for his cosmic sneer seems to have escaped his followers. It would seem most worthy of their notice.

Joyce's last book, *Finnegans Wake*, carries past absurdity the effects partially achieved in *Ulysses*. Here language is no longer sufficient for what Joyce has to say, and so he proceeds to destroy it in order that he will have to say nothing. While we busy ourselves with the *Key to Finnegans Wake* and the elaborate explanatory material which may afford us some understanding of the book, we are overwhelmed by feelings of pity and disgust. The spectacle of this man laboring heroically for eighteen years to warp language to the uses of his private confusion is the spectacle of a whole creative age short-circuiting itself to ruin.

Joyce speaks out of sterility and death. Most often he speaks brilliantly and well, but as with the others, we are forced always to remind ourselves of what he might have said if he had been willing to take upon himself the responsibility for making his great vision understandable.

V

NOT very long ago it seemed to most of the young writers of today that the novelists of the twenties were presenting a true picture of modern life; hence, a true picture not only of the past but of the present era as well. We grew up reading Hemingway, Dos Passos, Wolfe, and the others, and we absorbed what these men had to say about life before we were old enough or wise enough to check their statements against our own experience. We learned that nymphomania was the common sexual condition of modern woman; that love was at best merely sexual and at worst merely automatic; that drugs, drinks, lust, and violence afforded the only possible excitement and means of escape in a sterile, mechanical world; and that those who were not artists and writers, those who were business men, farmers, family men, and uneducated men, were stupid and inclined to be either viciously bigoted or mildly absurd.

It was only after we had matured a little more, lived for awhile, gone to war, and come to have more faith in our own powers of observation that we began to suspect these assumptions and to substitute others more truly our own. Nearly all the members of our generation are still in their twenties. We have not yet had time to develop fully nor to get more than a good start on the work we intend to do. All of us are still learning the fundamentals of living and writing. There are, however, certain views and responses we share in common, that have grown out of our common experience of life in this country and in this era.

We know, for one thing, that hysteria and despair will not be the dominant moods of our work, just as they are not the dominant moods of our age. Although we have all, in one way or another, been psychologically shaken by the experience of war, we have not been destroyed nor permanently deranged. We are aware of greater resources within us than the Lost Generation apparently possessed. We seem tougher and less likely to be hurt.

This is not insensitivity; it derives, rather, from a more mature, detached understanding of the forces which have

shaped us and from a deeper understanding of ourselves. As far as we are concerned, the philosophy of disillusion is dead. Exile is a blind alley. Sex, drink, and violence and the other opiates have been assimilated into life. They are no longer good for brave gestures in defiance of convention. Now there is no fixed standard to rebel against. Morals have become, in our time, strictly a private affair. Besides, the road from birth to death is, for us, strewn with far more than discarded contraceptives, gin bottles, and perpetually rumpled beds. Sex is a means of closer union, both physical and spiritual, in a confused and lonely world. Drink is no longer an end in itself, but a part of recreation. Violence angers us, makes us wish for greater human sanity.

Most often we are apt to feel trapped and numb, as if our emotions could no longer fully respond to our experience. One of our greatest problems seems to be individual loneliness, the difficulty of communicating with others—a problem akin to that with which Wolfe concerned himself. With our universe constantly expanding, constantly threatened with destruction, we seem to ask—more maturely than Wolfe, I trust—for closer human relations and spiritual harmony.

A FEW of the books written, thus far, by members of our generation touch upon this problem. Like most early books, they are content to examine small segments of experience and single phases of American life. But within their limits, they explore the delicate intangibles of human feeling and response, and they reflect this time of deep inner unrest and its vague yearnings for a better, freer place.

Gore Vidal's *In a Yellow Wood* is in many ways representative. It is the account of a single day in the life of a young man who has experienced too much, given too much of himself to conventionality, and who realizes too late that revolt, even for love, is impossible. The cocoons of our identities have been wound too tightly. We cannot penetrate them nor break free of them. Sex, for Vidal's young man, is not automatic nor is it tawdry. It is a living force of great beauty, and perhaps

it is the truest means of escape from the prison of the self into union with another in love.

Although John Horne Burns cannot be classed among the youngest of the new writers, his first novel, *The Gallery*, belongs to their world, the only world they have been able to call their own. The people of *The Gallery* are those who saw the truth of war. Unlike the very young of Vidal's book, they were rooted and shaped in the time of peace, an age as worthlessly remote to them as the paleolithic; and when they are hurled to live or die into the war world of Africa and Italy, they cannot bear what they see. Louella, the Red Cross worker with a mission in life, is the victim of her smug and silly Girl Scoutism because the facts of her existence demand a kind of courage her ideals do not provide. Hal, the neurotic lieutenant, seeks an answer to the meaning of a war which has suddenly stripped away all meaning. He ends in a psychiatric ward believing himself Jesus Christ. Moe, the infantry platoon leader, goes out to die, seeing no meaning in his life or death, knowing that dying will make no difference whatever to him or the world. All either cling to identities which are no longer equal to their experience or lose themselves altogether. The people they were last week are no longer adequate to the people they must be today. Nothing in their lives prepared them for the chaos they are obliged to face and endure.

Burns sees truth with a ferocity of insight any age before ours would have found impossible to bear. But he sees hope also. With the destruction of our most cherished ideals—our belief in American honor, kindness, and nobility of purpose—we must return to the values of human dignity and love. With Vidal, he sees that love is the single unshakable truth left to us, the only condition in which beauty and decency have a chance of survival. And for a world bent upon suicide, it is the *only* chance.

The authors of both books show a new

awareness of man's dignity. They are both certain that he will continually struggle toward complete self-realization and equally certain that he will continually fail. They present the tragedy of his defeat but not despairingly. They do not urge him to escape from a world too harsh. They ask, rather, that he meet his world and try to better his condition in it. As observers of the truth of their time, they know that there is no help for him, no place else for him to go. Whatever is done, he will have to do for himself.

TO BE SURE, we have not yet written anything to compare with the best books of the Lost Generation. Neither *In a Yellow Wood* nor *The Gallery* gives more than an intimation of the issues which must ultimately concern us. Nor do the others—Calder Willingham's *End As a Man*, Robert Lowry's *Casualty*, Thomas Heggen's *Mr. Roberts*. But there is reason to believe that the better books will come and that some of us will write them.

Today literature is still in the muddle of war. It would seem that the events of the war years have hardened the creative arteries of some of our best older writers. Too many have lapsed into complete silence. The others of the literary infirm—the neurotic, aged, ostrich-minded, spiritually peeved, the sweet and the glad—are apparently still grinding out stuff to fill up the current fiction lists. Those who care for quality in books have just cause for worry. But the young men who write have not. They are neither frightened nor discouraged. They are trying to face reality and to write about it as well as they are able.

If they succeed, they will help matters. If they do not, they will not blame our lack of culture nor our crude materialism. They will blame themselves. They know they can write as well here as anywhere. They know that the values they must have to be writers, they will find here or not at all. The exile is over. The young men, for better or worse, are home to stay.

Quiet, Please!

AGNES ROGERS

To Piltown or Neanderthal
The difference was very small
Which clothes were his and which were
hers.

They wore their rudely-fashioned furs
(When they could get them) to augment
Their natural integument.

They dressed according to the season;
It was indeed the Age of Reason.

So eon after eon rolled,
And clothing just kept out the cold —
Each sex identically geared —
Till *homo sapiens* appeared.

Then woman, bit by bit, began
To wear a different garb from man,
And as their habits thus diverged
Cool reason fled and styles emerged.
For common sense, you must agree,
Has no part in the history
Of fashions, feminine or male.
(See doublet, ruff, or farthingale.)
It seems the merest chance or whim
Declares the styles for her and him.
At times the man is more resplendent,
And then his wife's in the ascendant.
At times she blossoms like the rose,
And then in silks her husband goes.

But latterly we note that this is
The rule for Mr. and for Mrs.:
His fashions change with glacial speed
While hers move rapidly indeed.

This year she's short, next year she's tall,
Her skirts like empires rise and fall,
Her neckline fluctuates as well,
Her hips retire, then gently swell,
Her nimble waistline skips about,
Goes up and down and in and out.
One thing is constant, only one
(Besides the fact that clothes are fun):
All men protest with angry passion
At every change in women's fashion.
They mutter, grumble, thunder, groan.
Why can't they leave the styles alone?
You'd think they had to wear the frills
Whereas they only pay the bills.

The season's silhouettes so far —
Infanta or Triangular
Or wrap-around, or floating loose —
Evoke particular abuse.
Men hate the skirts that hide the knees,
They're very, very hard to please.
With voices loud and accents firm
They're now denouncing what they term
The plots of Seventh Avenue.
This *brouhaha, tohu bohu*
Will never get them anywhere.
For women want new clothes to wear,
And they will buy what's in the stores,
Despite their husband's anguished roars.

Dear sirs, you may as well relax,
And go and do your Income Tax.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

MY DETERMINATION not to write about teaching is always getting clipped from behind. I return to the subject this time because, after staying away for five years, I went back to Bread Loaf this August and served my eleventh hitch as a member of the teaching staff. The five-year hiatus enabled me to get the place into focus and I think it is time to talk here about Bread Loaf. For I also think that Bread Loaf has achieved something which colleges, at least their English departments, ought to look into.

In case you haven't heard of it, I explain that Bread Loaf is the oldest of the writers' conferences and probably the begetter, though not the model, of all the others. It is run by Middlebury College and its sessions, of which this year's was the twenty-second, are held during the last two weeks of August in a gap in the Green Mountains under the shadow of the peak that gives it its name. I want to talk about the teaching it does. The fact that it tries to teach writing is incidental, but of course writing is what it tries to teach. Professional writing.

Because it does, those of us who keep going back to Bread Loaf year by year have to take a lot of derision from our writing friends. (Whenever one of my writing friends has been invited to join the staff or to come up for a lecture, however, he has invariably accepted.) They make cracks about the shell game or the uplift. They accuse us of pandering to literary yearners. And of course they always say that writing cannot be taught—they had to learn it for themselves and so must everyone else who is going to be a writer.

But writing can be taught. Parts of it,

to some people, up to a point. Only some parts of physics, cooking, or salvation can be taught, and those parts only to some people and only up to a point. Only certain people can teach them, too. Nobody can make a writer of someone whom God neglected to, but the right teaching can shorten the apprenticeship of an inexperienced writer, and it can sometimes do a lot for writers who regard themselves as finished products. The latter fact is why publishers, a hardboiled species, frequently pay large fees to qualified people to go over the manuscripts of well-established writers. The former fact is why Bread Loaf feels justified in going on.

THREE kinds of people go to Bread Loaf. Every year there is a group of college and high school teachers of English, who do not submit manuscripts but take part in everything that goes on. For them the conference is an unqualified success and through them it does a service to American education. For they take back to the classroom study of literature something of what that study needs most, the professional point of view. A larger group is composed of people who want to be, or feel they are, writers. Every year this includes some who have learned a good deal about writing and have published some, frequently a lot, of their stuff. These people want, and get, expert professional criticism and advice. Every year too this group includes a number, if usually a small number, of young or at least inexperienced people who have literary talent, occasionally a lot of it. They should be classified with the third group, which I'll get round to in a moment.

Every year also, though Middlebury screens the manuscripts submitted for admission in an effort to keep the ineducable away, there is a group who usually do not learn much. They are people whom Providence obviously did not intend to be writers: the hopelessly literary or the hopelessly amateur, long on ego or attitudes or full of romantic notions, fond of posing as writers to themselves or their friends, too few young men, too many middle-aged clubwomen. Some of them are bewildered by the conference, some hurt, though of course others are enchanted. But all of them get the experience of having bad manuscripts analyzed in detail by experts whose sole directive from the management is to tell the truth as they see it.

The conference is self-supporting but is not run for profit. (A college operates it and colleges are thrifty. In two weeks any member of the staff could make from his trade three or four times his Bread Loaf salary, and the director, who has a year-round job, is shockingly underpaid.) Its income is the tuition fees; after running expenses have been paid, all that is left is put into a scholarship fund. The beneficiaries of this fund, called Fellows, are the third class. They are charged no tuition fee and the fund pays their living expenses. Fellows are nominated by publishers, editors, or members of the staff, and they are chosen from among the nominees by the director after he has read their work. They must have published enough to indicate what their talent is and their work must suggest to the director that they can profit from the close individual attention given to them by the staff. In the past fifteen years there have been perhaps ninety Fellows. Most of them are now professional writers and many of them have done distinguished work—I mention Josephine Johnson, Catherine Drinker Bowen, Eudora Welty, Virginia Sorenson, James Still, Robert Francis, Fletcher Pratt, John Ciardi. (Mr. Pratt joined the staff the year after he was a Fellow and Mr. Ciardi, after some years in the Army, joined it this year.) Almost all of them will tell you that they learned a good deal at Bread Loaf.

Sometimes a publisher pays the expenses of a young writer on his list who he

thinks needs the kind of analysis and criticism he will get at Bread Loaf. Such people should be grouped with the Fellows and with the experienced writers and the promising but inexperienced ones who turn up unheralded in the student body. These are the ones whom Bread Loaf teaches most effectively.

AN EDUCATOR will already have observed several favorable circumstances: that the student body is selected, that it is composed of people who are seriously interested in learning, that most of them have a foundation of experience. I want to point out other things to him, however, beginning with the staff. Of those who were on it this year five are or have been college teachers. (One of these, Edith Mirrielees, is a great teacher and if required could teach effectively anything from astrophysics to zoopsychology.) But those five are also professional writers or professional editors, and so are the other members of this year's staff. Four of the eleven are both writers and editors.

In the fifteen years I have known about Bread Loaf the staff always has been composed of professional writers and editors. Moreover, since the present director took over in 1932, to make coherent what had been an amusing and sometimes brilliant but also haphazard experiment, they have been of a particular kind. It would be easy enough to get Big Names for the staff but he has tried, instead, to get men and women who not only know writing professionally, from the inside, but have the analytical ability that is rare among writers and uncommon among editors. He has also tried to get men and women who would work well together. Both efforts have succeeded. The staff is semi-permanent, it changes only slowly, and other regulars substitute for Miss Mirrielees and Mr. Wallace Stegner in the years when they cannot come.

This ability to substitute for one another is part of the successful formula that has been worked out. None of the staff except the poets would dare touch poetry but, apart from poetry, since they are professionals of wide experience any of them can fill in for any other when a special oc-

casion arises. If the director decides that a subject has not been treated extensively enough, he can call on someone else to work on it again while the one it was assigned to goes on with his job. Or he can assign someone to treat it from a different angle. Or he can have a student's work criticized by two or three thoroughly qualified members of the staff, though usually it is assigned to only one. Unlike the chairman of a college department he can regard his staff as both specialists and utility infielders.

What is more important—what to one who like me has taught on college faculties is awe-inspiring—is that years of working together at a common job have developed flexibility and teamwork. The teaching has become self-adjusting. At the opening of a session the curriculum expresses years of empirical selection. The conference knows just which parts of the subjects it deals with can be treated profitably in two weeks, which approaches to them will be effective, which portions cannot be treated adequately in two weeks (or perhaps not at all), which attractive bypaths would waste time, what kinds of difficulties and misunderstandings are sure to be encountered, what tested measures for dealing with them there are. But every student body has a personality of its own and so, every year, after two or three days it begins to be possible to see that in one way or another the program is not going quite according to plan. An early discussion was not wholly clear or did not go far enough, so people have acquired misconceptions or are bewildered. Or an unusual number of people this year have set ideas that conflict with the empirical teaching, stresses have developed, emotional resistances are building up, time is beginning to be wasted in irrelevancies. Or one staff member has run up against a wholly new problem, or another has been forced away from his objective, or another has been led into some kind of overemphasis or underemphasis that must be corrected.

ONE who is used to the rigid methods of college teaching and its intensely individualistic efforts gets an aesthetic pleasure from the prompt co-operative action of the Bread Loaf staff on such

occasions. No misunderstanding can last very long because every staff member pitches in to help clear it up. Fixed ideas and emotional resistance soon disappear when eleven teachers concentrate on correcting them. No mistake in teaching has serious results for the staff are, so to speak, so used to backing up throws from the outfield that nothing can get through them. What makes this co-operation the more impressive is one's startled awareness that writers, normally the most antagonistic of men, are doing it. It may be that some of them are prima donnas or exhibitionists but if so they don't act naturally at Bread Loaf. A strong common acidity would take care of them if they did, but the true explanation is different and important: they are so interested in the job they are doing that they subordinate themselves to it. So they work without the antagonism, envy, and jealousy which most college administrators regard as institutional aberrations but which the wiser ones know are an integral function of academic institutions. The result is effective teaching. I say soberly that it is the most effective teaching I have ever seen. No college English department works anywhere near so well.

Bread Loaf has other favorable handicaps as well. One reason why the teaching is effective is that it is extremely concentrated, so concentrated that to lengthen the session much would make the intensity intolerable to both staff and students. Lengthening the session would also produce administrative problems that do not now exist and might produce the problems of curriculum that harass every college department. (It is impossible anyway—the staff could not afford any more time.) Moreover, most of the teachable parts of writing are those which Bread Loaf chiefly concentrates on, the techniques, and people who have professional experience are the only ones who can teach techniques. But this fact has a very important corollary: a technical approach to writing is an excellent way of teaching literature too—a far more valuable way than the generality of college teachers are aware. It is the ingredient that the study of literature in the colleges needs most. Even a little knowledge of literature as writers

know it will make over an academic student's ideas. The most casual clubwoman who comes to Bread Loaf, though she may be bruised by having her manuscripts called lousy and being shown how and wherein they are, will never again read fiction or poetry without at least a hazy conception of their actual nature. The trouble with English departments is precisely that most of them do not know what literature actually is.

MY POINT is that the teaching at Bread Loaf is outward from the center, at the moment of the writing itself, from the pattern and point of view of the writer—not after the fact, from the outside, as of someone who has not had the fundamental experience. These teachers are professionals, they are imperative in their professionalism, they teach on the basis of what the books call the creative experience. Furthermore they teach *ad hoc*. They lecture and hold seminars as college teachers do, though with extreme, perhaps disconcerting informality—but they almost never deal with literary theory, such abstract principles as they may discuss are working principles, scientific compression of experience, never philosophical generalizations. And more than half their effort is spent on what the students have actually written, which they analyze either before the seminars or privately with the authors themselves. Directly, they teach techniques and the subjects most intimately connected with them, but indirectly they conduct what a college catalogue would call a study of the creative process—what it is, what it means, how it operates. They work much closer to literature than most college teachers of it can ever get, for most college teachers do not understand it from within.

All this, of course, is intended for the student exclusively but a wider effect is becoming manifest. In the past fifteen years or so, hardly aware of what it was doing, doing it only as a means to the empirical end, Bread Loaf has evolved a

wholly new way of studying fiction. It is no one person's invention; many novelists, short-story writers, editors, and critics, working on the common problem of how to teach the writing of fiction effectively, have worked it out by trial, error, analysis, and controlled experimentation. As a point of view and a systemization it is a composite labor. But it is a sharply different way of studying fiction from any other I know, and it is so fruitful a way that newcomers to the staff find themselves using it during their first season. It is not only a way of teaching writing and not only a way of studying literature, it is a new approach to literary criticism, a criticism of fiction as of the writer of fiction. And it is now beginning to turn up in the books and articles that professional critics publish—where it is a point of view and a system of values. This dissemination is certain to increase; as time goes on more critics will habitually use this approach to fiction, twenty-five years from now the colleges will be teaching it.

Bread Loaf has worked out similar ways of treating nonfiction, but necessarily they are more various and diffused, less easily codified, and so slower to find outside application. But they employ the same principles of experience, professional expertness, and analysis from within. They too are certain eventually to get general circulation as teaching and criticism.

What I have written here is not advertising matter. Bread Loaf operates at capacity now: the physical plant can accommodate no larger number of students, the staff could not handle a larger number, and to increase the staff would be to make the method inapplicable. But it should interest the colleges that a new and important way of studying literature and an extraordinarily effective way of teaching writing have been developed on Bread Loaf Mountain. Serious teachers of composition and literature, dissatisfied department heads, and sagacious deans will find here something useful to their profession if they will take the trouble to inquire.

HOW TO RID THE GOVERNMENT OF COMMUNISTS

JAMES A. WECHSLER

IN HIS eloquent plea for national sanity in *Harper's*, two months ago, Henry Steele Commager left unresolved the narrow but disturbing question now confronting this government: how can men in a movement run by a foreign power be eliminated from government without injustice and hysteria? How does democratic society protect itself without destroying its own character and emulating the totalitarianism it seeks to resist?

Two persuasive premises guide the thinking of the men who are now shaping government policy in this elusive realm. The first is that we are engaged in a worldwide diplomatic and ideological struggle with Russia, with little prospect that the conflict will be swiftly or easily resolved; the second is that one of Russia's most valuable weapons—present and potential—is an international army of agents organized as “native” Communist parties. Reasonable men must be legitimately frightened by the dimensions this two-world conflict has reached and the danger that it will end in the ultimate catastrophe of war; but unless one argues, as Henry Wallace appears to, that the burden of guilt in this duel rests on America and unless one dismisses as fantasy the modern record of the Communist parties, the need for minimum safeguards seems inescapable.

Obviously the American Communists

are incapable of staging a revolutionary coup in the foreseeable future; and only true disbelievers in the democratic process assert that American society lacks the strength to combat the large-scale promotion of Communist ideas. J. Edgar Hoover himself has publicly opposed the outlawry of the Communist party and only the lunatic fringe in Congress has clamored for the suppression of Communist propaganda. In some measure, at least, hysteria over the Communist issue has been deliberately exaggerated by the Communists themselves to obscure the real problem. That problem is the exclusion of Communists from government—not because they are nonconformists, not because they have read the works of V. I. Lenin, not because they agitate against the poll tax, but because the Communist parties are organized instruments of Russian espionage, disruption, and—in the event of war—full-fledged sabotage.

What the Communists will do in wartime at signals flashed from the Kremlin was tragically demonstrated in France—and on a less calamitous scale in the United States—during the Nazi-Soviet pact. Political strikes in American defense plants were a miniature of the more grandiose betrayal staged by the powerful French Communist machine after Molotov proclaimed that fascism was “a matter of

At one time or another, James A. Wechsler has been both on the staff of the Nation and national affairs editor of PM. He is now in the Washington bureau of the New York Post.

taste." There is little historical quarrel on this point outside of the orthodox journals of the shifting Communist theology. Even more relevant now is the story of Soviet espionage in Canada unfolded in the report of the Canadian Royal Commission. The suspensions of civil rights that accompanied the Canadian spy inquiry have been justifiably decried by lawyers and libertarians alike. But the ultimate findings are grimly meaningful to a country seeking to deal with the same problem in a democratic context.

FOR the Canadian report is a fascinating and revelatory study in the psychology as well as the pattern of Communist behavior. It demonstrates beyond dispute the link between the Soviet intelligence network and home-grown Communist parties. It also depicts in detail the strange process by which men who are drawn to the Communist movement by devoutly idealistic symbols become full-fledged spies in the service of a foreign power—not for monetary reward and usually with the loftiest rationalizations of their conduct. They are stirred by the concept of internationalism. They are taught to identify the welfare of humanity everywhere with Soviet national interests. They learn to regard concealment of their own political identities and transmission of official secrets as noble tricks against the pillars of society. Finally, when the political hypnosis is completed, they have resolved all inner doubt. They are agents. Describing the systematic "education" which transforms well-intentioned "fellow-travelers" into useful cogs in the espionage machine, the Canadian report said:

Indeed a sense of internationalism seems in many cases to play a definite role in one stage of the courses. In these cases, the Canadian sympathizer is first encouraged to develop a sense of loyalty, not directly to a foreign state but to what he conceives to be an international idea. This subjective internationalism is then usually linked almost inextricably through the indoctrination courses and the intensive exposure to the propaganda of a particular foreign state, with the current conception of the national interests of that foreign state and with the current doctrines and policies of Communist parties throughout the world.

And further:

The evidence we have heard shows that at

each stage of "development" the adherent is kept in ignorance of the wider ramifications and real objectives of the organization, to one of the fringes of which he has allowed himself to be attached.

In these Koestlerian fragments we glimpse the real nature of the dilemma facing the democracy that is the direct target of this enterprise. For the Communist movement—like the Nazi international—is essentially an underground society. Its moral codes and its habits of thought are often remote and implausible to people steeped in a democratic tradition.

When Mr. Wallace professes doubt that Communists are actually agents of the Soviet government, he really articulates his own disbelief that anybody schooled in Western democracy could act like a character in the Canadian spy drama. When liberals exhibit reluctance to accept the proposition that Communists must be barred from government, it is because they regard the earnest Communists they have known as simply another, if peculiarly fanatic, species of left-wing thought. What they underestimate are the subjective rationalizations which skilled and cynical Communist operatives offer their new subjects; the extent to which the novice may be used—unwittingly—in the early stages of his "development"; and the ultimate intellectual corruption that marks the final triumph of the commissar.

ANY "purge," however circumspect and limited, involves risks to democratic institutions. The hazards must be balanced against the consequences of wide-eyed innocence and simple-minded incredulity. To European social-democrats the nature of the Communist thrust is infinitely plainer than it is to us; they have faced the full fury of what Harold Laski called the disciplined secret battalions. In the light of the European story of the past two decades and the Canadian disclosures of 1945, the rule of reason would seem clear: Communists (no less than fascists who operate in any remnants of the Nazi International and in such units of potential fascist resurgence as The Christian Front) must be excluded from

government—while their rights to raise hell through the public channels of democratic debate are vigorously reaffirmed. Ideas are not the enemy; an awareness of the distinction between communism as an idea and the Communist parties as battalions of Soviet espionage and sabotage is essential to any national wisdom. It is that distinction which both Congressman Rankin and William Z. Foster try to blur. Rankin, and the frightened men around him, would destroy all dissent as an expression of "communism." Foster publicly depicts the Communist party as a native American voice of dissent.

To say that these ambiguities are overwhelming and that any "loyalty" procedure in government is intrinsically doomed to become a replica of the Palmer raids in 1920 is in effect to let reaction run the program as it pleases. For the Communist apparatus does exist in the real world. If liberals cannot face the reality of Communist intrigue as they once recognized the scope of the fascist fifth column, the Congressional cops will run the show; if liberals cannot offer an affirmative, clearly-defined plan of democratic self-defense the witch-hunt may truly be upon us.

II

BUT what's really going on in Washington? Are we on the eve of a new Palmer foray against nonconformity? Is a police state rising on the Potomac, as some liberal journalists have darkly reported? Are liberals convening in cellars, destroying old copies of *The Nation* and old letters from unorthodox girl-friends? Is there any real chance that reason and temperance will guide the "loyalty" investigations?

The answer is that so far the picture is far less stark and conclusive than some of the widely publicized horror-stories. Investigation of "loyalty" did not begin with the executive order issued by Harry Truman on March 21. As far as the present generation of government employees is concerned, such inquiries became systematic and widespread during the early months of the Nazi-Soviet pact. They were carried on throughout the war. In the war years the Civil Service Commission itself

investigated 395,000 employees. Of these 1,300 were removed because there appeared "reasonable ground" for doubting their loyalty. Approximately 700 of this group were in the Communist category. The FBI, Military and Naval intelligence, and other groups staged similar inquiries. There were absurdities and wrongs committed, as anybody who inhabited wartime Washington knows. Yet in perspective it may appear more significant that we waged the most far-flung war in our history without even faintly resembling a police state, that the sporadic "terror" was usually more foolish than fierce, and that our liberties survived the war without major scars.

All of which merely suggests that the fact of investigation does not automatically breed a disastrous witch-hunt, and that a human equation—such as the presence of such conscientious people as Arthur S. Flemming, Harry B. Mitchell, and Frances Perkins as heads of the Civil Service Commission—can keep it from going to excesses. But our wartime experience also underlines the nature of the risks involved and the character of the safeguards that must be invoked. From what we have learned it now seems clear that the success or failure of the "loyalty" inquiry will be determined by the resolution of these two unsettled questions:

(1) Will accused employees receive protections that genuinely protect, inspiring the confidence of honest men rather than offering a field-day for amateur and professional heresy-hunters?

(2) Will we evolve criteria of judgment that plainly differentiate nonconformists (on the left or right) from participants in underground conspiratorial movements run from a foreign capital or—as in the case of pro-fascists—clearly identified with the now homeless Nazi international?

With respect to both questions the program enunciated by President Truman on March 21 was alternately unsatisfactory and inadequate. But the door is still wide open to elaboration and refinement of that order. A good many of the wiser officials in the capital have been sweating over these questions ever since the statement was promulgated. The important facts about contemporary Washington are that

persons like Flemming, Mitchell, and Miss Perkins are deeply sensitive to the complexity of the issues and that the Administration itself has shown little of the zeal for irresponsible persecution suggested by some of the more thunderous outcries on the left. Both Attorney General Clark and J. Edgar Hoover have manifested visible concern over liberal criticisms leveled against the terms of the program. While some conscientious detractors have hinted that this concern is "purely political," it is slightly gratuitous to complain when men in high office view liberal politics as sound politics.

AS THE loyalty machinery now operates more than 1,000,000 federal employees will be subjected to at least routine review. (It is not true, as generally imagined, that all of them were investigated in wartime; tens of thousands went on the government payroll in those hectic years without any scrutiny.) The FBI checks their names against its own records and all other current dossiers of subversion, including the notoriously unreliable files compiled by the peerless peep-hole artists of the House Un-American Activities Committee. If any "derogatory information" is revealed in any of these documents, the FBI conducts further inquiry, forwards a report—without recommendation—to the Civil Service Commission, which transmits the findings to the agency involved. If the administrator decides to act upon the data (and in the current political weather the pressure to do so will be strong) he must give the accused a summary of the charges, a chance to testify with counsel before a departmental review board, and an opportunity to seek personal review by the agency head. Then, finally, the case may be carried to a new, over-all Civil Service Commission review body which will presumably be composed of outstanding, disinterested citizens.

So far all this might be classified as progress; it formalizes heretofore shadowy rights of review and appeal and creates a supreme tribunal that is dependent on neither Congress nor government for favor. But the order also contains this crucial joker:

The charges shall be stated as specifically and completely as, in the discretion of the employing department or agency, security considerations permit.

In effect this means that the FBI will retain its authority to decide how much of its case shall be disclosed. It means the victim may receive only the most fragmentary picture of the evidence on which he is being convicted and utterly no chance to confront the witnesses whose words may exile him from government.

The traditional defense for this course is that a security agency often cannot reveal the sources of its information—or even the full facts at its command—without permanently destroying the usefulness of its informers. Since stool pigeons are the key figures in most investigative casts, this explanation cannot glibly be thrown out of court.

But the exclusion of any man or woman from government service is also serious business. Moreover, there are many cases in which informants are local janitors, women scorned, and village idiots who have no just claim to anonymity. Conceding that the problem isn't simple, the solution clearly rests in the hands of the proposed national review board and its regional counterparts.

THIS board must be empowered, in cases that it holds doubtful and inconclusive, to require the FBI to produce the full details of its findings and the witnesses from whom it was obtained. Admittedly this may make life tougher for the political G-men. But once again alternatives must be closely weighed.

The board's activities will also be gravely hampered if no records are kept of the lower-level hearings that precede final appeal. Each case will come up cold, with only the bare outline of general charge and categorical denial. All the previous appeals will be little more than waste motion.

Technically the decisions of the top board will be only "advisory." However, this is probably a verbal quibble, since few administrators will be likely to defy its conclusions, and most of them will welcome its existence as a powerful moral backstop for themselves.

Given these procedural weapons the review board can become a decisive restraint on reckless Congressional clamor for a wholesale purge. It can help to take the issue of national security out of the dreary realm of partisan politics. It can give renewed courage to administrators who now defend the suspect at the risk of their own necks. And it can undermine the impression widely whispered in government circles that an argument with the FBI (or Congress) is a form of administrative suicide. For while the FBI reports are deadpan and no recommendation is set forth, their existence periodically "leaks" in wondrous ways. Congressmen can demand them and Congressional "sources" are often remarkably outspoken.

SIMULTANEOUSLY the standards set forth in the order must be painstakingly clarified. Actually the Civil Service Commission made substantial progress in this direction during the war. Its progress may be nullified by some of the loose language in the loyalty order. Back in March 1942 President Roosevelt issued war service regulations which held that one of the grounds for disqualification for a federal employee was "the existence of a reasonable doubt of his loyalty to the government of the United States." But loyalty, as Professor Commager pointed out, has become a badly battered word. What we really mean is the existence of a competing allegiance so strong and clear that the person involved cannot be trusted inside a government office.

This problem is enormously complicated by emergence of the "fellow-traveler" as a classic political phenomenon of our times. As the Canadian spy revelations showed, the fellow-traveler may in some instances be just a well-intentioned fellow whose thoughts have been traveling along paths parallel to Communist lines; he may, however, be a clandestine party member who, for reasons of safety, is spared the formality of signing a party card.

Because the Communists, like the Nazis, have leaned so heavily on men who lead political double lives, it is not enough to say that full proof of membership in the Communist party must be shown before

any dismissal can occur. Under this criteria some of the most elusive and important Communist operatives might escape, while the clumsiest and least significant were apprehended.

In an effort to resolve this difficulty the loyalty order invoked the dangerous doctrine of guilt by association. The Department of Justice is now preparing a list of "proscribed" organizations held to be communist and fascist fronts. The Attorney General, in response to protests, has indicated that at least some of these organizations will be given a hearing before he hands down his ruling. But that doesn't settle everything. The crucial question is the significance that will be attached to membership in one of the organizations listed.

Mr. Clark might hold with some justification that the Southern Conference for Human Welfare has been utilized as a front for the Communists. Does that mean that Dr. Frank Graham, who has bitterly fought the Communists for control of the Conference but refused to abandon his membership in it, shall be barred from government employment? The question suggests the possible absurdity of the standard.

Mr. Flemming has indicated a far more plausible approach. "An employee will be dismissed only if evidence of membership in such an organization, *plus all the other evidence* in the case, leads to the conclusion that reasonable grounds exist for believing that he is disloyal to the government of the United States," he said recently. The order uses similar language, but it is later clouded by extensive reference to "association."

In effect Mr. Flemming is saying that the total pattern of behavior of the accused will be reviewed and a wide variety of human experience evaluated. Such subtleties are the qualities that distinguish reasonable inquiry from frenzied inquisition. Yet it should also be noted at this point that the Attorney General is given enormous "blacklist" authority, since membership in a front organization is the equivalent of at least one strike on the employee. Certainly the projected review board should have the right to make this final determination of "proscribed"

groups, perhaps with the Attorney General occupying the role of prosecutor once he has reached his own decisions.

THE recent dismissal of ten State Department employees—without hearings or even recitation of charges—forcibly dramatized the need for the safeguards outlined here. It also underlined what is not generally appreciated—that State, the military departments, and the Atomic Energy Commission run their own “purges” and more than 500,000 employees are thus not currently covered by even the limited protections of the President’s executive order. State’s arbitrary powers to fire (which the Department itself apparently reconsidered and modified in the case of the ten) derive from a Congressional rider to its appropriation. The armed services invoke a wartime security statute. Atomic Energy similarly conducts its own security affairs by Congressional sanction (or demand). There is little justification for this separation. The guarantees that preserve integrity and imagination in government are surely no less needed in the State Department than in agencies far removed from the diplomatic battlefield; and the same thing applies to the domain of the brass and braid.

There are some who contend that the whole loyalty program should be applied only to “sensitive” agencies, pointing out that the Labor Department or, let us say, the Fish and Wild Life Service would offer poor hunting ground for a foreign agent. Since military intelligence is primarily the art of correlating strangely diverse data, the argument is more entertaining than valid. Yet the review board might appropriately fix tighter standards for State, Atomic Energy, and the armed services than for clearly peripheral agencies. It could be plausibly argued that the “burden of proof” rests on the government in a non-security agency but that “reasonable doubt” would justify dismissal in the more strategic areas. It would also seem sensible to permit resignation without prejudice in any case short of an overt act.

In most of these matters the soundest course would be to let the review board draw these faint shadings rather than seek an advance blueprint.

III

THE risks projected when police methods are applied to government will not be dissipated overnight even if the proposed review board consists of twenty of our wisest Solomons. Perhaps the most serious threat is the least tangible—the possibility that men in government will strive ostentatiously to conform, that the super-patrioteer will become a model public servant and the unorthodox mind will seek more congenial surroundings.

Dramatic and affirmative effort by the Administration is plainly needed in view of the deepening demoralization in the government service. The caliber of the men appointed to the review board will decisively affect this atmosphere. They must command sufficient respect to withstand a change in national administration. They must dwarf the professional “know-nothings” in Congress. I know that such men are being earnestly sought. Their appointment must be accompanied by an emphatic clarification of the language used in the loyalty order, a swift assertion of the powers they will invoke, and a revised statement of the objectives of the inquiry.

With such moves the Washington air could be freshened. The petty bureaucrats who view the loyalty probe as a chance to plant knives in the backs of competitors might be seriously discouraged; the citizen who wants to work for his government would no longer feel he was helpless prey for invisible informers. The “know-nothings” would promptly charge that the Administration was “softening” again; the Communists would cry that these are empty bourgeois gestures. But the instinctive decency of American opinion would be crystallized. The same Gallup polls that show widespread support for exclusions of Communists from government also endorse full hearings for the accused.

The resilience of democratic society has repeatedly proved greater than the extreme right and extreme left have acknowledged. It faces a new test now. But on the basis of the evidence so far, the reports of democracy’s death have once again been exaggerated. The loyalty program, despite a bad beginning, can still make sense.

THEY WERE GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE ARMY

OLIVER LA FARGE

THE YOUNG man sat listlessly on the ground in front of a square, one-room shack built of logs set upright and chinked with mud. He wore a pretty good suit of clothes with a snappy herring-bone weave, but the suit was dirty and needed pressing. He wore a green shirt and no necktie. In the lapel of his coat was a little enamel gadget representing the Pacific Theater ribbon and the Purple Heart.

His face was thin, the skin tight over the bones. His hands and wrists were thin and bony. With one finger, slowly, he made aimless marks in the dirt. Without looking behind him, he knew that inside the shack his wife was trying to sleep, since there was nothing for her to cook. As the baby was not crying, he knew that it had fallen asleep, for which he was grateful. It had diarrhoea from eating green corn. They had finished all their corn before it was fully ripened, and now there was nothing more. They had also eaten up their monthly relief check, which was fifteen dollars—five dollars per person as prescribed by the United States government. There were still four days to go till the end of the month. He wondered how they would get through next month. He wondered how they would get through the winter.

This man was in no way a special case.

He was—he is—one of thousands of Navajo Indians who have gone this far toward the end of the trail America has laid out for them. As a boy he had three years' schooling, in which he was luckier than most Navajo children, who have none. He failed to contract tuberculosis, and thus he became one of the thirty-six hundred Navajos who went willingly to war. When he came back he had great hopes. He spoke better English now. He had his mustering-out pay, he had the G. I. Bill of Rights, he had seen the world, he had lived and fought and played as an equal among white men. He was going to do great things.

Sitting in front of his home, he drew a square on the ground, then he made a dot in the middle of it. That was he. He was boxed in. He wanted to get an education, but he had only three grades, so he could get into no school except those the government provided for the Navajos. With twenty-five thousand Navajo children of school age and room for only six thousand, he didn't have a chance. He wanted on-the-job training, but the few jobs on the reservation were filled, and people off the reservation didn't want to take on Indians as ignorant as he. Many of them just plain didn't want to take on Indians. He wanted to buy a truck and go into freighting for the traders, but G. I. Bill or no

Although he is best known as a novelist, Oliver La Farge is an anthropologist too—and his many visits to the Southwest have given him an intense interest in the American Indians.

G. I. Bill, the banks would not lend him money. They would not accept a movable object, such as a truck, as security from an Indian, and he had nothing else to put up. He wanted to buy some cattle with the cash he had and start ranching, but the reservation was already overstocked and he could not get a grazing permit. He tried for jobs off the reservation. For the simple forms of labor for which he was qualified, ten thousand Navajos were competing. He worked on a railroad gang for six months, and made a little money harvesting carrots at Bluewater; that was all he had been able to find since he was mustered out.

He had married soon after he returned. They had eaten up his little capital, as they had eaten up the relief checks and his "fifty-two twenty" pay and their corn before it was ready for harvest. Even if they could have held off until the harvest, they wouldn't have had much. All the idle land they could find was a little plot of poor dry-farming land, and 1947 was a drought year. He was in a box. He could not see any way out.

He knew what he was going to do now. He was going to hook a ride into town, sell his coat, buy a pint of bootleg rotgut, and get drunk. He hated what he was doing, but he could not help himself. He could not get out of the box; he could only momentarily forget it.

II

THIS description is not of a unique case, nor is it at all exaggerated. This young man's situation is typical of what the government and Congress and people of the United States have done to the greatest of our Indian tribes. These are the Navajos, famous for their warlike qualities, their songs, their arts. These are the people upon whom writers, artists, and tourists have lavished so much sentiment.

They are the victims of their own vigor, the incredible blindness of our own government, and of the curious fact that while white Americans by the thousands enjoy the romance and color of the Indians, and love to sentimentalize about them, they do not give a whoop in hell whether

they live well, die in misery, or just drag along in weary, broken despair.

When the Navajos, defeated finally by Kit Carson, signed the Treaty of 1868, they were settled upon a portion of their present reservation, embracing part of their old homeland. They then numbered between nine and ten thousand. They had already proved their enterprise and adaptability. After they entered the Southwest, probably about 1400 A.D., they had learned farming and taken over many elements of the superior culture of the Indians they found there, and later of the Spaniards. They learned weaving from the Pueblo Indians and so improved it that they became the foremost of all Indian weavers and even before the Civil War a "*serape Navajo*" brought fifty dollars in Santa Fé. They learned metal-working from the Spaniards, and in the course of the nineteenth century developed a silver-working industry which largely put the white silver-workers of the area out of business. They were a people for whom one could entertain great hopes.

Now they had abandoned warfare for good and all. Each Indian received two sheep. They settled down to herding, farming, and the development of their arts. Most importantly, in the treaty the United States had undertaken to provide them with medical care, and to furnish adequate school facilities and a teacher for every thirty Navajo children between the ages of six and thirteen. These undertakings were the essential basis of their future.

The Navajos increased, as they are still increasing, at a rate of 2.48 per cent each year. Urged on by the Indian Service, they built up their flocks in almost geometric progression. The tribe prospered. It overflowed its reservation. Various additions were made until, at present, the reservation comprises twenty-four thousand square miles, a stupendous area, and several thousand Navajos are living on small allotments or as squatters in the oldest part of the Navajo country, east of the reservation in New Mexico. By a deal among senators, there is a law on the books forbidding any further extensions of their territory. They have what they have, and that is that.

THE country is rough, rugged, arid, and beautiful. It is extremely difficult to traverse. Of two thousand miles of road now existing within it, not over one hundred can be classed as all-weather roads. Some of the so-called roads are terrifying to drive over in the best of weathers. Much of the country is still inaccessible to automobiles. In this wild land they spread out. Some of them did not want to send their children to school. The schools themselves were often run like prisons; they were places of suffering and drudgery, and Indian resistance to them stiffened. Equally, many of them refused to use doctors or hospitals. Nor, until recently, did the Indian Service know how many Navajos there really were. It was impossible to get to them to count them.

For twenty years or more, however, the Indian Service has known that there were nowhere near enough schools or hospitals for the existing population, yet never has it made a real attempt to secure from Congress the appropriations necessary to meet the situation even as the Service knew it. Nor until very recently has it planned or thought in terms of an increasing population.

As a result of all these factors, at no time did the United States fulfill its pledges in regard to education and medical service. Never have as many as half the children been in school. Never have we approached anything like adequate public health and medical service. In the late nineteen-twenties the Navajo population was estimated at 25,000. In the early nineteen-thirties the first serious attempt at a census gave a probable 36,000. A recount a few years later brought the total to 45,000. The most accurate counts, achieved during the war, show that today there are over 60,000 of them.

Ignorance, sickness, and this terrific increase have made their doom. Their enormous flocks of sheep, their cattle, and their thousands of horses grossly overstocked their poor grazing land. The land began to deteriorate. Where creeks ran down the middle of level, green valleys at the bottoms of canyons, there appeared deep-cut, spasmodic arroyos far below the level of the sandy wastes on either side. The bul-

rushes and the wild currants became scarcer and scarcer. In 1933 the government awoke to the fact that the Navajos' success as herdsmen was rapidly destroying the range upon which that success depended. Reduction of stock was urgent.

The reduction program was entered upon with unseemly haste which produced many errors and confusions, but finally it was straightened out. Coupled with a strong soil conservation program, it has resulted in adjusting the number of animals grazing in the Navajo Country to somewhere near the carrying capacity, and at least in slowing the process of erosion. But that erosion has by no means been stopped is shown by the fact that each year the run-off from the Navajo Reservation deposits in Lake Mead (the storage lake above Boulder Dam) 40,000 acre-feet of silt—representing a loss in power and storage capacity of \$10,000,000 a year.

The destruction of the land has been postponed, but to achieve this, a large part of the Navajo tribe was deprived of its capital. Only 23,500 acres of Navajo land can be farmed at present, and much of that is poor land of which it would take forty acres or more to support one family decently. About 5,300 of the 11,000-odd Navajo families were able to do some farming in 1946, and these realized an average of only \$189 in crops consumed or sold. The sheep were the life of the Navajo. Without overgrazing, not more than 2,500 families can earn a poor but tolerable livelihood by herding. Taking in all resources, of this tribe of 60,000 members, the present resources of the reservation all combined can support only 25,000. The balance, 35,000 American citizens ranging from the semi-literacy of the veteran I have described to primitive people speaking no English whatsoever, is surplus. The average income now in sight for them is *one dollar and twenty-five cents* per person per week.

In the nineteen-thirties this situation was concealed by the large allotments of WPA, PWA, and CCC money which the Indian Office secured for the Navajos. During this period there occurred, too, a spurt of school-building, both in repair of some of the obsolete, crack-walled board-

ing schools and erection of new day schools. The amount of construction was not nearly adequate to meet the needs of the ever-increasing tribe, even if it had all remained effective. Some of it, unhappily, turned out to be a complete or partial loss.

Because the Navajo country was still insufficiently studied, some schools were located in places where the water supply failed, so that they had to be closed. It was thought that the building of day schools would be accompanied by road construction which would make it easy to bring the children to school. The roads never materialized. In some areas the people simply moved away.

The war turned our attention away from Indian matters. The people who were concerned about the Navajos' future became busy with other, pressing things. The war also brought a new, false prosperity to the tribe which continued the concealment of its plight. The allotments of the men in the armed services and the well-paid jobs which even the most ignorant Navajos could secure, coupled with high prices for wool and lambs, poured money into the reservation. Meantime, with appropriations sharply trimmed and priorities for supplies unobtainable, the old schools deteriorated until several had to be closed either because they are completely unsafe, or because the water supply has become contaminated, or both.

III

THIRTY-SIX hundred Navajos went into the armed services. Three hundred gave their lives. They served in all branches of the Army and Navy, a rare few won commissions. They formed the famous Navajo Marine Platoon. This was made up of a hand-picked group. Taking advantage of the marvelous flexibility and range of the Navajo language, they worked out Navajo translations of all military and naval terms, so that orders and instructions could be transmitted by voice over the radio in a code which the Japanese could never break, and yet without the loss of time involved in encoding and decoding. In a landing operation, let us say, the admiral on his bridge gave a new order to the Navajo beside him. The

Indian passed it to a fellow-tribesman on the beach, who gave it in turn to the commander of the landing party.

The war made a screen round the Navajos. The war ended, the men came home, full of great plans. They encountered the realities of hopelessness and destitution.

The intake of the average Navajo is several hundred calories below that which we provide the Germans in the territory we occupy. A man came into the Red Cross office to apply for relief. The worker asked him, "Why don't you get a job?"

"I can't. I feel tired all the time."

"I can't put that down on the record. What do you mean?"

"Well, you see—sometimes I don't eat for two or three days."

As I write this, many of the Navajos, in desperation, have consumed their crops while they are still green. This practice does tend in one way to alleviate the situation: it kills off a good many children from colic and diarrhoea. I trust that this favorable development pleases the Hon. John F. Taber and other economy-minded members of Congress.

This year, of some 25,000 children of school age, slightly less than six thousand will go to school. Even that number is attained by heroic efforts on the part of the Indian Service and by rank overcrowding. Several hundred will attend two boarding schools at which there are no doctors. The greatest number will attend what used to be day schools, and have been converted into semi-boarding schools by building shacks (I mean shacks) around them. These will have no medical attendance whatsoever. The teachers, a devoted crew, will treat them as best they can when the inevitable epidemics occur. (Last year various of these schools coped with measles, mumps, chicken pox, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and scabies.) There is *one* field nurse on the whole reservation. For 60,000 people the United States has provided six hospitals with 316 beds for general patients and 135 for tuberculosis patients. Forty-five per cent of recorded deaths among Navajos over twenty years old are from tuberculosis.

The Bureau of the Budget is as economy-

minded as is Congress. It will not agree to having Indian Service doctors and nurses paid at the same rate as are those employed in other branches of the federal government, so that even those positions which the miserable Navajo budget now allows cannot all be filled. Federal, state, and local governments spend some three hundred dollars a year on each non-Indian. The federal government spends sixty-four dollars a year on each Navajo. We are saving money hand over fist.

THE Navajos are not idle through choice. They are frantically willing to help themselves. They jump at every chance of employment. They recognize that the only permanent solution to their problem is that education which will set them free in the modern world. Their Tribal Council has begged and begged for it. It has sent delegations to Washington to plead with Congress for schools above all else. But Congress will not listen and the American people do not care. They will not give the Navajos a chance.

Ignorant, underfed, and diseased as they are, those excess 35,000 Navajos cannot even compete equally in the field of common labor. They are the last hired, the first let go. They have nowhere to turn. To the average Indian, a reservation is a valuable area of tax-free land on which he may live if he chooses, or to which he may return if he does not succeed in the outside world. Because of their sheer ignorance, and for that reason alone, for thousands of Navajos their reservation, deeply though they love their land, is a prison.

This situation could have reached so appalling a point nowhere except in the two sovereign states of Arizona and New Mexico. These two are the only states in the union in which, by trick devices in their constitutions, Indians are denied the vote. By related devices these states also deny all social security to Indians, although the federal funds allotted to them, based on population, include the Indians. In short, the states support non-Indians upon monies which are given to them by the destitute Navajos.

Even if we can reconcile ourselves to the idea that so large a group of Americans is held in hopelessness within our own

borders, we should want to remedy their plight, if only as a matter of true economy. So long as Indians are unable to take care of themselves, they will remain a burden upon the taxpayers at large. The only solution to the Indian problem, the only way to get the Indians off our backs, is to build up their health, their economic condition, and their competence until we can honestly say that they no longer need special care and federal protection. The course which we are following with the Navajos is one designed to perpetuate their dependence upon our purses.

IT is not necessary to follow this course. There is a way out. The Navajo Service, which is that portion of the United States Indian Service devoted to the Navajos, has developed a full, broad program which it is urging upon Washington. It is an expensive program; essentially it involves going ahead and spending in the next few years those funds which for the past seventy years we have wrongfully withheld. It envisages a circle of boarding schools and major hospitals in communities around the edges of the reservation, where power, light, and housing are available. This project should be welcomed and supported by those communities.

The Service plans for a careful, cautious development of small industries. This in itself is largely an educational project, which can play no important part in the tribe's economy for many years, but should eventually be part of the long-term solution of its problems. It further calls for a very large-scale, expensive, but thoroughly practical development of all the irrigable land. This would be a ten-year project which, detailed studies show, would add 150,500 acres of fertile land to the 23,500 the reservation now possesses. It would provide permanent, stable livelihoods for some 5,000 Navajo families.

All these projects must be accompanied by the building of roads. Before the job is done, more than two hundred million dollars will be the cost of our years of stupidity and cruel neglect; but it will be well worth it. If Congress can be persuaded to accept the whole program, there is really hope. The ten years of many kinds of construction will not only mean em-

ployment for thousands of Navajos, it will in itself be educational, teaching them a range of skills and semi-skills which will enable them to compete for jobs outside the reservation. If the whole program is completed, there is good hope that at the close of it the tribe, as it will be at that time, will be tolerably self-supporting. From that time on education, in the broadest sense of the word, must take over, and steadily increasing numbers of Navajos be made capable of getting on without artificial aids and protections in the white man's world.

It may be impossible to overcome the

Bureau of the Budget's dim view of what is enough for Navajos. Or if the Bureau is converted, or the Secretary of the Interior appeals over its head to Congress, it may well be that Congress will refuse to authorize these essential expenditures. All too often the grimmest and hardest facts are befogged and lost in committee debates. If this happens, if the Navajos are not given what is virtually their last chance, then when the income tax is reduced we may congratulate ourselves on the extra dollar or two in our pockets which we are saving out of the lives of sixty thousand Navajos.

Twilight of the Outward Life

PETER VIERECK

Imitated from Hofmannsthal's Ballade

AND children still grow up with longing eyes,
That know of nothing, still grow tall and perish,
And no new traveler treads a better way;

And fruits grow ripe and delicate to cherish
And still shall fall like dead birds from the skies,
And where they fell grow rotten in a day.

And still we feel cool winds on limbs still glowing,
That shudder westward; and we turn to say
Words, and we hear words; and cool winds are blowing

Our wilted hands through autumns of unclutching.
What use is all our tampering and touching?
Why laughter, that must soon turn pale and cry?

Who quarantined our lives in separate homes?
Our souls are trapped in lofts without a skylight;
We argue with a padlock till we die,

In games we never meant to play for keeps.
And yet how much we say in saying: "twilight,"
A word from which man's grief and wisdom seeps

Like heavy honey out of swollen combs.

A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY

A Story

GRAHAM GREENE

AS EVERY other night she listened to her father going round the house, locking the doors and windows. He was head clerk at Bergson's Export Agency, and lying in bed she would think with dislike that his home was like his office, run on the same lines, its safety preserved with the same meticulous care, so that he could present a faithful steward's account to the managing director. Regularly every Sunday he presented the account, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, in the little neo-Gothic church in Park Road. They always had the same pew, they were always five minutes early, and her father sang loudly with no sense of tune, holding an out-size prayer book on the level of his eyes. "Singing songs of exultation"—he was presenting the week's account (one household duly safeguarded)—"marching to the Promised Land." When they came out of church, she looked carefully away from the corner by the "Bricklayers' Arms" where Fred always stood, a little lit because the Arms had been open for half an hour, with his air of unbalanced exaltation.

She listened: the back door closed, she could hear the catch of the kitchen window click, and the restless pad of his feet going back to try the front door. It wasn't only the outside doors he locked: he locked the empty rooms, the bathroom, the lavatory. He was locking something out, but obviously it was something capable of penetrating his first defenses. He raised

his second line all the way up to bed.

She laid her ear against the thin wall of the jerry-built villa and could hear the faint voices from the neighboring room; as she listened they came clearer as though she were turning the screw of a wireless set. Her mother said "... margarine in the cooking ..." and her father said "... much easier in fifteen years." Then the bed creaked and there were dim sounds of tenderness and comfort between the two middle-aged strangers in the next room. In fifteen years, she thought unhappily, the house will be his; he had paid twenty-five pounds down and the rest he was paying month by month as rent. "Of course," he was in the habit of saying after a good meal, "I've improved the property," and he expected at least one of them to follow him into his study. "I've wired this room for power," he padded back past the little downstairs lavatory, "this radiator," the final stroke of satisfaction, "the garden," and if it were a fine evening he would fling the French window of the dining room open on the little carpet of grass as carefully kept as a college lawn. "A pile of bricks," he'd say, "that's all it was." Five years of Saturday afternoons and fine Sundays had gone into the patch of turf, the surrounding flower bed, the one apple tree which regularly produced one crimson tasteless apple more each year.

"Yes," he said, "I've improved the property," looking round for a nail to

drive in, a weed to be uprooted. "If we had to sell now, we should get more than I've paid back from the society." It was more than a sense of property, it was a sense of honesty. Some people who bought their houses through the society let them go to rack and ruin and then cleared out.

She stood with her ear against the wall, a small, dark, furious, immature figure. There was no more to be heard from the other room; but in her inner ear she still heard the chorus of a property owner, the tap-tap of a hammer, the scrape of a spade, the whistle of radiator steam, a key turning, a bolt pushed home, the little trivial sounds of men building barricades. She stood planning her treachery.

It was a quarter past ten; she had an hour in which to leave the house, but it did not take so long. There was really nothing to fear. They had played their usual rubber of three-handed bridge while her sister altered a dress for the local "hop" next night; after the rubber she had boiled a kettle and brought in a pot of tea; then she had filled the hot-water bottles and put them in the beds while her father locked up. He had no idea whatever that she was an enemy.

She put on a hat and a heavy coat because it was still cold at night; the spring was late that year, as her father commented, watching for the buds on the apple tree. She didn't pack a suitcase; that would have reminded her too much of weekends at the sea, a family expedition to Ostend from all of which one returned; she wanted to match the odd reckless quality of Fred's mind. This time she wasn't going to return. She went softly downstairs into the little crowded hall, unlocked the door. All was quiet upstairs, and she closed the door behind her.

She was touched by a faint feeling of guilt because she couldn't lock it from the outside. But it had vanished by the time she reached the end of the crazy-paved path and turned to the left down the road which after five years was still half-made, past the gaps between the villas where the wounded fields remained grimly alive in the form of thin grass and heaps of clay and dandelions.

She walked fast, passing a long line of little garages like the graves in a Portu-

guese cemetery where the coffin lies forever below the fading photograph of its occupant. The cold night air touched her with exhilaration. She was ready for anything, as she turned by the Belisha beacon into the shuttered shopping street; she was like a recruit in the first months of a war. The choice made she could surrender her will to the strange, the exhilarating, the gigantic event.

FRED, as he had promised, was at the corner where the road turned down toward the church; she could taste the spirit on his lips as they kissed, and she was satisfied that no one else could have so adequately matched the occasion; his face was bright and reckless in the lamplight, he was as exciting and strange to her as the adventure. He took her arm and ran her into a blind unlighted alley, then left her for a moment until two headlamps beamed softly at her out of the cavern. She cried with astonishment, "You've got a car?" and felt the jerk of his nervous hand urging her toward it. "Yes," he said, "do you like it?" grinding into second gear, changing clumsily into top as they came out between the shuttered windows.

She said, "It's lovely. Let's drive a long way."

"We will," he said, watching the speedometer needle go quivering to forty-five.

"Does it mean you've got a job?"

"There are no jobs," he said, "they don't exist any more than the Dodo. Did you see that bird?" he asked sharply, turning his headlights full on as they passed the turning to the housing estate and quite suddenly came out into the country between a cafe ("Draw in here"), a boot-shop ("Buy the shoes worn by your favorite film star"), and an undertaker's with a large white angel lit by a Neon light.

"I didn't see any bird."

"Not flying at the windscreen?"

"No."

"I nearly hit it," he said. "It would have made a mess. Bad as those fellows who run someone down and don't stop. Should we stop?" he asked, turning out his switchboard light so that they couldn't see the needle vibrate downwards to sixty.

"Whatever you say," she said, sitting deep in a reckless dream.

"You going to love me tonight?"

"Of course I am."

"Never going back there?"

"No," she said, abjuring the tap of hammer, the click of latch, the pad of slippered feet making the rounds.

"Want to know where we are going?"

"No." A little flat cardboard copse ran forward into the green light and darkly by. A rabbit turned its scut and vanished into a hedge. He said, "Have you any money?"

"Half a crown."

"Do you love me?" For a long time she expended on his lips all she had patiently had to keep in reserve, looking the other way on Sunday mornings, saying nothing when his name came up at meals with disapproval. She expended herself against dry unresponsive lips as the car leaped ahead and his foot trod down on the accelerator. He said, "It's the hell of a life."

She echoed him, "The hell of a life."

He said, "There's a bottle in my pocket. Have a drink."

"I don't want one."

"Give me one then. It has a screw top," and with one hand on her and one on the wheel he tipped his head, so that she could pour a little whisky into his mouth out of the quarter bottle. "Do you mind?" he said.

"Of course I don't mind."

"You can't save," he said, "on ten shillings a week pocket-money. I lay it out the best I can. It needs a hell of a lot of thought. To give variety. Half a crown on Weights. Three and six on whisky. A shilling on the pictures. That leaves three shillings for beer. I take my fun once a week and get it over."

The whisky had dribbled on to his tie and the smell filled the small coupé. It pleased her. It was his smell. He said, "They grudge it me. They think I ought to get a job. When you're that age you don't realize there aren't any jobs for some of us—any more forever."

"I know," she said. "They are old."

"How's your sister?" he asked abruptly; the bright glare swept the road ahead of them clean of small scurrying animals.

"She's going to the hop tomorrow. I wonder where we shall be."

He wouldn't be drawn; he had his own idea and kept it to himself.

"I'm loving this."

He said, "There's a club out this way. At a roadhouse. Mick made me a member. Do you know Mick?"

"No."

"Mick's all right. If they know you, they'll serve you drinks till midnight. We'll look in there. Say hullo to Mick. And then in the morning—we'll decide that later when we've had a few drinks."

"Have you the money?" A small village, a village fast asleep already behind closed doors and windows, sailed down the hill toward them as if it were being carried smoothly by a landslide into the scarred plain from which they'd come. A low gray Norman church, an inn without a sign, a clock striking eleven. He said, "Look in the back. There's a suitcase there."

"It's locked."

"I forgot the key," he said.

"What's in it?"

"A few things," he said vaguely. "We could pop them for drinks."

"What about a bed?"

"There's the car. You are not scared, are you?"

"No," she said. "I'm not scared. This is . . ." but she hadn't words for the damp cold wind, the darkness, the strangeness, the smell of whisky and the rushing car. "It moves," she said. "We must have gone a long way already. This is real country," seeing an owl sweep low on furry wings over a plowed field.

"You've got to go farther than this for real country," he said. "You won't find it yet on this road. We'll be at the roadhouse soon."

SHE discovered in herself a nostalgia for their dark windy solitary progress. She said, "Need we go to the club? Can't we go farther into the country?"

He looked sideways at her; he had always been open to any suggestion: like some meteorological instrument, he was only made for the winds to blow through. "Of course," he said, "anything you like." He didn't give the club a second thought; they swept past it a moment later, a long

lit Tudor bungalow, a crash of voices, a bathing-pool filled for some reason with hay. It was immediately behind them, a patch of light whipping round a corner out of sight.

He said, "I suppose this is country now. They none of them get farther than the club. We're quite alone now. We could lie in these fields till doomsday as far as they are concerned, though I suppose a plowman . . . if they do plow here." He raised his foot from the accelerator and let the car's speed gradually diminish. Somebody had left a wooden gate open into a field and he turned the car in; they jolted a long way down the field beside the hedge and came to a standstill. He turned out the headlamps and they sat in the tiny glow of the switchboard light. "Peaceful," he said uneasily; and they heard a screech owl hunting overhead and a small rustle in the hedge where something went into hiding. They belonged to the city; they hadn't a name for anything round them; the tiny buds breaking in the bushes were nameless. He nodded at a group of dark trees at the hedge end. "Oaks?"

"Elms?" she asked and their mouths went together in a mutual ignorance. The touch excited her; she was ready for the most reckless act; but from his mouth, the dry spirituous lips, she gained a sense that he was less excited than he had hoped to be.

She said, to reassure herself, "It's good to be here—miles away from anyone we know."

"I dare say Mick's there. Down the road."

"Does he know?"

"Nobody knows."

She said, "That's how I wanted it. How did you get this car?"

He grinned at her with wild unbalanced amusement. "I saved from the ten shillings."

"No, but how? Did someone lend it you?"

"Yes," he said. He suddenly pushed the door open and said, "Let's take a walk."

"We've never walked in the country before." She took his arm, and she could feel the tense nerves responding to her

touch. It was what she liked; she couldn't tell what he would do next. She said, "My father calls you crazy. I like you crazy. What's all this stuff?" kicking at the ground.

"Clover," he said, "isn't it? I don't know." It was like being in a foreign city where you can't understand the names on shops, the traffic signs: nothing to catch hold of, to hold you down to this and that, adrift together in a dark vacuum. "Shouldn't you turn on the headlamps?" she said. "It won't be so easy finding our way back. There's not much moon." Already they seemed to have gone a long way from the car; she couldn't see it clearly any longer.

"We'll find our way," he said. "Somehow. Don't worry." At the hedge end they came to the trees. He pulled a twig down and felt the sticky buds. "What is it? Beech?"

"I don't know."

He said, "If it had been warmer, we could have slept out here. You'd think we might have had that much luck, tonight of all nights. But it's cold and it's going to rain."

"Let's come in the summer," but he didn't answer. Some other wind had blown, she could tell it, and already he had lost interest in her. There was something hard in his pocket; it hurt her side; she put her hand in. The metal chamber had absorbed all the cold there had been in the windy ride. She whispered fearfully, "Why are you carrying that?" She had always before drawn a line round his recklessness. When her father had said he was crazy she had secretly and possessively smiled because she thought she knew the extent of his craziness. Now, while she waited for him to answer her, she could feel his craziness go on and on and out of her reach, out of her sight; she couldn't see where it ended; it had no end, she couldn't possess it any more than she could possess a darkness or a desert.

"Don't be scared," he said. "I didn't mean you to find that tonight." He suddenly became more tender than he had ever been; he put his hand on her breast; it came from his fingers, a great soft meaningless flood of tenderness. He said, "Don't you see? Life's hell. There's

nothing we can do." He spoke very gently, but she had never been more aware of his recklessness: he was open to every wind, but the wind now seemed to have set from the east: it blew like sleet through his words. "I haven't a penny," he said. "We can't live on nothing. It's no good hoping that I'll get a job." He repeated, "There aren't any more jobs any more. And every year, you know, there's less chance, because there are more people younger than I am."

"But why," she said, "have we come . . . ?"

He became softly and tenderly lucid. "We do love each other, don't we? We can't live without each other. It's no good hanging around, is it, waiting for our luck to change? We don't even get a fine night," he said, feeling for rain with his hand. "We can have a good time tonight—in the car—and then—in the morning . . ."

"No, no," she said. She tried to get away from him. "I couldn't. It's horrible. I never said . . ."

"You wouldn't feel anything," he said gently and inexorably. Her words, she could realize now, had never made any real impression; he was swayed by them, but no more than he was swayed by anything: now that the wind had set, it was like throwing scraps of paper towards the sky to speak at all, or to argue. He said, "Of course we neither of us believe in God, but there may be a chance, and it's company, going together like that." He added with pleasure, "It's a gamble," and she remembered more occasions than she could count when their last coppers had gone ringing down in slot machines.

HE PULLED her closer and said with complete assurance, "We love each other. It's the only way, you know. You can trust me." He was like a skilled logician; he knew all the stages of the argument. She despaired at catching him out on any point but the premise: we love each other. That she doubted for the first time, faced by the mercilessness of his egotism. He repeated, "It will be company."

She said, "There must be some way. . . ."

"Why must?"

"Otherwise people would be doing it all the time—everywhere!"

"They are," he said triumphantly, as if it were more important for him to find his argument flawless than to find—well, a way, a way to go on living. "You've only got to read the papers," he said. He whispered gently, endearingly, as if he thought the very sound of the words tender enough to dispel all fear. "They call it a suicide pact. It's happening all the time."

"I couldn't. I haven't the nerve."

"You needn't do anything," he said. "I'll do it all."

His calmness horrified her. "You mean—you'd kill me?"

He said, "I love you enough for that. I promise it won't hurt you." He might have been persuading her to play some trivial and uncongenial game. "We shall be together always." He added rationally, "Of course, if there is an always," and suddenly she saw his love as a mere flicker of gas flame playing on the marshy depth of his irresponsibility. She had loved his irresponsibility, but now she realized that it was without any limit at all; it closed over the head. She pleaded, "There are things we can sell. That suitcase."

She knew that he was watching her with amusement, that he had rehearsed all her arguments and had an answer; he was only pretending to take her seriously. "We might get fifteen shillings," he said. "We could live a day on that—but we shouldn't have much fun."

"The things inside it?"

"Ah, that's another gamble. They might be worth thirty shillings. Three days, that would give us—with economy."

"We might get a job."

"I've been trying for a good many years now."

"Isn't there the dole?"

"I'm not an insured worker. I'm one of the ruling class."

"Your people, they'd give us something."

"But we've got our pride, haven't we?" he said with remorseless conceit.

"The man who lent you the car?"

He said, "You remember Cortez, the fellow who burned his boats? I've burned mine. I've got to kill myself. You see, I

stole that car. We'd be stopped in the next town. It's too late even to go back." He laughed; he had reached the climax of his argument and there was nothing more to dispute about. She could tell that he was perfectly satisfied and perfectly happy. It infuriated her. "You've got to, maybe. But I haven't. Why should I kill myself? What right have you . . . ?" She dragged herself away from him and felt against her back the rough massive trunk of the living tree.

"Oh," he said in an irritated tone, "of course if you like to go on without me." She had admired his conceit; he had always carried his unemployment with a manner. Now you could no longer call it conceit: it was a complete lack of any values. "You can go home," he said, "though I don't quite know how—I can't drive you back because I'm staying here. You'll be able to go to the hop tomorrow night. And there's a whist-drive, isn't there, in the church hall? My dear, I wish you joy of home."

THERE was a savagery in his manner. He took security, peace, order in his teeth and worried them so that she couldn't help feeling a little pity for what they had joined in despising: a hammer tapped at her heart, driving in a nail here and a nail there. She tried to think of a bitter retort, for after all there was something to be said for the negative virtues of doing no injury, of simply going on, as her father was going on for another fifteen years. But the next moment she felt no anger. They had trapped each other. He had always wanted this: the dark field, the weapon in his pocket, the escape and gamble; and she less honestly had wanted a little of both worlds: irresponsibility and a safe love, danger and a secure heart.

He said, "I'm going now. Are you coming?"

"No," she said. He hesitated; the recklessness for a moment wavered; a sense of something lost and bewildered came to her through the dark. She wanted to say: Don't be a fool. Leave the car where it is. Walk back with me, and we'll get a lift home, but she knew any thought of hers had occurred to him and been answered

already: ten shillings a week, no job, getting older. Endurance was a virtue of one's fathers.

He suddenly began to walk fast down the hedge; he couldn't see where he was going; he stumbled on a root and she heard him swear. "Damnation"—the little commonplace sound in the darkness overwhelmed her with pain and horror. She cried out, "Fred. Fred. Don't do it," and began to run in the opposite direction. She couldn't stop him and she wanted to be out of hearing. A twig broke under her foot like a shot, and the owl screamed across the plowed field beyond the hedge. It was like a rehearsal with sound effects. But when the real shot came it was quite different: a thud like a gloved hand striking a door and no cry at all. She didn't notice it at first and afterward she thought that she had never been conscious of the exact moment when her lover ceased to exist.

She bruised herself against the car, running blindly; a blue-spotted Woolworth handkerchief lay on the seat in the light of the switchboard bulb. She nearly took it, but no, she thought, no one must know that I have been here. She turned out the light and picked her way as quietly as she could across the clover. She could begin to be sorry when she was safe. She wanted to close a door behind her, thrust a bolt down, hear the catch grip.

IT WASN'T ten minutes' walk down the deserted lane to the roadhouse. Topsy voices spoke a foreign language, though it was the language Fred had spoken. She could hear the clink of coins in slot machines, the hiss of soda; she listened to these sounds like an enemy, planning her escape. They frightened her like something mindless: there was no appeal one could make to that egotism. It was simply a want to be satisfied; it gaped at her like a mouth. A man was trying to wind up his car; the selfstarter wouldn't work. He said, "I'm a Bolshie. Of course I'm a Bolshie. I believe—"

A thin girl with red hair sat on the step and watched him. "You're all wrong," she said.

"I'm a Liberal Conservative."

"You can't be a liberal Conservative."

"Do you love me?"

"I love Joe."

"You can't love Joe."

"Let's go home, Mick."

The man tried to wind up the car again, and she came up to them as if she'd come out of the club and said, "Give me a lift?"

"Course. Delighted. Get in."

"Won't the car go?"

"No."

"Have you flooded—?"

"Tha's an idea." He lifted the bonnet and she pressed the self-starter. It began to rain slowly and heavily and drenchingly, the kind of rain you always expect to fall on graves, and her thoughts went down the lane towards the field, the hedge, the trees—oak, beech, elm? She imagined the rain on his face, the pool collecting in each eye-socket and streaming down on either side the nose. But she could feel nothing but gladness because she had escaped from him.

"Where are you going?" she said.

"Devizes."

"I thought you might be going to London."

"Where do you want to go to?"

"Golding's Park."

The red-haired girl said, "I'm going in, Mick. It's raining."

"Aren't you coming?"

"I'm going to find Joe."

"All right." He smashed his way out of the little car park, bending his mudguard on a wooden post, scraping the paint of another car.

"That's the wrong way," she said.

"We'll turn." He backed the car into a ditch and out again. "Was a good party," he said. The rain came down harder; it blinded the windscreen and the electric wiper wouldn't work, but her companion didn't care. He drove straight on at forty miles an hour; it was an old car, it wouldn't do any more; it leaked through the hood. He said, "Twis' that knob. Have a tune," and when she turned it and the dance music came through, he said, "That's Harry Roy. Know him anywhere," driving into the thick wet night carrying the hot music with them. Presently he said, "A friend of mine, one of the best, you'd know him, Peter

Weatherall. You know him."

"No."

"You must know Peter. Haven't seen him about lately. Goes off on the drink for weeks. They sent out an SOS for Peter once in the middle of the dance music. 'Missing from Home.' We were in the car. We had a laugh about that."

She said, "Is that what people do—when people are missing?"

"Know this tune," he said. "This isn't Harry Roy. This is Alf Cohen."

She said suddenly, "You're Mick, aren't you? Wouldn't you lend—"

He sobered up. "Stony broke," he said. "Comrades in misfortune. Try Peter. Why do you want to go to Golding's Park?"

"My home."

"You mean you live there?"

"Yes." She said, "Be careful. There's a speed limit here." He was perfectly obedient. He raised his foot and let the car crawl at fifteen miles an hour. The lamp standards marched unsteadily to meet them and lit his face: he was quite old, forty if a day, ten years older than Fred. He wore a striped tie and she could see his sleeve was frayed. He had more than ten shillings a week, but perhaps not so very much more. His hair was going thin.

"You can drop me here," she said. He stopped the car and she got out and the rain went on. He followed her on to the road. "Let me come?" he said. She shook her head; the rain wetted them through; behind her was the pillar-box, the Belisha beacon, the road through the housing estate. "Hell of a life," he said politely, holding her hand, while the rain drummed on the hood of the cheap car and ran down his face, across his collar and the school tie. But she felt no pity, no attraction, only a faint horror and repulsion. A kind of dim recklessness gleamed in his wet eye, as the hot music of Alf Cohen's band streamed from the car, ■ faded irresponsibility. "Le's go back," he said, "le's go somewhere. Le's go for a ride in the country. Le's go to Maidenhead," holding her hand limply.

HE pulled it away, he didn't resist, and walked down the half-made road to No. 64. The crazy paving in

the front garden seemed to hold her feet firmly up. She opened the door and heard through the dark and the rain a car grind into second gear and drone away—certainly not toward Maidenhead or Devizes or the country. Another wind must have blown.

Her father called down from the first landing: "Who's there?"

"It's me," she said. She explained, "I had a feeling you'd left the door unbolted."

"And had I?"

"No," she said gently, "it's bolted all right," driving the bolt softly and firmly home. She waited till his door closed; she touched the radiator to warm her

fingers—he had put it in himself, he had improved the property; in fifteen years, she thought, it will be ours. She was quite free from pain, listening to the rain on the roof; he had been over the whole roof that winter inch by inch; there was nowhere for the rain to enter. It was kept outside drumming on the shabby hood, pitting the clover field. She stood by the door feeling only the faint repulsion she always had for things weak and crippled, thinking, "It isn't tragic at all," and looking down with an emotion like tenderness at the flimsy bolt from a six-penny store any man could have broken, but which a Man had put in, the head clerk of Bergson's.

The Simple and The Wise

ALL over the world until quite modern times, the direct insight of the mystics and the reasonings of the philosophers percolated to the mass of the people by authority and tradition; they could be received by those who were no great reasoners themselves in the concrete form of myth and ritual and the whole pattern of life. In the conditions produced by a century or so of Naturalism, plain men are being forced to bear burdens which plain men were never expected to bear before. We must get the truth for ourselves or go without it.

There may be two explanations for this. It might be that humanity, in rebelling against tradition and authority, has made a ghastly mistake; a mistake which will not be the less fatal because the corruptions of those in authority rendered it very excusable. On the other hand, it may be that the Power which rules our species is at this moment carrying out a daring experiment. Could it be intended that the whole mass of the people should now move forward and occupy for themselves those heights which were once reserved for the sages? Is the distinction between wise and simple to disappear because all are now expected to become wise? If so, our present blunderings would be but growing pains.

But let us make no mistake about our necessities. If we are content to go back and become humble plain men obeying a tradition, well. If we are ready to climb and struggle on until we become sages ourselves, better still. But the man who will neither obey wisdom in others nor adventure for her himself is fatal. A society where the simple many obey the few seers can live: a society where all were seers could live even more fully. But a society where the mass is still simple and the seers are no longer attended to can achieve only superficiality, baseness, ugliness, and in the end extinction. On or back we must go; to stay here is death.

—C. S. Lewis, *Miracles*, Macmillan, 1947.

TOLERANCE BY LAW?

IRWIN ROSS

ONE afternoon some months ago, two high-school students walked into one of Manhattan's sumptuous movie palaces and applied for jobs as ushers. They had come in response to a newspaper advertisement which promised steady work, good pay, and bountiful opportunity for advancement. The two friends were interviewed by the personnel manager. The first was told he could unquestionably qualify as an usher. The second was turned away. "Sorry," the personnel man said, "we only employ Negroes as janitors or porters and we have no openings in those jobs now. If you would like to leave your name—"

But the two lads had left. Next day they appeared at the offices of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, located at 270 Broadway in Manhattan. The Negro student filed a complaint charging the theater with discriminating against him because of his color. His friend signed a supporting affidavit.

A few days later, the case was assigned to one of SCAD's field representatives. He telephoned the theater, was soon closeted with the personnel manager. The field representative briefly reviewed the charges in the complaint, asked for the other side of the story. "I didn't discriminate," the personnel manager insisted. "I merely told him he was not qualified." Whereupon the SCAD man laid the white boy's affidavit on the table.

The personnel man was unruffled. "My

memory is a little hazy," he confessed, "I interview so many applicants. But we do have a lot of Negroes on the staff."

Not as ushers, he was forced to admit—only as porters or janitors. Had he ever employed Negro ushers? He couldn't recall. Did he object on principle to employing them?

"Not if they're qualified. As for this boy, I don't think he was at all qualified." On the other hand, he could not remember him well enough to go into his deficiencies.

The field representative took his leave, reported his findings to Commissioner Elmer A. Carter, a well-known Negro journalist who is a veteran in the campaign against discrimination. Mr. Carter jumped a few echelons and arranged a conference with the theater manager. He narrated the facts in the case, voiced his regrettable conclusion that the theater was guilty of discrimination. "I admit it looks bad," the manager said finally, "but we have no alternative. We simply cannot put Negroes on as ushers." The Commissioner asked why.

"Mr. Carter," the manager began, with the unmistakable air of a savant explaining fundamentals to a schoolboy, "we run a movie theater. Most of the time, when the picture is on, the theater is dark. Now how do you expect our customers to see a Negro usher in the dark?"

Commissioner Carter fell back in his chair, not sure for several moments whether the manager was joking. But he was sober

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and unsmiling. And then Carter, keeping a straight face, pointed out that there were numerous movie houses in Harlem, that all of them employed Negro ushers, and that neither ushers nor patrons had the slightest trouble distinguishing each other in the gloom. The manager confessed he had never thought of that. Was it just barely possible, Mr. Carter mused, that the manager was rationalizing a traditional prejudice against Negroes in certain jobs? He indignantly denied any such intention. "On the other hand," he said, "I'm afraid my patrons wouldn't be so broad-minded."

Mr. Carter shifted his large bulk in his chair, eased his voice into a low-pitched, confidential purr, and launched into an amiable discussion about discrimination. Did the manager know that many hundreds of concerns throughout the state, which had previously denied jobs to Negroes, were now employing them—and had observed no adverse effects on their business? Did he further understand that the law did not require him to hire any specified numbers of Negroes, Jews, Italians, or Aztecs, but merely give them all an equal chance at what openings were available? And, of course, he was not expected to hire anyone who was not qualified. The manager was gratified at these assurances.

Indeed—and here Mr. Carter became quietly eloquent—the law was a positive boon to the employer, widening his labor market by allowing him to hire the most efficient candidate for the job, without regard to the color of his skin, the name of his church, or the nationality of his parents. Finally, there was one other matter on which the Commissioner touched gently: discrimination was against the law. It was a statutory crime. If the commission could not persuade him to change his policies, there were certain legal sanctions. . . . The manager asked for time to think it over.

Next day he phoned to say he would hire the Negro applicant.

II

THIS is a typical example of the approximately 800 complaints handled by the New York State Commission Against Discrimination in the twenty-

eight months it has been in business. Before SCAD, a job applicant victimized by prejudice could take a poke at the personnel manager, write a letter to the papers, or join a picket line around the shop—but he had no effective legal recourse to get the job. On July 1, 1945, commissions against discrimination went to work in New York and New Jersey. In August 1946, a similar body was set up in Massachusetts, and in May of this year Connecticut got on the modest bandwagon. (Three other states—Indiana, Wisconsin, and Oregon—have also enacted antidiscrimination measures, but they are little more than token statutes with no enforcement powers.)

The laws in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut are similar. Employers are forbidden to discriminate against anyone on the grounds of race, creed, color, or national origin; the injunction covers hiring and firing, up- and down-grading, as well as wages and working conditions. Discrimination by employees, by trade unions and employment agencies is also outlawed. The statutes set up commissions to enforce the law and conduct statewide educational campaigns against discrimination. These bodies are empowered to receive and investigate complaints, attempt to adjust valid grievances by conciliation, hold public hearings, and hand down binding orders if voluntary methods fail. In New York, punishment up to \$500 fine, a year's jail term, or both, can be imposed for violations. Similar provisions exist in the other states.

Thus, in four states of the union, a novel technique has been developed to deal with one of the most complex and tortuous problems in social engineering. A technique based on a judicious combination of the soft word and the big stick, it has already begun to make revolutionary changes in employment policies. The returns are by no means all in yet; statistical surveys are unavailable, but by now it is clear that a number of the strongholds of discrimination have been cracked. In New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, increasing numbers of Negro girls are being hired as salesgirls in department stores. Negroes and Jews have been taken on the staffs of insurance companies that since

their founding have been "white Christian only." Public utilities, brokerage firms, banks have hired Negro clerks, bookkeepers, tellers.

IN New Jersey and Massachusetts, the job has been done by small bodies operating on limited budgets. New York's SCAD, the largest of the lot, has from the outset been the pilot commission, leading the way in both organizational setup and technique. SCAD has a generous budget—\$372,000 a year—which allows it to do a comprehensive, statewide job. It is headed by five commissioners, appointed by the governor, who receive \$11,000 a year. The chairman is Charles Garside, attorney and former army colonel; the other members are Elmer A. Carter; Edward W. Edwards, former official of the New York State Federation of Labor; Nicholas H. Pinto, one-time judge and prominent Catholic layman; and Mrs. Caroline K. Simon, a lawyer active in the American Jewish Committee and former member of the State Workman's Compensation Board.

The commission has a staff of sixteen field representatives who conduct investigations, five attorneys, Public Relations, Education, and Research personnel, some thirty clerical workers. It has a large establishment in New York City, smaller offices in Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, desk space in Binghamton and White Plains. In all six cities SCAD representatives receive complaints, which may be filed in person or by mail.

During its first two years, SCAD handled 706 complaints from "aggrieved persons." Color was the major cause of discrimination—two-thirds of all complaints; creed ranked next, and then national origin. In a little less than half the cases in the closed file, the commission found the complaint valid or discovered other discriminatory practices not alleged in the complaint. In every instance the grievance was satisfactorily adjusted.

In handling complaints, the various state commissions operate along similar lines. Their first task, often an exacting one, is to determine whether discrimination took place. If it did, the commissioners exercise themselves to persuade the culprit

to mend his ways. While the investigation and conciliation goes on, no publicity is given the complaint. Should persuasion fail, the next step is to build up an airtight legal case which can win in a public hearing and stand up in the courts. So far, none of the commissions has had to schedule a hearing.

OCCASIONALLY, someone walks in with an open-and-shut case of discrimination and the commission has little trouble securing a settlement. In Boston recently, a young Jewish girl, whose name was Anglo-Saxon and whose features were Nordic, secured a secretarial job in a large insurance company. In the presence of a friend, she was told to report for work a fortnight later. A few days before she was supposed to take up her new duties, she decided to seek advance permission to absent herself for the Jewish high holidays. Her new boss replied that permission would have to come from the concern's higher brass.

Two days later, the Jewish girl received a letter from the personnel manager stating that the job she had applied for had been filled. She took her complaint to the Massachusetts Fair Employment Practices Commission, showed the letter, brought along the friend who had witnessed the actual hiring. Armed with this evidence, the Commission had little trouble eliciting a confession of guilt from the company. The personnel manager blamed it all on a clerical mixup, but readily agreed to give the girl the job.

An equally bald case of discrimination was recently turned up in New York. A Negro girl applied for a stenographer's job in an export house. She was interviewed by a gentleman who said he was impressed by her qualifications, but that he would have to confer with his partner, who was a Southerner. In an excess of efficiency, he wrote this choice bit of information on the referral card which she brought from the employment agency. Later, over the telephone, she was denied the job. With the referral card as evidence, the commission soon convinced the firm that it couldn't wriggle out of the charge of discrimination. Properly contrite by now, the partners offered the girl the job. By this

time, however, she had taken a position elsewhere. But she had been unemployed for two weeks after being rejected by the discriminatory firm. At the commission's suggestion, she was paid two weeks' salary.

The authorities are often helped in nailing down the charge of discrimination by sophisticated job applicants who have worked out a few standard techniques. In response to a newspaper ad, a Negro applies for a job, fills out an application form and is told that he will be informed if his services are required. Two days later he receives a letter stating that the job has been filled. But the newspaper ads continue to appear. He clips the paper for several days, takes ads and letter to the commission. Or two Negroes try to file applications for a job, are told there are no openings. Later in the day, they get on connecting telephones, ring up the employment office and discover that the jobs are still available. They file a joint complaint. Another variant: A Jewish applicant will write two letters in response to an ad—signing one with his real name, the other with a fictitious, non-Jewish name. The first letter brings a curt rejection, the second suggests an interview. Any of these devices are nightmares to personnel managers trying to evade the law, but they enormously simplify the commissioners' work.

III

IN MORE than half the cases, however, determining the validity of a complaint is infinitely more difficult. It involves exhaustive interviewing, statistical analysis of the company's "employment pattern," estimates of the complainant's competence, and sundry oddments of information. A factory worker, for instance, charges that he was denied promotion because he is a Jew. According to his sworn complaint, his foreman was forever hurling anti-Semitic epithets at him, ridiculing his appearance, berating him for an imaginary inefficiency, and otherwise making life intolerable. The final blow came when one of his coworkers, who had less seniority than he, was promoted over his head. The complainant maintained that his work record was good, previous employers having given him a high efficiency rating.

When the investigator called on the plant manager, he was met with an entirely different story. The manager claimed that his outraged employee was not overly competent—he based his opinion, though, on the estimate of his foreman, who had been with the firm for a dozen years and whom he thoroughly trusted. As for the alleged anti-Semitic remarks, he really couldn't say. But he bitterly resisted any charge of anti-Semitism on the part of the firm, maintained that ten or fifteen per cent of his employees were Jews. At this point, the investigator asked to take a look at his employment records. The manager agreed. A couple of days were consumed checking file cards and original application blanks, a procedure which eventually confirmed the manager's statement. But in the particular department in which the complainant worked, there were no other Jews. This too was a noteworthy fact.

The investigator now interviewed the foreman, who mocked the notion that he might discriminate against anybody and fervently maintained that only a misguided generosity had kept him from firing his incompetent subordinate. He attached little significance to the fact that no other Jews were working for him. Next the investigator spent half a day interviewing the complainant's coworkers. Here the story was again different. They vividly recalled the foreman's anti-Semitic sallies, maintained that the employee was highly competent.

Weighing all the facts, the commission found that "probable cause" existed to credit the allegation of discrimination. The important points were the statements of the complainant's coworkers and evidence of discrimination in the foreman's own bailiwick.

In deciding whether discrimination took place in a specific instance, the problem of the competence of the employee or job applicant frequently bedevils the commissions. Often an estimate can be based on past employment record, educational qualifications, scores on aptitude tests, and so on, but sometimes judgment is difficult. One of the most novel solutions to this problem occurred in the case of a Negro factory worker who claimed he had been discharged because of the racial animus of

his employer. The boss insisted upon the purity of his motives and maintained that the chap was grossly inefficient. It was difficult to get evidence one way or the other. Finally, the employer made an offer: let the complainant give a demonstration of his skill before a group of his fellow employees—either inside the factory or on neutral ground. The Negro declined. The commission found for the employer.

The strangest sort of job qualifications are encountered. A Negro waitress was refused a job by a department store restaurant. She alleged racial discrimination, and was able to provide satisfactory evidence of her competence—she had years of experience, good references, looked neat, agreeable. But the store had told her she was not qualified. At first glance, it looked like a blatant case of discrimination. It took a day's work before the field representative discovered that the girl's physical stature disqualified her. She was six feet tall, broad-framed. The store maintained they never hired anyone over five feet six, and preferred thin girls who had little trouble negotiating the narrow spaces between tables. A check of the dimensions of past and present employees confirmed the truth of this statement. Case dismissed.

IV

THE New York commission has made a practice of examining the "employment pattern and hiring policies" of practically every firm against which a complaint is brought. In this way, discriminatory practices are often uncovered in many situations where the commission has to dismiss the immediate complaint. Not long ago, a switchboard operator instituted action against a large insurance company, claiming that she had been fired because of her boss' distaste for Italians. The SCAD investigator turned up an interesting story. He found no evidence of prejudice on the part of the suspect supervisor. On the contrary, accused and accuser had been good friends for many months, until the supervisor was elevated to her present position. Then they were continually bickering and the complainant was finally fired. Her employer agreed that she was highly efficient, but claimed

that the switchboard had gone to pot because the two girls couldn't get along. He had to fire one or the other. Further, he derided the notion that the firm discriminated against Italians. Review of the employment records bore him out.

On the other hand, in surveying the "employment pattern," the investigator discovered that the firm had no Negro employees, and that its few Jews had concealed their religious affiliation at the time they were hired. He further discovered that in recent months seven Negro girls had applied for clerical positions and had been turned down, with the notation "no openings" entered on their cards. Further checking revealed that several openings had existed during the same period.

With these facts in hand, the commission dismissed the complaint, but got the firm to agree to a thoroughgoing reform of its employment policies: the seven Negro girls would be offered the first openings that occurred; the concern would inform the employment agencies with which it dealt that in the future they were to refer job applicants without regard to race, creed, color, or national origin; and, in addition, the personnel office would use the facilities of employment agencies maintained by Negro, Jewish, and Catholic organizations.

Sometimes an employer is willing to comply with the law, but his employees provide a problem. Harold Lett, the energetic compliance director in New Jersey, had a case involving a group of skilled Negro workers who claimed they had been denied promotion to the choicest department in the factory—a "lily white" department. The complaint was filed against both the employer and the union. Investigation developed the fact that all the local union officials were white and they all worked in the suspect department. They stubbornly, and openly, refused to permit a Negro to work with them. Lett brought pressure from higher union echelons, but had a devil of a time breaking the case. He finally discovered the root of the trouble: some years before, Negroes had been allowed in the department, but their lack of proper training endangered the safety of the other workers, and their lower rate of pay threatened wage standards. The

white workers managed to ease the newcomers out and thereafter they always regarded a Negro as both a physical and monetary threat. Once Lett secured the employer's agreement to train his Negro candidates adequately and to pay them the same wage scale, he was able to secure a settlement.

In adjusting hundreds of cases each year, the commissions turn up all sorts of odd results. An unemployed bookkeeper came into SCAD, charging that her former employer fired her because she was Jewish. The commission investigated and found that the partners in the suspect firm, both Jews, were prominent in a couple of private antidiscrimination organizations. Further, they discovered that the firm employed members of a dozen different racial, religious, and national groups. And, finally, the investigator looked into the complainant's background, learned that she was apparently suffering from a persecution complex—in three years she had held more than twenty jobs, hadn't stayed in any longer than a week.

Discrimination, or alleged discrimination, appears in any number of unexpected places. Not long ago, the New York commission had a case involving a Negro insurance company. Two employees charged that they had been denied promotion because they were not the proper kind of Negroes—they were American-born, and the company, they claimed, favored West Indian. Their suspicion was shared by several fellow employees and, apparently, by sections of the Negro community as well. The commission examined the background of every employee, discovered a fair split between Americans and West Indians, and dismissed the case. The question of discrimination against white persons was not raised.

WHILE handling individual complaints is the biggest single job of the commissions, all the groups carry on other activities as well. The New York commission frequently undertakes investigations on its own initiative—222 in its first two years—without waiting for the filing of formal complaints. Someone writes in that he has seen discriminatory questions on a job application blank, or

that he has reason to believe that a certain concern does not hire Jews or Negroes. The commission then takes on the case, goes through the regular fact-finding and adjustment procedure. But in these cases—where there is no “aggrieved person”—the commission lacks powers to force compliance. The Massachusetts law is stronger in this respect.

New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts have begun an elaborate program of public education under the aegis of community councils set up on a city and county basis. These groups, which include business, labor, religious, and civic representatives, provide speakers to local organizations, undertake surveys of discrimination in education, housing, recreation as well as in employment, try to crack religious and color lines in their community through a long-range program of unspectacular pressure and persuasion.

New York has also done a notable job in renovating job application blanks—a reform that affects tens of thousands of firms in the state. Employers can no longer ask an applicant's race or religion, his parents' birthplace or residence, his wife's or mother's maiden name, or whether he is a native or naturalized citizen; he cannot be required to produce a birth certificate, naturalization papers, or a photograph. The same regulations apply to newspaper want ads.

V

ON THE whole, the state FEPC's have turned in a creditable performance, but there have been undeniable deficiencies in their work. For one thing, the New Jersey and Massachusetts bodies suffer severely from budgetary stringencies. Their appropriations of \$50,000 and \$55,000 a year, respectively, limit each commission to staffs of approximately a dozen persons. No matter how fervent and energetic the staff members are, no really thoroughgoing assault on discrimination is possible with such slim resources. New Jersey, for instance, cannot afford a single person to handle its public relations. Massachusetts has to mimeograph rather than print the poster setting forth the provisions of the law which it requires business

establishments to display. Massachusetts has found that 99 per cent of its complaints come from the Boston area; the commission feels it could get a wider coverage if it had offices elsewhere in the state, but it cannot afford them. Nor has it the facilities to make full use of the provision in the law allowing the commission to file complaints on its own. Buttressed by this power, it could embark on an industry-by-industry campaign against discrimination; but it would need a much larger staff. The commission recognizes the need for more money, but feels it cannot get a thumping increase in its appropriation until it shows sizable results with its present resources. It is caught in a vicious circle, for until it gets more money its results cannot be too impressive.

Apart from these problems, the state FEPC's are confronted with a number of criticisms made by private groups like the American Jewish Congress and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which have been carrying on the antidiscrimination crusade for any number of years. The major complaint is that the state bodies are not as effective as they might be, even within the limits of their present budgets. The commissions, it is felt, place too much reliance on persuasion, partially destroy their impact by refusing to beat a few employers over the head with public hearings and cease-and-desist orders. If an example were made of certain recalcitrants, hundreds of other firms, which are thought to be evading the law, would hasten to comply.

The commissions, on the other hand, are proud of the fact that so far they have not had to use compulsion. They hardly preclude its use in the future, but frankly prefer conciliation. They would rather not get the employers' backs up and have them actively work at evading the law. Compulsion is always necessary as a final resort, but in the long run it is felt that prejudice can only be fought by education and persuasion.

SO FAR, the commissions have gotten the better part of the argument. With obstinate employers, they have found that the mere threat of the obloquy of a public hearing has been enough to make

them retreat. Persuasion pays off in many ways. In New York state, for instance, approximately 2,500 employers have voluntarily had SCAD review their job application forms, to see that they comply with the law. The commission has also succeeded in invalidating discriminatory clauses in the constitutions of some thirty unions with a combined membership of 750,000. These provisions either denied membership to Negroes or restricted them to a second-class status. SCAD could have cracked the whip—instead it spent more than a year in cajoling, persuading, needling the slow-moving unionists. In the end, feelings were salved, the offending clauses were removed or declared inoperative in New York state.

The commissions are also criticized for operating with a casework approach, rather than surveying the entire field of discrimination and embarking on an area-by-area campaign of eradication. This criticism has a certain validity. As mentioned before, Massachusetts has the legal powers—in its ability to file its own complaints—but not the financial resources to do such a job. In New York, SCAD holds conferences with trade groups, and the commissioners interview corporation heads in an effort to get them to broaden their employment policies. This program, however, has been neither thorough nor energetic.

Another stricture is directed at the allegedly low case loads that the commissions carry. In its first two years, New Jersey handled 328 complaints. In its first nine and a half months, Massachusetts processed 251 cases. But it is difficult to determine the accuracy of this criticism because of the lack of adequate criteria. How many complaints would make a proper case load? Nobody really knows. But even granting the validity of the charges, the private organizations are as much to blame as the official bodies, for they have not been sufficiently energetic in prodding their public to take grievances to the commissions.

On the other hand, the commissions have had thoroughly inadequate public relations campaigns. In New York, which alone has enough money for a sizable program, SCAD's publicity has consisted of

little more than routine press releases. What little printed literature has been produced has not been impressive. SCAD's liaison with the press has been amateurish. In making news, the commission further restricts itself by not regularly releasing information on the disposition of its cases—even without the names of the parties concerned. This particular deficiency has a direct impact on the case load, for members of minority groups, on the whole ignorant of the results the commission has produced, do not come flocking in with their complaints.

But the legal fight against prejudice is still in its infancy; shortcomings are per-

haps unavoidable. The commissions' technique in fighting bias is the significant development. Discrimination doubtless cannot be wiped out by legislative fiat, but its overt manifestations can certainly be curbed by an agency of government possessed of both power and discretion. Two years of state FEPC's have done more to end job discrimination than fifty years of private agitation, good-will conferences, educational campaigning.

And you see the results every time you encounter a Negro usher in a theater, a Negro desk clerk in a hotel, a Negro salesgirl in the lingerie department of your favorite store.

A Note on War Guilt

SO MUCH the more sinful is it that this nation [France] is not made to feel sufficiently what a crime it has committed. Even if half of the blame devolves upon Bonaparte, still the other half is to be attributed to their light-mindedness and vanity and to the facility with which they put him alone in a position to do such things. With the slow, good-natured Germans his career would have been stopped long ago. But the French have supported him right up to the very last moment . . . and now, fourteen days later, they act as if they never had any part of him. However right they are in attacking him as they now do, they should have done it when they could have supported our cause by earlier defection and revolt. As it is, however, they have waited until things came to a crisis and, if he had conquered, they would have remained his most faithful subjects without further ado.

—Jacob Grimm, in a letter from Paris, April 19, 1814, to his brother Wilhelm in Cassel, Germany. These are the same brothers Grimm who collected the *Fairy Tales*.

CONSCIENCE FREE

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

Pictorial Comment by Loren MacIver



FOR its biggest show, the halls of the Grand Central Palace had been aisled like cattle runs. In the middle aisle an interne in a white suit watched us go by. Whenever a shorter than usual nude came along, the interne fixed him with his eye, looked him up and down, and in a voice of doom bawled out: "Submarines!" A feeble grin traveled from mouth to mouth. The line faltered on.

The papers clutched in all hands were stamped "I-A." My exception had been noted by the sergeant guarding the entrance.

"Look at this," he said to the corporal detailed to stand beside him. "A Four-E. Better pass the word along inside."

"They can't miss it," said the corporal.

Face-printing me sternly, they motioned me on. A battery of typewriters clicked out our statistics. In the disrobing room we were given tags for our clothes. "We're numbers now," said someone. A continuously forming line, like an assembly belt, jerked ahead, inching through partitions and around corridors. Gulliver-sized Lilliputians swarmed over us, measuring, thumping, whispering digits, putting lights up our noses and planks down our tongues, causing our hearts to scribble and our lungs to shine.

At the weighing machine, the sergeant recorded my poundage.

"Four-E," he said. "What's that?"

"That means I'm a conscientious objector."

"Yeah? New one on me." He looked at me with mild curiosity. "You studying to be a missionary?"

"No."

"No?" His eyes reached the limits of speculation. "Just don't want to be in it, huh?"

"That's right."

He inspected the idea as one might a new can-opener, then resumed measuring. I went on. The psychiatrist noted suspiciously that I was a writer. The fingerprint expert declined to waste ink on me. The guard of the next junction sent me back. The expert was firm. The guard was equally firm. I was turning into a military stalemate. Finally the authorities met and agreed that the one sure index of my identity be withheld. Even the Army considered itself a criminal offense.*

Reclothed, we awaited our verdicts. It was an occasion when the majority of mankind hoped something was wrong with it—just enough.

I DIDN'T get "REJECTED." I wasn't inducted either. They didn't seem to know what to do with me. A captain signing things told me to go home. A corporal guarding the exit wouldn't let me through. Neither would leave his post. I was in another bottleneck until the captain issued a safe-conduct to a specially designated side door.

I must have been the only CO going through that day. In all there were about 12,000 classified IV-E by the draft boards. Six thousand more went to jail. These included "absolutists" who refused to register, objectors denied classification, and the men who walked out of camp. An undisclosed number, over 100,000 according to church estimates, accepted I-A-O classification for noncombatant service with the Army.

"This is the thing for you," said one of my draft board members. "You get pay, dependency allotment, chance of promo-

* A fingerprint file was kept of all inductees, presumably to aid in apprehending deserters. Since CO's were supposed to retain their civil status, no such file was kept of them.

tion and all that, yet you're guaranteed not to bear arms. If you hold out for Four-E you'll just wind up in one of those camps with a lot of religious nuts."

My board had been very fair and scrupulously courteous. The only question they raised concerned an ambiguity in the law. The draft form had required those claiming objector status to swear that they were "conscientiously opposed, by reason of religious training and belief" to participation in war. A directive was subsequently issued, advising boards to interpret "religious" broadly. The double talk must have reflected uneasy compromises behind the scenes. Certainly it invited double dealing. Many boards continued to deny status to men without church affiliation. Others vindictively sent men to camp who would never have been accepted for the Army.

My only membership is with the non-sectarian War Resisters League. I felt that my objection was religious in that it was based on deep conviction. A lack of theology I didn't think deprived me of a conscience. One reason for my distrust of churches was their all but universal sanction of wars.

My conviction was and is that war is self-defeating. To wage it successfully, the methods and premises that are being opposed must be accepted and exceeded. The atomic bomb, which confirmed certain speculations in physics, also confirmed this principle. No issue is settled, but new ones are created: the conditions for future and more violent wars. Even its hatred misses the mark, wasting itself on the innocent, the helpless, and those on both sides who have let themselves be led into it. As E. E. Cummings has defined it, "War is the science of inefficiency."

I had been convinced of its futility by the poems of Wilfred Owen. Since I had written and published antiwar poems, the board was persuaded of my pacifism. On August 11, 1943, I boarded a train for camp.

II

THE camp I was headed for was run by the Friends, who accepted members of other faiths and the unaffiliated. The Mennonites, the largest single group, took few outsiders. The Brethren

came somewhere between, both in numbers and policy. These three "historic peace churches" had made an arrangement with the government in the first days of the draft. To avoid the persecutions of the previous war, they contracted to take over and maintain, at their expense, camps formerly assigned to the Civilian Conservation Corps, a prewar work program for unemployed young men. The new setup was called Civilian Public Service, sometimes confused in the public mind with a gas-and-electric company.

Sixty-two CPS base-camps were scattered over the country in out-of-the-way, usually backward, regions. Men who could afford it paid the churches \$35 a month board. The others were carried on charity, which included a \$2.50 monthly allowance. Some statistician figured we were penny-an-hour men. By law we were assigned to "work of national importance," universally translated "impotence." Most of the work programs were under the Department of Agriculture.

CPS 52 was situated on the eastern shore of Maryland; the "sinus belt of America" as I was to discover. It was near a shambling crossroad village, Powellsville, mostly a collection of filling stations and shed stores serving the impoverished local farmers. A truck met us at the station in Salisbury, a town noted as the dividing-line for Jim Crow. From Salisbury on south, Negroes have to move to the rear of buses, or to special cars on trains.

Through a flat farming region we drove the fourteen miles to camp. The fields were dotted with what I took for round white stones; it was the melon season. Maryland is full of chicken-houses, long low wooden sheds in which a double production of eggs is induced by all-night lighting. We came to a rather larger collection of these, which turned out to be camp. Here we were assigned to barracks, or "dorms" as some prophet had named them. Life in them resembled a rather deranged boarding school.

Mine was the rowdiest; Dorm III or The Kremlin. It contained a benign Russian-Bear-like personage, with the build of a workers' mural, who hailed each Soviet victory so enthusiastically that he was known as Timoshenko. Somehow the

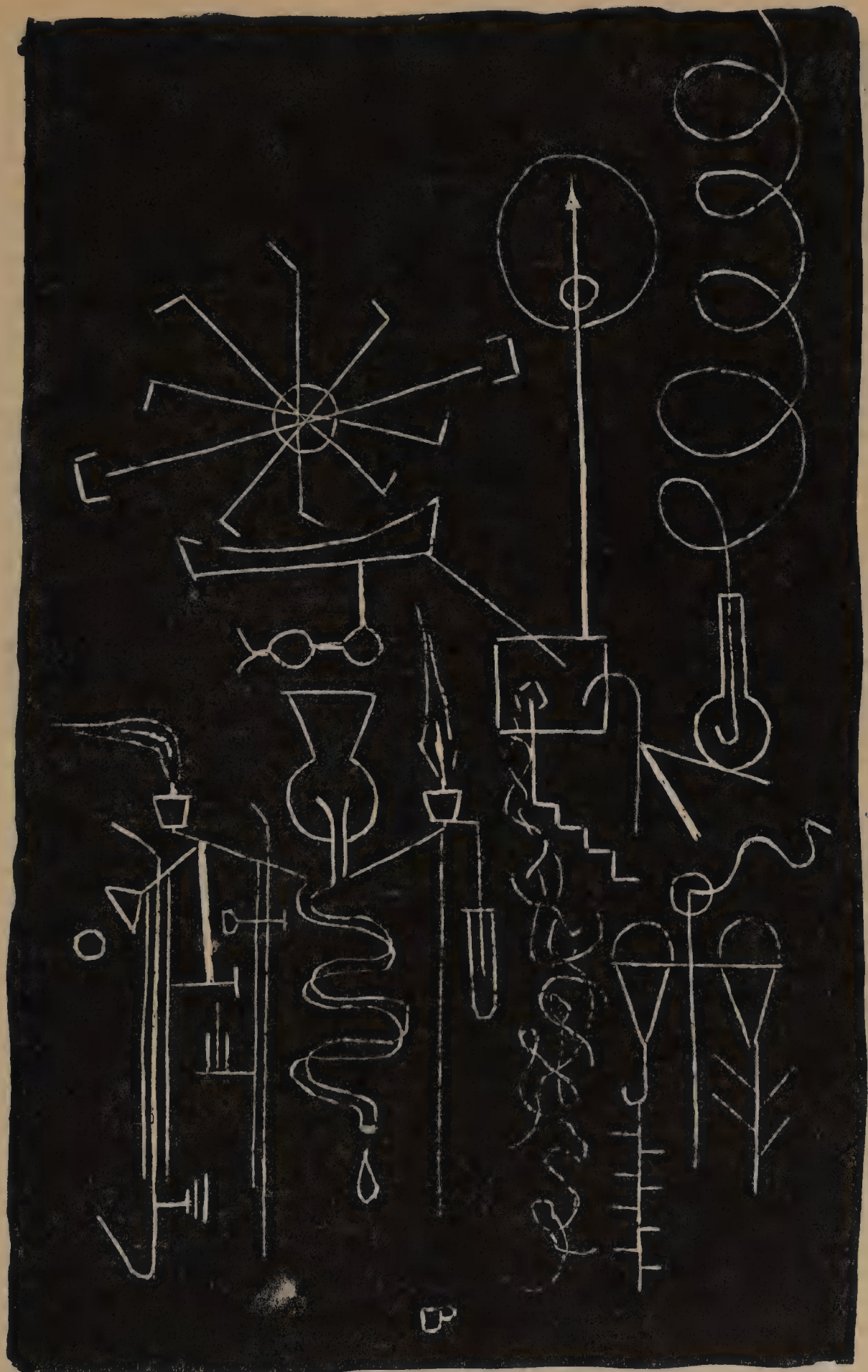
party-line shifts had left him stranded. He continued to be an objector on somewhat confused ideological grounds, and salved his social conscience by trying to convert Fundamentalists to the CIO.

There was also the author of a best-selling novel, who wore sex like a hair-shirt; his own and everybody else's. The First Century Gospel boys listened open-mouthed to his vivid pornography. It was his mission to interrogate new arrivals on the variety of their sexual proclivities, in terms so succinct that the more squeamish fled at once to other quarters.

These two more or less set the tone; rather less religious than I had been led to expect. They were by no means typical; but then neither was anyone else. It was a camp of about 150 individuals, including a Treasury Department tax expert, a magician, a former curator of President Roosevelt's Hyde Park Library, and assorted professors, Ph.D.'s, college students, mechanics, chiropractors, and farmboys. One saw-mill worker, who had never left home before, was convinced he'd crossed the ocean to reach camp; he'd come via the Chesapeake Bay ferry.

ON MY arrival in Dorm III I was asked if I was "progressive." This was the chief stamping-ground of the Social Action group. Some Friends joined it, although generally the camp was thought of as divided between the "politically-conscious" and the "religious wobblers." The latter regarded the former with suspicion, as godless. The Social Actionists retorted that the religious objected to war only because they'd been brought up that way, not because they'd "thought things out for themselves."

Principally argued was our lack of pay. Wages for CO's had been limited by law to those of army privates. On paper this looked liberal. Selective Service nullified it by simply not asking Congress for appropriations. It was explained that this helped convince people we were sincere. Similarly the "hundred-mile ruling" removed us at least that far from the rancor of fellow townspeople. But to a Congressional Committee General Hershey stated that these policies of segregation, isolation, no pay, and no dependency allotment annually



War is the science of inefficiency.



"salvaged" ■ proportion of CO's to the armed forces.

He neglected to add that they salvaged an equal number to jail. Men disgusted with the camp setup "walked out," writing their draft boards what they were doing, why, and where they could be found. Then they waited for the FBI. They faced sentences of from six months to five years, with the possibility of re-arrest if they refused to go back to camp.

The Social Actionists argued that the peace churches had been duped into supporting deliberately punitive measures. By itself the government would not have risked initiating such policies. It could now point to them as voluntarily arrived at by religious bodies in a spirit of self-sacrifice.

The issues were endlessly debated. It was selfish to press for pay in a world at war. It was selfish not to; by acquiescing we were helping to set precedents for slave labor. It might be "spiritually significant" to renounce an established wage voluntarily. As it was, a religious philosophy was being imposed on men who didn't share it and had had no voice in shaping it. A good deal of the camp's resentment was diverted to various church inter-agencies, AFSC, BSC, MCC, NSBRO;* that sea of alphabet soup in which the real issue was drowned. For these, except by a polite fiction, had no real control of the camps. All directives had to be approved by Selective Service; many of them originated there.

The law stated that CO's were to be under civilian direction. Perhaps General Hershey, Colonel Kosch, and other officers who staffed SS periodically turned into

* American Friends Service Committee, Brethren Service Committee, Mennonite Central Committee, National Service Board for Religious Objectors. Made up of representatives of the first three, NSBRO intermediated between the government and the CO's.

civilians. The matter was seldom mentioned in the public press.† SS discouraged publicity; it might prejudice people against us. Successfully resisted were attempts to transfer the camps to the Department of the Interior, which had funds available for wages and more appropriate work programs. Also scrapped was a relief and rehabilitation program, which proposed to employ CO's in the stricken areas of Europe or Asia.

Our own project was more useful than most; to straighten and deepen the course of the Pocomoke, a little creek which in spring backed up in swamps and flooded the cornlands. This project had been a local political football for over a hundred years. Its special futility lay in the antiquated methods that stretched into years a job that could have been done properly in weeks.

On some projects men were reported digging dirt out of one hole and throwing it in another. After the war, strikes broke out in several camps, the strikers refusing to continue project work. Instead they wrapped bundles to be sent abroad. Their ringleaders were arrested and sentenced; some of the cases are still under appeal.

III

LIFE in a CO camp was like life everywhere, only more so. Under the pressure of enforced propinquity, opinions were being formed or changed that might have taken a lifetime anywhere else. It was like a growth of democracy in miniature; all the stages of history going on at once in this backwater of the world.

The one religious ceremony observed was a minute of silent grace before meals. The Quakers held morning and Sunday services, and arranged other meetings at which members of different faiths were encouraged to give their "Basic Beliefs." Some of these were: "I think God is a big brother," or "a friend," or "a silent partner" (this from the tax expert). Once they invited the camp nihilist. He held forth for hours on a sort of post-Nietzscheanism with forebodings of Existentialism. It came

† An outstanding exception was the *Washington Post*. All through the war it ran consistently liberal editorials on the subject.

to be known in camp as "the philosophy of Neither-Nor."

Nearly every week brought a visiting lecturer: a CIO educational director, who was also a Brethren minister; a missionary who had coined the watchword "CIHU!" from "Can I Help You?" This became the morning song of the coyotes. The individualists among us were rather disillusioned by a disciple of Gandhi, who admired the structure and discipline of the Army. He wanted us to form a CO Legion and work for a pacifist dictatorship. A champion of decentralization declared city life was driving people crazy, and emphasized the word by looking it. The talk I enjoyed most was by a very ample, very jolly Negro schoolteacher, who countered segregation in buses by putting her head in and inquiring, "Dare I intrude?"

Just about every denomination was represented. These included several Fundamentalist sects: First Century Gospel, Christadelphian, Seventh Day Adventist. One man belonged to a single-church sect called "The Church of the Four-Leafed Clover," which preached the gospel of optimism. Appropriately he was a Fuller Brush salesman. Another sect believed that a religion should have no name. Consequently its members were officially listed as having no religion.

With the Associated Bible Students I waged a small unsuccessful aesthetic-religious war. My off-hour problem was that of the artist in society, to find a small unused corner in which to write. At different times I tried the trucks, where my lantern convoked a regional meeting of mosquitoes; the Water Tower, where my pages blew away; the Drying Room, in among steaming sheets and long underwear; a cubicle behind the Co-op Store, a thin panel away from a continuously practicing bugler; and the pump room, where the pump started up like a car with its bearings burned. More orthodox quarters were out of the question. Either they were in use, or immediately became so. Everybody, it seemed, was acquiring the need to be "alone with his thoughts."

I had finally discovered, I thought, the ideally undesirable location: a small shed built over the camp cesspool. Then the

Bible Students moved in. They wanted my Ivory Tower to read their Bibles in. They thought I could do my writing anywhere and I had the same opinion of their Bible-reading.

We took our problem to the Educational Secretary, who worked out a Judgment of Solomon, dividing up the hours so that nobody was satisfied. Privately he admitted it was he who had precipitated the crisis, by trying to get them out of the Educational Building, a shed housing several "classrooms" and the camp library. Their dismal droning of revival hymns made it impossible to read in the library. But the Bible Boys went right on using the classroom for dirges and the solitary shack for quiet meditation on the scriptures.

There were several Jehovah's Witnesses in camp, although most JW's went to jail, claiming exemption on the ground that each was a minister. General Eisenhower's mother was a member of the sect. A pacifist paper interviewed her. She was quoted as pleased that her famous son had done so well at what he had chosen, but very sorry he had chosen it.

"The Bible predicts everything that has come to pass," one JW told me. "Why it even predicted tire-rationing." He showed me Isaiah iii:

18 In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon,

19 The chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers. . . .

"Isn't that jewelry?" I asked.

"Oh no. See, he even has chains for wet weather. And haven't you noticed how many cars are noisy these days? Their mufflers have blown out and they can't get replacements."

"The moon suggests something shiny, like silver. Not black, like a tire."

"Isaiah," he said, "even foretold white-wall tires!"

THE Biosophical Society boys were somewhat less imaginatively literal. They arrived devout students of Spinoza. His concept of a Supreme Being, they said, was "a rational faith, which did away with superstitious fears." All this adding up of qualities into a substance

sounded very airless to me, the epitome of non-being. I wondered aloud if a certain amount of fear and superstition weren't natural.

A few days later one of them went hollering through the woods for First Aid. We gathered around expecting a major catastrophe. It seems he'd scratched his finger on a bramble. "Infection might set in!" he cried. A First Aid man arrived on the double and applied a magic balm.

There was among us a reputed adept in Eastern mysticism, a communicant of Gerald Heard, who grew a beard and went about barefoot. Somehow he converted the Biosophs en bloc. They formed with him a neo-yogi fellowship. One of their practices was to lie on their bunks emptying themselves of thought; an intenser variant of Quaker meditation. Since everybody did this, without effort, it attracted small notice. But there were rumors of mysterious early morning rites.

One night I stayed up working in the library. About 5:00 A.M. they arrived, carrying flashlights through a pouring rain. They were nonplussed at finding me there since, as they explained, their services were conducted in darkness. I agreed to move to the far end of the room, under a shaded lamp. In the gloom at their end, they sat in a circle on the floor. The silence was intense. I was concluding they'd all gone to sleep—which, considering they did this every morning, seemed not unreasonable—when one of them exclaimed, in muffled tones, "The spirit moves!" Other murmurs came from the group. Then I heard a great hushed rustling. All I could make out were their shadows, sprawling hugely on the farthest wall. These rose and fell rhythmically, like the circling of crows over a cornfield. This must be, I thought, their ceremonial dance. As my eyes grew used to the darkness I realized they were all getting up and putting on their raincoats.

In a camp rife with cults no one was immune. I became high priest to O'Malley the Rain-Bringer, the fairy godfather of the *PM* comic strip, "Barnaby." His cardboard image, complete with battered hat, magic cigar, and wings, hung suspended from the rafters. Services were held on days when it rained and we didn't work.

O'Malley is not one of your naïve primitive deities founded on superstition.

No. O'Malley is a scientific divinity.

Science is fallible.

O'Malley is fallible.

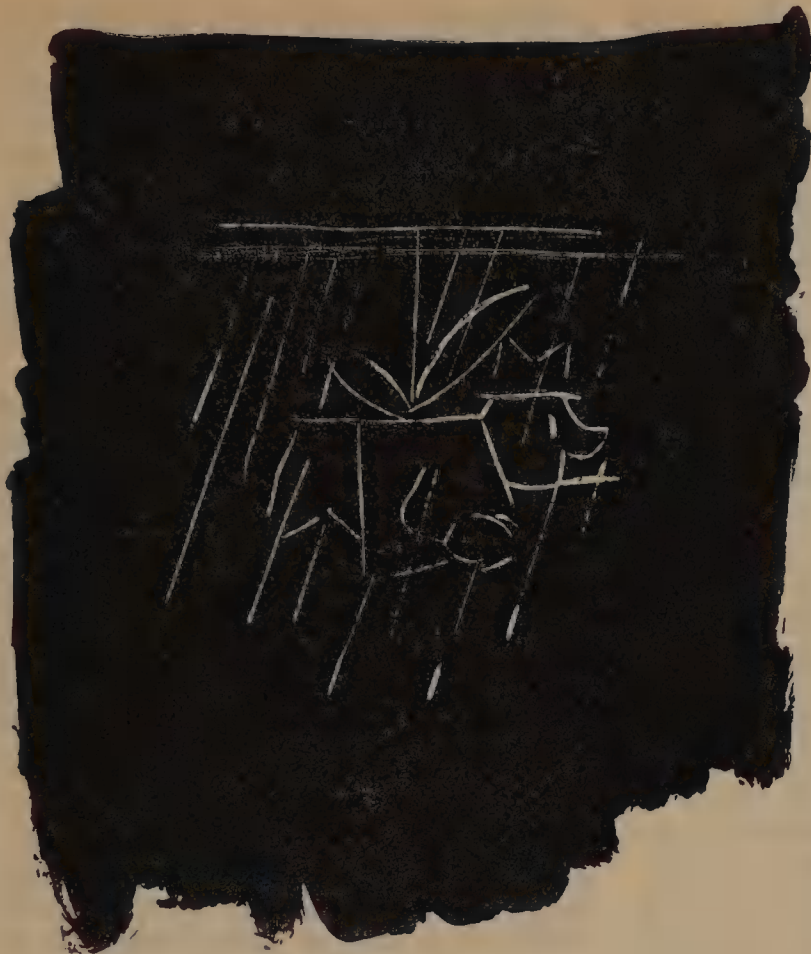
That which is not founded on dogma is founded on hypothesis and may suffer a sad metamorphosis.

THE creed acknowledged a failing of the god. He often brought us a GI rain at quitting-time, clearing around 6:30 A.M. when the night watchman woke the camp. To stand watch was a popular job. Adding it to a day's work entitled one to a "long weekend" leave. The Nightwatchman's Spiel, our new art form, spread the gospel of O'Malley, along with three important items of news: the weather (especially if it was raining), the temperature, and the breakfast menu. Some breakfasts were better slept through, although the kitchen crew denied that meals had been scaled to eight cents per man.

To avoid "pushbutton eggs" or fritters as cold as doorknobs, some of us had electric stoves beside our cots. An engineering student shared his with me. Its heating unit had burned out, but he wove new ones out of discarded door-springs. These were rather less tempered, but worked very well. Whenever we plugged in the stove the lights went down all over camp.

After breakfast two work-bells sounded. Most of the camp's dressing was done in this five-minute interval. We wore to project whatever old work-clothes we could scrape up; some of us looked like ash-men, others more like Harlequin. On the road we were sometimes mistaken for POW's; but as we explained, POW's were paid.

We stood around the trucks while roll-call was read and the complements of different crews made up. These varied from day to day, according to whether the tractor had broken down, or the dynamite supply had run out. The Survey Crew went ahead setting stakes for the cut. The Clearing Crew followed in three sections, wielding brushaxes ("bushhooks," one of the foremen called them), axes, and saws. Behind them the Tractor Crew, or "chain-gang," "snaked out" the logs; the Dynamite Crew blasted stumps, and the Drag-



lines dug the ditch and heaped up spoil-banks.

Outside of work hours, the camp was run by CO's from the director down. On project the government men took over, mostly local farmers in the Department of Agriculture service. Few of them enjoyed the role of slavedriver. They picked out "company men" among the CO's and made them crew "co-ordinators," thus shifting the friction.

Wrapping ourselves in blankets, we sat on side tool-lockers in the trucks and joggled off. Everybody on the road had to be waved to, for PR. Our Public Relations were good, the project being locally popular. The trucks branched off on dirt roads looping the tiny river hidden in the woods. We passed ramshackle unpainted lean-tos, from which barefooted children ran. Farther on would be a small plowed hill, the curved furrows grazing a clump of gravestones. The roads dwindled to tracks between the trees, the truck bowing and scraping its way through. At the day's station we unloaded, got our tools, and filed off through the woods.

The swamps grew mostly cypress, maple, gum, and stunted pine. Vines of poison ivy, sometimes half-a-foot thick, climbed the trees. "Painting classes" were held in the infirmary every morning. There were several varieties of snake; some said cottonmouths. Spring and fall the swamps were high, with a coating of ice in winter. We worked in army-reject boots, not all seaworthy. In summer the woods were so dry we sometimes fell in the river before seeing it.

Most of us were as green as the timber we were hacking. The axmen nibbled the trees; occasionally their own feet. The saw-crews hung up one tree on another. "Lifers" were men who pitched right into the work. Equally principled were the die-hards who re-

fused to do anything more than a stroke or two. An RTW (Refusal To Work) meant the loss of three furlough days, but a court ruling had decided that one stroke signified willingness. Equally celebrated was a case denying CO's workmen's compensation for injuries; since we weren't paid, we could not be regarded as employees.

During dry spells the camp was on forest-fire call. The local volunteer system had broken down during the war. We were apt to be despatched anywhere within a thirty-mile radius; sometimes farther. Under local wardens we dug and patrolled "lines" around the fires, which were then allowed to burn themselves out. Eating their way into the now bone-dry swamps, they smouldered for days. Occasionally one got away by "jumping the line." There would be a day of feverish activity establishing a new line.

TIME collapsed and expanded like an accordion. Individual days were long or short, but the continuity of camp life swallowed them up into some-

thing that seemed alternately endless and no time at all. Furloughs disappeared into it as if they had never existed. Saturdays there was a mad scramble away from camp on the part of those with leave. Deals were made to switch crews, to get away an hour early, to get rides. Returns were calculated as near the Monday morning work-bell as possible. Some lived too far away to go home. Others had no money and worked evenings in the neighboring farms, topping corn or picking crops. The magician went to Ocean City, a sleazy little resort town about twenty miles away, and lined up jobs for a couple of dozen men, waiting on tables or at hot-dog stands, nights and weekends. In winter there was very little outside employment to be had. A few men went into Salisbury once a week and swabbed down a restaurant.

Incidents interrupted the camp monotony. The assistant director was unfairly dismissed. For once everybody in camp united on an issue. The Service Committee apologized but did nothing about it. Two Selective Service officials, on a conducted tour of the project, fell in the river. Mumps struck us and all leaves were canceled. New Year's Eve a case of beer was smuggled in, in the same car with a visiting Quaker dignitary. To supplement the meager diet, huge "Doovers" * would be organized, to which everyone contributed any eatables he had received from home. I often felt I'd strayed into the action of a movie; a very cheap movie in which, not being able to decide on a plot, they'd tossed in parts of several for good measure. By a shift of focus the same scene was infinitely depressing or funny.

Most depressing was the general feeling of impotence. The failure of pacifism to develop "a positive program" was much discussed. We tried to comfort ourselves with the thought that to negate a negation was itself a positive act; that in swimming against the tide it was a gain at least to remain where you were. But it was hard not to succumb to one of the occupational hazards of conscientious objection, self-pity. The others are a martyr complex and smugness. Anyone who thinks that he is right when everybody else is wrong is

* Camp term for "hors d'oeuvres"—"horses' doovers."

prone to them; they have nothing to do with whether or not he is correct.

A few went into the Army because they felt they were being of no use where they were. Another few worked hard at achieving a medical discharge—extremely difficult for a CO—by cultivating their latent peculiarities. They went without washing, shaving, or making their beds. They took continual SQ's (Sick in Quarters), or if sent on project, promptly fell in the river. At night they gathered in the kitchen and heaved knives and crockery at the walls.

I had the greatest respect for the men who walked out and voluntarily went to jail. My own feeling was that a prison sentence was excessive martyrdom unless absolutely necessary. Public opinion, when the public knew the facts, was predominantly sympathetic. This was perhaps the first war fought almost entirely by pacifists, in the sense that they were people who consciously detested what they were doing. Perhaps the next stage would be to refuse to do what they detested. At any rate I didn't think that objectors should imply that public animus against them was anything like what it had been in 1918.

However, the men who walked out were not protesting the public's treatment of them, but the lag between what the law had stated and the way these liberal provisions had been carried out by SS. In prison the CO's were a thorn in the side of the administration. They exposed conditions in several penitentiaries, as a result of which state officials had to resign. They spread nonviolent techniques among the prisoners. After a recent outburst at Leavenworth, an army correctional institution, in which there were several deaths and many casualties, a strike took place in the Danbury jail. The strikers there refused to work and refused to eat. There was no violence of any sort. Danbury had housed a sizable CO contingent.

IV

IN THE autumn of 1944 the Friends, for reasons of economy, gave up the camp. For a time we thought the government, which by now was running a few camps, would take over. This would be worse, or better. Men prepared to leave,

or stay. Food at least would be plentiful, since army requisitions could be drawn on; the monthly allowance would rise to \$5.

But instead the camp was assigned to the Mennonites. We all had to transfer. We could go to other camps, most of them remote. Or we could take "detached service." The detached services, ninety in all, for which one was eligible after serving three months in a base camp, were principally at farm labor or in mental hospitals. For both of these the work hours were considerably longer. More colorful, and more publicized, was the "Smoke Jumpers" unit, which fought forest fires by parachute. Other possibilities were the "guinea-pig" experiments. These included exposure to atypical pneumonia, yellow jaundice, or starvation. It was rumored that the starvation experiment had originally been intended for France, to determine the best methods of counteracting malnutrition. A State Department official, irked because the initiating approach had been to General de Gaulle, instead of through him, had had it quashed. It was now necessary to induce artificial starvation in CO's by a diet limited to rutabaga.

I was just about resigned to a government camp with the salubrious name of Germfask when the chance came to work in a private psychiatric hospital near Washington. Chestnut Lodge was not a typical detached service. We worked individually and had little contact with the 3,000 CO's serving as attendants in 46 public mental hospitals. These units were instrumental in exposing medieval conditions in many of our institutions of pub-

lic welfare. Their well-documented files earned the praise of leading medical authorities and formed the nucleus for what is now the National Mental Health Foundation in Washington, whose chairman is former Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts.

Toward the end of my year and three months at the Lodge, I was detailed to escort a woman patient transferring to a State hospital. A Brethren unit of about twenty-five CO's worked there. I asked the psychiatrist about them.

"I don't know how we could have got through the war without them," he said. "Your philosophy seems to be just right for dealing with mental patients. We had to dismiss one man for excessive roughness, but that was a notable exception."

The jujitsu of nonviolence, then, which throws the aggressor off balance, had proved itself on the institutional level. How long would it take to reach the international? How many grants would be made for such research, as compared with atomic energy?

I had to wait for a receipt for this patient. The doctor was asking her some questions, to get her case-history and also, I judged, her "grasp of fact."

"What happened yesterday?" he asked.

"Oh, yesterday. Why yesterday it said over the radio that the women and girls in Washington, D. C., were taking off their silk panties and throwing them away."

"Really?" said the doctor. "And what was the cause of all this celebrating?"

A crafty look came into her eyes.

"Well," she said, "they say the war has ended."



After Hours

THE last time I had been to the Barrington fair was about nineteen-twenty, when the fair was only eighty years old. The fair grounds with their long yellow sheds and grandstand seemed to me then very large and mysterious. My friends and I used to play there during the eleven and a half months when the enclosure wasn't in use. Fair time was the big moment of the year, even bigger than when the Chautauqua came to town. As I remember it, the fair in those days was mainly a show of livestock and the produce of farms and farm kitchens, of harness races, of balloons and yellow and red birds on wooden sticks. There were row on row of preserves all neatly labeled (white stickers with red borders), and jellies in shallow jars, as clear and rich as wine. In a long shed was the main exhibit of the fair; shocks of the county's tallest corn reached up fourteen or fifteen feet, and the prize tomatoes and pumpkins and squash were stacked high in mounds. The farmers and their wives were there as custodians of their prowess, and purple, red, and yellow ribbons with rosettes at the top marked the "premium" winners. These ribbons were the principal reason for the fair.

It may not have been quite like that. I was small and small things looked large to me. But this year the fair seemed quite different. To read the program you would think that it was still an excuse for the farmers to compete with one another, and the competitions do go on. But to be there and wander about gave a very different impression. The 106th Annual Barrington Fair seemed to me to have got out of hand.

I went with my wife and the children,

and we parked the car (where we always used to park it) on Mike Kane's front lawn across from the fair grounds and paid him fifty cents. (It's worth quite a lot to have a lawn near the fair grounds.) We bought our tickets and walked down the midway, which was crowded with concessionaires who came from somewhere outside the county (I suppose they always had). But there were a great many more of them and their shows were more elaborate and, it seemed to me, more tawdry: a "Fun House," a speed-drome in which two girls (in satin shirts) and a man rode on motorcycles around the vertical walls of a singularly unstable-looking wooden pit. There was a sideshow called "International Auditorium Alive" that advertised a "Human Salamander," "The Girl with the Thousand Eyes," a "Double Sex Wonder," and other attractions. Next to it was a tent that called itself the "Hall of Science" (for adults only) with the legend: "A Mother's Gift to the Birth of Nations." We rode on the Ferris wheel, took our chances in a few ring-toss games, and shot .22's at moving metal ducks (my wife hit two out of six; I didn't hit any), and then we went to the main attraction: the race track.

When I was my son's age, my father used to start the races by shooting off blanks in his pearl-handled Colt. In those days they raced sulkies, and there were running races—and betting was illegal. Now the Barrington races are listed in daily racing sheets and the betting is pari-mutuel. On the last Friday of the fair \$180,000 was bet on the races, and on Saturday people were guessing that the bets would run to nearly \$225,000. We

hung on the rail and watched one race and then went looking for the agricultural exhibits.

We found them, all right, but they were not at all as I remembered them. A few vegetables and pies and preserves were in booths behind chicken wire. The dust had settled on them (the fair had been going for seven days); the flowers, where there were flowers, had drooped. There was a long table down the center with specimens of tomatoes, peppers, beets, carrots, potatoes, and other small vegetables on paper plates, and to one side a series of four set pieces arranged by the Garden Club. The "first premium" exhibit (the Alford Grange's contribution) had a painted farm scene as a background with a little mill that was run by a miniature waterfall, and in front of it were grouped some preserves, vegetables, and specimens of baking. The exhibit of the U. S. Navy Recruiting Station of Pittsfield ("fourth premium" winner) was more typical—a few jars of applesauce, bread and butter pickle, catsup, a loaf of bread, and some vegetables arranged in a sort of early autumn setting. Incongruously, at one end of the exhibit hall was a scale model of Silver Springs, Florida, mounted on a slowly-revolving turntable.

I thought that my memory had played me a trick, the feel and the looks were so very different from the way I remembered them, so I checked with my neighbor, a man of my father's generation. "The fair is now mostly an excuse for horse racing," he said. "Mr. Gerard, who's a merchant up in Housatonic, says he has to carry his customers two to four weeks after the fair's over."

But the real reason for the change is not, I suspect, just the races. In 1936 the Housatonic Agricultural Society that ran the fair for years couldn't carry on, and in 1940 Edward J. Carroll, who operates an amusement park in Springfield, bought the fair grounds, built a new track, and put the fair on a paying basis. Though there are local committees the quality which was indigenously that of the community seems to have waned. The outside control, healthy as it may be, and the bigness of the operation have pushed the intimate quality aside. But this is what must

happen to a community in which agriculture is gradually becoming less important and the tourist and resort business occupies so many families in the summer, and now that skiing has invaded New England, in the winter as well. The fair brings money to town, especially to the families who park cars. The kids still have fun and the adults compete with each other in a friendly way, though all this is secondary to the races. I asked a friend of mine who runs the general store in a nearby town what he thought of the fair this year, and he summed up what I suspect is the feeling of a good many local people: "I guess it's all right," he said. "I won nine bucks and a quarter."

Notes on a Napkin

I'M NOT sure I'll be able to make much of that mislaid weekend the American Legion spent in New York. The weeks since have passed, and I've been meaning to get down to it; but other matters—other weekends—have intervened, and now some of the notes are a little yellowed, not so much from age as from some apparently inferior bourbon whiskey that was spilled on them; others are a little blurred and indistinct. For example, there is a word that seems to be "monotonous"; I can't be positive. Perhaps I was referring to the delegates themselves: the tens of thousands of gray and thinning heads of hair, the purplish-red faces, the figures with a distinct and now permanent bulge in the middle. Perhaps I meant the activities that couldn't have been very new—or very humorous—twenty-eight conventions ago: the water pistols, the walking sticks that sent sedate young women screaming from a four-volt shock in the rear, the water-filled paper bags flying through the air and drenching irate sophisticates, the feather dusters that contained pins, the cans that made sounds like a gently ripping dress, the numerous dead bass dangling on numerous fishing poles, the inevitably lurching walks, the liquor bottles hurtling through space—always, miraculously, missing the passers-by.

The word may have referred to any of these or all, but on a crumpled napkin snatched from a table in a small bar I

have printed, with heavy emphasis, "Papers!" What can I have had in mind when I did that? Did I mean the newspaper coverage of the event? It's true that even the sedate *Times* went slightly and rather embarrassingly mad after the first couple of days and committed one of the few puns in its eminently respectable history; Meyer Berger had called the Legionnaires "those aging Peter Pans" but in a rather largish headline they were referred to as the "Cold Stream Cards." It was hardly news, and its fit-to-printability could be debated, but there it was in the *Times*, in thirty-point type.

The New York *Post* in an indignant, column-long editorial peevishly rapped its own reporters on the head for their smirking accounts of the fun. Some people, the *Post* said, obviously referring to its own staff, seem to approve of high times only when they're carried on in dimly-lit, airless, walk-up apartments in Greenwich Village. This opens up all sorts of interesting conjectures about the private lives of *Post* reporters, but as for the *Post's* editorial writer, he implied that he was glad for the Times Square crap games, for the bottom-pinching, the live garter snakes and baby alligators indiscriminately tossed into feminine faces—the drunken, public hilarity. "We wouldn't change 'em," the *Post* concluded with a flourish.

Otherwise, my notes are in reasonably good order. Most of them were written on a hot, gray morning when I attended one of the Legion's business sessions at Madison Square Garden. Apparently entering into the spirit of the event, I doodled several elephants (all of them black) plus what appears to be an approximation of a Garand rifle, and I commented testily on the dreary monotony of the messages given to the "boys"—their own term for each other (their average age was fifty-two). Everyone, the high-ranking brass, the office-seekers, the government officials, spoke of the necessity for "armed strength" and of the possibility of "armed conflict" (a semantically acceptable term for "war"). The messages were almost invariably the same; only the voices changed. And each message was cheered madly and with wild abandon—except for one. A small, quiet man from somewhere in the

Middle West whose name I've unfortunately lost said that there was still hope for peace, that war was not yet inevitable. At the end of my informal notations on his remarks I wrote, "Little applause. Loud silence." And then comes the word "frightening," underlined several times, and just below that the Garand.

Otherwise, my penciled history of the four days during which other New Yorkers fled quietly to the hills seems now quite meaningless, and I can only rely on what is, at best, a hazy memory. The blond young man at the Astor bar who'd been a pilot on twenty-seven missions, including the rightly memorable one over Ploesti. "We'll take over," he told me. "We young guys'll run it, as soon as the old boys die." His dreary patience seemed memorable enough at the time, for a man with twenty-seven missions behind him. Or the garrulous Pennsylvanian whose memory of the Legion's last New York spree (in 1937) was so much brighter by comparison. "Lots more spirit in '37," he informed me proudly. "I think it's partly the fault of the young fellows. They just don't seem to have the right attitude."

Now that the convention is over and done with, now that the forty million gum wrappers used as confetti have been carted to wherever such dreary evidence is taken, now that even the memories of those tens of thousands of hangovers have given way to the memories of tens of thousands of other hangovers, I find I can't get either excited or disturbed by what happened. The words "monotonous" and "papers" and "frightening" seem hopelessly inadequate to describe what was no more than a rather familiar event. As far as I can make out, assorting my impressions of numerous other conventions both observed and attended, they are a healthy necessity that varies little with the group involved.

Earlier this year I wandered in on a convention of atomic scientists, and while their days may have been more serious, their nights were much the same. There were fewer of the scientists, but when aroused—as they invariably were, around three of any morning—they threw weighty (but unclassified) documents at each other; three or four of them dropped

chessmen down the dresses of waitresses who could not, even kindly, have been described as pretty; and others marched down the street of a sleeping Illinois village singing an obscene song in which the word "atom" was used as a noun, a verb, and an adjective.

Last Word

THE lines below are in reply to the poem by Miss Agnes Rogers that you will find on page 433 of this magazine. I accept responsibility for them, but will greet further discussion with icy silence.

You Can't Pull That Hemline Over Our Eyes, Miss Rogers

MISS Rogers adequately shows
That fashion is no slave to reason,
That prudent girls would shed their clothes
If lack of clothes were chic this season.

But she does not elucidate
Why it should be so opportune
For this year's girl to emulate
A larva in a silk cocoon.

This cover-up, this obscuration,
This sheath, this wasping of the waist,
This tendency toward hip inflation
Was not a plot conceived in haste.

The ladies who proclaim the mode
Which ruffles up the derrière
Are probably the ones who showed
Unnatural protrusion there.

The waistline dropped around the thighs
Is certainly the very canny

Invention of a girl whose prize
Is rather a restricted fanny.

The fulsome horizontal bulge,
The bust of hyperdensity
Are surely fashioned to indulge
A natural propensity.

The ladies who have knees that touch
And those with knees somewhat akimbo
Are not complaining overmuch
Now styles consign their limbs to limbo.

It's obvious that all this clatter
For pinching here and plumping there
Reduces to the awkward matter
Of who's got what it takes—and where.

The women who would call a stop
And cast the glove in fashion's teeth
Look best with little on the top
And almost nothing underneath.

Model Kitchen

OVER a doughnut factory in the East Thirties there is a cabinet-maker who supplements his income by maintaining a monstrosity. In his shop is one of the model kitchens you have seen time and again in the ads, the hyperefficient lino-

leum and enamel background against which refrigerators and Mixmasters, ruffled curtains and an absurdly unruffled housewife, show up to best advantage. It is really not a kitchen at all, but three walls that stand like theater flats in the enormous loft room in which furniture is made. The walls are reversible so that they can

be painted new and more enticing colors each time they are photographed. Everything is built in, with the long rows of smooth and neat cabinets out of reach overhead. It is the ideal modern kitchen, of course, in the sense that no food has ever been cooked in it and that no actual kitchen really approaches its unblemished perfection. The slight odor of food is only accidental: half doughnuts and half varnish.

This pursuit of efficiency in the modern kitchen must have started with gadgets. "Yankee ingenuity," I'm sure, expressed itself early in our history in the manufacture of useless machinery for women, even though since then all gadgets have come to be classified as near-necessities and though there are few of them that have not drastically changed. The meat-grinders in use today are little different from those made nearly a hundred years ago, but you must mark them down as the only essential equipment for the kitchen that continues to defy the kind of streamlining that makes sense only in high-speed vehicles; everything else has gone under. My wife tried to buy a toaster recently that would ignore the problem of wind resistance and not pop toast at us; it was a long struggle, but she finally found one that is completely rectangular and large enough to hold a sandwich on each side (they must have made it during the war, by mistake). The Juice-o-mat on which I squeeze an occasional orange is teardrop-shaped against all the breezes that could possibly get in through our window, and is about three times as hard to clean as the old glass juicers that cost a tenth as much and worked somewhat faster.

This is about as far as I should go without stating firmly that I am not against gadgets or against progress as such. One of the editors of *Harper's* has a V-shaped wall bracket in his kitchen that I frankly covet; it takes the tops off as neat as you please from the marmalade and peanut-butter jars, the hermetically-sealed ones that usually get dented into anonymity with the wrong end of a beer-can-opener. I *am* against the idea of the "modern kitchen" as it is held out to us, against it on the grounds that it is not based on anything that people find comfortable,

enjoy working with, or would have thought up for themselves if they had been given the chance. It assumes a set of rigid routines that never existed and a temperamental adjustment to perfection that I have never seen in any housewife—least of all the good ones.

The pictures taken in the cabinet-maker's shop are obviously absurd, but you will increasingly find them taken seriously even by the magazines that print them for pay. The elaborate study made by *Life* of the average number of steps taken by women doing the same jobs in different kitchens is worthy of Mr. Bedaux, but it does not have anything to do with what actually goes on in kitchens: the unplanned cooking, the minding of children, the answering of telephones and doorbells, the washing of dishes by fifteen more people than the room was ever intended to hold. *Life* at least got the oven broiler up off the floor, to which it seemed to have descended permanently in the interest of "planned space," leaving me—for one—flat on my face trying to see whether the casserole was finally browned on top.

Certainly there are many ways in which new techniques and materials can shorten the housewife's work and increase the pleasures of living, but why sacrifice to smoothness and "modernity" what little we have learned to date? Grandmother's wood range may look silly now, with the ornate shelf in back built around the flue, but where in the modern kitchen can you warm plates quite as well?

Recently at a luncheon given by the General Motors Corporation, Mr. Kettering (their director of research and development) was explaining about the diesel engine: it is an odd-looking contraption because the engineers discovered that to make it efficient they had to put aside all their conceptions of what an engine ought to look like and let the engine itself decide. The kitchen would benefit from the same tolerant attitude. In fact it did, until the designers got to work on it and made it look the way a modern kitchen ought to look—not the way it decides to look if left to its own devices.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

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Jacques Barzun

EVERY AGE needs a punching bag, a dummy figure to tackle and knock down in order to keep its own muscles firm and its blood coursing high. But much depends on the choice of dummy. True, they are all filled with straw, and history can later show that they never had any reality; still the kind of success you achieve is related to the kind of dragon you go out to slay, and it is therefore alarming that the present generation keeps tilting at what it calls the Liberal.

For the Liberal is supposed to be weak, watery, wishy-washy, nerveless, "unrealistic," contemptible. What resistance can he offer? He has no creed, Mr. Harold Laski once said, only a temperament. People with creeds apparently always defeat people with temperament. But when the temperament consists of the negative features ascribed to the Liberal one wonders why so much strong breath is needed to knock him over.

It is one virtue of the new movement known as Existentialism that it is not quite so glib about temperaments. It believes that they are not something separate from creeds but on the contrary that creeds express them. Jean-Paul Sartre, one of the leaders of Existentialism, has written a three-volume novel to demonstrate the point. *The Age of Reason* (Knopf, \$3.00) is the first part of this trilogy devoted to the Liberal and his native shortcomings. The hero, Mathieu Delarue, is a professor of philosophy whose difficulties in life we are asked to follow with a good deal of sympathy. He is engaging because of his powers of self-knowledge, but ineffectual. In four hundred pages of closely packed observations and events he does not manage to do what the author thinks he should do: he does not marry the mistress whom he has got with child, he does not win the love of the exotic young woman who takes

his fancy, he does not manage to borrow needed money from his successful brother or his well-to-do companion. He can only do impulsive idiotic things, like sticking his hand with a knife on a dare, and stealing money from a drug addict whom he shortly notifies of the fact. In a crucial scene, he finds himself incapable of joining another old friend in the Spanish revolutionary crusade, because our hero "does not believe." He loses the friend, and at the end, the mistress marries the well-to-do companion, who is a homosexual. The implication is that in virility the Liberal skeptic is inferior not only to the activist but to the invert, who at least faces his abnormality and chooses a normal marriage as a kind of discipline.

All this is told us in brisk colloquial prose, one or two passages of which achieve high intensity. The scene between Mathieu and his brother refusing the loan, the final interview between the homosexual and the hero who has accidentally jilted his mistress are excellently done in the traditional manner: the first suggests Balzac, the second Dostoevsky who, in *The Possessed*, furnished the model for just this situation of a marriage for martyrdom.

This leaves a good many pages of *The Age of Reason* doing journeyman work of no particular interest. I regret that Sartre like other authors who tell us that the world is rushing to destruction should take up our last moments with so much small talk. Many of his sentences begin: "Mathieu thought . . ." but what follows is stuff out of the conversation manual. It is no rebuttal to say that this is what people actually think. Mathieu is the hero of a novel, an educated man paralyzed—we infer—by too much intelligence. Where is it? Besides, we see him in a temporary jam of

the most commonplace sort—the old business of a woman's unwanted pregnancy and the lack of money to cope with the difficulty. Where is the professor of philosophy, whose students, we gather, have a good deal of respect for him? Where is the liberal and his intellectual cobwebs? Mathieu is not even lazy: he dashes about on his business and he fails by no means ignobly or all by himself.

As one reflects on the presentment, it becomes clear that the cards have been stacked, and for a very unimpressive trick. Mathieu may *feel* helpless, ineffectual, clumsy (the author makes him ugly and awkward so that you will know the penalties attached to the skeptical tradition) but until we know what his life as a thinker amounts to all we are told is really irrelevant. By the Sartre method one could show that Beethoven was a sad failure and that all the obscure but indispensable musicians, teachers, priests, and stone masons whose lives were full of mishaps were themselves non-existent because they were non-Existentialists.

Yet Sartre's doctrine is on the verge of a great truth: it should be, since it draws on so many good thinkers from Kierkegaard to William James. That truth states simply that meaning has to be given to life by a deliberate, sustained choice, and that such a choice is made visible and important by acts. What irks Mathieu is that his efforts to achieve freedom give him freedom "for nothing." And it is here that the author's logic slips a cog. We are led to suppose that if Mathieu could choose to go to Spain, or at least to enroll in the party of obedience, he would be spending his freedom "for something." But we know that Mathieu does not honestly consider these activities "something," hence for him they have no value, no meaning. He desires them only from a friendly sociable feeling, and to suppose that he would be better off by overriding his distaste is an insane proposition, like telling a child that he *ought* to like spinach.

Moreover, as we might guess from this, and as Sartre himself reveals in the little essay *Existentialism* (Philosophical Library, \$2.75), his conviction that man creates the meaning of his own life rests on a very insecure sentimental basis, namely the discomforts of the universe. Life is unpleasant—often. That is why in Sartre's novels, people have to vomit out of taxi doors, and be constantly aware of one another's malignity, fury, or halitosis. We are even asked, by a sort of trick again, to

suspect the hero's good sense when he enjoys caressing his love's leathery surface. All this is trumpery stuff—simulated leather. The French title of Sartre's essay maintained that "Existentialism is a form of Humanism," but it is a very imperfect humanism—not to say a poor piece of reporting—that reduces man's experience to what is immediately disagreeable. In the expression of the painful, by the way, Sartre is again thinly derivative. For real horrors give me Octave Mirbeau, just as for real knowledge of man's ugly devils beneath the skin give me Dostoevsky or Joyce. The flitting fiendishness of Sartre's people is on top of the skin, and we are virtually sure that an amiable hoax has been practiced on us when we reach the last page of the novel and find it nothing less than the good old pathetic fallacy which the author's system should exclude: "It was a lovely night, a lovely blue night; the winds had swept the clouds away. . . ."

Liberal Bites Liberal

So our fictional study of the Liberal as a temperament ends in a verdict of "not proven," largely because the prosecution was weak in logic and in law. In the printed Discussion which follows Sartre's essay, the Marxist Questioner, who is a very able disputant, shows up the identical soft spots in Sartre's popular account of Existentialist philosophy. But there is another aspect to the Liberal than his emotional make-up, and that is his professed principles. Sartre's Mathieu seeks personal freedom, but the Liberal taken in bulk goes in for public freedom, the rule of law, fair play, written constitutions, and so on. Mr. Rex Warner, the English novelist of *The Return of the Traveller*, tackles that once ubiquitous Liberal in a series of essays entitled *The Cult of Power* (Lippincott, \$2.50) which both reflect and transcend the current dissatisfaction with Liberalism.

Mr. Warner, who writes in the best casual and clear English style, starts by showing that the man who thinks critically ends by believing in nothing, that this moral void generates a great fear, and that the fear leads to a rush of adherence to the strong leader, the Father-State, the organized party which exacts obedience in return for faith and security. This sounds plausible, it seems almost demonstrated by current history, until we pinch ourselves and ask, where is this super-intellectual liberal who has thought so deeply



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and critically that he has become a disembowelled weakling? Mr. Warner, who calls him a "moral anarchist," answers us in the essay on "Dostoevsky and the Collapse of Liberalism." The treatment of the Russian novelist is deft and full of happy phrases, but the more general subject of the essay is again handled by a kind of trick. Who that has read *The Possessed* and *The Brothers Karamazov* can suppose Western Europe and the United States peopled up to fifteen years ago by millions of Ivans or Stavrógins? Yet that is what all this sparring with the shadow of the dummy Liberal requires us to believe. Mr. Warner, with the ready-made second-hand imagination which he already displayed in his war novel, talks of the individualist rebels defying God and tradition as if the population of England, France, Italy, and Spain were a mass of Blakes, Stendhals, and Nietzsches. With this passionate individualism of the modern masses (which is a pure fiction) he equates the demand for freedom and tolerance, and these in turn with "flouting convention."

For Mr. Warner the "failure of Liberalism" inevitably means (as in Sartre) a return to some tribal oneness, some huddling conformity, which is glorious precisely because it flouts the individual in a swashbuckling way. One would like to know what all the flouting is about, and why any group consciousness, any talk of God and religion, any form of obedience has become sublime, merely because Marx, Dostoevsky, D. H. Lawrence, and Tolstoy criticized from opposite points of view an outlook which was never understood or practiced by more than a handful of people.

In short, there is no such person as the Liberal of our scapegoat dreams, which is what we should expect when we use a dummy. There is instead an important group of historical figures from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, whose original thought and magnanimous temper in a period of physical and intellectual expansion set once for all the meaning of the name Liberal. The worth of their effort may be thought doubtful for present purposes, but it cannot be denied retroactively by applying their name to their degraded and ignorant descendants. For there is an actual modern type, having slight connection with the liberal temperament or the skeptic's creed, which does exist in large numbers. If we want a novelist's portrait of this familiar figure, we must go to Mrs. Natwick

in Helen Howe's *We Happy Few*—a name to set beside Mrs. Grundy for usefulness in daily conversation. Mrs. Natwick is no fool: she simply knows too many words and lacks imagination. She is a verbalist, and it is not her fault, for she belongs to a period when industry and a kind of diffuse, distant enlightenment automatically manufactured articulate idiots. Industry, by breaking the rhythm of human work, and especially by replacing the manageable difficulties of life by unmanageable irritations, turned millions of ordinary good souls into abstractionists, bad metaphysicians, opinion-mongers. What it produced was not Liberals but incomplete people.

Mr. Warner himself provides an unwitting example of this intellectual fission. After 150 pages of good and bad exploring of moral anarchism (the essay on Dickens being especially good), he concludes with a paper on "Freedom of Expression." Suddenly, freedom, individualism, intellect, exact criticism become wonderful things again, whose existence must be safeguarded in the very interest of society, faith, and human happiness. For Mr. Warner can obviously imagine very concretely and feelingly what clamping down on writers would mean. He conjures up the picture of Socrates—a critic and a rebel if there ever was one—and the upshot does not please him. Yet in writing his opening chapter he was arguing very much as did Socrates' judges; by the middle of the Dostoevsky essay he was wobbling between damning and admiring the critical spirit. He winds up by asserting that risk has to be run, that destiny is much more complicated than convention allows, and that it demands "a perpetual tension between old and new, between the rebel and the official. Each is contained in the same person. . . . Yet in a way the rebel has the last word, for there is no divinely appointed state of equilibrium."

E. M. Forster as Politician

Was it necessary to make all that fuss in order to restate so conventional a piece of Liberal doctrine? Mr. E. M. Forster, whose collected essays entitled *Abinger Harvest* have just been issued in this country (Harcourt, \$3.50) is a better politician: read "Liberty in England" for its power of presenting two opposite truths—that tension Mr. Warner spoke of—without splitting the author into unmendable halves. Mr. Forster has his faults

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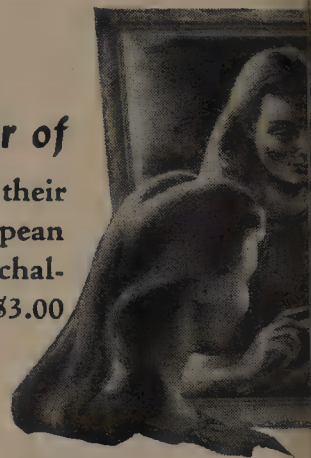
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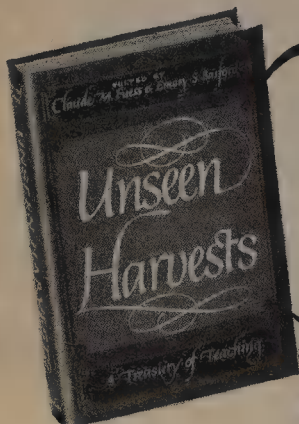
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as a guide to The Present (the first section of his book); he has his irrelevancies like all of us, plus a special giddiness of his own which must come from hating to be believed by less complete minds; but he is not abstracted, word-drunk, or vacuum packed: he lives and writes in a world of tangible shapes and he knows history. In short, he stands at the opposite extreme, not merely from Mrs. Natwick, who made such a pathetic effort to be "well-informed" and "responsible," but from the all too believable creatures represented by Ludwig Bemelmans in *Dirty Eddie* (Viking, \$2.75)—Hollywood specimens of Fragmented Man. Mr. Forster once made a famous distinction between flat and round characters in fiction. Mr. Bemelmans undercuts him by managing—at the cost of some dullness—to make characters who are mere dotted lines. One thinks of Ortega's complaint that modern man is adrift because he has been emptied of his own history, but one cannot speak of emptying a sieve.

Liberalism and History

History is ballast, and it is to history that we must turn, in the end, if we want to know what Liberalism is. As a temperament and a creed it has had both great theorists and great practitioners: Montaigne, Rousseau, Burke, Lord Acton, Tocqueville among the first, and—to name only Americans—Jefferson, Lincoln, and Wilson among the second. J. G. Randall's *Lincoln, the Liberal Statesman* (Dodd, Mead, \$4.50) is an especially admirable book because it describes action before awarding praise, and because by steady shuttling between Lincoln's period and our own, it gives that sense of permanent tension which is the beginning of all historical understanding. Lincoln was not always liberal, always beloved, always sure to win. He steered a hard course which to his contemporaries looked erratic, unprincipled, detestable. He was a die-hard to the Radicals and a Radical to the die-hards. He necessarily and consciously followed contradictory policies—declaring Emancipation one day and vetoing a seemingly parallel measure of Congress three months later. But he knew what he wanted and he turned out to be at once liberal and conservative because he squeezed the utmost of positive order from what E. M. Forster calls the mess of history.

Professor Randall often speaks as if Lincoln's period was one of unusual chaos. That



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is probably the misleading effect of perspective, just as the belief that repression is easier or more "realistic" is an illusion which comes from looking at only one side of the ledger. Lincoln could always see at least two things at a time. Mr. Randall—who in passing is unfair to Hamilton precisely through failing to see more than one aspect of him—gives a second excellent demonstration of what liberalism is when he blasts the Woodrow Wilson legend and shows the high degree of practical success and the Lincolnian insight of the later war president. "What we seek," said Wilson in a sentence summing up the liberal's international creed, "is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind." Hardly the utterance of a fuzzy-minded skeptic. In thirty years what have we produced that is so far preferable that we have the right to scorn the liberal statesman and his formula?

And if we think it less inspiring than a call to arms, a piece of modern bravura that would sound somehow more red-blooded, we must be willing to stand the consequences, which are two: blood itself, shed in liberal quantities; and the ethics of the tribe, that is to say oppression as an ideal. In his political pamphlets Dostoevsky gives us a good idea of what the anti-liberal likes by way of clannishness, ferocity and crocodile tears. He knew better as a novelist, and the fable of the Grand Inquisitor ends on the note of Freedom-with-risk.

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None of this means that we are not allowed to establish grades among liberals and compare for instance the tough assurance of Lincoln and Wilson with the much less reliable powers of William Allen White. In Mr. Walter Johnson's biography (Holt, \$5) the "sage of Emporia" does not show to the best advantage, and one wishes that White's delightful *Autobiography*, published last year, had not been so quickly crowded by a dull critical work; but even so, we cannot afford to disdain the middle men, in both senses of the word. When we get down to Mrs. Natwick, that is another thing. Our attack then must be on simpler grounds than Liberalism. We might better take a leaf out of English history and call our straw man Lillibullero—the word is meaningless and it can even be sung, to an excellent Irish tune. It would relieve our feelings and save our energies for better things.

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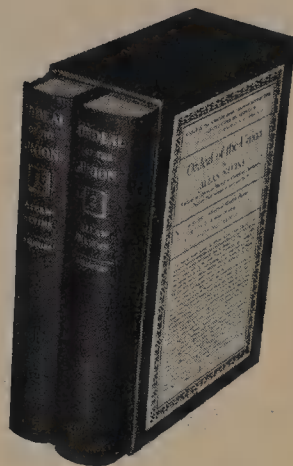
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Books in Brief

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Bright Promise, by Richard Sherman.

It is hard to define the particular quality of this book. The story is told in the first person by a woman (though written by a man) and that is in itself always a daring undertaking. The novel is not a literary masterpiece, there is no adventure in it except the usual adventure of living, it is occasionally openly sentimental. But it is more evocative, more penetrating in its ability to recall one's own life and experience than anything this reader has seen in a long time. And the era it evokes is one that in retrospect seems full of goodness because it was full of hope—the bright promise of the early Roosevelt era when even those who disagreed with him felt that things were happening, something was being done. It was easy to believe that the world might grow better. In the book, all that is tangled with the bright promise of a young marriage inspired—though in the midst of unemployment—by those solemn, comforting, now so-familiar words, "There is nothing to fear except fear itself." Perhaps the book is so compelling (almost to the point of making one suspend literary judgment now and then) because it imposes the well-known phrases and moments of a now historical period on lives that might be our own. It dignifies our moment with the aura of history, past and irrevocable.

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Passing By, by Elliott Merrick.

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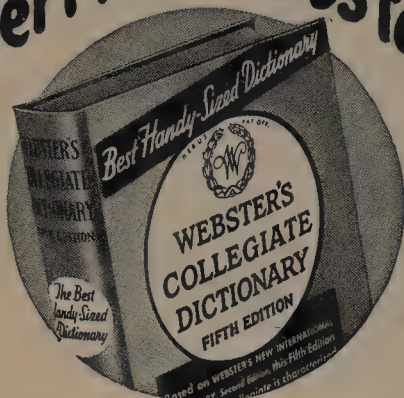


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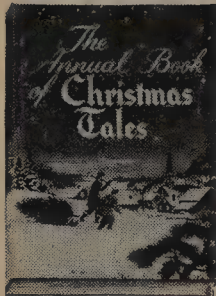
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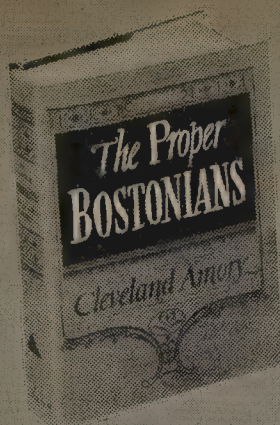
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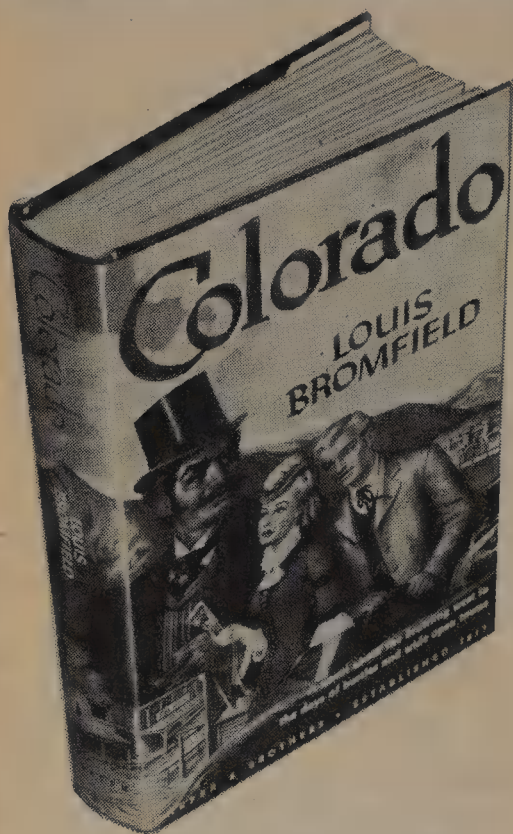
tension of the writing it is best to read the sketches a few at a time, like poetry, if one is to get as much out of them as has obviously gone in. The editors of *Harper's* can't help being a little partial and preferring "The Cutthroat Trout" and "The Osprey" to all the others. They both appeared in the magazine.

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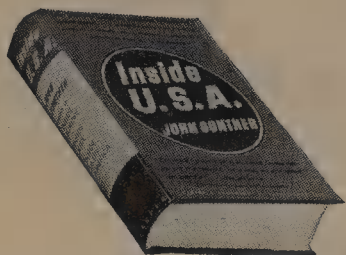
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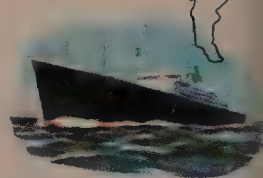
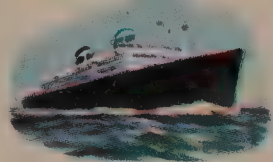
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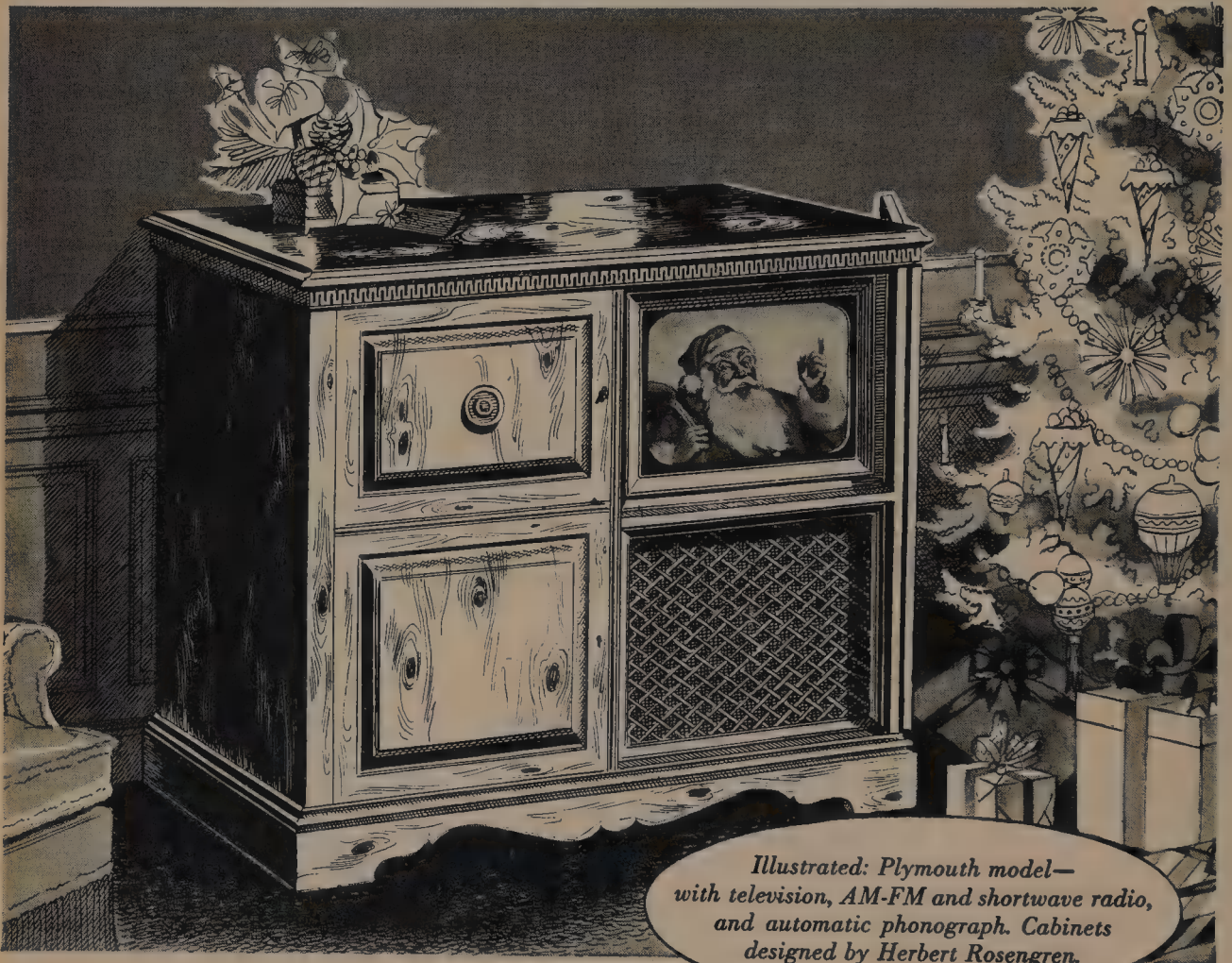
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Harper's

MAGAZINE

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HARPER & BROTHERS • PUBLISHERS

Harper's Magazine: Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 50 cents ■ copy; \$5.00 ■ year. Vol. 195. Serial No. 1171. Issue for December 1947. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as Second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

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ONE OF the agreeable things about editing a magazine like ours is that it is full of pleasant surprises. Each day's mail brings us about eighty manuscripts (that makes about sixteen hundred a month), and we never know when our scrupulous poring over these piles of mail is going to bring to light an important observation, a delightful story, a penetrating poem.

BUT editing is not all surprises; much of it is conscientious planning, and here is a brief look at our plans for the immediate future: What lies behind the triple play for the Middle East? *Kermit Roosevelt* is just back from that part of the world, and plans to write two articles on this fascinating contest of power and diplomacy. Why are the private schools scared of the future? *Russell Lynes*, one of our editors, and an erstwhile private school principal, has a look at the dilemma of the numerically small but educationally important independent schools. And then with the snow piling up on the slopes from the White Mountains to the Cascades, we can promise enthusiasts and neophytes an article by *Eric Swenson* on the phenomenal growth of skiing as an all-absorbing pastime for hundreds of thousands of Americans. Our series of articles on important writers by important writers continues with *V. S. Pritchett's* discussion of Arthur Koestler. And the fabulous career of Leonard Bernstein, the young man who has in a few years become one of America's musical leaders, is described by *Paul Moor*.

THERE will be other revealing and provocative articles, too, as well as stories (our larder is particularly well stocked just now) and poems. *Jacques Barzun's New Books*, *Bernard DeVoto's The Easy Chair*, and *Mr. Harper's After Hours* are all completely unpredictable so far as subject matter is concerned, but completely reliable when it comes to discriminating and lively comment on the arts, letters, and the state of man's foibles.

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O *therwise*

THERE are so many *important* news stories in the papers these days that it is very easy to overlook the *interesting* ones. By chance, or sheer good fortune, our eye was caught by an item you may well have missed in the *New York Times* a while back. It was headlined: "Keeping Out of Each Other's Way Held Solution for Crowded Homes," and it went on to report the conclusions which had been arrived at by a member of the City College Psychology Department after a three-year "study of family problems."

The findings in this three-year scientific study have an almost poetic simplicity. Briefly, they are summed up in the assertion that the best way for the members of a family to get along together in our "complex modern civilization" is to live by a rigid schedule which will ensure that they "avoid each other for as many hours a day as possible."

Now, if this were merely a pedagogical version of Emerson's hundred-year-old paradox about the ideal union in which all the writers are isolated, P & O would be happy to let it go at that. But it is not. We find it disturbing, for example, to be told by the supervisor of City College's adult education courses in family life that the best way to get along with mother-in-law is to go out to the movies just before she comes home. It smacks too much of the rats that leave a sinking ship.

ON THE whole we much prefer the kind of home life—on both the domestic and international scale—which is described by *Edith Iglauer* in "The UN Builds Its Home" (p. 562). What is more, it seems to P & O that the chances of achieving a happy family life are greater in an atmosphere where a Le Corbusier can go on insisting that the house be raised on concrete *pilotis* and Com-

rade Bassov can with equal persistence refuse to have it perched upon "chicken legs." Logically, of course, the members of a family operating on the Bassov-Le Corbusier system should all end up in the loony-bin—and there's always a chance that they will. Certainly the Harrisons and Markeliuses of such a family must sometimes feel like agreeing with the "family life" man at City College that we must revise the old saying about children being seen and not heard, and that "nowadays they should not even be seen." But somehow or other the family usually retains its sanity, and sooner or later "chicken legs" ceases to be a fighting word and becomes instead a family joke—one of those ineffably funny private jokes that makes it fun to live together.

With publication of this article on the planning of the UN's permanent quarters, Miss Iglauer establishes herself as the leading expert in the field of international home economics. Her first article on this new and complicated science was "Housekeeping for the Family of Nations," which we published last April and which was later picked up by the *Reader's Digest*. What's more, she is rapidly becoming an expert in home economics in its more conventional aspects. She and her husband, Philip Hamburger of the *New Yorker*, have a five-month-old son, Jay. Apart from that we can only repeat what we said here last April: that Miss Iglauer is a native of Cleveland, Ohio; that she is a graduate of Wellesley and of the Columbia School of Journalism; and that during the war she worked for the OWI and as an overseas correspondent for the *Cleveland News*.

Donald A. Mackay, one of the illustrators of "The UN Builds Its Home," was born in Nova Scotia and studied art in the Massa-

chusetts School of Art in Boston and at Biarritz American University (the latter in "time out" from four years in the army). As a free-lance artist in New York, he writes, "I have spent many hours roaming about the city, and while looking over the UN area earlier this year, I made a few sketches before the demolition experts could take over. It is very pleasant to sit in the sun and watch the Italians from First Avenue playing *bocce*." This is his first appearance in *Harper's*.

The drawing of the UN site as it will look when the buildings are completed was done by *Shih Ting Lo*, an architect who works with Wallace Harrison, director of the architectural planning board.

Common Defense versus General Welfare?

IT WAS Walt Whitman—no communist even on the records of our Congressional investigating committees—who said that "if the present theory of our army and navy is sensible and true, then the rest of America is an unmitigated fraud." He was speaking, of course, about the state of affairs almost seventy years ago—in the post-Civil War period. But the essential point he was making is still relevant, as *Hanson W. Baldwin's* leading article in this issue makes clear.

"The Military Move In" (p. 481) is a dispassionate analysis of the extent to which the American tradition of civilian control has been subverted in our domestic and foreign affairs. Mr. Baldwin justly observes that the developments he describes are not the result of any militarist plot. They are, partly, the natural result of the high esteem in which the American people hold the victorious heroes of the recent war. Partly, too, they are the result of a natural disinclination, on the part of folks who have been in the saddle, to get down and walk. And partly, too, they are the result of the American people's ingenuous carelessness about the civil liberties which have made them what they are and what—if they put their hearts to it—they can continue to be.

Mr. Baldwin mentions some instances of the military's growing power to influence public and Congressional opinion—or, to put it more bluntly, its increasing use of propaganda and censorship. During the war

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Harper's had occasion to report several times on various aspects of military censorship which seemed to overstep the reasonable bounds of "security." But on the whole, as we also made clear, the censorship problem in wartime was kept within manageable limits by the civilian office under Byron Price's direction. As for propaganda, that did not seem to be a very serious problem.

Looking back, however, in the light of Mr. Baldwin's article, we are reminded of a couple of incidents which at the time seemed merely absurd but which may give you an idea of how completely some military officers misunderstand the basic American ideal of a free press. There was the affable officer who came up from Washington to tell us that "the Department" did not like an article we had published and that "they" would like us to assign "a patriotic writer" to do a piece on the same subject. He was quite offended when we said that if "the Department" would enumerate the "many misstatements and falsifications of fact" which our article contained, we would be glad to make a public retraction. No misstatements or falsifications were ever specified. And then there was the article about the glorious privilege of giving your son to one particular branch of the armed services—an article full of hitherto restricted and even secret material which had been supplied to the author while he was the "guest" of that service overseas—which a very high-ranking officer wanted us to publish without any indication that the author had received official courtesies. He felt, he said, that the article would be "more effective" if it appeared as the work of a completely disinterested civilian. (Need we add that we did not publish the article?)

Both of these are ludicrously crude examples of a kind of military meddling with opinion-making which if skillfully managed can, as Mr. Baldwin points out, be extremely effective and dangerous. And the most troubling aspect of the present situation is that almost nobody except a few rabid antimilitarists and the pro-Communists seems to be the slightest bit concerned.

It is for this reason that *Harper's* is especially glad to present Mr. Baldwin's analysis of the problem. No one could possibly mistake Mr. Baldwin for an antimilitary writer. A graduate of Annapolis in 1924, who served honorably as a Navy officer for

three years, he has been military editor of the *New York Times* since 1942, and is the author of a number of important books on military strategy and history. His article in *Harper's*, "Wanted: An American Military Policy" (May 1946), is still one of the most thorough and informed proposals for an over-all national defense policy without jeopardy to the general welfare.

The Nature of the Beast

THE SOBERLY documented report on *The Sexual Behavior of the Human Male* which Professor Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates at the University of Indiana are about to publish, and which **Albert Deutsch** summarizes in "The Sex Habits of American Men" (p. 490) will probably be suppressed in Boston and may well be strongly objected to in other quarters, but we believe the net effect of it will be salutary. To be sure, the Kinsey findings, like truth in any of its forms, are disconcerting. But, again like other kinds of honest reckoning with fact, they will rob a good many illusions of their power to twist and warp men's minds.

There is no need to add here to what Mr. Deutsch has told about Dr. Kinsey in his article, except to express our admiration for the care he has taken to see that the findings of his study will be presented to the public without sensationalism and with strict regard for accuracy. Each of the magazines which have been permitted to publish accounts of the findings in advance of the publication of the book has signed an agreement to submit copy to Dr. Kinsey in order that the statements of fact (but not the author's opinions) may be checked by his staff. We remember no more impressive instance of the scientist's recognition of his social and personal responsibility.

No one is better equipped than Mr. Deutsch to make available the Kinsey findings to a lay audience. His daily column in the newspaper *PM* is one of the most respected—and one of the most effective—in the field of medicine, health, and human welfare. It was a series of his columns on the maladministration of Veterans Administration hospitals that in 1945 precipitated the Congressional investigation which resulted in General Bradley's appointment as Veterans' Administrator. His book, *The Mentally Ill in America: Their*

Care and Treatment (1937) is a standard text, and a series of articles on state mental hospitals last year won for him the Lasker Award citation from the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. On January 5 of this year he received a citation by the New York Newspaper Guild "for the most distinguished and effective humanitarian crusading in American journalism."

She Left No Stein Unturned

WITH Katherine Anne Porter's permission we quote from a letter in which she talked about her article: "Gertrude Stein: A Self-Portrait" (p. 519).

Sometimes I have a feeling that I am the only one who ever read a great number of Gertrude Stein's books through, every word, from cover to cover: that is to say, beginning in 1914 with *Tender Buttons*, I worked right on through *Three Lives*, *Making of Americans*, *Geography as Plays*, *History as Explanation* (or was it the other way about?), the Alice B. Toklas opus, and the autobiography, and yes, God help me, *Brewsie and Willie* She has had, I realize, a horrid fascination for me, really horrid, for I have a horror of her kind of mind and being; she was one of the blights and symptoms of her very sick times. . . . I wrote about Evelyn Waugh after reading *Black Mischief*—that was a long time ago—that he was either a very sick man or a very clever one who knew he was writing for a very sick time. I haven't changed my mind, either; but am just pulling myself together after my long life's battle with that whole messy thing, to get in a few words edgewise as to what I think.

Several years ago Miss Porter told Robert van Gelder that the title-story in *Pale Horse*, *Pale Rider* was the best one she had written, and in spite of the fine things in *Flowering Judas* and *The Leaning Tower* many people still regard it as her finest novelette. Her experience as a writer has been much more varied than these few titles would suggest. At various times she has been a free-lance journalist, a ghost-writer, a newspaper reporter, and, of course, a critic. She is now living in Santa Monica, California, and works occasionally for the movies. She has a novel in progress, and also a book of critical essays of which this present piece on Gertrude Stein is one.

Saul Steinberg has drawn Gertrude Stein with her beloved P  p   and Basket on p. 525. His drawings have appeared several times in

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PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Harper's—the most recent ones were illustrations for "The Taste-Makers" (June 1947)—and often in the *New Yorker*. A portfolio of his unmistakable characters decorated "Mottoes Illustrated" in August 1946.

And Furthermore . . .

■ ■ ■ "Benny and the Tar Baby" (p. 498) is by **John Watson**, a Texan who has appeared twice before in *Harper's*. For fifteen years he taught mathematics and English, in Texas schools and the University of Texas, and since 1928 he has been writing. Other stories, besides "Elmer" and "The Gun on the Table," which were in *Harper's* for December 1946 and July 1947, have appeared in the *Atlantic* and the *Southwest Review*.

The illustrations for "Benny" are by **Marcus Aurelius Battaglia**, who worked for Walt Disney before the war, made animated training films for the Navy during the war, and since has been free-lancing—painting portraits, doing illustrations, and drawing animated educational films. His last job for us was illustrating Homer Croy's "You Wouldn't Know the Old Farm Now" (October 1946).

■ ■ ■ **Joseph C. Harsch** is a news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System, a contributing writer for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and a commentator for the British Broadcasting Company. Born in Ohio, and a graduate of Williams College and Cambridge University, Mr. Harsch has been associated with the *Monitor* ever since he first went to work there in 1929. At the time of the breaking of nations in 1939 he was the *Monitor's* correspondent first in Rome and then in Berlin, and it was from Berlin—where he remained until January 1941—that he made his first broadcasts for CBS and the BBC. In 1941 his book, *Pattern of Conquest*, was published, and he was on hand in Pearl Harbor at the end of the year when the Japanese attacked. For a year thereafter he was in the Far Pacific, Australia, and Java, and in March 1943 he began regular broadcasting for CBS. "A European Traveler's Notebook" (p. 506) is the result of his trip to Europe this past summer.

■ ■ ■ "The Easy Chair" (p. 515) is—he should pardon the expression—obviously by **Bernard DeVoto**. We ordinarily make no comment on this in P & O, but it is not

every month that so grand a book as *Across The Wide Missouri* is published, and we have a right to be proud that its author is the regular occupant of the "Chair." Houghton Mifflin published the book. You'll have to shell out ten bucks for your copy (you ought to see those pictures!), and you can't deduct it from your income tax either.

■ ■ ■ **Cyril Connolly** knows more about America than most of his fellow English writers do, in spite of the capacity for surprise which he shows in the early pages of "Blueprint for a Silver Age" (p. 537). His recent visit to America was not his first, for he was over here in 1930, but his informal observations on the American way of life have the freshness and immediacy which readers have come to expect from the editor of *Horizon* and the author of *The Condemned Playground* and *The Unquiet Grave*.

■ ■ ■ **Elizabeth Taylor's** novels and stories don't sound as if they were written "slowly and without enjoyment," as she says they are. But they do have the rare quality of spare and thoughtful grace which is seldom found in the work of more prolific writers. P & O hasn't yet read her new novel, *A View of the Harbour*, but certainly *At Mrs. Lippincote's*, which Knopf brought out in this country a year ago, shares that quality equally with the two stories which we publish this month: "A Sad Garden" and "The Light of Day" (p. 545). Of the latter story Mrs. Taylor wrote from her home in Buckinghamshire, where she lives with her husband and two children, that she wrote it because she was tired of the sentimentality with which birth is almost always described, and wanted to show the many-sidedness of it in an ordinary house: "what the mother feels, and the father, the maid, the nurse, the other children, and most of all to guess what the baby itself feels about the sudden light of day. This is a very short story, I know, but took me longer to write than any other, because I wanted every word to be the truth, because I hope those who read it will say 'yes, it is very ordinary, but *that* is what it is like.'"

■ ■ ■ **George Polk**, the Columbia Broadcasting System's Cairo correspondent, has been a newsman ever since he left the Virginia Military Institute to take a job on a local paper. Since 1937, when he became city editor of the Fairbanks (Alaska) *Daily News Miner*, he has been covering the news in overseas posts.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

During the war Mr. Polk served as a fighter pilot and dive bomber pilot in the Navy, was wounded in action, and retired from service in June 1944. Shortly thereafter he returned to newspaper work with the New York *Herald-Tribune*, assigned to the White House and State Department beat; in September 1945 he went overseas again. "Greece Puts Us to the Test" (p. 529) is his initial appearance in *Harper's*.

■ ■ ■ **Albert A. Brandt**, author of "The Strong Man of the Balkans" (p. 549), is a well-known speaker and writer on current affairs, a former professor of philosophy and the social sciences at the University of Newark, and a frequent contributor to the *American Mercury*, *Coronet*, *This Week*, and *Liberty*, and several English publications.

■ ■ ■ "To a Candle at an Inn" (p. 572) is **Philip Garrigan's** fourth poem in *Harper's*. His most recent was "Flowers of the Forest" in October 1947. When last heard from he was at work on a novel, *At The Morning Star*, which, he says, "will employ the fruits of about seven years in public welfare work."

■ ■ ■ The other two poets in this issue are new to *Harper's* readers: **Cecil Gray** of Los Angeles, "Desert Vineyard" (p. 536), and **Earle Birney** of the University of British Columbia at Vancouver, "Pacific Door" (p. 558). Miss Gray has been an English teacher and a screen writer's secretary on the West Coast and has worked in book advertising in New York. Earle Birney's poem is from *Strait of Anian*, a book of verse to be published in Toronto in January. He is the editor of the *Canadian Poetry Magazine*.

■ ■ ■ When **John Bartlow Martin** sent us his informal report on the changes that he had noted on his summer holiday in Upper Michigan, he said that it wasn't a magazine article, clearly, but he wanted to get the thing off his chest. We replied that we didn't care whether it was an article or not; it was interesting and we'd like to print it. Mr. Martin is probably best remembered by our readers as a chronicler of crimes ("The McNear Murder," last July) and as a student of Midwestern everyday life (as in his articles on wartime and postwar Middletown); but some may recall his "Boy Hunt," published just three years ago this month—the story of the search for a boy who was lost in the very forest which he revisits in "There Goes Upper Michigan" (p. 559).

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LETTERS

What Is Treason?—

To the Editors:

Rebecca West's article, "The Meaning of Treason," in *Harper's* for October, is unhappily reminiscent of Chamberlain's remark after Munich that "the Czechs are a faraway people of whom we know very little." The central problem of our shriveling world is that what was faraway yesterday may be very near and very challenging today.

How in such a world can anyone hope to comprehend the meaning of treason by concentrating on the small fry who were brought to trial in England, and utterly ignoring the major treason of our time, that which flourished in the occupied nations? It is, I believe, in the operations of the Quislings and the collaborators that we find our clue to the real tragedy of nations in the modern world.

If we follow that clue we observe, with van Loon, that the late war was a civil war within many nations, as well as a war between nations. . . . What then is the course of true loyalty in this time? It is plain, I think, that the citizen of today best serves his nation in his efforts to assure that the new world community shall be representative of the best ideals of his nation. . . . Our one good chance to bequeath to our children the kind of world we believe in is to achieve world unity by agreement. If we are to take that chance, it is time for us to forego our nostalgia for the old patriotism and to begin the development of a new patriotism that is big enough to embrace the planet. . . .

That is no job for children, or for men who live in small circles, but anything less is treason to the ideals which we have inherited from our forebears.

LESLIE C. BARBER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors:

Rebecca West is, as you say, the best reporter in the world. It is more sad, therefore, that in summing up what she has seen she has managed to add but half the total.

We have forgotten, says Miss West, a very simple thing: that "we live outward from the center of a circle and what is nearest to the center is most real to us." That is a very simple thing and a very true thing, and it is true that many of us have forgotten it. Miss West says it very clearly; it is a pity that she should think it necessary to say it again and again in so many obvious ways. It is even more a pity that she should have forgotten the other very simple thing that should go with it: that besides the community of the circle, there is a community of the plane—that level at which person speaks to person across oceans, boundaries, languages, centuries.

Miss West knows about this second community, of course, else she could never have written. Within her own circle, a nod or a grimace suffices. When she writes, she broadens her circle—the better the writing, the broader the circle. Her writing is very good. My origins are not hers, but what she writes touches me; translated, it would touch the Hungarians, the Chinese, the Greeks both ancient and modern. In words like hers the circle loses its contours, loses its boundaries of family, language, space, and time; vanquishing all such limits, the artist (and the reporter, the scientist, the lawyer, and the man of good will) reaches across and awakes new echoes in other circles. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," says the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are . . ." Whatever it is that they are applies to all men, even the Japanese soldier whom the newsreels show running aflame with American fire jelly. . . .

If that is so (and Miss West will not deny it) Lord Haw-Haw did not become a traitor merely because he broke out of the bounds of his own circle. I am inclined to think that he sinned because, staying within his circle, he burst the plane. According to Miss West, Thoreau was a traitor, and so was Christ. If her definition of treason includes them it is not a good definition. She had best look deeper.

WILLIAM NELSON
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . I believe that Miss West's conclusions, drawn from the traitors whose trials she witnessed, are hardly valid. She begins by supposing that they are internationalists because they rejected loyalty to their homeland, and thereby links their behavior to liberal thinking which has long held that blind national patriotism stood in the way of human progress. Such a misinterpretation seems so grossly naïve that I am surprised at both Miss West and the editors of the magazine. The liberal thought referred to does not simply wish to abolish national patriotism, which is sociological in-group feeling valuable for the orientation of the individual. Instead, this thinking or at least the clearest of it, wishes to widen this in-group feeling to include all human beings, wherever they may dwell, whatever may be their religion, whatever the color of their skin, because, being human, they are part of ourselves. . . .

JOHN E. HARRY
Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editors:

. . . Would you please ask Miss West how come? Doesn't she know that a Shropshire, Georgia, lad—if there is such a post office—can betray his country as efficiently by joining a lynching party, as by working himself up to be a Lord Haw-Haw? . . .

ARTHUR PANDAEMON
Washington, D. C.

Professionally Literary? —

To the Editors:

In the October issue you promise a series of articles on writers by writers.

It appears to this old subscriber that such articles will only increase the purely literary quality of your magazine. Only rarely in the past few years have I felt that your magazine was too professionally literary; on such occasions it has been redeemed in my humble view by its excellent general articles and stories.

I suppose your house advertisement—The Family is Reading—is accurate in its characterization of your own group of readers. If that is so, then articles on current affairs, politics, economics, science, and art would probably have a greater appeal for your readers than detailed accounts of one writer's work and private life by another writer turned press agent and reporter.

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of HARPER'S MAGAZINE
published Monthly at Concord N. H.
for October 1st, 1947

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, ■ Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Cass Canfield, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Chairman of Board of Harper & Brothers (A Corporation), Publishers of Harper's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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Editor, Frederick Lewis Allen, 49 East 33rd St., New York City, 16.
Managing Editor, None.
Business Managers, Harper & Brothers. (A Corporation), 49 East 33rd St., New York City, 16.

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Harper & Brothers (A Corporation)
CASS CANFIELD, Chairman of the Board

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1947.

ALEXANDER J. KEANE, Notary Public.

[SEAL]

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

Reading "Maugham and Posterity" by Glenway Wescott, I almost felt like turning to the prospectus for the November issue, to see if "Wescott and Posterity" by Maugham was on the schedule.

W. T. CHILDS, JR.
Baltimore, Md.

Sorry, no Maugham. No press-agentry either, as a quick look at Katherine Anne Porter on Gertrude Stein (page 519) will reveal. And no deviation from our policy of publishing articles on current affairs, politics, economics, science, and the arts (of which literature is one), as a quick look at the table of contents will also reveal.

Compliment, sort of—

To the Editors:

It is so seldom that one finds in any of our better magazines a short story which does not move the normal reader to wonder why in the name of the Great Horn Spoon the editor accepted it that I am impelled to mention Ralph McGill's "She'll Talk Later" [October 1947]. It is a small masterpiece.

It has often seemed to me that, as an international journalist of many years' experience, I ought to try to write short stories, but I can't get down to the level of the ninety per cent of the leading magazines' stories, and I'm sure I can't rise to Mr. McGill's level.

S. MILES BOUTON
Ashville, N. Y.

For the Defense—

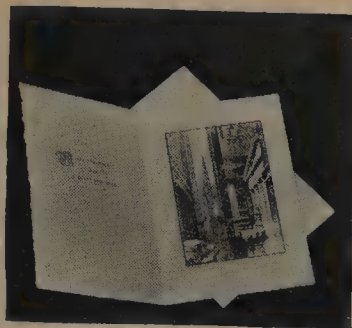
To the Editors:

I think you edit a darn good magazine, and I did everything in my power for the Com-mager article ["Who Is Loyal to America?" September 1947], because I agreed with it so entirely. But will you take another look at C. Hartley Grattan's quite gratuitous sneering at Henry Canby [New Books, October 1947] while pinch-hitting for Jacques Barzun?

I was really shocked to read such sniping at a man who has done so much to raise the standards of American book reviewing, a man I have known for years as the best type of liberal, a modest, kind, decent man who has encouraged so many writers. But he wouldn't want me to write on his behalf, and he doesn't need it!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Cape Ann, Mass.

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Diadoumenos. Cast of terra-cotta statuette of Greek athlete, in Metropolitan Museum of Art. First century B.C. copy of one of most celebrated statues of antiquity by Polykleitos. H. 15 1/2 in. with base \$15.

One of about 30 sensitive recordings for the home in cast-stone and plastic of important objects from Museum's collections. Exact size and closely approximating color and finish of originals. \$1.85 to \$35., post-

age extra. 2 to 3 weeks delivery. Send for list.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

New York 28

New York



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JEWELS...**

at home, in travel

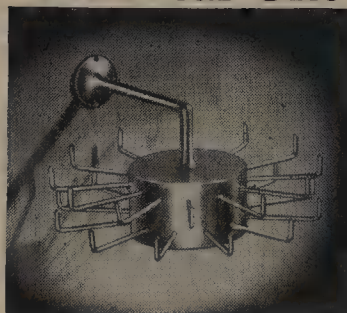
So capacious. So compact. 9 separate compartments. Large zipper pocket. Special ring holder. Especially convenient for your safety deposit box. In red, brown, blue, green suede. \$15.

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of useful articles of fine leather

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An Ideal Gift for Men



Solid bronze tie rack. Ideal gift for husband, father, brother or friend. Holds 48 ties plus belts. Head rotates. Highly polished bronze or chrome finish.

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THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT Novel - Useful - Desirable

T-Top is a light rigid top which fits over your card table, just doubling its size. It seats 7 persons comfortably — 46" in diameter, 144" in circumference — it's perfect for luncheons and card games. T-Top held in place on your table by cleats on underside. Can be tucked away in a closet or corner. Send for your T-Top now! Weight 16 lbs. Shipment made promptly by express. Specify Color Wanted.

Dark Green, Rich Red, Dark Brown — \$5.95. Unpainted T-Top \$4.95

No C.O.D.'s, please — All prices at Salem, Mass.

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T-TOP COMPANY, INC.

Dept. 12-A

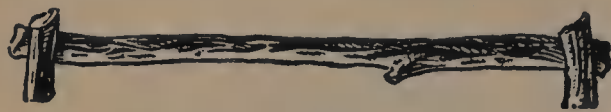
Salem, Mass.



Patented

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Where To Shop



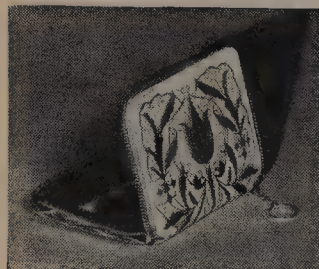
Colored Flame Fireplace Logs

Native Wood Logs — 18" long, 2" or more in diameter. Treated to burn slowly, silently, with beautiful multi-colored flames of blue, green, purple, etc. Odorless. Relax in comfort before their constantly changing hues. Burn one log at a time on top of ordinary wood. Low wholesale price — \$8 for 50 ... \$14 for 100 ... \$60 for 500, with freight prepaid. (West of Rockies \$12 for 50.) 100 pounds per 50. Tell your friends about these fascinating logs. Perfect Christmas gifts.

Danny Corcoran Co.
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SHREWSBURY, MASS.



BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR Want better-looking hair? Embarrassed by falling dandruff, itching scalp? Then try VITABRUSH, new electric driven scalp brush that gives your scalp a vigorous and invigorating "workout" in just three minutes of fun. Cleans scalp. Stimulates blood supply. Restful. Pleasant. Write today for complete information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 3748 Field Bldg., Chicago 3.



DON'T FUMBLE FOR MONEY

This combination billfold and kointeller solves problem of fumbling for change. In high-grade goatskin, and decorated with colorful Pennsylvania Dutch design. Holds bills, pennies, nickels,

dimes, quarters. Special non-spill feature. Excellent Christmas gift. \$6.00 postpaid.

No C.O.D.'s Please

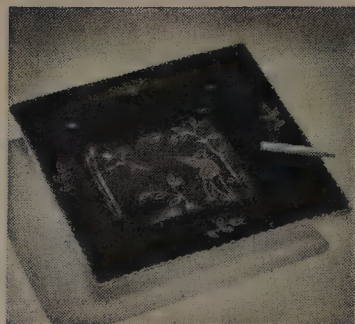
Hobby Horse Gift Shop

P. O. Box 18

Clinton, Mass.

(Summer location at Watch Hill, R. I.)

WHERE there's smoke, there are plenty of ashes. And here's a deep, roomy ashtray that is sleek-lined and beautiful. It's a commodious 10" square, high-fired ceramic tray with a baked-in forest green glazed finish. The hand painted in gold shooting scene and its man-size make it a conference room delight, also. May be used as a candy or plant holder. \$8.50 exp. collect. No C.O.D.'s, please. Gift Finds, 8 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.



CLOCK watchers work overtime admiring this electric pan clock for kitchen walls. Clock-wise buyers will want to know they have a choice of numerals and sweep second hand in blue, green, yellow, black or red. Comes in stainless steel for \$12.00; in traditional copper for \$18.00. Tax and postage included. Size is 15" overall, 8" in diameter. Harley's Clock Shop, Altman Building, Kansas City 6, Mo.



A GIFT package of tea is perfect for that person on your Christmas list who "has everything." The tea is a pound of the finest available Keemun Congou from China. The jar is hand-blown amethyst glass and lovely in itself. It comes wrapped in appropriate Christmas trimmings with a gift announcement attached. \$5.50 postpaid. Henry F. Semke, Oceanside, N. Y.



Delicious Texas Pecan PRALINES

Ideal Family Christmas Present

Let Us Do Your GIFT MAILINGS

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\$2.00

Insured Parcel Post Anywhere in U.S.

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OBJET D'ART. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is making a notable contribution in bringing fine art into the home at a low cost. This cast, one of a pair, is an exact reproduction of a pair of porcelain figures in the Museum. They are Chinese, K'ang Ksi period (1662-1722). Height 3½". Black enamel finish. \$8.25 a pair, postpaid. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N. Y.



SHEATHED in fine leather, this scissor and letter opener set makes a most attractive gift. The implements are of forged steel and the Edwardian handles are gilded for richness. The gold-tooled sheath may be had in a choice of wine, red, green, blue, ivory or brown. It is sensibly priced at \$7.50 postpaid. Mark Cross, 707 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



WHO CAN DENY that time marches on when even the Christmas stocking goes *moderne*. But here it is personalized in a soft red felt with bright green top and toe. The toe really is a little pocket waiting for a shiny coin or some special gift of small dimensions. About 17" from tip to toe. Choice of one name or up to 3 initials, \$1.25 ppd. Marie Farmer's Work Box, 92 Grafton St., Arlington 74, Mass.



The Lunch Box Style

Ultra in handbags is lunch box. Strap adjustable for shoulder or hand. Leather lined in contrasting color. Equally ultra is heart-shaped bag. Both in suede or soft calf. Suede in black, brown, wine, forest green, cocoa. Leather in black, brown, navy, red, wine. All colors will match shoes. Both trimmed in 24 kt. gold pl. Lunch box \$44; heart-shape \$31., Incl. tax. Post. extra.

Umbrella is one-piece ladies walking stick covered in fine nylon with horn tip. Paris styled. French puffs on handle and tip. Wood black or natural. Nylon colors: black, brown, wine, blue, lipstick red, kelly green. \$14 plus postage. No C.O.D.'s.

Carroll Wile

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New York 58, N. Y.

Help someone
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Christmas
Gift



How satisfying at Christmas — to give someone dear to you "seeing comfort" for years to come! With this beautiful new type magnifying glass with the *long lens*, you can read newspaper print a column wide. Its 3¼-inch lens provides a large, sharp field of vision, and magnifies 2½ times. Folds into a mottled brown plastic handle — trim, smart and dignified. You'll be proud to give — or own — a Longview! Packed in a gift box — \$6.50, postpaid. If not completely satisfied, your money will be refunded.

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The Perfect Gift for HIM



A Matched Pair of fine imported briar pipes fitted in a handsome Gold Tooled Gift Case. Smooth natural walnut. \$10.00 pair. Hand Carved with Sterling Silver bands \$12.50 pair

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Whole \$3.95 for 3,
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or the same
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made into a Pate
\$1.00 a tin...
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SHOE gloves are

so worthwhile, you should own them. They keep your out-of-season shoes free from dust as well as your luggage lining neat and clean. These are made of a stretchy cotton knit that will accommodate any size women's shoe. Drawstring closes shoe glove tightly. Set consists of two pairs in contrasting colors, \$1.19 postpaid. Miles Kimball Co., 80 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis.



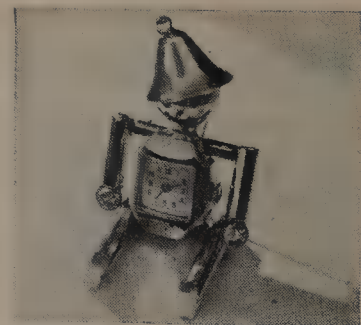
GOODBYE MR.

Chips and scratches on your precious china. These soft felt pads inserted between each plate when not in use provide wonderful protection. A set contains eight each of 8", 6" and 5" pads. Get an extra set to give away at your next bridge — makes a most coveted prize. \$1.25 postpaid. Meredith, Inc., Dept. C, Evanston, Illinois.



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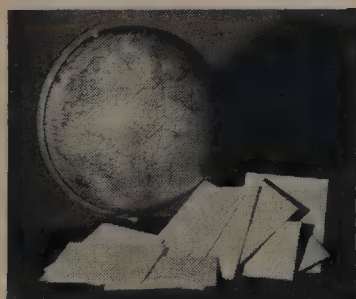
Where To Shop



miniatures for a hobby. Grand for passing cigarettes at the after-dinner table, or for an ashtray in office, den or patio. \$3.95 postpaid. The Watchman Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 145, Arlington, N. J.



for collar or body girth for harness. White, black or tan leather with ruby red, blue, white or green reflectors. Collar \$2.50; harness \$3.50; 5 ft. matching leash \$1.50; 10 ft. \$3.00. Postpaid. Curtis Creations, Dept. '6, Genesee-Hopper Bldg., Utica, N. Y.



Globe courtesy Rand McNally and Co., Chicago

places they visit. Each mailing carries a foreign stamp and there's a souvenir when they return. Send check or m.o. for \$5.00 no later than Jan. 10. Give name, address, age group. If a gift, add donor's name. P. O. Box 308, Tarrytown, N. Y.



Roll of 1¢, 2¢, 3¢ stamps. Send check or money order now. \$3.50 POSTPAID. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Immediate shipment. (In beautiful satin finish silver plate, \$7.50, tax and post paid.)

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in this attractive, colonial style paperweight of highly polished brass with green felt pad. ALWAYS HAS A STAMP WHEN YOU WANT ONE! Clever, saucer-shaped top, which lifts off, holds clips, pins, etc. A strikingly handsome addition to the desk of any man or woman. A PERFECT GIFT — Practical — Permanent. Takes U. S. Post Office

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You have seen many cobblers' benches with one drawer and a saddle seat. Our bench has two drawers — will seat two — and has a rack behind for flowers or magazines.

An AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTION of a bench we own ourselves. Hand-rubbed mellow pine. Lustrous wax finish. Genuine cowhide leather seat. Wonderful for fire bench or coffee table.

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Write for our catalogue

Craft-Wood Products

Osgood St.

Andover, Mass.

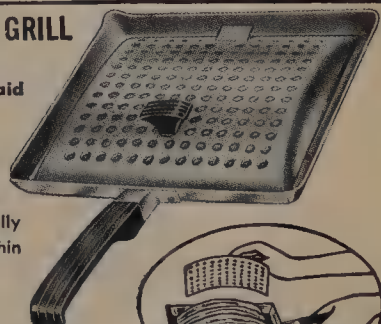
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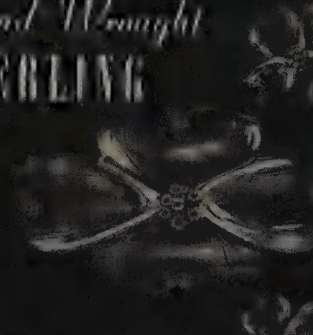
Baltimore 1, Md.



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Where To Shop

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A Southern Craftsman and
Creator of the Unusual

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DECANTERS of hand blown Karhula crystal from the famous old glass factory, Arabia in Helsinki, Finland. The quality of this fine crystal with its clarity and white color combined with the simple pinch-bottle design, make these decanters strikingly beautiful. 9" in height. Single decanter, \$12.00; pair, \$22.50. Postpaid. House of Hilary, 133 E. 65th St., New York 21, N. Y.



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Be the Life of the Wedding

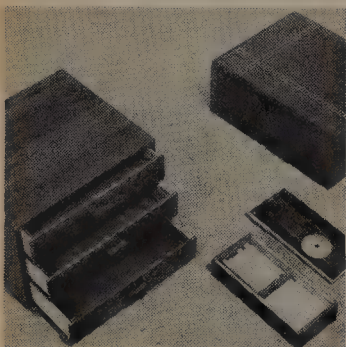
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You'll be remembered for years to come! Bride is 7" tall. Dressed in satin and lace, with net veil, bridal bouquet and hand made flowers. Silken hair, in the newest style! You'll want to kiss her — and she'll

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Genuine "Notualike," world's finest woods, handcrafted. Cigarette box, inlaid, holds 2 packs, king size or regulars, \$3.50. Souvenir chest, 9" x 10" x 6", 136 sq. in. space for keepsakes, etc., \$15. Jewel chests, 2 drawer, \$18.50; 3 drawer, \$21; 4 drawer, \$24;

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State whether American or European tunes are desired.

2 tunes \$9.95
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Orders filled immediately
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Where To Shop



MUS-ICAL.
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comical cricket cartoon. It plays one familiar tune and there are no exposed parts. 4" long, 2" high. It's priced at a very low \$5.75 postpaid. Braxton Lee Imports, 35 Chester St., Oceanside, N. Y.



BANK on a child growing up with a sense of thrift if encouraged to save at an early age. "Floppy Flo" with her red hair and blue plaid skirt is a bank to delight a little girl. The football bank for boys has gold lacing and

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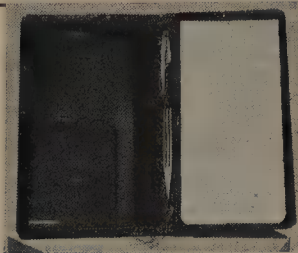
GOOD MEAS-
ure. Hang this measuring stick on the nursery wall and see how fast the little one doth grow. It will give continued service until the tot attains a lofty four feet. Just the gift for the little friend who is too old

for a carriage robe and too young for a story book. In appropriate colors, pink on blue or blue on peach. \$1.50 postpaid. Ginna Baldwin, Box 2, Quincy, Mass.

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Genuine Morocco, Brown, Black or Genuine Pigskin. **\$12.95**
With extra pockets for stamps, letters or papers... **\$15.00**
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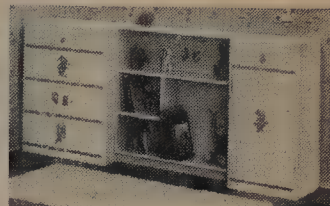
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Every piece of **BABY BOUDOIR** is made-to-match all others... all designed to meet your youngster's needs from hi-chair to hi-school. Durably built of kiln dried ponderosa pine... smartly finished in gay easy-to-clean colors. Start now to build their room as they want it... when they want it.

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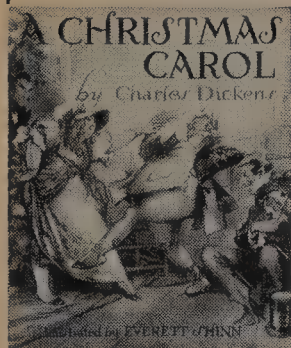
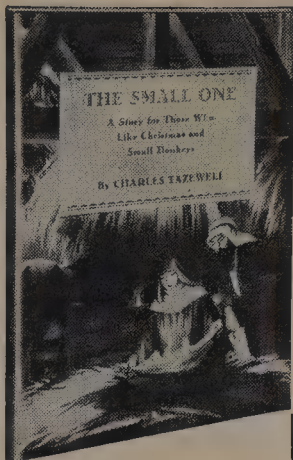
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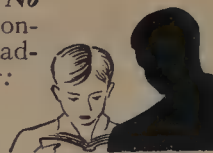
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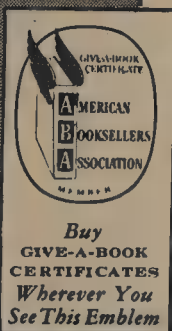
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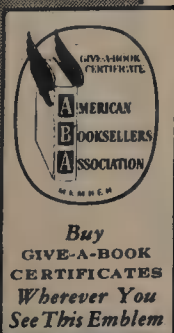
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MAGAZINE

THE MILITARY MOVE IN

HANSON W. BALDWIN

SOME wise man once wrote that each victorious war costs us a few more of our liberties. Not only does the government, like an octopus, draw to itself during war extensive new powers, many of which are not repealed when peace comes, but the great emotional upsurge of victory inevitably has the double effect of carrying to new positions of authority the military architects of victory, and encouraging in the rest of us dreams of an expanded "manifest destiny" for our country.

Heretofore in our history this trend has rarely been serious, although it can be argued that the damage done to the country by the Grant regime following the Civil War and the brutal reign of the scalawags and carpetbaggers in the conquered South—both of which were in some degree products of the military mind—affected adversely the history of our country and kept us a divided nation for generations. But today the traditional postwar veneration of the military is coupled with the inevitable centralization of

economic and political power in the federal government, and with the necessity of preparing the nation for total war and even atomic war. All three of these factors work toward the same end: the militarization of our government and of the American state of mind.

Before I attempt to spell out what I mean, I must emphasize that I am *not* a follower of Henry Wallace—nor, of course, a Communist, nor a fellow-traveler. To me Russia is a totalitarian dictatorship; I agree with the Truman-Marshall policy and believe the spread of Communism must be stopped. Since I have been caricatured in *Red Star*, insulted in *Pravda*, and condemned in the *Daily Worker*, I do not think I need to labor this point. It is because of my antipathy for police states that I say that the growing influence of the military in American life is dangerous to our democratic liberties.

Few Americans, I think, realize how far we have already deviated from our past concepts of freedom.

Hanson W. Baldwin, military analyst of the New York Times, is a graduate of Annapolis and has been all his life a close observer of the armed services.

Most of us are pretty familiar with the extent to which the military now sit in positions of American civil authority. The President still has Admiral William D. Leahy as his personal chief of staff—a post of great power and intimate influence. Confidential reports and estimates of the daily situation in the world, which are placed on Mr. Truman's desk each morning, and presumably have their effect on policy, are the product of the Central Intelligence Agency, largely staffed by military men and so far directed (in its brief existence) by two admirals and one general. George C. Marshall, General of the Army, is Secretary of State. The Assistant Secretary of State for Occupied Areas was Major General John H. Hildring and is now Charles E. Saltzman, a former brigadier general. Japan is governed almost unilaterally by General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, who is nominally an Allied commander but in some ways has been a law unto himself. Korea is under a military man. Germany is the domain of Lieutenant General Lucius D. Clay; Austria, of Lieutenant General Geoffrey Keyes. These men ostensibly carry out a policy framed by the civilian State Department, but actually, as administrators of policy in military government, they are also architects of it.

In the foreign service Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith is our ambassador to Moscow; Admiral Alan G. Kirk is our ambassador to Belgium; and Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer has just headed a special mission to China, where our policy has long been influenced by the military. In South Africa and Panama retired generals head the legation and embassy, and throughout South America some thirteen American military missions wield not only military but political power.

Two military men—General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower and General of the Army Douglas MacArthur—are potential candidates for the Presidency; and many other less widely known military figures are making themselves politically available for Congressional or other elective positions.

Of course there is nothing insidious in

this, *per se*. It is a natural consequence of a victorious war—a public acknowledgment of the debt due these men by a grateful nation, and a tribute to the type of men developed by the armed services and to the orderly administrative qualities of the military mind. Most of the men mentioned are good public servants; many of them are exceptional. Collectively, however, they represent a pattern; they have in common the habit of command and discipline and the mental outlook of years of military training—a tendency to apply in their thinking the yardstick of physical power. It is a pattern to be watched.

Less widely noted, perhaps, has been the extent to which the military influence has already affected our postwar policies. For example, though we frequently stated during the war that we had no territorial or expansionist ambitions, when peace came we virtually annexed the former Japanese-mandated islands. Our proposal to the United Nations was in the form of a "take-it-or-leave-it" notice; we must have a trusteeship validated by the UN or we would "withdraw" our offer—in other words, we would keep the islands anyway. Aside from the fact that it would be difficult to prove the strategic importance to us of *all* the Marshalls, Carolines, and Marianas, since our only potential enemy would seem to be Russia, far to the north, our contention that we must have a most-favored-nation position and be able to prohibit UN inspection visits to the islands certainly weakened our valid opposition to similar Russian privileges in Eastern Europe. We did not even have the grace to link up our policy in the mandates to a Japanese peace treaty. And now the drums are being beaten for Okinawa; we are being asked, with maudlin emotionalism, whether the bodies of our boys who died to take that island are to lie in foreign soil—as if such reasoning would have appealed to those who died there! These policies in the Pacific—and the MacArthur unilateral policy in Japan—are definitely the product of military influence. A group in the State Department fought, unsuccessfully, the mandated islands policy; others have sought to curb MacArthur, but with singular lack of effect.

These examples of military influence in what should be fundamentally a civilian sphere could be multiplied. The reversal of our anti-Perón policy was not unrelated to efforts to create a sphere of American influence in South America to match Russia's in Eastern Europe. The alliance of veterans' organizations and the military to press for universal military training is another part of the same picture. We started the United Nations with vigor and with hope, but too often we have lent it official lip-service or bypassed it. I happen to believe that the aims of the Truman Doctrine are sound and that its companion piece, the Marshall Plan, is statesmanlike; but both could have had even greater validity had they first been submitted through the UN. Military thought, however, reflects essentially a dependence upon our own national strength, and military thinking undoubtedly influenced the way in which the Truman-Marshall program grew, was presented, and was developed.

II

SO FAR this trend, as I have indicated, has been noticeable only in a few areas and on a few issues. But unfortunately it coincides with another trend, inevitable in view of the complex economy of our times—the trend toward centralization of power in the federal government.

Let me hasten to disassociate myself from those makers of fairy tales who liken the Roosevelt, or Truman, or any other American administration to that of Hitler or Stalin. We are not that far gone—not by a long shot. Let me add, too, that I do not deny the need for great federal powers in control of interstate commerce, regulation of commercial airlines, the prevention of injurious cartels or monopolies of either capital or labor, and other matters of common consequence. What troubles me is the growing tendency among us citizens to accept without protest extensions of the police power into areas formerly sacrosanct.

When the United States Supreme Court recently virtually abrogated the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution, by endorsing a search by law officers without a

search warrant, there was scarcely a rumble in the press. When wire-tapping is legalized, as has happened in many states, or when the police adopt the procedure (in the Los Angeles area and elsewhere) of establishing road blocks and searching any and all cars in order to apprehend criminals, we citizens tend to accept these invasions of our liberties as necessary to the public safety. Recently the Presidential Advisory Commission on Universal Military Training, a group of distinguished citizens headed by Dr. Carl T. Compton, justified such training as a "performance of an obligation which every citizen owes to his country," and added the astonishing observation, "We see no reason why a man should be compensated for undertaking it." In view of the fact that there would be only a slim semantic wall between the forced induction of men into military duties without pay and the forced labor camps of Russia, one might have expected a clamor of public protest at the suggestion. But it seems hardly to have been noticed.

What makes this complacency of ours especially menacing is that it afflicts us at a time when we face the necessity of preparing for total or atomic war.

Here, indeed, the citizens of the United States are confronted with a paradox of frightful mien. Total war means the direction of every phase of the national life to the end of military victory. And preparation for it in time of peace may mean—if the preparations are pushed to full effectiveness—the direction of every phase of national life toward the maintenance of military strength. That might well mean the establishment of a "garrison state" and the destruction of the very qualities and virtues and principles which we originally set about to save.

It is well for us to realize that this danger is not simply the result of the atomic bomb. Even if the atomic bomb could somehow be removed from the arsenal of technological horrors, its companion exhibits in that arsenal would still confront us with the twin dangers of regimentation or death. Transoceanic missiles, radioactive dust, new gases a thousand times more toxic than the German "Tabun" series, which outmoded all prewar con-

cepts; biological agents, long-range submersibles—these have revolutionized warfare to an extent that most of us are totally unable to grasp. And even if these weapons were not available, even if the technological revolution had not altered the whole meaning of war and the nature of our world, the same basic paradox would confuse our civilization, so long as the concept of total war, a concept seemingly indissolubly associated with our times, governs the making of war and the preparations for it. For implicit in the idea of total war is the harnessing of every form of national power to one end—military strength.

To a professional military analyst like myself this paradox is more difficult and painful than to the average American to whom the military life has seemed, until recently, a life apart. For a military observer sees vividly the need for greater military efficiency. He can scarcely oppose reasonable steps to that end. And he recognizes the strength of arguments raised for *absolute* military preparedness—even at the moment when he feels most sure that the United States could achieve this absolute preparedness only at the cost of our whole way of life, our democracy, and our liberties. This is the dilemma which the American people face today.

III

I BELIEVE there is a middle way. I believe that the word “reasonable,” which I used a moment ago, is the key to our dilemma; that a reasonably adequate preparation for emergency—even atomic emergency—and a reasonable increase in our military efficiency can be achieved without sacrifice of our democracy. But I am also sure that this cannot be done without *complete and assured civilian control of these military preparations*.

That is why the present trend is dangerous to our past concepts of the American way of life. The military are getting the bit in their teeth. There is considerable evidence that their objective is *absolute* preparedness in time of peace, an objective which has led all nations which have sought it to the garrison state, bankruptcy, and ruin.

Let us look at the few examples of this

trend—at the efforts, partly conscious, partly unconscious, of the military to increase their power in nonmilitary fields.

I have already cited the growing influence of the War and Navy Departments in the formulation of foreign policy. The machinery for exerting such influence is being strengthened. The new and misnamed unification bill not only sets up a “super” Secretary of Defense, but is silent as to the cabinet status of his three subordinates, who receive the same salary as the super-Secretary—\$15,000, the salary of a cabinet member. Presumably any President who so desired could have four secretaries for the armed forces in his cabinet instead of the original two—a disproportionate increase in military representation.

The War Department long has maintained a “Policy and Strategy Group” which deals essentially with political affairs as a section of G-3 of the General Staff, and the Navy Department has had its Politico-Military Affairs section. These departments have been linked with the State Department by “Swink”—a State-War-Navy Coordinating Committee which has sometimes had a strong influence upon policy.

Under the new organization of the armed forces, a National Security Council—which may have a profound effect upon government decisions—is headed by the President, but is normally composed, unequally, of the four defense Secretaries, a civilian chairman of a National Security Resources Board (which exists primarily for military reasons), and the Secretary of State.

The “merger” bill, *per se*, does *not* make for militarization of the country—though at least one of its opponents, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner, Brigadier General Merrit A. Edson of the Marine Corps, retired because he felt we had “reached the point where the military are directing instead of supporting this country’s policy.” The bill does, however, have some *potentially* dangerous provisions, in addition to those cited above. One provides for the creation of a joint staff of a hundred officers—headed by a director—to serve under the Joint Chiefs of Staff. As originally contemplated by War Department planners this staff would have

followed closely the German Greater General Staff idea, and there is still some danger, despite enforced Congressional modifications, that it may assume a disproportionate share of power.

Another potential danger, scarcely understood by most of us, is the development of the popular idea of "unified command" to its logical military conclusion. Already proposed—and agreed upon by the new Department of the Army and Department of the Air Force (but not yet by the Navy)—is the appointment of a single officer as commander of all armed forces in the continental "theater" of the United States. This officer would be, at least theoretically, under the civilian branch of government, but he would be answerable to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and at least in times of emergency his power would be enormous, if not absolute. Not even Britain or Germany in the extremities of the last war found the need for any such organization as this!

Nor should we forget the recent—and still continuing—effort, backed by the Hearst and other isolationist-nationalist newspapers, to return control of the development of atomic energy in this country to the military. Major General Leslie R. Groves, who headed our atomic bomb effort during the war and has been at sixes and sevens with many scientists since, has indignantly denied that he has built any backfire against the Lilienthal civilian commission which now controls atomic energy. But some of the military in Washington have made no secret of their dislike for the present atomic setup, and the carefully calculated news stories which have sought to discredit civilian control have certainly had military, as well as Congressional, sources.

THE military influence in science and education is already tremendous. The liaison between scientific institutions and the armed services—obviously of great importance in this technological age—is becoming progressively closer; scientists are being offered higher salaries and more attractive positions for weapons development work than they could hope to achieve on college campuses; and at the same time the freedom of scientific re-

search—once one of our basic freedoms—has been severely curtailed by the service ban on publication of many scientific papers and the secrecy restrictions which govern nearly all work done for the government.

Moreover, those who have feared the federal subsidization of education should note that the government—through the Army and Navy—has entered our peacetime colleges in a big way. The postwar naval ROTC, distributed throughout fifty-two colleges in the nation, will guarantee several thousands of young men annually the finest scholarships they could possibly receive in return for some hours' study of naval science each week. The government pays the universities—and thus, as a fat and wealthy "customer," must eventually have considerable influence upon them. Army ROTC courses have been increased in number and size, and suggestions—still strictly unofficial—have been made that junior ROTC courses should be extended to many high schools. The passage of universal military training legislation, with its various options, would enormously increase the number of federally-subsidized students in the nation, and the dependence of our whole educational system upon military financing and military policy.

Industry has similarly been invaded by the military. Many of our military leaders, realizing that victory in the recent war was won by our factories, understandably emphasize the importance of industrial mobilization planning. The Navy Industrial Association, the Army Ordnance Association, and numerous other semiofficial military agencies form the integrating link between big industry and the military. These organizations perform undeniably useful functions; but they also increase greatly the influence of the military in industry, especially through service-sponsored off-the-record meetings, demonstrations, cruises, etc. Industrial mobilization planning extends to the stock-piling of materials, which has a major effect upon the world economy; to the placing of "educational" orders for munitions in peacetime; and to the classification of various raw materials as "strategic." It has led to declarations by naval leaders, at

least, that the oil of the Middle East is "vital" to the United States—which is something that naval leaders should not decide, in view of its terrific potential consequences upon our foreign policy.

Most important, military orders now amount to a considerable and, in certain industries, a dominant share of the total volume, with obvious consequences. This is particularly true in the aircraft industry, which is virtually dependent upon military patronage and thus naturally becomes a powerful mouthpiece for our armed services.

IV

BUT more menacing than any of these extensions of military power into civilian fields is the growing power and prestige of the military in influencing public and Congressional opinion.

In prewar days—and even during part of the war—the Army and Navy were novices in opinion-making, though the new Air Forces were more blatant and employed some of the Hollywood technique of superlatives. Today, however, the services have approached the job of influencing public opinion with earnestness and effort; service public relations schools have been organized, commanding officers are "oriented," and plans and policies are carefully outlined.

Now if all this effort were devoted simply to "laying the truth on the line" there would be no damage done. But this is by no means the case.

I recognize that it is very hard to draw a satisfactory line between fact and propaganda, and that there is an inevitable human tendency to put the best foot forward. But suppression of news, censorship at the source, the conduct of lobbies in Congress, and tax-financed efforts to put across certain legislation by influencing public opinion constitute to my mind propaganda and, when conducted by a government agency, propaganda of a most dangerous kind. The military services today are conducting propaganda—both by what they do and cause to be published, and by what they censor and try to hide.

Let us consider the latter first. Censorship at the source—that is, the hiding of news of interest and importance to the

body politic—that is, of course, the most effective censorship, far more so than the blue pencil kind. The services are exercising a greater degree of censorship at the source than ever before in our peacetime history. Much information which should be available to the public is classified as "confidential" or "secret," and the public information officers of the services profess themselves helpless to release anything so classified.

The limits to which this censorship at the source goes are not generally understood. Many of the captured German war documents, for instance, still are unavailable to scholars; so, too, are hundreds of our own war documents. Some of this "overclassification" can be laid to the inertia of a big machine, but some is deliberate—the building of a screen to veil and protect the sacrosanct services. The Hepburn report on the disgraceful Battle of Savo Island has never yet, for instance, been made public by the Navy. More ludicrous, yet even more disturbing, was the fate of a request to the Army Department—made by a reputable biographer—for permission to examine some documents relating to the career of Sheridan, the famous Civil War general. The biographer had been to West Point and had discovered that Sheridan as a cadet had engaged in a fracas with another cadet, for which he was suspended and turned back a year. Not all the records in the incident—important to a biographer for its psychological effect upon a budding career—were available at West Point, so the author applied for permission to examine the details in the Army Department files. After long deliberation he was turned down on the grounds that such a release might tend to impair the reputation of a great military leader, or, to put it in the Army Department's official phaseology, "it was finally decided that nothing was to be gained by revealing the rather disgraceful language of a man who later served his country well."

Now I have little use for the "debunking" school of writers, but I am certain that neither accurate biography nor accurate history can be written—or for that matter, accurate news—given such a protective policy. It was the same policy, it

will be recalled, which the Army tried to apply to the Patton slapping incident. Given such a policy about Civil War "heroes," how can we hope to get, in our lifetime, an impartial and accurate judgment of our own World War II leaders?

There have been many other such occurrences. The Navy sponsored a bill at the last session of Congress—which fortunately did not pass, but will be brought up again—which would have made it a crime involving severe punishment to reveal or publish the information contained in any coded message. Since nearly every government message sent into or out of the country is coded, the consequences of such an act would be obvious. Two recent postwar books, both of them helpful to the nation but sometimes incidentally critical, were bitterly condemned by some of the militarists in the Army and Navy Departments. The authors—Major General John R. Deane, who wrote *The Strange Alliance*, and Rear Admiral E. M. Zacharias, who wrote *Secret Missions*—were actually recommended for court-martial by some zealots. Fortunately, higher authority did not approve.

The hiding of facts is understandable in view of present-day Soviet blustering. And in itself it is perhaps not too dangerous, even though one general (of little intelligence) is reported to have said that if newspapers did not co-operate by printing some of the things his office was interested in, he would "reach" them through their bankers, and on at least two occasions the Inspector General of the Army has questioned newspaper men (politely) about the sources of their stories. For a free press—so long as it is free and its reporters are endowed with any of our native American initiative and fidelity to truth—can be depended upon to break through the screen at least here and there.

MORE serious is the deliberate and contrived effort of the services to influence Congressional and public opinion. Both the Army and the Navy have long maintained—and the new Air Forces will follow their example—legislative liaison divisions, or officers to maintain contact with Congress. In the case of

the Army Department this office is headed by a brigadier general and has a considerable staff. In so far as its work is devoted to answering queries from Congressmen it is necessary and above board, but the work goes well beyond this. In the opinion of some experienced Capitol Hill observers, the service lobby is one of the most effective in Washington. Officers are kept permanently attached to the Congressional armed forces committees, junkets and trips are arranged for favored (or, indeed, for any) Congressmen, and much time, thought, and energy are devoted by all ranks in the Army and Navy Departments to the best means of influencing Congress.

This influence is both direct (in Washington) and indirect (by way of public opinion throughout the country). In the case of at least two bills—the so-called merger or unification measure and the universal military training proposal—carefully planned and organized lobbies and propaganda campaigns have been conducted by the services since the war.

During the long interservice struggle over "unification," the publicity policy and the "line" to be followed were carefully charted by high-level conferences in both the Army and Navy Departments, and directives illustrating them went out either in writing or by word of mouth throughout the country. Books, pamphlets, and papers for or against the measure (some of them very elaborate) were distributed to Congress and the press; motion pictures were planned, speeches made, speakers told what to stress, etc.

The propaganda drive for the enactment of universal military training has been even more blatant, largely because the services are not divided on this issue. The technique is well devised and thorough. The aid of veterans' organizations, civic societies, chambers of commerce, and "big names"—who are always psychologically impressed by "confidential" military revelations of our "weakness," or by the "tenseness" of a situation—are enlisted as army spokesmen. A show-case for UMT, with all the trappings and furbelows best calculated to sell it, has been set up at Fort Knox, and numerous visitors are flown there—many of them at government

expense. Army Advisory Committees—hundreds of them all over the country—have been established to “give public endorsement,” in the words of Colonel Guy V. Miller, “when justified, to Army-sponsored endeavors such as the recruiting program, . . . to assist in disseminating information about Army plans and releasing information to the press and by talks and speeches before civic, educational, and religious groups . . .” etc. Many of these committees are roughly representative of the general population in the communities from which they are drawn; a few are top-heavy with business leaders.

The Army Department's propaganda for UMT has not only stressed its absolute military necessity—something which is challenged by its opponents, including some within the Army—but has carried the argument a step further and described UMT as the “salvation”—moral and mental as well as physical—of the decadent youth of the nation. Like all good propaganda it not only repeats the same old clichés over and over again (with the technique Hitler used so successfully) until people believe them, but it attacks and derogates not only the arguments but the motives of the measure's opponents. Some it has daubed with the “pacifist” or “crackpot” brush; others it tries to paint as “Communist.”

THE result, in any case, is the same: propaganda carefully conducted by a government department in contravention of federal laws. The proof is clearly provided in a little-noticed report of a House Subcommittee on Publicity and Propaganda of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, which was transmitted to the Attorney General for action on July 23. This Subcommittee which investigated the War Department's activities in behalf of UMT included in its membership—interestingly enough—at least one leading and ardent advocate of UMT, Representative James W. Wadsworth. Chairman Forest A. Har-ness and his co-members, including Mr. Wadsworth, agreed—with the unanimous endorsement of the full Committee on Executive Expenditures—that “the Army

Department, its personnel, and civilian employees have gone beyond the limits of their proper duty of providing factual information to the people and the Congress, and have engaged in propaganda supported by taxpayers' money to influence legislation now pending before the Congress.”

The evidence submitted to the Attorney General showed that the Army Department had produced a special film, extolling UMT, called a “Plan for Peace,” which cost \$36,293. And it had sent two paid civilian speakers around the country to beat the drums in UMT's behalf and it had issued slanted pamphlets—some of them containing facts challenged by witnesses—advocating UMT. The significance of this sort of thing was well stated in the Harness committee report.

“It has become apparent to your committee,” the report stated, “that government [in this case, Army Department] propaganda is designed, in most instances, to make the individual believe he is thinking for himself. In reality, government propaganda distorts facts, with such authority that the person becomes prejudiced or biased in the direction which the government propagandists wish to lead national thinking. It is the authority and the supposed objectivity of government which leads people to accept without question the words released by government officials and agencies.”

The report quotes with approval the testimony of Dr. Ralph McDonald of the National Education Association, who declared:

I became increasingly concerned because to my way of thinking there are two ways of destroying human freedom, negative and positive. Soviet Russia is giving a perfect indication of how to destroy freedom both ways, through concentration camps, through censorship, through every means for punishing individuals for being an individual. They suppress freedom. That is the negative procedure.

There is, however, an equally devastating way to destroy human freedom, and that is to establish government and government agencies and give to them the channels or the money by which to use the channels of influencing public opinion; and if millions of dollars are expended by a public agency in propagandizing the people for a particular law . . . that is one of the most effective ways of destroying human freedom I know, and it is perfectly illustrated by Russia again.

THERE are some additional purely military measures which seem to be corollary to these trends and which give a few of our officers—particularly those of our “civilian components”—some disquiet. We are, for instance, planning to perpetuate the wartime Wacs and Waves and to put women into uniform permanently as part of our armed forces—something that would have been unthinkable twenty years ago, and an act of far-reaching psychological importance. We are spending more than \$10,000,000,000 annually on our armed forces, or more than \$70 apiece per person in the United States; we maintain uniformed forces totaling more than 1,500,000 men, the largest navy in the world, one of the largest air forces, and an army second to none in equipment and second only to Russia's in size (with the exception of the miscellaneous hordes of China, which can scarcely be dignified by the term “army”). Yet we are constantly told that our armed forces are “weak,” and measures already presented to Congress (UMT, etc.) would add billions more to our defense budget.

The pay of our professional enlisted men is by far the highest in the world and Congress is about to be urged to grant a considerable pay increase for officers. Yet the Army and Navy already enjoy economic privileges—including post exchanges, clubs, quarters, and a liberalized income tax during the war years—which put their personnel in a socially and economically favored position. We should not forget that the first step toward autocracy in any nation is the creation of a specially privileged military class.

OUR national problem is to achieve a reasonable security—a relative, not absolute, security—in an era of

total war and the atomic bomb, in an era of centralized government and of postwar military prestige, without sacrificing the basic tenets of democracy. Many able students think this cannot be done unless we have a federalized world government and international control of the atomic bomb is achieved. I do not agree with them.

The problem, to me, is older than the atomic bomb; it is the age-old conflict between security and liberty—a conflict which in nations that have endured has usually ended in a compromise between a degree of *relative* security and guarantees of *basic* liberties. I think such a compromise can be achieved. But not without effort, not without vigilance, not without struggle.

The middle way is the best way. We need military strength in this uncertain world; appeasement and weakness certainly mean war. But so, too, do militant and overbearing strength and too great an emphasis on military as opposed to political, economic, and psychological strength. The military must be honored but not extolled, allowed to influence but not to propagandize, have their place in government but a place strictly circumscribed.

For there is nothing so hopeless, all past history tells us, as the attempt to achieve absolute security by the sword. The tragic fallacy of such attempts is written large upon the past for all to see. Least of all in the atomic age can we achieve absolute security or total preparedness. If we attempt it we shall have sold our birthright of freedom; liberty will have been sacrificed for a mirage. There is strength in moderation, strength above all in the basic American concept that military power is and must remain subordinate to civilian authority.

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THE SEX HABITS OF AMERICAN MEN

Some of the Findings of the Kinsey Report

ALBERT DEUTSCH

MANY of our most deep-rooted concepts of sex and marriage are about to be blasted by a soberly documented report of a group of University of Indiana scientists, following a nine-year survey of the sex habits of the American people. You get no clue to the explosive nature of this report in the quiet, file-stacked laboratory of its compilers on the second floor of the old Zoology building on the university campus at Bloomington, Indiana. You begin to get its full impact when Professor Alfred C. Kinsey and his three young associates—Clyde Martin, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Paul E. Gebhard—lay before you their statistical charts and tables embodying the sex histories of 12,000 Americans in all walks of life, representing a scientific cross section of the population. Age-old ideas about sex embedded in our legal and moral codes are revealed as myths and delusions under the searchlight of this important investigation. The first report of the Kinsey group, which will be publicly released in January in book form, is entitled *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, but it is of vital interest to both sexes.

So startling are its revelations, so contrary to what civilized man has been taught for generations, that they would be unbelievable but for the impressive weight of scientific agencies backing the survey. The Kinsey group has had the sponsorship of the National Research Council, the most authoritative scientific body in the land. It has enjoyed the steady financial support of the Rockefeller Foundation's Medical Science Division and the unstinting encouragement of the University of Indiana. Its methods, goals, and findings have been checked and rechecked by outstanding investigators not connected with the project. Dr. Alan Gregg, medical chief of the Rockefeller Foundation, says of the survey:

The findings of Dr. Kinsey and his associates deserve attention for their extent, their thoroughness, and their dispassionate objectivity.

Certainly no aspect of human biology in our current civilization stands in more need of scientific knowledge and courageous humility than that of sex. The history of medicine proves that in so far as man seeks to know himself and face his whole nature, he has become free from bewildered fear, dependent shame, or arrant hypocrisy. As long as sex is dealt with in the current

Access to the findings of the Kinsey research project has been given to many periodicals, and accounts of it may appear elsewhere before this issue of Harper's reaches our readers. Yet we believe its exceptional interest merits this detailed summary. Albert Deutsch, the author, is health and welfare columnist for the newspaper PM.—The Editors

confusion of ignorance and sophistication, denial and indulgence, suppression and stimulation, punishment and exploitation, secrecy and display, it will be associated with a duplicity and indecency that leads neither to intellectual honesty nor human dignity.

Dr. Gregg, one of the wisest of medical statesmen, appeals to the American public to receive the findings of the Kinsey survey with "cool attention, courageous judgment, and scientific equanimity." While some of the results may shock many people at first, they are bound to be helpful and constructive in the long run, as the truth always is.

THE Kinsey report deals a shattering blow to commonly held notions as to when sex activity begins and reaches its peak in human beings. Sex attitudes and habits start in infancy, the Kinsey group find, thus confirming—for the first time on a mass basis—the thesis of Dr. Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis. Sex life, in fact, begins virtually at birth. Kinsey reports that a complete orgasm (except for ejaculation) has been observed in a five-month-old male infant, and in a girl baby of only four months.

"A fretful baby," he notes, "quiets down under the initial sexual stimulation, is distracted from other activities, begins rhythmic pelvic thrusts, becomes tense as climax approaches, is thrown into convulsive action, often with violent arm and leg movements, sometimes with weeping at moments of climax. After climax the child loses erection quickly and subsides into the calm and peace that typically follows adult orgasm."

Preadolescents, the Kinsey survey shows, have a capacity for frequency of sexual orgasm far greater than most adults. One preadolescent child was observed to experience twenty-six orgasms within twenty-four hours when sexually aroused. In the preadolescent age, the child responds sexually, in a physical sense, to a great variety of stimulating situations of indefinite character—taking a shower, receiving punishment, feeling shame or anger, seeing an accident, friction with clothing, riding horseback, getting an examination mark in school, fast car riding, fear of a house intruder or "being scared" otherwise, receiving grade cards at school, seeing a

movie, listening to music or an adventure story, entering an empty house, sex play with other children, etc.

There is a far greater amount of sex activity in that period of life known as adolescence, when the child rather suddenly acquires physical stature and adult conformation along with growth of pubic hair, change of voice, and ability to ejaculate. Adolescence is usually associated with the teen-age period, but Kinsey notes that some boys arrive at this stage at eight or nine years of age, while there are occasional cases of college seniors who have not yet passed adolescence.

Contrary to the traditional idea that the male's "prime of life," sexually, is reached in the thirties or forties, the Kinsey survey reveals that the height of sexual capacity and activity in human males is usually reached in the late teens. (Kinsey uses sexual activity in a comprehensive sense, including—beside intercourse—masturbation, nocturnal emissions, homosexual experiences, etc.)

Five per cent of all twelve-year-old American boys have already had sexual intercourse. At thirteen, one out of every seven has had such experience. Over 73 per cent of American males have premartial intercourse by the time they are twenty; only a small percentage remain virgins till marriage.

A REMARKABLE conclusion of the Kinsey group, on the basis of their survey, is that the sex pattern of the average American male is firmly established by the time he has reached sixteen years of age and that with rare exceptions no circumstance, however catastrophic, materially alters that pattern in his later life. Those who are most sexually active in their adolescent years, for example, are likely to remain most sexually active through marriage and middle age.

So firmly established are these sex habits, and so closely are they related to the social and educational group for which the growing boy is destined, that Professor Kinsey feels he is able to predict with a high degree of certainty whether or not a sixteen-year-old boy is destined to go to college just by reviewing his sex history!

This set of facts has tremendous signifi-

cance for the future of marriage, parenthood, and education. The revelation that a human male actually arrives at the height of his sexual needs in his late teens demands the immediate attention of experts already grappling with the problem of delayed marriage imposed by our modern way of life.

"The situation," Professor Kinsey writes, "is complicated by the fact that the average adolescent girl gets along well enough with one-fifth as much sexual activity as the adolescent boy, and the frequency of sexual outlet of the female in her twenties and early thirties is still below that of the average adolescent male.

"As mothers, as school teachers, and as voting citizens, women are primarily responsible for the care of these boys. To a large extent, they are the ones who control moral codes, schedules for sex education, campaigns for law enforcement, and programs for what is called juvenile delinquency. It is obviously impossible for a majority of these women to understand the problem that the boy faces in being constantly aroused and regularly involved with his normal biologic reactions.

"Many of these women, including some high-school biology teachers, believe that the ninth or tenth grade boy is still too young to receive any sex instruction when, in actuality, he has a higher rate of sexual outlet and has already had a wider variety of sexual experience than most of his female teachers ever will have. . . . It is obvious that the development of any curriculum that faces the facts will be a much more complex undertaking than has been realized by those who think of the adolescent boy as a beginner, relatively inactive, and quite capable of ignoring his sexual developments."

The average unmarried male experiences three or four orgasms per week. This startling figure demonstrates conclusively society's failure to impose complete abstinence on youth before marriage.

"For the mass of unmarried boys," Kinsey adds, "intercourse still provides the chief sexual activity. This means that the majority of the males in the most potential and active periods of their lives have to accept clandestine or illegal outlets, or else become involved in psycho-

logical conflicts in attempting to adjust to reduced sexual outlets."

HERE is another fact, disclosed by the Kinsey survey, which will require a great deal of pondering on the part of experts in sex education:

The sex attitudes, habits, and patterns of the average child are formed less by the home, the school, and the church than his own peers—his playmates and associates of like age. Further, *attitudes* toward sexual behavior generally are discernible in a child long before it starts receiving specific *information* about sex.

"The so-called sex instruction which is given by parents and schools," Dr. Kinsey says, "usually consists of a certain amount of information concerning the anatomy and mechanics of reproduction. As far as our present information goes, this has a minimum of effect upon the development of patterns of sex behavior and, indeed, it may have no effect at all. Patterns of behavior are the products of attitudes, and attitudes may begin shaping long before the child has acquired very much, if any, factual information."

A lesson can be drawn from this fact: that efforts to mold the child's sex pattern must begin long before the school age is reached, and must be concerned more with shaping sex attitudes than with imparting factual knowledge.

II

DR. KINSEY first launched upon his epochal survey of American sex habits as a result of questions put to him by his students that he felt unable to answer authoritatively. Hoboken-born and Harvard-educated, he had joined the Indiana University faculty twenty-eight years ago at the age of twenty-five, rising to professor of zoology. He had spent nearly two decades in an intense study of the life of insects, notably of the gall wasp. He had written a best-selling textbook on biology. But Kinsey was increasingly irritated by the fact that he was unable to give scientifically valid answers to the simple questions of students about human sex problems. He searched the available literature on human sex and discovered that

it was confusing, contradictory, and patchy. He found the whole subject entangled in a mass of taboos and repessions. He wondered why human sex habits could not be studied with the same scientific objectivity, and recorded with the same detached precision, as were the sex habits of the lower animals.

Dr. Kinsey set out to study and to classify human sex patterns with the same scientific precision he had applied to the study of the gall wasp. He would not get his knowledge second-hand from books. He would get his information about the most intimate aspects of individual life directly from the people. Fortunately, he had an out-going, tolerant, easy-to-talk-with personality that permitted him to gain quick contact with people and speedy confidence of all kinds and conditions of men and women. He interviewed bankers and bums, teachers and truck drivers, cowboys and cabbies, the upper crust and the underworld, infants (by special techniques) and nonagenarians, from border to border and coast to coast. He delved deeper into human sex life, on a mass basis, than any scientist had ever done before. His success was based mainly on four factors: he guaranteed complete confidence; he passed no moral judgments; people were willing, even eager, to aid in this scientific effort to help us understand ourselves better; his interviewing technique was devised with consummate skill. Astonishingly, people were willing to tell this stranger things about themselves that they would never dream of revealing to their most intimate friends and kinfolk.

In time, Kinsey brought three young associates into his great sex survey of America. Martin joined him seven years ago, soon after graduating from Indiana, to take over the management of the statistical problems of the project. Pomeroy, a thirty-three-year-old clinical psychologist, followed two years later. Gebhard, thirty-year-old anthropologist, came into the work last year. Each associate gets a year of intensive training in Kinsey's interviewing and classifying methods before he starts collecting personal sex histories on his own. To date, the Kinsey group has interviewed over 12,000 American men, women, and children.

As part of my research for this article, I subjected myself to an interview by Professor Kinsey, answering 325 questions on my sex history in one hour and fifteen minutes. I am as inhibited as the next fellow about sexual matters, but to my great surprise I experienced no embarrassment in giving intimate details of my personal life to this amazingly skillful interviewer. The answers to the 325 questions were recorded by Professor Kinsey in code on one side of a single sheet of paper. It would require about 25 typewritten pages if the details were set down in text!

Experts who have closely scrutinized the interviewing techniques of Kinsey and his associates indorse their scientific validity and state further that the people so far interviewed represent a fair cross section of the American population. The Kinsey group, who have made a life work of this project, expect to interview 88,000 more Americans during the next twenty years; the present report will be followed by eight others as other aspects of American sexual behavior are analyzed.

III

THE Kinsey survey reveals that there is no single "American sex pattern," but scores of different patterns, based mainly on social differences in the population. Professor Kinsey found wider differences in the sex habits of social groups living within the same community than anthropologists have reported between peoples separated by vast geographical distances.

The sex habits of the grade-school son of a semiskilled laborer in an East Side New York tenement and the college-destined son of the business executive living in the swank apartment house around the corner may contrast more widely than those of an African jungle boy and Eskimo youth. The discovery of these tremendous variations in American sex habits is of incalculable importance, since our moral and legal codes are based largely on the assumption that "normal" Americans share a more or less common pattern of sex behavior.

Human sex patterns, Kinsey observes, are based on three major factors—the bio-

logical, the psychological, and the social. Of these, the social factor is by far the most important. The individual's sex habits are formed mainly by his cultural environment—the social group which he moves in or into. The Kinsey group discloses a remarkable aspect of the close relationship between sexual patterns and socio-educational levels. For example, one family they studied included five sons. The father was a semiskilled worker. Four of the sons never went beyond high school; their sex habits conformed to the lower-level group. The fifth son, whose sex habits were akin to those of the college-level group, later went through college. Professor Kinsey doesn't know at this point exactly what is the basis for this extraordinary link between sex habits and educational status; he knows only that the close relationship does exist. The boy's sex pattern accords not so much with the socio-educational group into which he is born, but with the one he eventually moves into in later life.

PROFESSOR Kinsey divides American males into three educational classes—those who never go beyond grade school, those who don't go beyond high school, and those who go to college. He uses another classification which divides the population into nine socio-economic groups ranging from the underworld (those depending mainly on illicit activities for a livelihood), through unskilled, semiskilled, and skilled laborers, lower and upper white collar workers, professionals, business executives, and leisure class.

There are sharp differences between the sex attitudes and habits of these educational, socio-economic groups, but remarkable conformity among most individuals belonging to the same group. For example, kissing is a common part of love-making among people in the upper social levels, but is widely abhorred as filthy and unhygienic among people in the lower levels. Petting is practiced more frequently and at greater length in the upper than the lower levels. There is a far greater acceptance of nudity within the family circle at upper social levels than in lower-level groups. Those in the upper levels tend to be far stricter about premarital and extra-

marital sexual intercourse, but far more tolerant of masturbation than those in the lower levels. The average American boy of grade-school level, between the ages of sixteen and twenty, masturbates only half as often as the college-level boy of the same age, but has seven times more sexual intercourse than the latter.

"The mother who is afraid to send her boy away to college for fear he will be morally corrupted there is evidently unaware of the histories of the boys who stay at home," Professor Kinsey says.

THE Kinsey survey explodes traditional concepts of what is normal and abnormal, natural and unnatural in sex behavior. The Indiana professor observes that practices considered normal and natural in some societies, including our own, are ridiculed as grotesque in other societies. (Emphasizing these peculiarities in sex patterns, Kinsey notes that a Latin-American audience may view complacently an artistic film about nudity, but may hiss down as "obscene" a Hollywood movie with kissing scenes.) Other practices considered essential to the art of love-making by many upper-level people are regarded as disgusting perversions by lower-level people.

"Present-day legal determinations of sexual acts which are acceptable or 'natural' and those which are 'contrary to nature,'" he remarks drily, "are not based on data obtained from biologists nor from nature herself. In no other field of science have scientists been satisfied to accept the biologic notions of ancient jurists and theologians, or the analyses of mystics of two or three thousand years ago."

About 98 per cent of all males who never go beyond grade school indulge in sexual intercourse before marriage, as compared with 84 per cent of high-school and 67 per cent of college-level males. While the fact that two out of every three college-bred males have premarital intercourse may surprise many people, Kinsey points out that such acts are far less frequent among them than among any other groups.

"A good many college males never have premarital intercourse with more than

the one girl they subsequently marry," Professor Kinsey says. "Very few have premarital intercourse with more than half a dozen girls or so. On the average, they don't have their first experience until five or six years after the lower-level males start."

Almost half of all males in the grade-school and high-school levels experience sexual intercourse before reaching their sixteenth year, but this is true of only 10 per cent of the boys who ultimately go to college.

IV

IMPLICIT in the revolutionary Kinsey report is a plea for greater public and private tolerance of the vast differences in the sex habits of Americans. Such terms as abnormal, unnatural, oversexed, and undersexed, as used in our legal and moral codes, have little validity in the light of Professor Kinsey's revelations. There is a tremendous variety in the frequency and type of sexual behavior in normal Americans.

Kinsey cites the contrast between one physically sound male included in his study who experienced but one ejaculation in thirty years, and another (a scholarly and skilled lawyer) who averaged over thirty ejaculations a week over a thirty-year period. Kinsey adds that when his next report—on the sex habits of the human female—is published, it will show that an even greater variety is manifested among women.

"These differences in frequency of sexual activity are of great social importance," Kinsey remarks. "The publicly pretended code of morals, our social organization, our marriage customs, our sex laws, and some of our educational and religious concepts are based upon an assumption that individuals are much alike sexually, and that it is an equally simple matter for all of them to confine their behavior to the single pattern that the *mores* dictate. Even in such an obviously sexual situation as marriage, scant consideration is given the possibility that two persons who have mated may be far apart in their sexual inclinations, backgrounds, and capacities."

The fact that another person's rate of

sexual activity may be remarkably different from one's own is hard for even professionally-trained people to understand. It is a major reason why so many penological, psychiatric, and marriage counseling efforts fail in attempts at personal adjustment. The laws regarding sexual behavior, here and elsewhere, are written, interpreted, and enforced mainly by people in the upper educational and social levels, who generally conform to a particular pattern. Most sexual *mores* are imposed on modern society by those belonging to the 15 per cent of the population which is college-trained. But the Kinsey study shows that a vast gulf lies between this 15 per cent and the 85 per cent who never go to college. The upper-level group tend to view sex from a moral standpoint—on the basis of what is right or wrong. The lower-level group, on the other hand, regard sexual behavior from the viewpoint of the natural and unnatural. To most members of this group, sexual intercourse seems natural and therefore right, whether or not it has legal sanction. They view as disgusting perversions many of the love-making habits that are considered "civilized" by upper-level people.

For example, a policeman belonging to the lower-level group may let off with an admonition an adolescent couple caught in the act of intercourse, but may indignantly take to court a boy caught masturbating in a back alley. The upper-level judge, however, would tend to punish severely the participants in premarital intercourse while regarding the masturbator with tolerant understanding.

"In general," says Kinsey, "the upper level feels that 'lower-level morality' lacks the ideals and righteousness of the upper-level philosophy. The lower level, on the other hand, feels that educated and upper-level society has an artificial and insincere pattern of sex behavior which is all the more obnoxious because the upper level tries to force its pattern upon all other levels. Legends about the immorality of the lower level are matched by legends about the perversions of the upper level. One is inclined to accept the particular legends that apply to the group to which one does not belong."

ONE of the striking differences between upper- and lower-level sex patterns concerns extramarital relations. The report reveals that anywhere between 30 and 45 per cent of married American males have sexual intercourse with women other than their wives. Over 50 per cent of married males who never go beyond grade-school education engage in such extramarital relations.

An important implication arises out of this fact. A woman may be justified in rushing to a divorce court upon discovering an act of infidelity in her husband, but the cold statistics show that such acts, far from being extraordinary, are committed by a very large proportion of married men.

Many sex acts condemned as immoral and illegal in our law books are so commonly practiced as to make criminals of the vast majority of the American population. Consider these startling figures:

One out of every three American males has had some adolescent homosexual experience.

Nearly 70 per cent, by 35 years of age, have had relations with prostitutes.

Eighty-six per cent engage in premarital intercourse.

Between 30 and 45 per cent engage in extramarital intercourse.

One out of every six American farm boys has had intercourse with animals.

All of these and still other types of sexual behavior widely practiced in America are illicit activities, each performance of which is punishable as a crime under law, as Kinsey notes. He adds:

"The persons involved in these activities, taken as a whole, constitute more than 95 per cent of the total male population. Only a very small proportion of the males sent to penal institutions for committing sex offenses are involved in behavior which is materially different from the behavior of most males in the general population."

When people in a community, following a particularly shocking sex crime, demand an immediate "cleanup" of all sex offenders by the police, they might consider the amazing fact that fully 95 per cent of all American males are involved

in one or more illegal sexual activities!

There are, of course, sex attitudes and practices that are dangerous to person and to public weal. But implicit in the Kinsey report is the need for careful revaluation of our present legal codes on sex.

V

TWO very reassuring observations emerge from the Kinsey report: (1) the younger generation is not going to the dogs, morally, and (2) the late world war has not resulted in looser sexual behavior among those who fought in uniform.

Professor Kinsey, on the basis of his statistics, cracks down hard on the ubiquitous Jeremiahs who go about bewailing the evil ways of the next generation. Modern youth, he reports, is no wilder in its sexual behavior than was grandfather in the Victorian nineties. Nor are our young men more immoral than their fathers were. Kinsey reminds us that our present-day fathers were themselves the "flaming youth" of that jazz age in the "roaring twenties" that followed the first world war. It is true that the evidence indicates that boys of the lower social level are reaching adolescence a year or so sooner than boys of the same level a generation or two ago. This he inclined to attribute to the fact that better sanitation, medical care, and nutritional standards have improved the general health of lower-income groups during the past thirty years and, along with it, the capacity for sexual activity. There is also more dependence upon masturbation and petting among lower-level boys than there used to be, probably as a result of infiltration of upper-level ideas.

But with respect to premarital intercourse with prostitutes or other women (which, it has been claimed, has been increasing), Kinsey declares:

"The [incidence data] for the older and the younger generation are, by the admission of the older generation when it contributes its own histories, so nearly identical that no significant differences can be found. These questions are of such social significance that it is high time scientific data replaced the loose statements and

easy conclusions drawn by persons who find some sort of advantage in bewailing the ways of the world."

The violent social and political changes witnessed during the past generation have had no significant effect on the nation's sex patterns, Kinsey states on the basis of his findings. We have gone through two world wars of unprecedented scale, periods of economic prosperity and depression, jazz and jitterbug ages, political upheavals, changes in educational and religious attitudes, revolutionary developments in our means of transportation and communication. Yet, in war and peace, sex patterns have remained essentially as they were down the centuries.

AS FOR wartime effects on the sexual behavior of men, Dr. Kinsey flatly contradicts the widespread opinion that America has experienced a "moral breakdown."

"There is no evidence," he says, "that patterns of sexual behavior are materially altered even among men in the armed forces during a period of war."

Dr. Kinsey again stresses the demonstrated fact that such sex patterns are usually fixed by the age of sixteen, and do not change from then on, with rare exceptions.

It is true that many men had their first experience in sexual intercourse after they got into the armed forces, but most of these men would have begun it at about that age had they stayed at home. Those who had experience with prostitutes while in uniform were generally the kind who would have the same experience in civilian life; those who avoided prostitutes did so for the same reason they would have at home. The public is much more conscious of the behavior of a man in uniform than it is of a man in civilian clothes. The civilian who walks down the street with a

girl does not attract nearly as much attention as the uniformed male who walks down the same street with the same girl.

"The high officer who complained that too many mothers thought that the Army had invented sex had considerable justification for his complaint," says Kinsey.

Very few adults ever depart from the sex patterns established in their teens, Kinsey emphasizes again and again. Many individuals do acquire certain details of sex activity in later life, and some think they have acquired entirely new sex attitudes. Upper-level persons like to think they have become more liberal, sexually emancipated, free of their former inhibitions, rational instead of traditional in their behavior, ready to experiment with anything. Nonetheless, it is rare that such "emancipated" persons actually engage in sex behavior which is foreign to the pattern laid down in their youth.

There is the upper-level male who boasts of his many wild experiences with girls in the tropics, of his conquests of women in many ports, after returning from army service. But when such men contributed their objective records to Kinsey's scientific study, it usually turned out that they never brought themselves to having actual intercourse with any of the girls.

THE Kinsey report is certain to arouse a great deal of heated controversy in the months and years to come. Its findings are at odds with many prejudices, taboos, and false concepts that have been venerated as the truth for centuries. Yet, for our own sake and for that of our children, it would behoove us to heed the plea of Dr. Gregg and his fellow-scientists of unquestioned wisdom and integrity. Humankind can never be hurt by truths that help us understand ourselves and our fellow men.

BENNY AND THE TAR-BABY

A STORY BY JOHN WATSON

Illustrated by Aurelius Battaglia

BUT IF you shoot the Princess," I told Uncle Mark, "then the Tar-Baby will surely die. He will starve to death, because he ain't old enough yet to ketch on to how to eat grass and corn and stuff like his ma can. Seems like he ain't got the hang of it yet."

I explained it to Uncle Mark, but it didn't make no difference. He had his head set on shootin her. "That-air mare is a dangerous animal," he said. "She might up and kill somebody else. The colt will have to git along the best way he can."

"Maybe she didn't aim to do it," I told him. "Maybe it was an accident; she stepped in a gopher hole and stumbled, and he fell off and hit his head on the rock."

But he never give in. He just set there in the old rawhide-bottom chair by the cook-stove with his legs crossed and peeled them slithers of red cedar off of the little piece of stick with his pocketknife and let them fall on the floor around his feet. "Besides," he said, "a eight-year-old young'un ain't got no call to be buttin into grown folks's business. You better go 'long and shuck off to bed."

That was the next night after Papa got on Princess along about sundown and rode out in the pasture to look for Queen Mary because she never come up with the rest of the cows at milkin time and he knowed she was proolly out there on the gully some'eres with a fresh-born calf, waitin for it to get strong enough to walk up to

the house with her. And Tar-Baby went along with them because he always follows his ma wherever she goes, like a feist dog that might follow you to town of a Saturday mornin. He'll fool around sniffin at a mesquite bush or smellin in the grass, makin out like he don't know you're gettin way ahead of him. Then here he'll come in a high lope, prancin and kickin up his heels and sail on past you and keep goin for maybe a hundred yards until he sees another bush or weed or something and he'll play like he's awfully interested in it and let you come on by and get ahead again.

Anyhow, they went on out in the pasture, Papa ridin bareback on the Princess and her carryin her head high and steppin like the ground might be covered with eggs, kinda watchin Tar-Baby out of the corner of her eyes, proud-like, because she knowed full well it wasn't air 'nother colt in the whole state of Texas as pretty as he was, much less as smart.

They wasn't gone more'n a half a hour or such a matter till Princess come back to the house with the bridle reins draggin and Tar-Baby cavortin around and runnin back and forth through them reins like he was playin some kind of a game. So Mama knowed it was something wrong and she made me stay there in the kitchen and watch the biscuits so they wouldn't burn while she footed it on out there in the pasture to see what was the matter. Then pretty soon *she* come tearin back to the

house wringin her hands with a wild look out of her eyes, and I knowed they was something wrong too. But it wasn't Tar-Baby, because he was out there at the barn gittin his supper.

Mama come runnin across the back yard screamin like it might of been a pack of wolves sniffin at her coat-tail. "Benny," she said, "run git Mr. Roberts as quick as you can. Your pa has fell and hurt hisself."

So I didn't wait to ask no questions. I just run out to the lot and jumped on Princess because she still had the bridle on, and me and her went flyin down the big road to Mr. Roberts's place. But we didn't go too fast, because we didn't neither one of us want to run off and leave Tar-Baby. He's little and he can't go as fast as his ma can when she really lets herself out. Old Mr. Roberts never lost no time neither. He jumped on that chestnut horse of his'n that he works to the buggy and here we come lammin it back down that red clay road makin sounds like you hear in the movies of a Saturday night when the sheriff is chasin a cattle rustler.

Mama done already had the mules hitched up to the wagon when we got back and she just waited long enough to yell at me, "Run for the doctor, Benny," and they went high-tailin it on down across the pasture. I guess she was so worked up over the whole business she never realized till I got back what it was I had been ridin around on—over to Mr. Roberts's place and all the way to Oakville and back. Because by that time her and Mr. Roberts had done loaded him in the wagon and hauled him up to the house and put him in the bed. And Dr. Cunningham had beat me there by a long ways because he was ridin in a bran new Buick and I was ridin on Princess and her foolin along takin her own good time so Tar-Baby could keep up.

So things was kinda quieted down a little bit when we got back and I guess that's the first time she happened to think about it.

"Lordamercy, child," she said "you been ridin that skittish mare all over Chaparral County and she just finished throwin your daddy off and bustin his head wide open on a rock."

WHEN Dr. Cunningham got back to town that night he telephoned Uncle Mark and Uncle Wayne—that's Papa's two brothers that live in Austin. But they never come over till the next day because Austin's forty or fifty miles away and that's a fur piece. I guess they didn't want to go galivantin around anyhow on a dark night like that. So it must of been nearly dinner-time when they come drivin up in Uncle Wayne's new Chevrolet. I speck they had to find somebody to run their saddle shop before they could leave.

Uncle Mark hadn't no more'n hit the house good till he said he was goin to take the shotgun down off the deer horns and go out there and shoot her. And Mama said, "Not now, Mark. Not yet. He ain't even regained consciousness yet."

"He ain't never goin to regain his consciousness," Uncle Mark said. "That she-devil has done and killed him. And I'm goin to shoot her between the eyes with a load of buckshot if'n it's the last thing I ever do."

"It ain't no sense in that," Uncle Wayne said. "That ain't none of Sam's mare. She belongs with the estate. She's part yours and part mine. That was Pa's mare."

"Sho," Uncle Mark said. "All right. I'm goin to shoot my part. And I'll be bound you Sam would thank me for shootin his part if he was able to talk and realize what she has done went and done to him. You can do whatever you want to with your part."

"You're cuttin your nose off to spite your face," Uncle Wayne said. "She'd bring a nice piece of money if we was to sell her."

They argued around like that for the longest, and neither one of them ever even mentioned what would happen to Tar-Baby. It looked like they never had even so much as realized that he hadn't learned how to eat grass yet. Both of them ought to of knowed it too, because they was raised on the farm right over there across the creek where Grandpa lived before he took sick and died two or three years ago. And they had handled horses a lot. So it ought not to of been necessary for me to have to tell them. But I told them that night when they was settin in there by the



cook-stove and Uncle Mark was whittlin on the cedar stick and Uncle Wayne was chewin tobacco and spittin in the wood-box. "He will die," I told them, "if you shoot his ma, because he's too little. He can't hustle for hisself."

And Uncle Mark said, "You're gittin too big for your britches. Stickin your nose in places where it ain't got no business to be. You better go on to bed where you belong."

So I went on and made out like I was goin to bed. But pretty soon I come on back and snuck in behind the stove, because I had to find out what they was goin to do. I knowed Uncle Mark was the oldest and he usually always had his way about things. But I had to find out for sure.

I hadn't no more'n set down good till Mama come back in the kitchen with that little book in her hand that Papa used to write in at night. She handed it to Uncle Mark and he opened it and kinda flipped through the leaves and grunted. "Huh," he said. "So that's his set of books, is it?" I knowed then that I might just as well of gone on to bed because it wasn't nothin in that book about Tar-Baby. Papa hadn't even took the book down from behind the clock since way before the colt was born.

I knowed it wasn't goin to be nothin but just grown folks talk, but I was afraid to git up and leave because I didn't want Uncle Mark jumpin on me again. He wasn't payin no attention to me yet. He

was lookin in the book. "Ever'thing's in a fine mess," he said. "This is a nice time for Sam to curl up his toes and hang up his harness and die."

"What's the matter?" Uncle Wayne said. And Uncle Mark closed the book and slapped it down on his knee. "Matter!" he said. "They's plenty the matter. How long is it now since Pa died and Sam started lookin after the place?"

"Must be two years, goin on three," Uncle Wayne said. "Why?"

"Because me and you's done been skunt out of no tellin how much money," Uncle Mark said. "Because Sam quit keepin books on the place about two years ago. They ain't a scratch in here to show how much was made on the last two crops. And Pa's cattle and the cord wood that's been sold off of the place."

"Sho now," Uncle Wayne said. "That's a pretty kettle of fish. Maybe Mollie knows about them transactions. Maybe she knows how much of mine and your money her and Sam has got in the bank and how many of our cattle's got mixed up with theirs."

"Yeah," Uncle Mark snorted. "Sho. Maybe she does. How about it, Mollie?"

And Mama said, "Couldn't we just wait till he gets well? Or at least until he comes out of the coma? He's got all them transactions in his head. He knows where ever penny is that belongs to the estate. I realize he's neglected to write them down, but he can tell you to the last cent

what belongs to Grandpa's place. Couldn't we just wait till he regains consciousness?"

"He ain't goin to never regain consciousness," Uncle Mark said. "He might linger on a day or two, but he's a gone goslin. The doc said so hisself. It's a bone pressin in on his brain."

"We should of had a settlement a long time ago," Uncle Wayne said. "Like it is now, Sam's got his money all mixed up with ours. You can't tell what belongs to his place and what belongs to the old home place."

"You might as well count Sam out of this deal," Uncle Mark said. "What you mean is, Mollie's got a lot of mine and your money in the bank in her name. I don't know how you feel about it, Wayne, but I ain't aimin on losin my part."

"I don't know as I got air dime to give away to a widder woman neither," Uncle Wayne said. "I aim to git my part."

Well, I seen they was clean off the track. They wasn't none of 'm thinking about what was goin to happen to Tar-Baby. Anyhow, it looked like his ma was safe until mornin' at least, because Uncle Mark hadn't even got the gun down to see if it had any shells in it. So I oozed on out the door and went back to the shed-room and went to bed. And the next thing I knowed, the sun was shinin in my face.

IT KINDA skeered me at first. And then I realized that Uncle Mark wouldn't take the trouble to lead her far enough away from the house so I couldn't hear the shot. So maybe she was still alive and Tar-Baby had done and got his breakfast all right. Anyhow, I knowed I better be crawlin out of the shucks and findin out what the score was. So I got up and put on my overalls and shirt and a sweater, because fall of the year was settin in and it was pretty fresh outside.

Mama was settin in there in the fireplace room where Papa was layin on the bed, and Grandma was settin in the wheel chair with that wild look out of her eyes and her hair not even combed yet. I looked all around and listened good before I asked her. "Where's Uncle Mark?" I said. Because I was afraid he might of got the gun and went off down to the barn.

"They left last night," Mama said. "They went back home so they could open up the saddle shop bright and early this mornin. You ready to eat your breakfast?"

Well, that sho made me feel good. "Yes ma'am," I told her. "I'm ready. I won't be but just a minute." And I went flyin out the back door and down to the barn as fast as I could pick 'm up and put 'm down. And sho 'nough, there he was, prancin around like nobody's business. And there was his ma, bitin off mouthfuls of grass and chewin it up as unconcerned like she never had even so much as heard of a man named Uncle Mark.

So I went back to the house and washed my face and set down to the table and I was feelin like a million dollars. But still I knowed it might not last. So I had to find out. "When they aimin to come back?" I said. "Tonight maybe?"

"No," Mama said. "Not unless your pa passes away. They'll want to have a settlement then."

Well, that made me feel mighty fine. I could of gone ahead to school. Because that was what really had me worried—me goin off to school and leavin Uncle Mark there and the shotgun on the deer horns with a whole box of shells on the shelf. But Mama said maybe I better just hang around the house and she would write a note to the teacher the next day. So it looked like ever'thing was goin to be all right until about the middle of the evenin when this satchel-packin city bird come drivin up to the front gallery and got out and come in.

He hadn't no more'n got in the house and set down good till he told Mama that Mr. Mark and Mr. Wayne Garwood had sent him over. When I heard that, my pulse beat ris a notch or two, because I thought maybe they had hired him to shoot the Princess, or maybe kill her in some kind of a citified way, like with an electric wire or poison gas.

But pretty soon I could tell it was just the same old stuff—all about the cattle and crops and cord wood on our place and how some of it had maybe creeped across the creek from Grandpa's place, because Grandpa had died two or three years ago and they had moved Grandma over to

live with us and Papa had been lookin after the stuff over there and hirin a bunch of hands to work the crops.

"They are goin to sue you," the man said. "They have retained me to fix up the papers and file the suit." And Mama said, "I can't help it. It ain't nothin I can do. But can't they even wait to see if he is goin to live or die?"

"You don't understand," the man said. "They will enter suit right after the funeral. They've got an open and shut case." And Mama said, "Yes, I reckon they have. But why did you come and tell me about it? What do they want me to do?"

"It might be we could settle it out of court," he said. "Maybe if you would write them out a check for two or three thousand dollars. Maybe we could agree on a sum. But of course you would have to wait till after the funeral. Then the boy would come in for his part. You couldn't touch a thing—not even Mr. Samuel's bank account—until you had got yourself bonded and legally appointed your son's guardian. You couldn't sell a cow, nor a pig even, until you had done that."

"I don't know," Mama said. "I don't know if we even got a dime in the bank. Sam always handled the money matters."

So pretty soon I seen it wasn't nothin but grown folks talk. He hadn't come to shoot her or electrocute her or poison gas her. Like as not he hadn't never even heard of a mare named Princess, let alone knowin she had a coal black colt named Tar-Baby. So I went on out to the barn to give her some feed and watch him stick his head in the trough with her and blow his nose and kick up his heels and caper around like he was somebody come.

That night Elmer Doolittle and Uncle Jimmy Hancock come over after supper. Uncle Jimmy ain't really my uncle. He ain't even no blood-kin. He's a old old man that owns the store down at the crossroads and ever'body in Chaparral County knows him and calls him Uncle Jimmy. But they don't nobody call Elmer Mr. Doolittle. I don't know why, because he's as old as Papa and he owns a sight of land in the Bend.

Anyhow, they hadn't no more'n got set down good till Elmer wanted to know where's Mark and Wayne. And Mama

told him they went home about ten o'clock last night because they had to run the shop and make saddles and cowboy boots and belts and stuff. "You mean they went off home after I left?" Elmer said. "I thought they was here to stay. Who set up last night?" And Mama told him she did.

So one thing led to another and pretty soon they got to talkin about that same stuff again. Mama told them how the money and cattle and cord wood and crops had got all mixed up between the two farms and how the lawyer from Austin had come over and set a spell with her. But I didn't pay no attention to it, because by that time I had done and heard it three or four times.

Finally I thought they had got done talkin about it, because Elmer and Uncle Jimmy told Mama they had come to set up all night and they made a big pot of coffee and told her to fix off to bed. They told me too, but I wasn't a bit sleepy. So she helped Grandma git her nightgown on and git out of the wheel chair and into the bed and then she said good-night and turned in too. But I stayed there by the fireplace because Uncle Jimmy knows a lot about the Indians and the Alamo and the Texas Rangers and I thought maybe he might git wound up like he does sometimes down at the store and tell about how it was in the old days.

"That's pretty good," Elmer said. "She's been takin care of their own invalid mammy for nigh onto three years. Now they can't wait till Sam's in his grave to hire a shyster lawyer from Austin to come over here and try to beat her out of the last red cent she's got. If that don't take the rag off the bush."

"Sho," Uncle Jimmy said. "That's gratitude for you. Me and you better saddle over to Silver City tomorrow and talk to old Cap'm Jenkins. He's the best lawyer in the state of Texas. He'll build a fire under that city slicker's tail."

SO THERE we was again—back on the same old subject. And I was just about ready to give up and go on to bed. But it was something Elmer said that made me stay. "No," he said. "They've got a good case against her and they know it. And besides, it ain't but one thing that

will ever satisfy me. I'll prize up Chaparral County and mortgage every acre of land I've got to do it." And Uncle Jimmy said, "What's that?"

"It's to see him git well," Elmer said. "To see him rise up out of that bed and take that shotgun down off of them deer horns and shoot both of them square between the eyes with a load of buckshot."

"Sho now," Uncle Jimmy said. "If we only could."

Well, maybe you think that didn't make me set up and listen. Because I didn't see why Elmer wanted Papa to shoot Tar-Baby too. It wasn't his fault. He didn't even have no hand in it.

"He needs a specialist," Elmer said. "A man that can perform a delicate operation on a cook-table and take that piece of bone off of his brain. So he can git well and git up out of that bed and load that gun and aim accurate and pull the trigger."

"Sho," Uncle Jimmy said. "That's what he needs."

"That's Raymond Morgan," Elmer said, "that was born and raised right here in the Bend. You recollect Ray, don't you?"

"I recollect him," Uncle Jimmy said. "I hear tell he's done and gone to New York now."

Elmer cut hisself a chew of tobacco and put it in his right-hand jaw like he had done figured it all out. "That's right," he said. "He's a brain specialist. I reckon it's more folks in New York with something the matter with their heads than it is in Texas. I reckon it'll take a heap of money to git him down here on a airplane, but I'm goin to personally foot the bill myself."

"Won't them boogers rare up on their hind legs when they hear about it!" Uncle Jimmy said. "They'll figure that money creeped across the creek from the old man's cattle and crops and cord wood."



"Sho," Elmer said. "It'll be a sight to see. And the only pay I'll ever expect will be a ringside seat at the shootin'."

"Folks around in the Bend says Ray Morgan ain't never found hisself no wife yet," Uncle Jimmy said.

"That ain't neither here nor there," Elmer said. "A doctor don't need to work in double harness. I reckon a single man can handle a knife just as well as a married man."

"He used to spark Mollie like it was pretty serious before she up and married Sam," Uncle Jimmy said. "Folks always said she kinda give him the run-around while he was off at school."

"Sho," Elmer said. "Yes. I see what you mean. It would be a temptation. Mollie's still mighty young and pretty."

"A slip of the knife," Uncle Jimmy said, "a nice funeral, and a few months to wait. He'd have her right back in his lap again."

"We can lessen the temptation a right smart," Elmer said, "if we stand behind him with a six-shooter and kinda steady his nerve. If his hand slips, I'd have to tend to them other two. I might just as well make it a crowd."

"It's your party," Uncle Jimmy said. "Go ahead on."

So Elmer said he was goin to town to use the telephone, and he went outside and cranked up his car and drove off.

WELL, by that time I was layin down on the floor with my head on my old red houn'dog and I guess I was gittin pretty sleepy.

"Why don't you git up and pull your clothes off and go to bed right?" Uncle Jimmy told me.

So I got up and set down in the chair like grown folks. "I thought bein as Elmer's gone," I said, "maybe you'd tell me a story."

"Sho," Uncle Jimmy said. "All right. Which one?"

"The one about the Indians stealin your horses," I said.

"You've heard that one seventy-five or thirty times," Uncle Jimmy said. "You want to hear it again?"

"Yes," I told him. "Tell it like you always used to. And don't leave out none of it."

"Sho," Uncle Jimmy said. "If you'll go to bed then. Just that one."

"All right," I said. And he cut hisself a fresh chew of tobacco and rared back in his chair and told it. He didn't leave out a bit. And jeez, it was fine. And I went on back to the shed-room and pulled off my clothes and crawled in.

Things was pretty quiet the next day or two until Elmer come down to the lot where I was feedin Tar-Baby a little sugar. "You want to ride over to Austin with me?" he said.

"I b'lieve not," I told him. "You goin over to see Uncle Mark and Uncle Wayne?"

"No," he said. "Not today. That will come later. I'm goin over to meet the airplane comin in from New York."

So I changed my tune and went with him. And comin on back we had the doctor in the car with us—not Dr. Cunningham but the New York doctor. We went by the hospital, and him and Elmer loaded in a bunch of junk and we come truckin on home. Once he looked at me and said, "Well, well, so this is Mollie's boy, is it?" And Elmer said, "Yes. It sho God is, and it's Sam's boy, and we got to git Sam up out of that bed because he's got to git that gun down off of them deer horns and practice up on his shootin lessons."

"You didn't mean Tar-Baby too, did you?" I said.

And Elmer said, "Who's Tar-Baby?"

"He's my colt," I said. "I guess he ain't exactly mine, though. Because the Princess used to belong to Grandpa but Grandpa died and now she belongs to Uncle Mark and Uncle Wayne and Papa. So who would Tar-Baby belong to?"

"That's pretty complicated," Elmer said. "But just as soon as we git a few matters settled, I speck things will be simplified considerable. It won't be nowhere near as many heirs to Tar-Baby."

"You had me skeered until we got out of Austin," I told Elmer. "I thought maybe you might be aimin to bring Uncle Mark back with us."

"No," Elmer said. "He'll come on over later. On the train, I guess. In the baggage car. Uncle Wayne too. I speck they'd have a hankerin to be planted in the peach orchard alongside their pa."

SO WE come on home and got out and went in the house. Elmer and Uncle Jimmy and the New York doctor went on in the fireplace room where Papa was, but they shut me out. I seen the six-shooters stickin out of Uncle Jimmy's hip pockets, so I thought maybe they had changed their minds. Maybe the doctor was goin to cure Papa and Uncle Jimmy was goin to let him use the pistols instead of the shotgun.

Anyhow, I went on down to the barn and put the bridle on the Princess and rode clean down to the back side of the pasture and Tar-Baby scamperin along with us.

Grown folks is funny. Because I never heard no more about the business for several days. The doctor had done left by that time and flew back to New York. Elmer and Uncle Jimmy had come over to set a spell and Papa was propped up in bed eatin a bowl of soup. It was Elmer that brought up the subject again. "Sam," he said, "you 'bout ready to crawl out of there and oil up your gun?"

And Papa said, "Yes. Near 'bout. I sho God ought to. I ain't even seen them two since the mare stepped in that hole and I busted my head."

"Because if you ain't goin to do it," Elmer said, "I am goin to personally shoot them both between the eyes and drag their carcass off out in the pasture for the buzzards to have a picnic on."

And then Mama ris up and put her hands on her hips. "You just as well to shut up, both of you," she said. "Because it ain't goin to be no shootin done around here. Them two saved Sam's life."

And Elmer said, "Well, I'll be durned. If it wouldn't take a woman to add up the whole business and come out with a answer like that."

"Sho now," Uncle Jimmy said. "I see what you mean, Mollie. And besides, Elmer ain't got no ringside seat comin, because Ray Morgan never charged him a cryin dime."

"Yes," Mama said. "Them two saved his life, sho as the world."

Well, I didn't see how Tar-Baby had done much of anything to help him save his life. And the Princess had done a right smart to help him lose it, even if she didn't mean to. But I never said nothin.

So she went ahead givin him his nourishment and pretty soon she learned him how to eat grass. That was maybe a month ago. And jeez, you ought to see him now!



A EUROPEAN TRAVELER'S NOTEBOOK

JOSEPH C. HARSCH

THE following is in no sense an attempt to estimate the meaning of Europe. I might have attempted such an estimate before my "Cook's Tour." But I return from ten weeks of wandering from Warsaw to Budapest to London and way points with mental patterns in disarray. These are last summer's notes on the journey; they consist of observations rather than conclusions, observations that frequently don't fit the labels we sometimes so quickly apply in the United States.

Warsaw

THIS country is now over 95 per cent devout Roman Catholic. Hitler liquidated the Jews. The Lutherans moved, or were moved, back to Germany. Greek Orthodox Catholics are behind the new Russian frontier. The new Poland is therefore as nearly unified in religious faith as a country can be, and that faith belongs to Rome. But this country is also ruled by a government which, while nominally a coalition, is beyond any reasonable doubt a Communist oligarchy. Thus you have a Roman Catholic people ruled by Communists who are devoted ideologically to atheism. By definition any such a combination should produce anarchy and chaos.

It does produce some remarkable anomalies. One of them is the fact that the new Polish Army, Russian-trained and with a heavily Communist weighted officer corps, marches to Mass in formation as a regular part of its Sunday drill.

It is also producing a remarkable reconstruction in this city. (Nowhere else on my tour did I see so much outward evidence of enthusiastic and unified popular effort to rebuild a city smashed by war.) Warsaw was left an uninhabitable shambles by the Germans. Two years later it houses 600,000 hard-working people who have brought their city back to life. The means are varied. German women "laborers" are busy planting grass and flower beds along the sides of the streets. Polish peasants—their carts riding on rubber tires acquired from war debris—mine the rubble for bricks which move in endless procession either into new construction in the city via private-enterprising contractors or into new houses and barns on their own farms. Salvaging bricks for private use is illegal; yet I never looked into a street without seeing at least one peasant cart either entering the center of the city empty or leaving it loaded with its salvaged bricks.

There are externals of tension. A soldier with a Russian tommy-gun guards every public doorway. The political air crackles

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with rumors of Communist plans to emasculate the Socialists as thoroughly as they have already emasculated Mikolajczyk's Peasant party, with plans to force education into a straitjacket resembling Tokyo's prewar "thought control," and with planned attacks on the co-operative movement. Yet Polish "capitalists" nightly eat such dinners at the booming Europejski Restaurant as the diplomatic corps can afford only on rare occasions. Private enterprise displays miles of new one-story shops offering unrationed goods of every description throughout the city. And American business experts praise both the reconstruction effort to date and the plans for the future. It has no business to function—this shotgun marriage of a loyally Catholic people and a Communist government. Yet so far as one can see the union, while thoroughly distasteful to both parties, is functioning and productive.

Prague

I AM reminded of Couéism. Every Czech I talk to of high or low degree—of left, right, or center political persuasion—assures me that the Russians are his country's friends. He also tends to tell me some rather remarkable tales, which he surely knows to be at variance with the historical facts—such as that Russian troops alone liberated Czechoslovakia, that the Russian Army never occupied any part of the country, that Red Army soldiers did not loot in Czechoslovakia. This seems to be a nation which, out of an inner and unspoken instinct for self-preservation, has intuitively imposed upon itself a daily exercise. It is as though every Czech woke up each morning saying to himself, "Today I love the Russians more than I did yesterday; every day in every way I love the Russians more and more; I love the Russians; I love the Russians." By means of this self-hypnosis, the Czechs have persuaded themselves that Russia has nothing to fear from them and they nothing from the Russians. On the basis of that conviction they proceed to trade with the Western world just as much as they possibly can, to retain all their accustomed externals of Western culture, and to resist vociferously every hint of a Communist chal-

lenge to their highly-valued civil liberties.

Food is supposed to be rationed, but I was never asked for a ration coupon. The Czech Army has a Russian training mission, yet airliners from every Western European capital arrive at the Prague airport daily, in several cases several times daily, and there are more American uniforms apparent on the main streets than Russian. Most of the Americans are here on holiday leave from Germany or Austria. They find it a most pleasant place for a holiday—"quite civilized," they say. Everything here seems to defy the laws of political gravity.

It is quite impossible for a country to live in two worlds at the same time, but the Czechs are putting on a fascinating impression of doing it.

Belgrade

NO INCONVENIENCE at the airport or hotel. But also no results from my requests for interviews with government officials—the one place on my trip where this happened (elsewhere I was able to see anyone I wanted to see). Here I was greeted with earnest politeness and promises, but no performance. In fairness, I didn't press my efforts very hard. News was breaking in Budapest, and I was anxious to get there. So here I talked exclusively with British and American embassy personnel and British and American correspondents. They confirmed all the stories about Communists being in control of the government and about the camps where Greek partisans are being trained. But the British, as distinct from the Americans, insisted that they could travel freely throughout the country and say they experienced rare incivility and frequent friendship. Both British and Americans here are inclined to see two sides to the postwar disputes between their governments and the Yugoslavs. They think Yugoslav conduct has at times been inept and at times criminal. But they say they wish Western hands had been cleaner; that would make their protests more effective. They cite as faults on the Western side the following:

(1) Western failure up to that time to meet Yugoslav requests for the surrender

of numerous and notorious war criminals.

(2) A street incident here in which three American soldiers killed a Russian, after which the American culprits were spirited out of the country and given a trial in Italy at which Yugoslav evidence was not admitted. The trial ended in acquittal.

(3) Failure to pay any attention to Yugoslav protests over air violations of its frontier previous to the shooting incidents. They say that both violations and protests had been frequent. They do not condone the shootings, particularly since the Yugoslavs waited for an unarmed transport, having passed up a number of armed planes first. But they do say that the Yugoslavs protested before they took to shooting.

(The above comes exclusively from British and American Embassy sources with the concurrence of British and American correspondents. I have no first-hand information of my own.)

The explanation given me for Yugoslav conduct is that while it is partly due to the muscle-flexing habits of the Communists, it also derives from the extreme sensitivity of a country which has just emerged for the first time in its history from some form of servitude. There are persons still living in Belgrade who remember the days of Turkish rule which was supplanted first by Austrian and then by Serbian, then, briefly, by Italian rule. Now it is Communist rule but also a rule under which a Croat or Slovenian is just as good, or bad, as a Serbian. The distinctions are no longer drawn along national or tribal lines but along political lines. A Serb Communist is no better than a Montenegrin Communist, nor is a Serb anti-Communist any worse than an Albanian anti-Communist. Most Yugoslavians seem to like their new system better than the old and to be extremely sensitive to any suggestion that their new country is not just as important as any other. They seem less terrifying from inside their capital than from newspaper headlines about trouble around Trieste. Belgrade is strictly a provincial town, with lots of bare feet on the main street. The corners being replaced on bomb-damaged public buildings are not stone but hollow plaster.

Two conventional stories are told to explain Yugoslavia's relations with Russia. One is of a Yugoslav peasant who has just heard of the Communist revolution in Russia. He meets a friend and passes on the news. The friend replies, "Let's have Communism, too. What is it?" The other is of a foreigner who asks a Montenegrin how many people there are in his country. He replies, "Five hundred millions, counting the Russians."

Budapest

RUTH LLOYD of the United Press wants me to meet Sally Rothschild, who (she says) is one of the leading dress designers of Budapest. Ruth says Sally's creations are the most exciting women's style news in Europe. After a few days on Budapest streets I think Ruth has something. This city is stimulating to the eyes. Women are smart. Shops are smart, too, and bountifully stocked with everything—all unrationed. Night clubs are doing a land office business at Park Avenue prices. Male customers are definitely not from the old aristocracy. Their figures, and costumes, bespeak a lowly origin, but their bank rolls bespeak lordly profits.

In Parliament I watch Desyo Sulyok make a dramatic speech. The Communists accuse him of an anti-Russian remark. He retorts that they have now given the Russians an excuse to arrest him, that his life is in danger, that he can no longer speak his mind, that he is therefore withdrawing from Parliament. He stalks out. In the lobby the foreign correspondents interview him and send off cables that he has withdrawn. Fifteen minutes later he resumes his seat in the front opposition bench.

The next day I see him privately in his office. There he pooh-poohs the idea that his life is in danger and says they wouldn't dare harm him, says he thinks Nagy was stupid to go away. According to Sulyok, Nagy fell for a bluff. (Sulyok did later resign from Parliament.)

An editor informs me that he had his staff take a poll of public opinion on Nagy's resignation. It showed, he said, that most peasants approved. They thought Nagy was smart to get out to America and

cash in on his fame. They wished they could do the same. The report was never published.

Another editor informs me that American armies will shortly rescue his country from the Russians. I said I was not quite so sure. He replied that of course we would come. "We have oil in Hungary. You will come and get the wells, to keep them from the Russians even if you don't need them yourselves."

My hostess presides over a table of heavy silver gleaming in candlelight while two starched maids serve an excellent dinner under the severe portrait of a grandfather in the uniform of an Imperial General. She complains bitterly that the Communists are ruining the country. She also announces to her children with pleasure that her new American car is promised for delivery next week. A charming daughter who is the star reporter on a prominent anti-Communist weekly newspaper remarks on the side that the family factory, still in their hands, is doing extremely well these days. The daughter insists that Hungary is not an iron-curtain country. But she also says she would like very much to come to America to live.

American uniforms more visible on the streets than Russian. Obviously an optical illusion. The explanation given is that the Russians have no money to spend and are kept strictly out of sight except when on duty.

Lazlo Rajk, the Communist Minister of the Interior, opens an interview by saying, "I want you to understand precisely what I am. I am a left-wing Communist." On returning to the States I put that up to Arthur Schoenfeld, recently retired American Minister in Budapest. He explained that Rajk is a domestic Hungarian Communist who remained in the country throughout the war and feels himself ideologically purer than his colleagues of Moscow training. Rakosi, the top Communist, was in that famous Comintern class in Moscow with Thorez of France, Togliatti of Italy, Gottwald of Czechoslovakia. I keep wondering if perhaps there is the same friction within the Communist fold as in the opposition camp between those who stayed at home during the German occupation and the "exiles."

Labels

HUNGARY'S Communist Minister of the Interior admits frankly that his party has admitted a good many ex-Nazis to membership. He says this is quite all right for the Communists because "we have schools for retraining them." He argues that "it wouldn't be fair to deny to ex-Nazis a chance for redemption." But he says it would be wrong for any other party to admit ex-Nazis, because they do not have schools for re-educating them. Members of some of the other parties see the matter differently. Usually they say that they simply can't trust an ex-Nazi and so don't want them.

Had a good talk with a banker who, unlike most Hungarian bankers, had been sufficiently anti-Nazi to earn a bed for himself in a German concentration camp. He was branded a "neo-fascist" in the Communist press the day before. His sin seems to lie in resisting Russian claims for ownership shares in the Hungarian banks.

No one anywhere seems to be surprised any more by the meaninglessness of such labels as "Communist," "Fascist," "Democrat." "Fascist" has come to mean anyone who fails to accept the Communist party line. "Communist" embraces ex-Nazi opportunists along with sincere liberals who shy at restoration of the feudal system.

I find that a good way to open an interview with a Communist cabinet minister on a genial note is to say, "Of course, I am an American monarcho-fascist beast."

Vienna

THE Russian Army abolished "fraternization" between its personnel and Austrian women on June 10; Communist dogma apparently lost out in the contest with Viennese charm. Every member of the Red Army establishment here must now account to his superiors for every twenty-four hours of his day. Scores of stories of Russian officials laying their lines for permanent jobs in Austria come the day when the hammer and sickle withdraw behind the Russian frontier. (On my return I read that the whole Russian managerial establishment for ex-

propriated Austrian factories has been replaced by new personnel.)

An overture to the Communists from the extreme right wing of big business has just been exposed by the Socialists. This was the first open sign of a break in the anti-Communist front. On the other hand, I am told at our Embassy that Cardinal Innitzer, who welcomed the Nazis in 1938, has tried to open relations with the Communists, so far unsuccessfully.

Berlin

WHILE I am waiting for my American hostess to come down for dinner her maid asks permission for a question. "Please tell me, Mr. Harsch, when are you Americans going to drive the Russians out?" To that I reply, "Why do you expect us to drive them out? You brought them in." She looks blank and startled. "After all," I said, "when you poke a hornets' nest don't you expect to get stung?" "I hadn't thought of it that way before," she replies, excusing herself.

Frankfurt to Paris

UP LATE with Demaree Bess of the *Saturday Evening Post*, who is as sage and unemotional about today's Europe as he was about Hitler's Europe in Berlin in 1940. We compare notes and find ourselves sharing a conviction that "the new war" is off, though just where and when it happened neither of us is quite sure. We also go over the whole record of American-Russian differences back to the Yalta Conference, agreeing that the trouble probably began there. I put on the table for examination a statement made to me in Berlin the day before by an American official: that the Russians were under a perfectly honest impression that Roosevelt and Churchill had given them at Yalta precisely what they wanted and that therefore from their lights it was not they who have since violated Yalta but the West. Demaree thought there probably was a good deal in this, that while Yalta guaranteed "democracy" and "fair and free elections," the Russians understood this to mean only window-dressing for the benefit of Western public

opinion behind which they were to have their satellite zone in Eastern Europe without challenge.

The train picks up speed with less bumping and rocking. We find we have crossed the French frontier. Outside the surface of things changes sharply. The roadbed is newly raked and in perfect order. There is fresh paint on the stations and well-tended flower beds around them. Demaree tells me that the French railroads have done a remarkable job of rehabilitation. I notice quite a lot of new rolling stock, both passenger and freight. French railroad service was the best I met anywhere on the trip, even in England.

Paris

LÉON BLUM says that the most important political factor in France is the extraordinary increase in the Communist vote, which he calls "quite unexplainable" since, he says, it has occurred not in working class constituencies but in rural, staunchly Catholic communities. Dave Schoenbrun, CBS Paris correspondent, says he thinks he knows the answer, says he visited a Breton fishing village when the fleet was ready for its annual trip to the Grand Banks. There was the traditional ceremony—prayers, incense, and holy water. He took one of the fishermen aside and said to him, "This is all most charming, just like the old days, but I do not understand. You have the priest bless the wind and the waves and the boats, but in the last election you voted Communist." The fisherman replied:

"That's very simple. *Le bon Dieu* takes care of the wind and the waves, but the Communists fix the price of fish."

I asked Maurice Thorez what the Communist program was for France. He talked for an hour, about "more work, no strikes, and less money," about the need for stabilizing the franc, for cutting government costs, for trimming and modernizing the French bureaucracy, for higher prices for wheat to keep the peasant from feeding wheat to cattle. At the end I told him that he startled me, he sounded so much like Senator Taft of Ohio. He considered this a good joke and ended the interview.

This "conservative sounding" talk from

Thorez fits, with many things of a like kind from all over Europe, into a definable pattern of Communist tactics. Togliatti in Italy was the first spokesman from the Italian Left to favor a new concordat with the Vatican. Church property in Poland has not yet been parceled out to the peasants. Church taxes in Hungary are still being collected by the state and still being passed over to the Churches. By the time I encounter the surface Communist respect for conservative causes in France I come to the conclusion that Communism in Europe is basing its immediate postwar strategy on trying to make itself respectable in conservative eyes. How thin the sheep's clothing may be is for time to tell. But for the moment it is apparent that the Communists have gone to great pains, and indulged in extensive departures from orthodox Communist teaching, to exorcise Europe's memories of Communist violence in the years just following 1918. It is probably the most deliberate and calculated form of opportunism. But there is no denying the fact that it has dissolved a good deal of the traditional fear of Communists in public office. And it has even gone so far that Communism is no longer the unchallenged champion of the extreme left.

All French politicians I meet are in a lather over the level of industry for Germany. The Communists are delighted, contending that it proves their thesis that the American policy is giving Germany first priority in reconstruction. It is easy enough to see here, as elsewhere, that Germany provides Communism with its most effective talking point. I find that the memory of Gestapo and SS has dimmed in my own recollection but that it remains a vivid quantity in the minds of Europeans. Here in France any move which can be distorted into a contention that American policy is veering toward a revived Germany is seized upon avidly by the Communists. I found the same thing throughout Eastern Europe. I talked to Poles and Hungarians and Czechs and Austrians about the new Communist "terror." It was plain from the reactions that whatever oppression or suppression or violence the Communists have perpetrated is in local minds a relatively less

hateful thing than the memory of the Gestapo-SS terror. Many of them, I think by far the most of them, dislike the new regimes. But dislike is a relative thing in their minds. They dislike even more what went before it. I am convinced that a pro-German orientation of American policy would be the one sure device for making Communism palatable in all the countries surrounding Germany or in any country which felt the German occupation. Much as they may dislike the new master, he has still managed to be a less hard master than his predecessor. I don't think it is a question of Red terror or Red violence or Red oppression nearly so much as it is a question of the relative degree of all this. I am convinced that to favor the German is to alienate all those peoples who have felt the German heel, and that this is the first political consideration to be borne in mind in shaping a German policy.

London

I FIND Ian, my simon-pure, John-Bull, Tory friend in surprisingly good form. He has had to sell his Belgrave Square mansion and move into the Mews behind. And he was furious over one personal incident. He had arranged with the miller to set aside a few extra sacks when they threshed the rye on the estate the day before. Those extra sacks were going to give him an extra pig and the miller some chickens. And then just as they began to thresh who should turn up but three agents of the Ministry of Agriculture from London, complete in bowler hats and notebooks, checking each sack. But still Ian finds the prospect cheering. He likes the new setup for India, thinks it means getting back to the good days of Clive and Hastings, when Britain had no responsibilities and full profits. He sees visions of a new empire in Africa. He thinks the Socialists at home have shot their last bolt, are discrediting Socialism so fast that the only possible outcome is a return to "sound Toryism," not right away, but after the Socialists have acquired all the unpopularity for doing the things which he agrees any party in power would have to do at this time. He has no objection to "hiring

out the troops" to Uncle Sam. He thinks the "Russian menace" a most fortunate thing because it supports the market for "mercenaries" and assures Britain a steady income through the rough days until it can get on its feet again.

Two other friends, whom I'll call the Coltons, see Britain's prospects quite differently. John, a rather aesthetic architect, sees no future for himself and asks my advice as to how he can migrate to America. His wife, Sarah, rouses herself from a sick bed looking pale and frail. She says she is suffering from imprisonment. She says she feels hopeless because she can't leave England, says she is being persecuted by the London County Council. I express surprise and ask the details of the persecution. She points to some washing hanging from a balcony on the opposite side of the square. "See that," she says, "they have deliberately moved East Enders into this square to destroy the property values. And the children," she goes on, "they won't go over to the park to play. They insist on playing in the churchyard next door, making a fearful racket. Life is quite impossible. And have you noticed how rude the bus drivers are these days? England is finished. We must get out."

Another friend, Alice, advises me what to send friends in England. "Don't send tea or coffee or flour. We have all we need of the staples. Send something which will make a party—send peanuts; rice, you can make a curry with rice; fat in any form, you can bake a cake with lard or butter. Send anything which makes it possible to invite a few friends in for a party."

At the airport my American plane is delayed for "technical reasons." The British office staff and lunch room attendants have a knowing and delicately superior air as the hours tick by. They mention, ever so delicately, that all British flights are going out on schedule.

Now, clearly, these incidents do not make a consistent pattern. There is my Tory friend who at the very peak of the economic crisis sees light ahead through what is to him the gloom of Socialism. In talking to him you sense the old buccaneering blood of Elizabethan days

stirring to new challenges, which are after all no more formidable or terrifying than those of the days of the Armada or of Napoleon, when Britain's relative power position in the world was scarcely better than it is today. He and his kind rise to that challenge; so, in a different way, do the young of both sexes who belonged to the RAF in its gallant days of the war and have now moved over into commercial aviation. There is no defeat in their emotional structure.

But defeatism is to be found in that middle class represented by the Coltons, particularly in the professional class lawyers and among those who have lived for generations on small inherited wealth and inherited position. It is the middle class which is suffering most under the new austerities and under planned Socialism. They, to maintain their accustomed standard of living, must live beyond their means; and even then the standard cannot be maintained, particularly in the field of social life, which is why Alice tells me to send peanuts, not meat. Self-respect has been undermined by the inability to entertain friends. But the Tories and the young are in a fighting mood, and the rank and file of labor finds the new order, for all its inconveniences, better than the old. They have their paid holiday in the summer. Their children are fed and tended as never before, and there is money in the kitchen crock and freedom from the old gnawing fear of unemployment.

How sound then is England? In so many ways it is a going concern. In most sectors of industry production is ahead of prewar. Coal is the glaring exception. But it cannot be said in fairness that Britain is lying down on the job and waiting for American charity. I don't believe that any part of Europe wants or needs charity. When American offers look like charity, they cause stirrings of anti-American feeling. The vital part of Britain, and of all the other countries I saw, is proud of its own accomplishment, which is considerably greater than what the traveler, fed on constant reports of shortages and strikes, expects to find. There are the superbly reconstructed French railroads. There is the trucking system built by the Dutch railroads which reaches into

all parts of Europe. I saw those Netherlands railway vans in Budapest, Prague, and Warsaw. There is the volume of new ship construction on the Clyde—leading the world in new tonnage.

EUROPE is not dead and lifeless. Europe is working for itself and working well in many fields of endeavor. What it wants is not charity but an investment which expresses by its nature confidence in the future of Europe. There is self-reliance, more than we tend to assume from our side of the Atlantic. Western Europe is certainly not an economic rathole—is not, that is, unless it is converted into one by charity rather than investment, and by a lack of faith in its future, which could convert it readily enough into a political rathole.

But what of that political side? Presumably continental Western Europe could go Communist; undoubtedly it would under certain circumstances. But it has not done so yet nor is it in any danger of doing so of its own volition. The Breton fishermen who voted Communist in the last French election are not converts to Communism. They were merely convinced at that time that voting Communist was the best way of getting a higher price for fish. That conviction is as susceptible to change as any vote in the market place of practical politics. Let some other party show the same concern over the price of fish and the fisherman would switch as promptly as his Yankee counterpart on this side of the Atlantic would switch from Democrat to Republican. The Communist vote in France and Italy is certainly no measure of the spread of faith in Communism. It only measures the skill of the Communist party in the Tammany Hall variety of politics. The danger, I think, lies in allowing a mood of defeatism to develop in which the Communists might once win political control. Give them that and you may find them dug in for a long, long time, even though they win it on votes which are Communist only for reasons of local opportunism. Majority sentiment has certainly not swung to Communism as a doctrine. Continental Western Europe could become a political rathole from the American

point of view if we allow it to go Communist from lack of confidence in its economy. To withhold economic aid would give Communism its golden opportunity. But to withhold that aid on the assumption that Western Europe has already gone Communist would be, in my opinion, to misread the record of today.

In Britain the formal Communist party is, of course, not a serious political factor, nor are plausible circumstances conceivable under which it might become dominant. Britain is a sound risk for American investment, I think, depending on whether its own special political pattern can permit the generation of a still more exceptional industrial effort. Britain is obviously not lagging because it has a Socialist government and an experiment in the nationalization of transport and some heavy industry. Either because of these conditions or in spite of them, Britain is producing more than it ever did before under peacetime conditions. Under other circumstances this rate of production would be enough. It is not enough now in the broader context of a political struggle over the continent of Europe. Remove that struggle and Britain could bring its overseas payments into balance with its present level of production; for if that struggle were ended Britain could withdraw its costly military undertakings in Germany, in the Middle East, and in Persia, and could find much of its food and raw materials at lower cost in Eastern Europe. The end of the power struggle would end Britain's dependence on dollar balances. But if you assume a continuance of the power struggle then you assume the necessity for a greater industrial effort in Britain than has yet been reached. And there the doctrines of the present Socialist government become a serious deterrent, for Socialism preaches equality of sacrifice, and Britain alone of all the major European nations is still attempting to practice equality of sacrifice.

I find in my London discussions that the core of controversy is not over nationalization, but over the concept of equality of sacrifice and equality of reward. The concept of equality applied to rationing has deprived money of its power to act as an incentive to extra labor. And the con-

cept of equality applied to employment has deprived the industrial system of the goad of unemployment. Neither the carrot nor the spur count in the daily life of the workingman. Even without them he is, on the whole, doing better than ever before in time of peace. Yet I find the question being asked repeatedly, even in leftist circles, whether the extra production necessary can be achieved without the classic carrot and spur. The Tories of course entertain no doubt on this score. They want both carrot and spur restored at once and blame all Britain's ills on their absence.

HERE lies, I think, the supreme paradox of Europe in 1947. Russia is pressing in on one side, armed with a variety of Communism which requires some new label. Communism originally preached equality, but the Communism I saw this summer practices the opposite. Special rewards and privileges for extra work provide a powerful incentive carrot in front of the laboring man. And Siberia is behind him, an equally powerful substitute for the older goad of unemployment. It is the antithesis of capitalism, and yet

it assumes, as does incentive capitalism, that labor can produce adequately only when enticed by rewards and goaded by fears.

Thus "incentive communism" from one side and "incentive capitalism" from the other are like millstones grinding down on Western Europe's yearning of generations for equality and security. That process has already destroyed any serious attempt on the continent to maintain equality. Its last stand is in Britain. There the great political pressure of the moment is for a return to "incentive capitalism" to make it possible for Britain to help resist the impact of "incentive communism" on the rest of Europe.

What will come out of this complex Europe where Communist armies march to Catholic mass in Poland, where British Tories relish the "Russian menace" as an aid to their dreams of new empires, and where American capitalism presses everywhere against Socialists who are the staunchest enemies of Communism, is something I for one would not attempt to forecast. I know only one thing for certain; that no one touring Europe in 1947 should suffer from boredom.

Great-Grandfather of TVA's Contour Plowing

TRAVEL through all the Southern states, and you will see millions of acres that have been ruined. . . . The land has been washed away by the system of plowing up and down hill, till waters that were once navigable have been filled up and changed to dry land. . . . We should devise a system of tillage that will prevent the land from washing away. It should be a rule in all hilly countries that every slope should always be plowed level—no matter how long or how crooked the rows are; let them wind round the hill and always plow by the plumb and level.

—Solon Robinson, at ■ meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute held in New York City, July 11, 1854.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

WHEN the editors of literary sheets get to work on their Christmas editions they ask various drones and workers to send them lists of books. Usually the books asked for must have been published during the current year and the ostensible idea is that people whom misfortune has prevented from being writers will observe that Russell Maloney likes *The Robe* and will be grateful for such guidance when they buy Christmas presents. Actually the lists are fillers used to help the editorial matter balance the Christmas advertising pages, and since you aren't quite willing to name your own new book you write down the books your friends have published this year and let it go at that. But one editor has called a new play. "Will you," he asked, "name the books belonging to the permanent wealth of literature that have contributed to the development of your philosophy?"

It would have been easy to make a list that would satisfy the requirements of the question and at the same time display me as a well-read, discriminating man given to weighty meditations and likely to dismiss Comte as a trifle. But this editor is a man whose writing and judgment I respect, whom though I seldom see him I think of as a friend, who is perceptive about my work—well, I mean he usually likes it. So I wanted to do justice to his question. One result is that he has caused me more trouble than an editor has a right to. Another result is ignominious. I find that I haven't got anything which can properly be called a philosophy and that in the development of the philosophy I haven't got, specific books have not played a very large part.

This will not surprise my colleagues in what we call the literary world. They regard me as an alien, without naturalization papers, or as a foundling who should have been left on some other doorstep. One of them once summed up the case for the complainants. I am unable, he decided, to take literature as a sacrament. He is a man with whom I like to disagree but though I walked round and round that judgment with a magnifying glass in my hand, I could find no flaw in it and ended by thanking him for a tribute to my cultivation and my sanity. I concluded on my own part, however, that he ought to be taught more clearly what literature is and what sacraments are. And, though I did not doubt that he could find people who do take literature as a sacrament, he ought not to admit them to the elect because they do; he ought to send them to a psychiatrist. They would be in a pathological state of mind, on the borderline between illusion and delusion, between neurosis and psychosis.

AND how much can you tell about the mind or personality of a man, or about the values he accepts, by the books he likes? Not much that is dependable, though literary people, and especially literary critics, tend to believe that you can. We all size up people by the books on their shelves and if we meet them just once the appraisal stands; but if we get to know them, then when we remember it it seems foolish. Accidental circumstance, mere chance, contingencies of time or relationship, patterns of unimportant motives, transitory experiences—such things may have been decisive in giving a

book significance for someone and you can seldom allow for them when you judge him by the book. Once in a time of deep personal trouble I happened to read a poem by Archibald MacLeish and it spoke to me so directly and with such a mutuality of experience that I have treasured it ever since, valuing it, I am sure, more highly than Mr. MacLeish does. It is not his best poem but it is the one that chance made most alive for me. Unless I explained the circumstance anyone who made a judgment about me on the basis of that poem would be wrong. I have read *The Education of Henry Adams* a dozen times—more than that, in fact. But I do not go on rereading it because I think it says important things but rather because I get an intense pleasure from perceiving how much of what Adams passes a magisterial judgment on he was altogether ignorant of, how superhumanly absurd much of his reasoning is, on the basis of what gigantic misconceptions he announced certainties where almighty God would have proceeded tentatively. That fact may tell you something about me but not what, without knowing it, you would have concluded about me from my frequent readings of Adams. And what has either Mr. MacLeish's poem or Adams' book "contributed to the development" of my philosophy?

How does one develop a philosophy? Some people do from books at first hand, I know. There is that species of person, that type of mind. I can only say that the species and the type are not mine. "A philosophy," I take it, means wisdom, understanding of experience—a belief which seems justified that experience has meaning, and a belief which seems justified that one knows what its meanings are; a conception of reality which one trusts to explain people and events and which one uses, more or less consciously, to judge them by. But surely these things are most valid when they come at first hand from experience itself. Growing up, ambition and effort, love, marriage, friendship, parenthood, failure, pain, loss—surely these are the experiences that have meaning, that shape one's philosophy, and surely they come first and books only afterward. There would be only scorn for

anyone who tried to get at them first through books, except that pity for him would intervene. It is a folly and a delusion of some literary people—but only, I think, of what the scholars call the Romantic tradition, in whose last age I prayerfully believe we are living—to think that literature has priority over experience.

IT is true that we call on books to enlarge and extend our experience and, as well as they can, to give us experience vicariously. And we call on them to give us knowledge, ideas, and hypotheses that will help us to understand our experience, to explain and perhaps to justify it, certainly to bring it into relationship with the experience of others. And yet if they are to serve us truly the course must always be from life to books and ideas, and through books and ideas back to life again; and when we must choose between them we trust the experience itself. There is, so I believe, no body of ideas to which we can confidently refer the fundamental and crucial experiences of our life. We have only ourselves, what we have learned from ourselves and the impact of the world on us, however those lessons may have been enlarged or refined by books which were the work of men who lived more abundantly or more perceptively than we.

They may be great books by great men but—again, so I think—they cannot come first. And especially formal philosophy falls away. On that day when, unknowing, a man goes forth to meet his love a treatise on metaphysics will serve him not at all. On that day and on the day when he must confront his life's failure or the death of his child, Plato will serve him not at all, or Schopenhauer or Kant either. There will serve him only what, God help him, he has come to be, and of that the greater part is what has happened to him. Has *happened* to him, as emotion or as event. One comes (rather, I came after some years of assiduously devoting myself to metaphysics) to decide that systematic philosophy, the generalization and abstraction of experience by technical means toward the explanation of life or the universe, has no meaning. No meaning of or within or for our lives. It may have beauty and majesty,

all esthetic and all intellectual attributes, but it means nothing at all.

Instead, one comes to ask of philosophers what both Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Edman have said philosophy can best offer, criticism. That is the true function of philosophy, not to answer meaningless questions or to try to answer unanswerable ones, but to criticize experience and idea. But we call on much other literature besides philosophy to do the same, and indeed the criticism of experience and idea is the fundamental function of our reading. I am afraid that criticism—the true critical spirit—means doubt, skepticism, the disbelief that will give ground only as it is made to by overwhelming force. We need it in order to make our way among the illusions which beset us and for which as human beings we have an all but unalterable preference over realities. The seeming and appearance, the snare and pitfall, the natural deceptiveness of things and our supreme endowment of self-deception. And we also need this criticism because it must always bring us back to experience, to life. Books and ideas out of life, yes. Books out of books, ideas out of ideas, or one out of the other—well, only distrustfully.

At least, Jim, that is where I find myself standing. (I may as well say that the editor I did not identify above is James Gray.) Novelists and poets because they try to work with life directly, as against literary critics who work with it only through books. Natural scientists because they work with the substances and energies of the objective world, biological scientists because they work with the processes of life, and psychologists because they work with the organism of the mind—these against philosophers who work with abstractions from things, and against the many kinds of thinkers not to be called philosophers who nevertheless work like them from thought to thought by way of thought. And the autobiographers, biographers, annalists, memorialists, historians, naturalists, whom you will, the men who forthrightly undertake to describe what they have seen and felt and experienced, who try to make a reliable description of the exterior world, of events, of themselves, of other men.

I SUPPOSE that is why I have read historians all my life, trusted them (under suspicion, however) while they stuck to men and events, abandoned them when they began to write for one another, and found no health in them when they converted history into world systems. Specialists writing for one another, whatever their kind, need constant critical suspicion and some kinds of them get too little of it. The peculiar species of literary critics whom our own time has bred, for instance, not quite metaphysicians but not quite anything else either, who expend enormous intellectual power in a kind of thinking that can be expressed only in a private symbolical language of their own and that proves to have no meaning when an outsider begins to substitute for x .

This may be to say that I go on looking for the honest man. At any rate the writer who is trying to make a true description of something, to render an accurate account of an experience, seems to me the kind of writer whose work, in Jim Gray's phrase, will help to make a philosophy. Let us not ask of writers in the name of philosophy more help than they can give. We need many small helps, innumerable ones, and we get them. But if we ask for the complete, the final, or the immutable, then there will be only failure for literature and philosophy alike, and for the person who asks, only despair. We can trust novelists and poets to sharpen reality or increase wisdom a little by illuminating and refining the experience with which they deal, bringing emotions a little farther into the understood, finding some of the clues and hints we cannot find for ourselves. But if we ask them to describe society or to tell us what the universe means we betray both them and ourselves. We can trust other writers just so far as we can estimate their qualities and determine whether they are grappling with real things.

But always we must regard them with suspicion. No one sees far or clearly in the dark, no one rises above the waters of illusion very long, and no one will bear us up lest we dash our feet against a stone. In the end what anyone tells us must be subordinate and subject to our own eyes and nerves and pain, and to the stones against

which we have dashed our feet all too sickeningly. The help anyone gives us must stop short of them. We must proceed on that basis.

And always in the knowledge that, however multifarious and many-fingered, the help will not be great. I repeat that on the day when, before evening, a man will meet his love or see his life fail or his child die there is only what he has come to be, the membrane of personality that incloses his self and his family and his friends, the shape they have made of one another. Is not a "philosophy," Jim, a totality? On that day, in the moment of that man's feeling or of his act, nothing can be separated out alone. Plato or Shakespeare or Freud, yes, but only as part of an aggregate in which you must also seek out, say, the pineal gland, or a silly tune heard years ago through an open window at an address forgotten, or a crowd moving at twilight up an avenue not now to be named, or what someone long dead once said casually about nothing in particular, or all that was false or illusory as well as what was real and true in the pain felt and the hope blasted and the delight achieved.

But I think you used the wrong word. You meant not philosophy but faith, which is another aggregate of personal events if a different one, and what you were really asking us drones and workers was whether we were willing to say that in today's chaos we saw any grounds for hope. If that is it, then I am willing—reminding you that we both read too many books, that our minds are too subdued to what we work in, and that you must take into account my own pineal gland, say, or Madison Avenue in December dusk.

WELL, something is ending or beginning. A cycle is drawing to a close or a new one is already under way—I will not try to tell you which, nor believe anyone who tells you, and it doesn't matter. But if the twentieth century has been an almost uninterrupted

crisis, I think that we and our children and our time have begun to learn from it a lesson that as the heirs of our past we needed to learn. Let me take the longest curve and the most generalized reading and say that what is beginning to ebb, I think, may be despair.

So many people (writers among them) are looking back to times when life was not, they say, precarious, when there was security and stability and unthreatened hope. I think this may mean that the illusion of security and stability, of the life that is not precarious, is beginning to die. But there is more. For a long time to believe that evil is an active principle in the world and the affairs of men has been a heresy; I think the twentieth century has by now made us see that it is not. For a long time to believe that there was evil as well as divinity in man's soul has been interdicted. To doubt the perfectibility of man or the perfectibility of his society was to be outlaw. Religion, which knew otherwise, had softened into illusion. Hence the revulsion that terrified and paralyzed us when the hard reality of evil, in man or his soul or his society, broke through. Hence the lust to perfect man by killing him and society by destroying it.

Forty-seven years of the twentieth century have, I believe, cracked the illusion of which we were likely to die. My faith is that we now understand evil as implicit in the world—and so we will bring courage and fortitude and strength, not panic to the struggle against it. That we will see the struggle as one not to eradicate evil but to subdue and contain it. I think we will do better. Courage and reality seem to me better weapons against evil than illusion and despair.

That as philosophy, Jim, as what I take to be derived from what has happened to us. Allow for the silly tune and the avenue at twilight, but allow too for the books I have read. And look for it from now on in books on which both of us will have to pass judgment.

GERTRUDE STEIN: A SELF-PORTRAIT

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

. . . I want to say that just today I met Miss Hennessy and she was carrying, she did not have it with her, but she usually carried a wooden umbrella. This wooden umbrella is carved out of wood and looks like a real one even to the little button and the rubber string that holds it together. It is all right except when it rains. When it rains it does not open and Miss Hennessy looks a little foolish but she does not mind because it is after all the only wooden umbrella in Paris. And even if there were lots of others it would not make any difference.

Gertrude Stein: Everybody's Autobiography

WHEN Kahnweiler the picture dealer told Miss Stein that Picasso had stopped painting and had taken to writing poetry, she confessed that she had "a funny feeling" because "things belonged to you and writing belonged to me. I know writing belongs to me, I am quite certain," but still it was a blow. ". . . No matter how certain you are about anything belonging to you if you hear that somebody says it belongs to them it gives you a funny feeling."

Later she buttonholed Picasso at Kahnweiler's gallery, shook him, kissed him, lectured him, told him that his poetry was worse than bad, it was offensive as a Cocteau drawing and in much the same way, it was unbecoming. He defended himself by reminding her that she had said he was an extraordinary person, and he believed an extraordinary person should be able to do anything. She said that to her it was a repellent sight when a person who could do one thing well dropped it for something else he could not do at all. Convinced, or defeated, he promised to give back writing to its natural owner.

WRITING was no doubt the dearest of Miss Stein's possessions, but it was not the only one. The pavilion atelier in rue de Fleurus was a catch-all of beings and created objects, and everything she looked upon was hers in more than the usual sense. Her weighty numerous divans and armchairs covered with dark, new-looking horsehair; her dogs, Basket and Pépé, conspicuous, special, afflicted as neurotic children; her clutter of small tables each with its own clutter of perhaps valuable but certainly treasured objects; her Alice B. Toklas; her visitors; and finally, ranging the walls from floor to ceiling, giving the impression that they were hung three deep, elbowing each other, canceling each other's best effects in the jealous way of pictures, was her celebrated collection of paintings by her collection of celebrated painters. These were everybody of her time whom Miss Stein elected for her own, from her idol Picasso (kidnapped bodily from brother Leo, who saw him first) to miniscule Sir Francis Rose, who seems to have appealed to the pixy in her.

Yet the vaguely lighted room where

things accumulated, where they appeared to have moved in under a compulsion to be possessed once for all by someone who knew how to take hold firmly, gave no impression of disorder. On the contrary, an air of solid comfort, of inordinate sobriety and permanence, of unadventurous middle-class domesticity—respectability is the word, at last—settled around the shoulders of the guest like a Paisley shawl, a borrowed shawl of course, something to be worn and admired for a moment and handed back to the owner. Miss Stein herself sat there in full possession of herself, the scene, the spectators, wearing thick no-colored shapeless woolen clothes and honest woolen stockings knitted for her by Miss Toklas, looking extremely like a handsome old Jewish patriarch who had backslid and shaved off his beard.

Surrounded by her listeners, she talked in a slow circle in her fine deep voice, the word "perception" occurring again and again and yet again like the brass ring the children snatch for as their hobby horses whirl by. She was in fact at one period surrounded by snatching children, the literary young, a good many of them American, between two wars in a falling world. Roughly they were divided into two parties: those who were full of an active, pragmatic unbelief, and those who searched their own vitals and fished up strange horrors in the style of *transition*. The first had discovered that honor is only a word, and an embarrassing one, because it was supposed to mean something wonderful and was now exposed as meaning nothing at all. For them, nothing worked except sex and alcohol and pulling apart their lamentable midwestern up-brings and scattering the pieces. Some of these announced that they wished their writings to be as free from literature as if they had never read a book, as indeed too many of them had not up to the time. The *transition* tone was even more sinister, for though it was supposed to be the vanguard of international experimental thought, its real voice was hoarse, anxious, corrupted mysticism speaking in a thick German accent. The editor, Eugene Jolas, had been born in the eternally disputed land of Alsace, bilingual in irreconcil-

able tongues, French and German, and he spoke both and English besides with a foreign accent. He had no mother tongue, nor even a country, and so he fought the idea of both, but his deepest self was German: he issued frantic manifestoes demanding that language be reduced to something he could master, crying aloud in "defense of the hallucinative forces," the exploding of the verb, the "occult hypnosis of language," "chthonian grammar"; reason he hated, and defended the voice of the blood, the disintegration of syntax—with a special grudge against English—preaching like an American Methodist evangelist in the wilderness for "the use of a language which is a mantic instrument, and which does not hesitate to adopt a revolutionary attitude toward word syntax, going even so far as to invent a hermetic language, if necessary." The final aim was "the illumination of a collective reality and a totalistic universe." Meanwhile Joyce, a man with a mother-tongue if ever there was one, and a master of languages, was mixing them in strange new forms to the delight and enrichment of language for good and all.

Miss Stein had no problems: she simply exploded a verb as if it were a soap bubble, used chthonian grammar long before she heard it named (and she would have scorned to name it), was a born adept in occult hypnosis of language without even trying. Serious young men who were having a hard time learning to write realized with relief that there was nothing at all to it if you just relaxed and put down the first thing that came into your head. She gave them a romantic name, the Lost Generation, and a remarkable number of them tried earnestly if unsuccessfully to live up to it. A few of them were really lost, and disappeared, but others had just painted themselves into a very crowded corner. She laid a cooling hand upon their agitated brows and asked with variations, What did it matter? There were only a few geniuses, after all, among which she was one, only the things a genius said made any difference, the rest was "just there," and so she disposed of all the dark questions of life, art, human relations, and death, even eternity, even God, with perfect Stein logic, bringing

the scene again into its proper focus, upon herself.

SOME of the young men went away, read a book, began thinking things over, and became the best writers of their time. Humanly, shamefacedly, they then jeered at their former admiration, and a few even made the tactical error of quarreling with her. She enjoyed their discipleship while it lasted, and dismissed them from existence when it ended. It is easy to see what tremendous vitality and direction there was in the arts all over the world; for not everything was happening only in France, for life was generated in many a noisy seething confusion in many countries. Little by little the legitimate line of succession appeared, the survivors emerged each with his own shape and meaning, the young vanguard became the Old Masters and even old hat.

In the meantime our heroine went on talking, vocally or on paper, and in that slow swarm of words, out of the long drone and mutter and stammer of her lifetime monologue, often there emerged a phrase of ancient native independent wisdom, for she had a shrewd deep knowledge of the commoner human motives. Her judgments were neither moral nor intellectual, and least of all aesthetic, indeed they were not even judgments, but simply her description from observation of acts, words, appearances giving her view; limited, personal in the extreme, prejudiced without qualification, based on assumptions founded in the void of pure unreason. For example, French notaries' sons have always something strange about them—look at Jean Cocteau. The Spaniard has a natural center of ignorance, all except Juan Gris. On the other hand, Dali had not only the natural Spanish center of ignorance, but still another variety, quite malignant, of his own. Preachers' sons do not turn out like other people—E. E. Cummings, just for one. Painters are always little short round men—Picasso and a crowd of them. And then she puts her finger lightly on an American peculiarity of our time: “. . . so perhaps they are right the Americans in being more interested in you than in the work you have done, although they would not be interested in you if you had

not done the work you had done.” And she remarked once to her publisher that she was famous in America not for her work that people understood but for that which they did not understand. That was the kind of thing she could see through at a glance.

It was not that she was opposed to ideas, but that she was not interested in anybody's ideas but her own, except as material to put down on her endless flood of pages. Like writing, opinion also belonged to Miss Stein, and nothing annoyed her more—she was easily angered about all sorts of things—than for anyone not a genius or who had no reputation that she respected, to appear to be thinking in her presence. Of all those GI's who swarmed about her in her last days, if any one showed any fight at all, any tendency to question her pronouncements, she smacked him down like a careful grandmother, for his own good. Her GI heroes Brewsie and Willie are surely as near to talking zombies as anything ever seen in a book, and she loved, not them, but their essential zombiness.

Like all talkers, she thought other people talked too much, and there is recorded only one instance of someone getting the drop on her—who else but Alfred Stieglitz? She sat through a whole session at their first meeting without uttering one word, a feat which he mentioned with surprised approval. If we knew nothing more of Stieglitz than this we would know he was a great talker. She thought that the most distressing sound was that of the human voice, other peoples' voices, “as the hoot owl is almost the best sound,” but in spite of this she listened quite a lot. When she was out walking the dogs, if workmen were tearing up the streets she would ask them what they were doing and what they would be doing next. She only stopped to break the monotony of walking, but she remembered their answers. When a man passed making up a bitter little song against her dog and his conduct vis-à-vis lamp posts and house walls, she put it all down, and it is wonderfully good reporting. Wise or silly or nothing at all, down everything goes on the page with the air of everything being equal, unimportant in itself, important

because it happened to her and she was writing about it.

II

SHE had not always been exactly there, exactly that. There had been many phases, all in consistent character, each giving way in turn for the next, of her portentous being. Ford Madox Ford described her, in earlier Paris days, as trundling through the streets in her high-wheeled American car, being a spectacle and being herself at the same time. And this may have been near the time of Man Ray's photograph of her, wearing a kind of monk's robe, her poll clipped, her granite front and fine eyes displayed at their best period.

Before that, she was a youngish stout woman, not ever really young, with a heavy shrewd face between a hard round pompadour and a round lace collar, looking more or less like Picasso's earliest portrait of her. What saved her then from a good honest husband, probably a stockbroker, and a houseful of children? The answer must be that her envelope was a tricky disguise of Nature, that she was of the company of Amazons which nineteenth-century America produced among its many prodigies: not-men, not-women, answerable to no function in either sex, whose careers were carried on, and how successfully, in whatever field they chose: they were educators, writers, editors, politicians, artists, world travelers, and international hostesses, who lived in public and by the public and played out their self-assumed, self-created rôles in such masterly freedom as only a few early medieval queens had equaled. Freedom to them meant precisely freedom from men and their stuffy rules for women. They usurped with a high hand the traditional masculine privileges of movement, choice, and the use of direct, personal power. They were few in number and they were not only to be found in America, and Miss Stein belonged with them, no doubt of it, in spite of a certain temperamental passivity which was Oriental, not feminine. With the top of her brain she was a modern girl, a New Woman, interested in scientific experiment, historical research, the rational view; for a time she was even a

medical student, but she could not deceive herself for long. Even during her four years at Radcliffe, where the crisp theories of higher education battled with the womb-shaped female mind (and they always afterward seemed foolish to her at Radcliffe) she worried and worried, for worrying and thinking were synonyms to her, about the meaning of the universe, the riddle of human life, about time and its terrible habit of passing, God, death, eternity, and she felt very lonely in the awful singularity of her confusions. Added to this, history taught her that whole civilizations die and disappear utterly, "and now it happens again," and it gave her a great fright. She was sometimes frightened afterward, "but now well being frightened is something less frightening than it was," but her ambiguous mind faced away from speculation. Having discovered with relief that all knowledge was not her province, she accepted rightly, she said, every superstition. To be in the hands of fate, of magic, of the daemonic forces, what freedom it gave her not to decide, not to act, not to accept any responsibility for anything—one held the pen and let the mind wander. One sat down and somebody did everything for one.

STILL earlier she was a plump solemn little girl abundantly upholstered in good clothes, who spent her allowance on the work of Shelley, Thackeray, and George Eliot in fancy bindings, for she loved reading and *Clarissa Harlowe* was once her favorite novel. These early passions exhausted her; in later life she swam in the relaxing bath of detective and murder mysteries, because she liked somebody being dead in a story, and of them all Dashiell Hammett killed them off most to her taste. Her first experience of the real death of somebody had taught her that it could be pleasant for her too. "One morning we could not wake our father." This was in East Oakland, California. "Leo climbed in by the window and called out that he was dead in his bed and he was." It seems to have been the first thing he ever did of which his children, all five of them, approved. Miss Stein declared plainly they none of them liked him at all:

"As I say, fathers are depressing but our family had one," she confessed, and conveys the notion that he was a bore of the nagging, petty sort, the kind that worries himself and others into the grave.

Considering her tepid, sluggish nature, really sluggish like something eating its way through a leaf, Miss Stein could grow quite animated on the subject of her early family life, and some of her stories are as pretty and innocent as lizards running over tombstones on a hot day in Maryland. It was a solid, getting-on sort of middle-class Jewish family of Austrian origin, Keyser on one side, Stein on the other: and the Keyzers came to Baltimore about 1820. All branches of the family produced their individual eccentrics—there was even an uncle who believed in the Single Tax—but they were united in their solid understanding of the value of money as the basis of a firm stance in this world. There were incomes, governesses, spending money, guardians appointed when parents died, and Miss Stein was fascinated from childhood with stories about how people earned their first dollar. When, rather late, she actually earned some dollars herself by writing, it changed her entire viewpoint about the value of her work and of her own personality. It came to her as revelation that the only difference between men and four-footed animals is that men can count, and when they count, they like best to count money. In her first satisfaction at finding she had a commercial value, she went on a brief binge of spending money just for the fun of it. But she really knew better. Among the five or six of the seven deadly sins which she practiced with increasing facility and advocated as virtues, avarice became her favorite. Americans in general she found to be rather childish about money: they spent it or gave it away and enjoyed wastefully with no sense of its fierce latent power. "It is hard to be a miser, a real miser, they are as rare as geniuses it takes the same kind of thing to make one, that is time must not exist for them. . . . There must be a reality that has nothing to do with the passing of time. I have it and so had Hetty Green . . ." and she found only one of the younger generation in America, a young man named Jay

Laughlin, who had, she wrote, praising him, avarice to that point of genius which makes the true miser. She made a very true distinction between avarice, the love of getting and keeping, and love of money, the love of making and spending. There is a third love, the love of turning a penny by ruse, and this was illustrated by brother Michael, who once grew a beard to make himself look old enough to pass for a G.A.R. veteran, and so disguised he got a cut-rate railway fare for a visit home during a G.A.R. rally, though all the men of his family fought on the Confederate side.

THE question of money and of genius rose simultaneously with the cheerful state of complete orphanhood. Her mother disappeared early after a long illness, leaving her little nest of vipers probably without regret, for vipers Miss Stein shows them to have been in the most Biblical sense. They missed their mother chiefly because she had acted as a buffer between them and their father, and also served to keep them out of each other's hair. Sister Bertha and Brother Simon were simple-minded by family standards, whatever they were, Brother Leo had already started being a genius without any regard for the true situation, and after the death of their father, Brother Michael was quite simply elected to be the Goat. He had inherited the family hatred of responsibility—from their mother, Miss Stein believed, but not quite enough to save him. He became guardian, caretaker, business manager, handy-man, who finally wangled incomes for all of them, and set them free from money and from each other. It is pleasant to know he was a very thorny martyr who did a great deal of resentful lecturing about economy, stamping and shouting around the house with threats to throw the whole business over and let them fend for themselves if they could not treat him with more consideration. With flattery and persuasion they would cluster around and get him back on the rails, for his destiny was to be useful to genius, that is, to Miss Stein.

She had been much attached to her brother Leo, in childhood they were twin souls. He was two years older and a boy, and she had learned from Clarissa Har-

lowe's uncle's letter that older brothers are superior to younger sisters, or any boy to any girl in fact. Though she bowed to this doctrine as long as it was convenient, she never allowed it to get in her way. She followed her brother's advice more or less, and in turn he waited on her and humored and defended her when she was a selfish lazy little girl. Later he made a charming traveling companion who naturally, being older and a man, looked after all the boring details of life and smoothed his sister's path everywhere. Still, she could not remember his face when he was absent, and once was very nervous when she went to meet him on a journey, for fear she might not recognize him. The one thing wrong all this time was their recurring quarrel about who was the genius of the two, for each had assumed the title and neither believed for a moment there was room for more than one in the family. By way of proving himself, brother Leo took the pavilion and atelier in the rue de Fleurus, installed himself well, and began trying hard to paint. Miss Stein, seeing all so cozy, moved in on him and sat down and began to write—no question of trying. "To try is to die," became one of her several hundred rhyming aphorisms designed to settle all conceivable arguments; after a time, no doubt overwhelmed by the solid negative force of that massive will and presence, her brother moved out and took the atelier next door, and went on being useful to his sister, and trying to paint.

But he also went on insisting tactlessly that he, and not she, was the born genius; and this was one of the real differences between them, that he attacked on the subject and was uneasy, and could not rest, while his sister reasoned with him patiently at first defending her title, regretting she could not share it. Insist, argue, upset himself and her as much as he liked, she simply, quietly knew with a Messianic revelation that she was not only a genius, but *the* genius, and sometimes, she was certain, one of not more than half a dozen real ones in the world. During all her life, whenever Miss Stein got low in her mind about anything, she could always find consolation in this beautiful knowledge of being a born genius, and her

brother's contentiousness finally began to look like treason to her. She could not forgive him for disputing her indivisible right to her natural property, genius, on which all her other rights of possession were founded. It shook her—she worried about her work. She had begun her long career of describing "how every one who ever lived eats and drinks and loves and sleeps and talks and walks and wakes and forgets and quarrels and likes and dislikes and works and sits,"—everybody's autobiography, in fact, for she had taken upon herself the immense task of explaining everybody to himself, of telling him all he needed to know about life, and she simply could not have brother Leo hanging around the edges of this grandiose scheme pinching off bits and holding them up to the light. By and by, too, she had Alice B. Toklas to do everything for her. So she and her brother drifted apart, but gradually, like one of Miss Stein's paragraphs. The separation became so complete that once, on meeting her brother unexpectedly, she was so taken by surprise she bowed to him, and afterward wrote a long poem about it in which her total confusion of mind and feeling were expressed with total incoherence: for once, form, matter and style stuttering and stammering and wallowing along together with the agitated harmony of roiling entrails.

III

THERE are the tones of sloth, of that boredom which is a low-pressure despair, of monotony, of obsession, in this portrait; she went walking out of boredom, she could drive a car, talk, write, but anything else made her nervous. People who were doing anything annoyed her: to be doing nothing, she thought, was more interesting than to be doing something. The air of deathly solitude surrounded her; yet the parade of names in her book would easily fill several printed pages, all with faces attached which she could see were quite different from each other, all talking, each taking his own name and person for granted—a thing she could never understand. Yet she could see what they were doing and could remember what they said. She only listened at-



tentively to Picasso—for whose sake she would crack almost any head in sight—so she half-agreed when he said Picabia was the worst painter of all; but still, found herself drawn to Picabia because his name was Francis. She had discovered that men named Francis were always elegant, and though they might not know anything else, they always knew about themselves. This would remind her that she had never found out who she was. Again and again she would doubt her own identity, and that of everyone else. When

she worried about this aloud to Alice B. Toklas, saying she believed it impossible for anyone ever to be certain who he was, Alice B. Toklas made, in context, the most inspired remark in the whole book. “It depends on who you are,” she said, and you might think that would have ended the business. Not at all.

These deep-set, chronic fears led her to a good deal of quarreling, for when she quarreled she seems to have felt more real. She mentions quarrels with Max Jacobs, Francis Rose, with Dali, with Picabia,

with Picasso, with Virgil Thomson, with Braque, with Breton, and how many others, though she rarely says just why they quarreled or how they made it up. Almost nobody went away and stayed, and the awful inertia of habit in friendships oppressed her. She was sometimes discouraged at the prospect of having to go on seeing certain persons to the end, merely because she had once seen them. The world seemed smaller every day, swarming with people perpetually in movement, full of restless notions which, once examined by her, were inevitably proved to be fallacious, or at least entirely useless. She found that she could best get rid of them by putting them in a book. "That is very funny if you write about any one they do not exist any more, for you, so why see them again. Anyway, that is the way I am."

But as she wrote a book and disposed of one horde, another came on, and worried her afresh, discussing their ludicrous solemn topics, trying to understand things, and being unhappy about it. When Picasso was fretful because she argued with Dali and not with him, she explained that "one discusses things with stupid people but not with sensible ones." Her true grudge against intelligent people was that they talked "as if they were getting ready to change something." Change belonged to Miss Stein, and the duty of the world was to stand still so that she could move about in it comfortably. Her top flight of reasoning on the subject of intelligence ran as follows: "The most actively war-like nations could always convince the pacifists to become pro-German. That is because pacifists were such intelligent beings they could follow what any one is saying. If you follow what any one is saying then you are a pacifist you are a pro-German . . . therefore understanding is a very dull occupation."

Intellectuals, she said, always wanted to change things because they had an unhappy childhood. "Well, I never had an unhappy childhood, what is the use of having an unhappy anything?" Léon Blum, then Premier of France, had had an unhappy childhood, and she inclined to the theory that the political uneasiness of France could be traced to this fact.

THERE was not, of course, going to be another war (this was in 1937!), but if there was, there *would* be, naturally; and she never tired of repeating that dancing and war are the same thing "because both are forward and back," while revolution, on the contrary, is up and down, which is why it gets nowhere. Sovietism was even then going rapidly out of fashion in her circles, because they had discovered that it is very conservative, even if the Communists do not think so. Anarchists, being rarities, did not go out of fashion so easily. The most interesting thing that ever happened to America was the Civil War; but General Lee was severely to be blamed for leading his country into that war, just the same, because he must have known they could not win; and to her, it was absurd that any one should join battle in defense of a principle in face of certain defeat. For practical purposes, honor was not even a word. Still it was an exciting war and gave an interest to America which that country would never have had without it. "If you win you do not lose and if you lose you do not win." Even as she was writing these winged words, the Spanish Civil War, the Republicans against the Franco-Fascists, kept obtruding itself. And why? "Not because it is a revolution, but because I know so well the places they are mentioning and the things there they are destroying." When she was little in Oakland, California, she loved the big, nice American fires that had "so many horses and firemen to attend them," and when she was older, she found that floods, for one thing, always read worse in the papers than they really are; besides how can you care much about what is going on if you don't see it or know the people? For this reason she had Santa Teresa being indifferent to faraway Chinese while she was founding convents in Spain. William Seabrook came to see her to find out if she was as interesting as her books. She told him she was, and he discovered black magic in the paintings of Sir Francis Rose. And when she asked Dashiell Hammett why so many young men authors were writing novels about tender young male heroines instead of the traditional female ones, he explained that it was because as

women grew more and more self-confident, men lost confidence in themselves, and turned to each other, or became their own subjects for fiction. This, or something else, reminded her several times that she could not write a novel, therefore no one could any more, and no one should waste time trying.

Somehow by such roundabouts we arrive at the important, the critical event in all this eventful history. Success. Success in this world, here and now, was what Miss Stein wanted. She knew just what it was; how it should look and feel, how much it should weigh and what it was worth over the counter. It was not enough to be a genius if you had to go on supporting your art on a private income. To be the center of a recondite literary cult, to be surrounded by listeners and imitators and seekers, to be mentioned in the same breath with James Joyce, and to have turned out bales of titles by merely writing a half-hour each day: she had all that, and what did it amount to? There was a great deal more and she must have it. As to her history of the human race, she confessed: "I have always been bothered . . . but mostly . . . because after all I do as simply as it can, as commonplace as it can say, what everybody can and does do; I never know what they can do, I really do not know what they are, I do not think that any one can think because if they do, then who is who?"

It was high time for a change, and yet it occurred at hazard. If there had not been a beautiful season in October and part of November 1932, permitting Miss Stein to spend that season quietly in her country house, the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* might never have been written. But it was written, and Miss Stein became a best seller in America; she made real money. With Miss Toklas, she had a thrilling tour of the United States and found crowds of people eager to see her and listen to her. And at last she got what she had really wanted all along: to be published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Now she had everything, or nearly. For a while she was afraid to write any more, for fear her latest efforts would not please her public. She had never learned who

she was, and yet suddenly she had become somebody else. "You are you because your little dog knows you, but when your public knows you and does not want to pay you, and when your public knows you and does want to pay you, you are not the same you."

This would be of course the proper moment to take leave, as our heroine adds at last a golden flick of light to her self-portrait. "Anyway, I was a celebrity." The practical result was that she could no longer live on her income. But she and Alice B. Toklas moved into an apartment once occupied by Queen Christina of Sweden, and they began going out more, and seeing even more people, and talking, and Miss Stein settled every question as it came up, more and more. But who wants to read about success? It is the early struggle which makes a good story.

IV

SHE and Alice B. Toklas enjoyed both the wars. The first one especially being a lark with almost no one getting killed where you could see, and it ended so nicely too, without changing anything. The second was rather more serious. She lived safely enough in Bilignin throughout the German occupation, and there is a pretty story that the whole village conspired to keep her presence secret. She had been a citizen of the world in the best European tradition; for though America was her native land, she had to live in Europe because she felt at home there. In the old days people paid little attention to wars, fought as they were out of sight by professional soldiers. She had always liked the notion, too, of the gradual Orientalization of the West, the peaceful penetration of the East into European culture. It had been going on a great while, and all Western geniuses worth mentioning were Orientals: look at Picasso, look at Einstein. Russians are Tartars, Spaniards are Saracens—had not all great twentieth-century painting been Spanish? And her cheerful conclusion was, that "Einstein was the creative philosophic mind of the century, and I have been the creative literary mind of the century also, with the Oriental mixing with the European." She

added, as a casual afterthought, "Perhaps Europe is finished."

That was in 1938, and she could not be expected to know that war was near. They had only been sounding practice *alertes* in Paris against expected German bombers since 1935. She spoke out of her natural frivolity and did not mean it. She liked to prophesy, but warned her hearers that her prophecies never came out right, usually the very opposite, and no matter what happened, she was always surprised. She was surprised again: as the nations of Europe fell, and the Germans came again over the frontiers of France for the third time in three generations, the earth shook under her own feet, and not somebody else's. It made an astonishing difference. Something mysterious touched her in her old age. She got a fright, and this time not for ancient vanished civilizations, but for this civilization, this moment; and she was quite thrilled with relief and gay when the American Army finally came in, and the Germans were gone. She did not in the least know why the Germans had come, but they were gone, and so far as she could see, the American Army had chased them out. She remembered with positive spread-eagle patriotism that America was her native land. At last America itself belonged to Miss Stein, and she claimed it, in a formal published address to other Americans. Anxiously she urged them to stay rich, to be powerful and learn how to use power, not to waste themselves; for the first time she used the word "spiritual." Ours was a spiritual as well as a material fight; Lincoln's great lucid words about government of the people by the people for the people suddenly sounded like a trumpet through her stammering confession of faith, she wanted nothing now to stand between her and her newly discovered country. By great good luck she was born on the winning side and she

was going to stay there. And we were not to forget about money as the source of power; "Remember the depression, don't be afraid to look it in the face and find out the reason why, if you don't find out the reason why you'll go poor and my God, how I would hate to have my native land go poor."

THE mind so long shapeless and undisciplined could not now express any knowledge out of its long willful ignorance. But the heart spoke its crude urgent language. She had liked the doughboys in the other war well enough, but this time she fell in love with the whole American Army below the rank of lieutenant. She "breathed, ate, drank, lived GI's," she told them, and inscribed numberless photographs for them, and asked them all to come back again. After her flight over Germany in an American bomber, she wrote about how, so often, she would stand staring into the sky watching American war planes going over, longing to be up there again with her new loves, in the safe, solid air. She murmured, "Bless them, bless them." She had been impatient with many of them who had still been naïve enough to believe they were fighting against an evil idea that threatened everybody; some of them actually were simple enough to say they had been—or believed they had been—fighting for democratic government. "What difference does it make what kind of government you have?" she would ask. "All governments are alike. Just remember you won the war." But still, at the end, she warned them to have courage and not be just yes or no men. And she said, "Bless them, bless them."

It was the strangest thing, as if the wooden umbrella feeling the rain had tried to forsake its substance and take on the nature of its form; and was struggling slowly, slowly, much too late, to unfold.

GREECE PUTS US TO THE TEST

GEORGE POLK

ON JUNE 30, 1948, the Greek Army will be the single properly-functioning organ of the Greek government. The present official American policy has nurtured this military monster, and on that date it will be turned loose in the Balkans.

When the American Congress voted \$300,000,000 for military and economic aid last spring, our help was ostensibly intended to fill the void left by the liquidation of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration and by the impending withdrawal of British assistance. The American aid program was only a stop-gap measure; it carried an official limitation to June 30, 1948—the end of the American fiscal year. But after only a few months on the Greek scene, the United States has become increasingly entangled in the Greek problem, present and future.

By the end of the American fiscal year the Greek Army will have large supplies of American weapons and ammunition. Greece's 120,000 to 150,000 soldiers will be riding in American-purchased vehicles on American-purchased tires spun by American-purchased gasoline. Greek soldiers will be enjoying American military rations of 3,700 calories daily—in contrast to the average of 2,000 for the remainder of the Greek population.

Within the foreseeable future Greece cannot alone meet the continuing expense of maintaining such an army. By the most

optimistic estimates Greece will be unable to pay her own way for at least five years. Even basic rehabilitation of the war-shattered Greek economy may cost more than one and a half billion dollars. It is unlikely that during this period the Greek Army can be reduced materially in size because of internal and external threats to the nation; and armies are inherently opposed to packing up and going home when the money runs out. Greece's future, as a result, is directly tied to the amount of foreign aid available. UNRRA is no more. Britain will do well just to cope with her own crises. Russia, historically desirous of dominating the Balkans, will use Soviet policy to stimulate rather than alleviate Greek troubles.

The United States is therefore Greece's only democratic hope, and our aid program remains officially limited to June 30, 1948. If American assistance is then terminated, this money-and-manpower-consuming military force will be unleashed upon a country unable to feed her people, furnish her material needs, or meet her daily expenditures. Lacking political and economic stability but having a well-equipped army, Greece will invite the appearance of a Strong Man—from either the right or the left.

STRANGELY enough, two such men have names beginning with the same letter, Z. Right-wing Napoleon Zervas is

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a fifty-seven-year-old soldier, professional gambler, and unscrupulous politician. No longer sporting the full beard or picturesque uniforms of his earlier days, Zervas today affects dark suits and an air of respectability. But his activities, public and private, are even more sinister than when he participated in four prewar Greek political revolutions. As Minister of Public Order in a recent Royalist cabinet he directed a ruthless campaign against the opponents of the government, no matter what their political convictions. A secret official American document has referred to Zervas' "dictatorial and fascist tendencies" as being "at variance with the ideals of American democracy." In and out of government he is backed by the British-organized Greek gendarmerie force which still includes many officers and men who did police duty for the Germans during the occupation. A short, fat, powerfully built man, who needs glasses but likes to be seen without them, Zervas today dreams of riding a Balkan charger to power in Athens.

The most likely candidate for the position of strong man on the left is Nikos Zachariades, who, unlike Napoleon Zervas, is a man of brains rather than brawn. A fanatically faithful Party member and described as the most brilliant student ever to attend the Moscow School of Oriental Studies, Zachariades is secretary general of the Greek Communist party. Although he is the acknowledged master mind of Greek Communist activity, Zachariades has been in hiding during the past year. He has had his share of prisons; at forty-four he has spent nearly ten years in concentration camps, beginning in Greece under the John Metaxas dictatorship before the war. The Germans transferred him from Greece to Dachau, where he was released by American forces. A gifted public speaker and a brilliant administrator, Zachariades undoubtedly has a plan ready for Greece—if and when the Communists can seize power.

But a leftist or Communist dictatorship is exactly what the American aid program was originally designed to prevent. Not that the alternative of a right or Fascist regime would be any better. Either of these extreme governments soon might

seek diversion from internal Greek troubles by striking across frontiers into Western-supported Turkey or into Soviet-satellite Balkan nations. Such an event could undoubtedly start another war. For this reason, Greece today is far more important than her small area and population otherwise would indicate. For this reason, too, the Greek problem has become a testing ground for American foreign policy.

II

THE Greek problem is one of prewar poverty compounded by appalling wartime destruction. Of the 1,735,000 Greek buildings of all sizes and descriptions in 1939, more than 400,000 are now in ruins. In terms of human misery, 160,000 rural families and 100,000 urban families are homeless. Total Greek war losses, in buildings, bridges, rail and road communications, and shipping would cost about \$2,000,000,000 to replace. In addition, during the conflict Greece lost much of her small prewar industrial plant. The country is therefore economically paralyzed. Reliable unemployment figures are not available, but some 1,400,000 Greeks are living on direct dole and, in the war's wake and because of present civil strife, about 250,000 more persons are refugees from guerrilla-held areas. Hundreds of thousands of Greeks suffer from malnutrition and associated diseases, such as tuberculosis.

Greece's financial situation is equally depressing. The American dollar is officially worth 5,000 Greek drachmae. Yet unofficially, in the wide-open black market, a dollar brings upward of 9,000 drachmae. Greece's black market has become one of the country's largest businesses—with a turnover of from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000 yearly. Although the black market is detrimental to Greece's economy, exchange fluctuations are rigged by big operators to squeeze profits by bear-and-bull buying and selling.

On only one financial problem are the Greeks free from worry—the problem of counterfeiting. Since the largest Greek bank note is 20,000 drachmae (worth a little more than \$2), money literally is not worth the paper it is printed on. Before the

war the same note represented nearly \$200. Such inflation is reflected in all Greek figures. As compared with October 1939, Greek wages have increased 77 times, clothing 223 times, and food 168 times.

But an old proverb says, "Greece and poverty have always been sisters." Even in 1939 Greece was near the bottom of Europe's standard of living. Then the number of persons living per square kilometer of cultivated Greek land was 336, compared with 140 in Bulgaria, 181 in Yugoslavia, and 128 in Rumania. If Greece had had a highly productive, intensely cultivated agricultural area, comparative figures might not indicate hardship. Unfortunately Greece's 7,000,000 population still live in a land noted for its primitive agricultural methods and low yield per acre.

During prewar years Greece imported from one-third to one-half of her wheat, which meant heavy outlays in foreign currency. Much of the necessary raw material for textile manufacturing came from overseas. Nearly all machinery had to be bought in foreign countries. Further, Greece had no iron, no coal, no oil.

At the same time Greece offered little in the world market. The tobacco crop was an indispensable export, comprising about one-half of Greek shipments overseas. (Much "Turkish" tobacco comes from Greece's Kavalla region.) Currants and raisins also went to foreign purchasers. The Greek merchant marine was also important economically, since Greek sailors work for very little.

Yet increasingly, in prewar years, the Greek balance of trade showed a deficit. Actually the country's economy could be balanced only through remittances from emigrant sons, who left in large numbers principally to the United States, Australia, and South Africa. Now the situation has changed: emigration to most foreign countries is no longer possible. Then, too, emigrant sons established overseas are dying off and their children consider themselves citizens of the new lands and no longer Greeks.

Probably no other predominantly agricultural country in the world today has so precarious an economic position.

GREECE's prewar problem, complicated by wartime destruction, would be severe enough if Greece's economy could be bent dynamically to the task of solving the nation's crisis. But almost the exact opposite is true. The Greek money lenders, big business men, and ship owners of Athens have little or no faith in Greece's future. In fact they have a grim new way of saying, "It's later than you think." The Greeks say, "It's already too late." So the wealthy are concentrating on protecting their money, and their methods happen to be those most detrimental to the country's recovery.

Such methods are easy because Greek economy for so long has been tightly controlled. Thirty-five families dominate the country financially, exerting control or influence through interlocking directorates. The fulcrum for their economic lever is the National Bank of Greece, a private investment institution. These thirty-five families are the ruling clique of the two per cent of the Greek people who are well enough off to live well.

The only sphere in which this two per cent is not dominant is land ownership. As a result of the Venizelos policy following the first world war, Greece became a country of small holdings. Eleutherios Venizelos, the greatest statesman of modern Greek history, saw the threat of Communism and understood the poverty of the peasants. He broke up large estates and distributed land plots to hundreds of thousands of families.

As a social experiment, the Venizelos policy remains unparalleled outside Soviet-dominated areas, but Greece remains a country of big business. Because of restrictive governmental supervision her economic system mainly favors special individuals. A person cannot just start building a factory or organizing an export-import firm; a government permit is required. Such a government permit has a way of getting to only the "right people" who must "stand in" with the government. The system has led to fantastic abuses and absurd commercial investments, as a walk through Athens will amply illustrate.

Although Greece is poverty-stricken nationally, Athens stores are stuffed with luxury items. Prices, item for item, are

among the highest in the world. A Ronson lighter costing \$8 in New York, \$10 in Cairo, and \$12 in Jerusalem, costs 150,000 drachmae in Athens. At the official rate the Athens price therefore is \$30; at the black-market dollar rate the lighter costs about \$17. A Parker 51 pen, priced \$12.50 in New York, costs 250,000 drachmae in Athens. Bought at the official rate, the pen is \$50—unofficial, about \$31. A well-tailored suit of good English woolen costs upward of \$275. Trying to see who, if anybody, bought such high-priced items, I spent an hour recently watching eight shops side by side just off Athens' famous Constitution Square. In that hour I saw three customers enter those eight shops. Why don't the shopkeepers lower their excessively high prices and sell more?

THE answer is simple. Shopkeepers do not want to sell many items. All those Ronson lighters, Parker 51 pens, and woolen goods are hoarded items—hoarded in plain sight. Because of increasing inflation, Greek shopkeepers have no faith in the drachma; they invest in goods, charge high prices, and live on the proceeds. A sale a day is enough. Turnover is a less enticing gamble than holding items and waiting for inevitably higher prices. Therefore, Greek shopkeepers keep tangible objects of value instead of money. Such items, in addition to being protection against inflation, can be taken along in case some crisis requires flight from the country. With a civil war raging in Greece and Soviet-satellite nations threatening from the north, portability is today a vital factor in the economy. Convertibility is equally important.

I asked an Athens jeweler who had asked \$200 for a watch selling for only \$25 retail in Switzerland why he hoarded. He explained that nobody in Greece believed in the future; everybody wanted to make small investments and large profits, and it was anybody's guess when persons with money would have to flee. A Greek Army *coup d'état*, a Communist uprising, or a Russian-inspired invasion were all possibilities, he said. As a result, he had to be ready to liquidate his business overnight and transfer his capital to a foreign country in the form of a small cargo of con-

vertible items, in British gold sovereigns, or in American dollars.

OF COURSE, the only persons who expect to be able to leave Greece in the event of crisis are those with foreign money or tangible wealth that can be transported easily. Meanwhile those with money are putting poverty-stricken Greece through a commercial wringer of astounding proportions. The wringer squeezes buyers both of luxury items and of everyday necessities. Checking the costs of towels, for example, I started with a cart peddler hawking his wares outside the noisy Athens Central Post Office. There, a busy place of shouted prices, clanging street cars, and ancient rattling taxis, I asked the price of a cheap-looking towel. It sold for 35,000 drachmae—\$7 at official rates, \$4.50 unofficially. When I protested that the same towel would cost less than a dollar in New York, the cart peddler told me his story. He had to pay 31,000 drachmae for the 35,000-drachmae towel. But when I visited the wholesaler I found that he obtained the same towel from abroad for only 9,000 drachmae. Such commercial methods are possible only because the wholesale towel business requires both capital and an import license. Capital already is restricted to a tiny group in the country. By official favoritism, permission to import is limited principally to the same group. Thus the towel cart peddler and his potential customers, constituting some 98 per cent of Greece's population, are squeezed between desperate demand and carefully-rigged supply.

As the American Mission headed by Paul Porter reported: "There exists a wide disparity in living standards and income throughout Greece. Profiteers, traders, speculators, and black marketeers thrive in wealth and luxury—a problem which no government has met effectively. At the same time, the masses of people live on a bare subsistence. . . ." What before the war was simply a system designed to make the wealthy wealthier now has become a system designed to squeeze from the country every penny possible as quickly as possible.

In addition to being squeezed internally,

Greece seldom receives any benefit from foreign exchange obtained by Greek citizens. As a result, the nation is being bled of what remains in the way of national wealth. For example, consider the Liberty ships which the United States presented to Greece for recreating the Greek merchant marine. After obtaining the ships, the Greek government promptly sold a number of them to private Greek ship owners at extremely low prices. Today most of those ships fly the Panama flag. Some are netting upward of \$200,000 a year in profits for their owners. Most of the profits are carefully tucked away in private accounts in foreign banks.

During the past year a currency control committee, imposed by America and Britain, has been battling with this problem, trying to get Greek-held foreign exchange into use to improve Greece's internal situation. The committee consists of the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Co-ordination, the Governor of the Bank of Greece, and two foreign representatives—one American and the other British. This committee has final authority for spending foreign exchange and for authorizing drachma purchase of foreign exchange.

The committee's effectiveness is not yet fully evident, but 1946 afforded a good indication of need for the committee. During that year Greece spent drachmae to buy \$145,000,000 in foreign exchange. Of this sum \$141,000,000 went into luxury items, deposits of money in foreign banks, purchase of property outside Greece, and other activities that were nonproductive so far as the internal Greek economy was concerned.

Only \$4,000,000 of the \$145,000,000 went for machines, parts, and other equipment desperately needed to rebuild Greece's industrial plant. In some cases today an entire factory is idle simply because one relatively expensive part is missing or broken. Most likely the factory owner has ample funds to buy the part—but he doesn't. Few Greeks are willing to invest in factory equipment or mining machinery because these require too long for amortization. Also such items are too heavy to be taken away physically "when trouble begins."

III

THE arrival of the American Aid Mission, headed by Dwight P. Griswold, has not greatly eased the internal insecurity of the country. American help with foreign trade, reconstruction, and rehabilitation has so far gone almost unnoticed economically. The reason is that external pressure along the Soviet-satellite frontiers of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Albania is sufficient to keep Greeks apprehensive about what may happen tomorrow or the day after. Undoubtedly this is part of the Soviet campaign to stimulate uncertainty and tension. With a civil war raging, with wild inflation, and with fantastic increases in costs of living, a reasonable expectation might be that the Greek government would welcome any and all relief assistance. But relief often impinges upon the money-making methods of the wealthy two per cent, so official restrictions block as much philanthropic aid as possible. Today large stocks of UNRRA supplies still are lying unused in Greek warehouses. Release of these stocks might shake the carefully-rigged price levels of rice, clothing, shoes, beds, medicines, and other items. Fortunately both the American-Greek War Relief and the American Near East Foundation have enough political influence in Athens and Washington to crash through the organized Greek protective barrier. But officials of both organizations, which are interested simply in helping the Greek people, cannot afford to relax if their relief programs are to be effective.

The organization called CARE (Co-operative for American Relief in Europe) has been less successful in Greece. Only after months of battle did CARE succeed in getting release of six thousand gift packages of clothing, food, and vitamins. Greek government officials used every excuse to prevent distribution of the packages, but American radio and press stories caused so much comment that they finally forced a release. Yet future operations promise to be equally difficult. A CARE suggestion that it would like to distribute a number of towels and sheets free has been rejected. The official explanation is that Greeks don't use sheets and don't

need towels. Obviously, such an officially-rigged system must be rotten to the core.

Certainly the majority of private Greek citizens have little respect for their government—from minor officials to cabinet ministers. While on a trip to civil war areas along the Greek-Yugoslav frontier recently, I asked a villager if my leather jacket would be safe in my parked jeep. "Of course," the villager replied, "all the crooks in Greece are in the government." The Griswold Mission fully understood this situation within two weeks after our \$300,000,000 aid program began. As a result, Mission officials have insisted bluntly on supervision of all expenditures. Americans with executive authority have installed themselves in Greek ministries. Because of failure or inability to act in this manner, earlier UNRRA and British aid programs failed to achieve much in Greece, despite expenditure of more than \$800,000,000.

In meeting such a challenge, the Griswold Mission has had to use dynamic methods. Mission officials have refused to mince words. In fact, on occasion Griswold and his associates have said candidly that such and such a project could not succeed unless Mr. So-and-So was replaced. The Mission soon got positive about the need for complete reorganization of the right-wing Royalist governments that long had dominated the Greek scene.

In time the Mission's practical ideas clashed with the diplomatic theories of the American embassy in Athens. Whereas the embassy could play the usual diplomatic game of wait and see, the mission officially had only until June 30, 1948 to achieve something constructive. The Griswold Mission understood that the Royalist Populist party of Constantine Tsaldaris—plus hangers-on such as Zervas—were stimulating, instead of curing, Greece's civil strife. While many Greek collaborators kept their Axis-donated fortunes and some fascist-minded officers held high military commands in the Greek Army, anyone daring to criticize government policies was likely to be labeled "Communist" and given a one-way ticket to a barren Aegean island—without benefit of warrant, court action, or right of bail. Tsaldaris, Zervas, and Company, either wit-

tingly or unwittingly, succeeded only in devising a first-class recruiting campaign for the Communist party.

Month after month, despite mounting strife and nationwide discontent, these governments fumbled on. As Royalists they had to support the Greek ruler, King Paul, and his heir, seven-year-old Crown Prince Constantine. As Royalists, too, they indulged in extravagances such as voting the royal family a "remuneration" of \$480,000 annually—a tidy take in a country facing economic disaster. Greek Communist party leaders did not miss a trick in exploiting the situation. They raged about the Greek government's ruthless and corrupt methods and then put an increasingly severe popular discontent to work for Soviet benefit. Those who fled to the mountains to escape persecution promptly had to enlist in Communist-led guerrilla bands. Moscow-trained Communist Greeks roamed the country with specious arguments that led harassed non-Communists to serve Soviet policy. The Communist appeal throughout Greece was as thoroughly dishonest as it has been elsewhere—but the appeal had a convincing sound under the circumstances. Meanwhile, the Greek Army fought on against the Greek guerrillas. Glowing communiqués reporting final "mopping up" operations became a joke as Communist-led bands continued their successful and destructive hit-and-run attacks. Despite a fairly active summer offensive, the Greek Army clearly failed to end the civil war. In fact, as American military equipment began to reach the Greek Army, the Soviet-satellite nations simply increased their support of the guerrillas.

As summer ended, Greek soldiers told a bitter joke—that they controlled the cities and towns while the guerrillas controlled the mountains. Greece is nine-tenths mountainous.

THE American reconstruction program could not succeed in a country racked by civil war and served by inept, selfish, and corrupt officials. Greece needed a change in officials and policies. The Griswold Mission said so. That was exactly what American public opinion, as expressed in radio broadcasts and

newspaper editorials, meant. In fact, Loy Henderson, chief of the State Department's Middle East division, was rushed to Athens to tell the Greeks that they had better clean up their government politically or a disgusted American public opinion might force withdrawal of American economic and military aid. Such was the background of the resignation in August of the Populist-dominated, right-wing government of Prime Minister Dimitri Maximos. Out of the political crisis that followed came the government of Prime Minister Themistocles Sofoulis. The event was a triumph for the Griswold Mission's farsighted, practical thinking.

After long being torn between the excesses of extreme right-wing Royalist governments versus the Communist left, Greece seemed ready for the politically central leadership of a man such as Sofoulis. Certainly the vast majority of the Greek people are neither Fascists nor Communists. But a severe flaw in the republican Sofoulis program was that it had to be presented so late.

Nevertheless Sofoulis quickly placed his program before the nation. Being well aware of the Greek Army's failure to win the civil war, he offered a political amnesty to guerrillas who would support, instead of fight, his government. He hoped, in this way, to attract thousands of persecuted political refugees in the mountains away from their Moscow-trained leaders. As a further concession toward Greek political sanity, Sofoulis ordered most concentration-camp prisoners released. The only persons held were avowed Communists who declared their intentions of serving Soviet policy. On the economic front the new cabinet prepared a long needed rationing program and attacked the excessively high costs of living. New currency restrictions reduced black market operations. Import control was reorganized.

But the Sofoulis cabinet had to start with almost nothing. The ineptitude, inefficiency, and corruption that have permeated the Greek government for years could not be eradicated overnight. Also, since the Sofoulis cabinet had to be a coalition government—because of Populist strength in the Greek parliament—

Constantine Tsaldaris and his henchmen have succeeded partially in protecting the politico-economic system they rigged. Yet, whatever the soundness of the Sofoulis program—and it undoubtedly will be argued violently for some time—something similar unquestionably will remain Greece's only hope for the future.

Certainly such a program is necessary for achievement of the American objective of "saving democracy" in Greece. In "saving democracy" we must quench the fires of both the extreme right and the extreme left to give the great majority of the democratic-minded Greek population some faith in their future. To argue that the United States should not "interfere" in Greece is foolish—something like a fireman refusing to enter a burning house because he has no formal invitation.

IV

THE American economic aid program can be built successfully only on a broad, moderate political foundation. However, in the time remaining between now and June 30, 1948, the Griswold Mission will be able to make no more than a start on Greece's necessary rehabilitation. In general terms the American aid program will attempt to:

(1) equip the Greek army completely (almost two-thirds of our \$300,000,000 will go for this purpose);

(2) repair Greek roads—first, to facilitate the movement of Greek troops; second, to reduce the present fantastic costs of transporting civilian supplies to inland destinations;

(3) continue wreckage-clearing projects at Piraeus, Salonika, and Volos (the Athens port of Piraeus, which at the time of liberation was almost unusable, now is handling five thousand tons daily, yet because of sunken ships, bomb-wrecked wharves, and inadequate tackle, cargo handling costs are among the world's highest);

(4) remove the landslides blocking the vital Corinth canal, which has been plugged to coastwise traffic since German-detonated explosions plunged thousands of tons of earth into the narrow waterway;

(5) reconstruct factories so as to save

foreign exchange, reduce prices on a few textile supplies, and obtain small shipments of materials for export; and

(6) back efforts to achieve government administrative reforms. These are the major projects of the American Mission. The longer range suggestions made by the Porter Mission, the Food and Agriculture Organization, and the British economic study cannot go beyond the discussion stage. No matter how great the accomplishments of the Griswold Mission, they will ~~no~~ more than beautify certain spots in the war-shattered, impoverished, confused country of Greece.

On the basis of likely return, the \$300,000,000 American program—as it now stands—is a poor investment. It is either vastly too much or vastly too little. The one element necessary to real Greek recovery—the continuity of a long-term program—is missing. In fact, American activities in Greece cause confusion on the following points:

(1) Is the United States program pre-

paratory to fighting the Russians? If so, is Greece to serve as a Western Allied military base? (Many military experts believe Greece would become untenable the first day of an East-West conflict.)

(2) Or is the American investment aimed at attempting to deal a severe setback to Greek Communism, thereby striking a demonstrative blow at general European Communism?

(3) Or is the American program a test for Soviet reaction rather than just a project simply concerned with Greece?

(4) Or what?

Within the next few months answers to some or all these questions must be found. Collectively they—and our methods of dealing with the Greek problem—constitute a dramatic test for American foreign policy in action. Certainly no matter what happens, the United States is now learning both that the treadmill of Balkan affairs is easier to board than abandon and that the treadmill cannot be ridden half on and half off.

Desert Vineyard

CECIL GRAY

LORD, if you put us down upon a sandy plain
we will make the green grape grow
without rain: where rivers flow
beyond our reach, we will draw them in,
with pipe and trench we will teach
new purpose to the distant snow;
if need be, tap the subterranean rock
to bring sap to the vine, wine
into dusty skin.

Against your withering wind
we will raise a barricade of slender
blue gum trees, for shade the cottonwood.
And you will see both wine and splendor
made from the arid waste
you have abandoned to the useless sage,
the tumbleweed and rabbits.

Remember this when we enrage you
with our less constructive habits.

BLUEPRINT FOR A SILVER AGE

Notes on a Visit to America

CYRIL CONNOLLY

THURSDAY, 28 November. Nantucket light. In cold, sunny afternoon the bright red lightship bobbing to starboard is the first sign that our ten-day prep-school voyage is coming to an end; we are as happy as the discoverers of Virginia in 1584. "We found shoal water, where we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant." No more dull dormitory life, eight to a cabin, no hurried monotonous meals (without drink, for our ship, the *Highland Governess*, is dry), no more scrambling for chairs, or searching for conversation, no more the pitching and tossing of the battered old bureaucrappy troopship over the endless empty heaving dishwater of the autumn Atlantic. Tomorrow our personalities will be handed back to us. Agitation among the young Canadian engineers in my cabin. "Gee, I can't wait to be sweating over a corpse."

To bed excited, with lights and light-houses visible, and in the distance the Long Island beaches. All the voyage an immense euphoria about U. S. A., Baudelaire alternating with Baudelaire: prospect of seeing California and far Southwest! Europe seems infinitely remote; England like a week-end cottage which

one has abandoned with all the washing-up undone. I understand the New World motif. Actuality, the ideal of inhabiting a continuous present.

Friday. Up at six to see New York in the darkness—sunrise, the Narrows, the first houses, the ferries, "*l'aurore rose et verte*," the Statue of Liberty, skyscrapers in fog, general impression much more European than I had expected. Interminable wait before going ashore during which the passengers all look exactly as they did on the first day—"their sweating selves, but worse." Off about 12:30, then through customs and in taxi to hotel; my driver asks—and gets—six dollars. Tony and Wystan are there and we go off to lunch to a restaurant of my choice, exotic and rather bad; but Third Avenue, red and raffish, has a fascinating Continental charm. Auden warns us of the perils of the big city, he seems obsessed with hold-ups, the proper use of the subway system, and jumping to it at the traffic lights; his welcome is like that of the town mouse to the country mouse in the Disney film. I discover only later that his battle with the traffic lights is a kind of personal obsession with the machine age, a challenge to his desire to pass efficiently in the crowd. Hugging our wallets tightly and plunging over the crossings we proceed in short rushes to the Holliday bookshop, an oasis

Cyril Connolly's recent visit to America was in part a quest for material for the American number of Horizon, of which he is editor and for which this article serves as introduction.

where carefully chosen books are sold like hand-made cushions; here Wystan introduces the two new mice and leaves us, with instructions on how to take the subway back.

That evening an elaborate dinner with Peter at Voisin's, much-anticipated on the *Highland Governess* (disappointing except for avocado pears). The new mice compare notes. Peter says the U. S. A. is a place where only the very rich can be the least different from anyone else, but where the poor are not crushed and stunted (as in England, where the upper class is twice as tall as the lower). Here, he said, the poor are picturesque and often beautiful—the true creators of the American dream—and that there was also great poetry about the country when one traveled over it. On the other hand it was awful seeing nothing but copies—of buildings, houses, furniture, pictures—and where the originals were in private hands they gave no intimacy. I found the skyscrapers depressing, a huge black ferro-concrete architecture of necessity shutting out the light from the treeless streets

Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind of our, and Adam's curse
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow
worse.

SATURDAY. To the Lafayette after a stroll round delicious Washington Square, which in the morning sun considerably revives me from the gloomy thoughts of the night before, sleepless beside the sizzling radiator. Greenwich Village, which reminds me more and more of Soho, is still cheap, and apparently not quite spoilt, "the one place in New York where different income groups are still mixed up, and where the queers and misfits from the Middle West can all find sanctuary."

"There is an immense cleavage here," says Tony at lunch, "between the intellectuals and everyone else, who are really quite uninterested in books, though they like to keep up with the best sellers. Intellectuals thus have to join political movements or attach themselves to causes or become dons, for they cannot otherwise survive. They become overserious, 'culture' requires one hundred per cent efficiency, it is a whole-time business, every-

one becomes extremely bellicose and erudite; publishers work so hard that even they have no time for pleasure, and without pleasures the intellectual becomes uncivilized, a pedantic variation of the business man."

After lunch to the top of Rockefeller Center. Asked the bald elevator boy on the last lap why we were told to face outward. He made no reply at first, then broke down into helpless laughter; the only words to come from him were, "It's all so silly"—mountain sickness, perhaps. The view was the first beautiful thing I had seen in New York, where one can go for weeks without the knowledge of being surrounded by water. If one need never descend below the fortieth floor New York would seem the most beautiful city in the world, its skies and cloudscapes are tremendous, its Southern latitude is revealed only in its light (for vegetation and architecture are strictly Northern); here one can take in the Hudson, the East River, the midtown and downtown colonies of skyscrapers, Central Park and the magnificent new bridges and curving arterial highways, and watch here the evening miracle, the lights going on over all these frowning termitaries against a sky of royal-blue velvet only to be paralleled in Lisbon or Palermo. A Southern city, with a Southern pullulation of life, yet with a Northern winter imposing a control; the whole Nordic energy and sanity of living crisply enforcing its authority for three of the four seasons on the violet-airy babel of tongues and races; this tension gives New York its unique concentration and makes it the supreme metropolis of the present.

Dinner with Auden's friend C. At last the luxury of poverty; stairs, no lift, leaking arm-chairs, a bed-sitting-room with bath-kitchenette curtained off, guests with European teeth (who was it said that Americans have no faces?), a gramophone library, untidy books not preserved in cardboard coffins, an incompetent gas stove—and an exquisite dinner cooked and served by C. Clam juice mixed with chicken broth, chops with a sauce and lima beans, liederkranz cheese and pumpernickel, dry Californian wine. Argument afterward about poetry

interspersed with selections from Wystan's favorite operas. They are many. Much conversation about the U. S., and W. continues to propound his point of view. Though very pro-British (his bedside bible remains a work on the mineralogy of the Lake District compiled by a friend of his father's), he reverts always to the same argument: that a writer needs complete anonymity, he must break away from the European literary "happy family" with its family love and jokes and jealousies and he must reconsider all the family values. Possibly he could do this in any large impersonal society, but only in America is it so easy for the anonymous immigrant to make money. He is, of course, extremely lonely, but then so is every American; "you have no idea," he says, "how lonely even the married are." I make the inevitable point that surely it is important to live in attractive surroundings, and in New York (where all want to live) only the rich can afford them. Why live an exile in a black slum, looking out on a fire-escape, in a city which is intolerable in winter and summer, when for the same money one might flourish in Regent's Park or on the Ile Saint Louis? But then, I imagine Auden replying, you would at once have the family all about you, and he concentrates on my return journey to Washington Square. Walking back from the subway station at two in the morning I find a second-hand bookstore open all night in West Eighth Street, I go in and buy more Cummings; to purchase early works of Cummings in the small hours, in the heart of

the little barbarous Greenwich perfumed fake

and march home with them in the frosty night, while the tugs hoot and central heating plants under the long black street puff away through its many manholes like geysers on the moon, that is to enjoy that anonymous urban civilization that Auden has chosen, and of which Baudelaire dreamed and despaired.

II

LONG past diary-keeping now, I am slave of telephone and engagement book. Europe is a dream, and Au-

den's anonymity equally remote. We are plunged in New York literary life and try to analyze the swirl and eddy of that vigorous, intricate, cordial group of groupings. America is not Europe, in neither its places nor its people nor its values, and it is only by making the most desperate adjustment that a true European writer can remain himself here. Thus in the United States literature is fighting a losing battle against the Book Business which we can hardly comprehend. The crucial factor is the high cost of book production, which renders the printing of small editions (under 10,000) uneconomic; the tendency is therefore to go all out for the best seller and, with a constant eye on Hollywood, to spend immense sums on publicity to bring about one of these jackpots. But even without Hollywood there are large sums to be made from book-of-the-month clubs, cheap pulp editions, serial rights, and so the result of this pressure is a transformation of the literary scene into mass production. The American public are cajoled into reading the book of the month, and only the book of the month, and for that month only. Last year's book is as unfashionable as last year's car.

The standard of living among publishers is also ridiculously high; huge offices among skyscrapers employ armies of bright and competitive young men. I know of one whose lawyers forbade him to start a business of his own as his capital was but a hundred thousand dollars. The hunt for young authors who, while maintaining a prestige value (with a rôle for Ingrid Bergman), may yet somehow win the coveted jackpot, is feverish and incessant. Last year's authors (most of the names that have just reached England) are pushed aside and this year's—the novelist Jean Stafford, her poet husband Robert Lowell, or the dark horse, Truman Capote—are invariably mentioned. They may be quite unread, but their names, like a new issue on the market, are constantly on the lips of those in the know. "Get Capote"—at this minute the words are resounding on many a sixtieth floor, and "get him" of course means make him and break him, smother him with laurels and then vent on him the obscure hatred inherent in the notion of another's superiority.

"In Ngoio, a province of the ancient kingdom of the Congo," Frazer relates, "the rule obtains that the chief who assumes the cap of sovereignty is always killed on the night after his coronation." But in civilized Ngoio the throne is generally vacant. America is the one country (greatly to its credit) where an author can still make a fortune for life from one book; it is also the country where everyone is obsessed with that idea, where publishers live like stockbrokers, and where authors, like film stars, are condemned to meditate from minute to minute on last year's income tax, next week's publicity. It is all part of the American tragedy—that, in the one remaining country where necessities are cheap, where a room and food and wine and clothes and cigarettes and travel are within everyone's reach, to be poor is still disgraceful.

THE American way of life is one of the most effective the world has known, but about the end of life Americans are more in the dark than any people since the Gauls of Tacitus. What is the American way?

It may be summed up as a creed which is partly the effect of climate, partly of vitamins and calories, partly of pioneer experiences, partly of the inherited memory of what was bad in Europe. The American way assumes a world without God, yet a world in which happiness is obtainable, but obtainable only through a constant exertion of the will toward a practical goal and of the mind toward solution of present problems. Riches and success are the outward signs that this goal is being attained, that the human organism is making full use of its energy and faculties; a whispering of wives, expert at farewell (three is the lucky number), indicates that the proper stages on the journey are being reached, and handsome, healthy, indifferent children are present to carry on when the wage-earner passes over; any moments of disquieting leisure are rendered innocuous by extroverted social activities with colleagues of similar status and their families, or sent flying by alcohol. The esteem of society is enormously important and can only be held by a decent, kindly, and acquisitive

way of living. Courage, humor, hard work, and the affectionate co-operation of uncles and cousins make endurable the darker side: sickness, insolvency, hangovers, death, and mother.

Seldom has a more harmless or profitable philosophy of life been evolved, a more resolute opponent of art, remorse, and introspection, or one further removed from the futile European speculation about the Soul or the Past, the moping about sin and death, the clinging to moribund methods, ideals, relationships, the pangs of ennui. If one were but permitted to take human beings at their own valuation, the American way would seem the most desirable solution to our predicament, for it offers a full life built round the notions of freedom, independence, hard work, and the family; the personality without a thought stoically working itself out through action.

But the end? What is old age in America? After sixty, where do old people vanish? Why are the bustling battalions of unwanted Moms so elegantly pathetic? And the rich who have pocketed their winnings, why are they so glum? The rich in America are very aware of civilization, at the head of one of the most conscientious societies which the world has seen, and still largely owners of the means of production; yet in some way they appear grimly on the defensive. Public opinion is not behind this solemn patriciate as it is behind the boisterous and rising class. Cities like Boston and Philadelphia, which contain large bodies of rich rentiers living on inherited wealth but losing access to political power, are going off the boil, becoming august backwaters. Of all the Eastern cities only New York and perhaps Washington are on the upgrade, while the evolutionary dynamism of the "way" continues to expand in California and the far Northwest. The age of the Morgans, the Vanderbilts, the Mellons is over; the rich can do nothing with their money but give it away, and try to finance that artistic renaissance which their grandfathers by their exclusive cult of gold bricks and museum pieces did so much to destroy.

And what is this American "way," in reality, but forty years' drudgery in an

office while the divorced wives play bridge together and the children drift apart? What is the getting of money but a constant source of ulcers and anxiety, till apoplexy or heart failure clamp down? And why does alcohol, which should oil the wheels of intercourse, so flood and clog them that there is a drunk in each so respectable family? And why the immense rush to psychiatry, the high rate of madness and suicide? Why, after midnight, do so many Americans fight or weep? Grown up while still a child, middle-aged at thirty, a boy only among his cronies of the golf course or the lunch club, confined or cremated at about sixty-three, the American business male with his forceful, friendly, unlined face carries within him a dustbowl of despair which renders him far more endearing and closer to Europe than his dutiful efforts to conceal it. Action, often violent and destructive, not contemplation, is his remedy, but his awareness of the tragic human predicament goes very deep.

This leads us on to one of the finest traits in American character. At a time when the American way, backed by American resources, has made the country into the greatest power the world has known, there has never been more doubting and questioning of the purpose of the American process; the higher up one goes the more searching becomes this self-criticism, the deeper the thirst for a valid mystique of humanity. Those who rule America, who formulate its foreign policy and form its opinion, are enormously conscious of their responsibility and of the total inadequacy of the crude material philosophy of life in which they grew up. The bloody-minded, the smug, the imperialist, the fascist, are in a minority. Seldom, in fact, has an unwilling world been forced to tolerate, through its own folly, a more unwilling master.

III

THE New York scene reveals many traces of this unrest. Insecurity reigns. Almost everyone hates his job. Psychiatrists of all schools are as common as monks in the Thebaid. "Who is your analyst?" will disarm any interviewer;

books on how to be happy, how to attain peace of mind, how to win friends and influence people, how to breathe, how to achieve a cheap sentimental humanism at other people's expense, how to become a Chinaman like Lin Yutang and make a lot of money, how to be a B'hai or breed chickens (*The Ego and I*) all sell in millions. Religious houses of retreat merge imperceptibly into disintoxication clinics and private mental homes for the victims of traffic lights and nervous breakdowns. "Alcoholics Anonymous" slink like house detectives around the literary cocktail parties.

A most interesting phenomenon is the state of mind apparent in *Time*, *Life*, the *New Yorker*, and similar magazines. Thus *Life*, with its enormous circulation, comes out with excellently written leading articles on the dearth of tragedy in American literature or the meaning of suffering, and a closer acquaintance reveals them to be staffed by some of the most interesting and sensitive minds in that insensitive city.

It is easy to make fun of these three papers, but in fact they are not funny. Although they have very large circulations indeed, they only just miss being completely honorable and serious journals, in fact "highbrow." Hence the particular nemesis, ordeal by shiny paper, of those who manage them; they work very hard, and deliver almost the best work of which they are capable. But the gap is never quite closed between the public and the highbrow writer, because the American organism is not quite healthy. I mention this at some length because it indicates how very nearly New York has achieved the ideal of a humanist society, where the best of which an artist is capable is desired by the greatest number. Thurber's drawings, Hersey's *Hiroshima*, the essays of Edmund Wilson or Mary MacCarthy, *Time's* anonymous reviews, show that occasionally the gap is closed; when it is closed permanently the dream will be near fulfilment.

But these anxiety-forming predicaments (*Time-stomach* is a common trouble) are for those who live in New York and have to earn their living. To the visiting non-competitive European all is unending de-

light. The shops, the bars, the women, the faces in the street, the excellent and innumerable restaurants, the glitter of Twenty-One, the old-world lethargy of the Lafayette, the hazy views of the East River or Central Park over tea in some apartment at the magic hour when the concrete icebergs suddenly flare up; the impressionist pictures in one house, the exotic trees or bamboo furniture in another, the chink of "old-fashioneds" with their little glass pestles, the divine glories—Egyptian, Etruscan, French—of the Metropolitan Museum, the felicitous contemporary assertion of the Museum of Modern Art, the snow, the sea-breezes, the late suppers with the Partisans, the reelings-home down the black steam-spitting canyons, the Christmas trees lit up beside the licorice ribbons of cars on Park Avenue, the Gotham Book Mart, the shabby cosiness of the Village, all go to form an unforgettable picture of what a city ought to be: that is, continuously insolent and alive, a place where one can buy a book or meet a friend at any hour of the day or night, where every language is spoken and xenophobia is unknown, where every purse and appetite is catered for, where every street and every quarter with the people who inhabit them are fulfilling their function, not slipping back into apathy, indifference, decay. If Paris is the setting for a romance, New York is the perfect city in which to get over one, to get over anything. Here the lost *douceur de vivre* is forgotten and the intoxication of living takes its place.

WHAT is this intoxication? First, health. The American diet is energy-producing. Health is not just the absence of disease but a positive physical sensation. The European, his voice dropping a tone every day, finds himself growing stouter, balder, more extroverted and aggressive, conscious of a place in what is still, despite lip-service, a noisily masculine society. Then there is the sensation of belonging to a great nation in its present prosperous period of triumph. But in addition to "feeling good" the Americans are actively generous and kind, and it is this profusion of civilities which ravishes the visitor. American hosts

are not only thoughtful; it is almost dangerous to express a wish before them, to such unobtrusive lengths will they go to fulfil it. American hostesses bring their ingrained perfectionism into daily living. It is a society more formal, more painstaking, more glamorous, and more charitable than our poor old bitter, battered, pennywise European equivalent—one may pine inevitably for a whiff of honest English malice, outspokenness, and bad manners; but one should not be proud of such nostalgias—for we have largely forgotten the degree to which leisure, money, good will, and taste can still make life agreeable.

One thing alone seems to me impossible in New York—to write well. (My literary output over nine weeks amounted to a two-page letter.) Not because the whirl and pleasurable bustle of the gregarious life built around writing is so irresistible, not because it is almost impossible to find a quiet room near a tree, or to stay in of an evening, not because intelligent conversation with a kindred spirit is hard to come by (it is not), but because this glowing, blooming, stimulating material perfection overexcites the mind, causing it to precipitate into wit and conversation those ideas which might set into literature. Wit and wisecrack, not art, are the thorny flowers on this rocky island, this concrete Capri; they call the tune for which our proud new bass is lent us. "Yah," one may say instead of "yes," but when "fabulous," "for Chris' sakes," "it stinks," "way off the beam," and "Bourbon over ice" roar off our lips, when one notices with distaste the Europeanism of others—it's time for flight, for dripping plane-trees, misty mornings, the grizzling circle of hypercritical friends, the fecund London inertia where nothing stirs but the soul.

What are the alternatives? One may stay on and coarsen—many English writers do—into shapely executives or Park Avenue brandy philosophers; one can fight like Auden for privacy and isolation, or grow bitter and Fitzrovian* in the "Village atmosphere," or one can try elsewhere. Cape Cod and Connecticut have their dev-

*Fitzrovian—decayed Artists' Quarter between Soho and Bloomsbury.

otees, but these havens are the rewards of success, not its incubators. Boston, last stronghold of a leisured class, offers a select enlightenment of which a contemporary Englishman is just downright unworthy. Washington has immense charm, the streets of Georgetown with their ilexes and magnolias and little white boxes are like corners of Chelsea or Exeter, but a political nexus offers few resources to the artist who is outside the administration, and the lovely surroundings (the shores of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries form the most insidiously appealing of all American landscapes to the homesick European) are not places in which he can hope to earn a living.

IV

LET us try California. The night plane circles round La Guardia, leaves behind the icy water of the Sound and that sinister Stonehenge of economic man, the Rockefeller Center, to disappear over the Middle West. Vast rectangles of light occasionally indicate Chicago or some other well-planned city till at six in the morning we ground in the snow of Omaha. As it grows light the snowfields over the whole agricultural region of the Middle West grow more intricate, the Great Plains give way to the Bad Lands, poison ivy to poison oak, the sinuosities of the Platte Rivers to the High Plains, the mountains of Wyoming, the Continental Divide. All semblance of European structure vanishes; Salt Lake appears as a radiant lunar landscape in the wan sunshine, the Great Salt Lake desert glistening beyond it, fading into other deserts, last, into the formidable Carson Sink. It is hard to picture the immense desolation of the West in winter, the wilderness of snow over fifteen hundred miles of plateau and mountain, till suddenly, unfrozen, among the pine woods of the Rockies a blue alpine lake appears, Lake Tahoe, and beyond a great glowing explosion of orange sky, woods without snow, green hills with no trace of winter, the darker patches of citrus orchard, the line of irrigation canals, the Sacramento Valley—California and the enormous pale Pacific.

San Francisco is a city of charming

people, hideous buildings, mostly erected after the earthquake in the style of 1910, with a large Chinatown in which everything is fake—except the Chinese—with a tricky humid climate (though sunny in winter), and a maddening indecision in the vegetation—which can never decide if it belongs to the North or the South and achieves a Bournemouth compromise. The site is fantastically beautiful, the orange bridge, the seven hills, the white houses, the waterside suburbs across the Golden Gate give it a lovely strangeness, the sunset view from the “Top of the Mark” is unique—but the buildings lack all dignity and flavor. Yet San Francisco and its surroundings, Marin County, Berkeley, Sausalito with its three climates, San Mateo where lemon and birch tree grow together, probably represent the most attractive all-the-year-round alternative to Europe which the world can provide. If I were an escapist—that is, rather more determined to escape—I would fly from the delirium and coma of the countries I love and settle in central California. There Europe is twice as far as from New York which itself is so remote that it becomes a kind of Europe, a delicious object of the annual holiday, yet the temperate European climate and way of life still prevail.

A hundred miles to the south is some of the loveliest country I have ever seen, the Monterey peninsula and the redwood hills of Big Sur. At Monterey the Pacific for once imitates the Mediterranean, the vast cold treacherous sail-less ocean flows in sunny, sandy coves round the pine and cypress woods of the peninsula, the enormous sea-lions bark all night off the shore. South of Carmel the wild Santa Lucia mountains with their forests of evergreen oak and holly roll southward for two hundred miles of green Dorset downs, five thousand feet high. Here the Pacific roars at the foot of inky cliffs, pouring in immense black strands of weed, whose roots bob like human heads, while out to sea the whales, drifting south in pairs, spout lazily by. On one of these cliffs surrounded by editions of Rimbaud lives Henry Miller with his wife and child. His house is a romantic shack, built by the convicts while making the road, for which he pays six dollars rent a month. A mile or so further

is a hot open-air sulphur bath. Once a week the groceries come out from Carmel. There is some fog in winter, but generally it is sunny. The sea is there, the mountains, and a bathing pool in the redwood forest. Here is one writer who has solved the problem of how to live happily in America without hacking, writing unstintingly of himself and the Cosmos, decently impervious to this remote grandiose wilderness of mountain and sea.

Hollywood, Los Angeles are too well known to need description. On the whole those who have loved the Mediterranean will not be reconciled here in spite of the pot-pourri of talents and profusion of amenities, and those who really care for books can never settle down to the impermanent world of the cinema. Those who do not love the cinema have no business to come. There are exceptional cases of intellectual adaptation of which Huxley's is the most remarkable. The Californian climate and food creates giants but not genius, but Huxley has filled out into a kind of Apollonian majesty; he radiates both intelligence and serene goodness, and is the best possible testimony to the simple life he leads and the faith he believes in—the one English writer, I think, entirely to have benefited by his transplantation and whom one feels exquisitely refreshed by meeting. Huxley and Isherwood incidentally join hands with Auden in that all three believe (somewhat masochistically) that the peculiar horrors of America—its brashness, music at meals, and racial hysteria—by being emphasized there to a degree not found in other countries, force the onlooker into a rejection of the world which might otherwise come too late.

As Auden puts it, "the anonymous countryside littered with heterogeneous dreck and the synonymous cities besotted with electric signs . . . without which, perhaps, the analyst and the immigrant alike would never understand by contrast the nature of the Good Place nor desire it with sufficient desperation to stand a chance of arriving."

Miller, in his *Air-Conditioned Nightmare*, writes with more desperation: "In the ten thousand miles I have traveled I have

come across two cities which have each of them a little section worth a second look—I mean Charleston and New Orleans. As for the other cities, towns, and villages through which I passed I hope never to see them again. Everything that was of beauty, significance, or promise has been destroyed or buried in the avalanche of false progress. We have degenerated; we have degraded the life which we sought to establish on this continent. . . . Nowhere have I encountered such a dull, monotonous fabric of life as here in America. Here boredom reaches its peak."

Well, maybe it does, perhaps Americans have destroyed their romantic wilderness on a grander scale than our own rodent attrition at the beauties of our countryside—but I feel a change is coming. Europe invented the Industrial Revolution, fathered the pattern of American ugliness; cities like Reading or Casablanca are worse than anything in America, more shabbily complacent, less conscious of the need for reform. For ninety per cent of Europeans America represents what they would like to be. Jazz is the folk music we have now lost, Hollywood is the dream we can't have, Wall Street the fortune we will never earn, Main Street the animation and plenty which elude us. Only a small minority may criticize without envy. But in America the percentage of the dissatisfied is higher. The enthusiasm which nearly made Prohibition possible still seeks an outlet. As Europe grows more helpless the Americans are compelled to become far-seeing and responsible, as Rome was forced by the long decline of Greece to produce an Augustus, a Vergil. Our impotence liberates their potentialities. Something important is about to happen, as if the wonderful *jeunesse* of America were suddenly to retain their idealism and vitality and courage and imagination into adult life, and become the wise and good who make use of them; the old dollar values are silently crumbling, and self-criticism, experimental curiosity, sensibility, and warmth are on their way in.

For Americans change very fast. "Do they?" "Very fast and all at once," as Fitzgerald wrote, "and nothing ever changes them back."

TWO STORIES

I. The Light of Day

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

AND so she has borne you another son," said the doctor raising his voice a little, as one who quotes the Bible. He sat sideways to their breakfast table to show that he was just off.

"Yes, we may use that word again," the father agreed. "It is odd that women do not *bear* their daughters, only have them."

Sitting in his wife's place, he began to pour out tea and handed the cups clumsily so that they rocked in their saucers. Overhead, floorboards creaked, and at intervals the newly-born broke into paroxysms of despair as if it were being thrashed. Neither of the men seemed to hear this, sipping at their tea, passing their hands with a harsh sound across their unshaven chins.

The little maid brought in the children to their breakfast. They suffered the doctor's jocularly passively, used to it, for he was good with children. Their bibs were tied, milk poured.

"It is here," the boy said suddenly, pointing his spoon to the ceiling. "Crying like a real baby."

The girl listened, food at a standstill in her mouth. When her brother said those words "It is here," the truth dawned in her and she understood that it had been necessary to make that point about its being a real baby, because it had been an unreal one for so long. She came out of her daze and excitement broke loose in her. Wrenching down her mouthful, she began to cry.

The young maid tried to comfort her, but she was flurried herself. This event she had so secretly dreaded was now over and, in her relief, she could scarcely believe, after all the novels she had read, the stories she had heard, that the first thing to waken her had been that curious cry. "One of the children," her trained ear had warned her, the selective ear which had ignored the car arriving, the footsteps on the stairs, the doors opening and shutting. But the sound, so strident and protesting, was not from one of the peacefully sleeping children. It was the new one, the dreaded one. The little boy turned then and murmured in his sleep, flinging an arm across the pillow; but the girl sat up in bed and said: "There is a baby crying in this house," and listened, very still, the breeze from the window lifting her light hair up and back from her face.

"Another cup?" the father now asked the doctor.

"No, I'll be away. Cheer up, lass," he said, passing the little girl's chair, putting his hand on her head, until she ducked away. "No tears today, you know," he added vaguely, and went on into the hall where he looked round sleepily for his hat and his case.

Upstairs, the baby was being bathed. Against the rush of air on his body, he had furiously protested, now he resisted the flow of water over his limbs. By the fire, flannel faintly scorched, waiting for him.

"Then there'll be a nice cup of tea for

you," the old nurse was saying, for it is all cups of tea when a baby is born.

THE mother lay back drowsily, high on her pillows, feeling like a great battered boat washed up on the shore, empty, discarded. "Enjoy this moment," she told herself, "before life breaks over you again. Enjoy the soothing peace, the sloughed-off responsibilities, the handing over to others. A whole moment of bliss. . . ."

"You did well," she wanted someone to say, as if she were an actress on a first night. Soon flowers would begin to come, the husband's first, the six pink roses all lolling to one side of the wrong sort of vase.

"I saw him born almost," she thought. "I propped myself up and watched him take his first breath, lying there, splayed out, mottled, veiled with a pearly film. His great chest arched up, his face darkened, the cry burst from him. 'It is *vile* being born,' he seemed to cry, the cold air leaping at him."

"When can the children come?" she asked drowsily.

"Not till he's bathed and dressed and you've had your tea. Plenty of time for them."

"But they want to see him *new*."

"He won't change much in half an hour."

But he was changed already—his folded mauve fists emerging from the frilled sleeve, his hair like damp feathers brushed up.

"There he is then," cried the nurse, enchanted at her work.

There he was, frilled, featherstitched and ribboned, rushed into the uniform of civilization, so quickly tamed, altered, made to conform. His head bobbed grotesquely, weakly, his lashless eyes turned to the light.

"And *there* he is," the nurse continued, "and *there* he is then."

And she twisted him in his shawl and laid him down beside his mother in the bed.

"God, I'm so tired," the mother thought, bored. She forced her thumb into his fist, examined the little nails, stroked with the back of a finger the damp and silken hair, the tender cheek, breathed in the smell of him. Then her eyes drooped heavily, her body seemed dragged down backwards, into sleep.

"You must take him away, nurse," she said. "Show him to the children. I'm" She began to succumb to the heavy weight of sleepiness; but the nurse believed that mothers like to have their babies nestling beside them for a little while after they are born; the sight of this pleased her always and put the finishing touches to the birth, she thought.

Just as she was slipping away down a fast stream of sleep, the door was tapped and the husband came in, shaved now and carrying tea.

"I am just off," he announced. "All is well downstairs."

Waking again, she suddenly asked, wailing a little: "But is it *really* well? And did they have their cod-liver oil?"

"Now, now," soothed the nurse, thinking of the milk.

"Yes, they had it," he said, and he bent over his new son with conventional clucking noises, making a fool of himself, they all thought. The baby began to cram tiny fingers into his mouth. The nurse stirred the tea, standing by.

The husband knew he was being dismissed. It was his third time of being a father. He bent over and kissed his wife. "You did well," he said and she smiled peacefully, for nothing could hold her back now; she went swiftly, feet first, it seemed; sliding, falling, swimming, into darkness. Beside her, his mouth closing upon, then relinquishing his bent knuckles, the baby turned his eyes with a look of wonder to the light outside.

II. A Sad Garden

THE wall running round the small garden was pitted with hundreds of holes and rusty nails flying little rags were to be seen in the spaces between the espaliers, the branches like candelabra, the glossy leaves, the long rough brown pears, the thin-skinned yellow and the mottled ones which lay against the bricks.

"There is no one to eat the fruit," said Sybil. "Take what you want." She handed her sister-in-law a small ripe William and sauntered away down the garden.

"Well, I certainly will," said Kathy, following eagerly after, "I could do with some for bottling."

"Take them, then. Take them." Sybil sat down on a stone seat at the end of the path. The day was nearly gone, but the brick wall still gave out its warmth. "Mind the wasps, Audrey," she said. "They're getting sleepy." ("Audrey!" she thought, watching her little niece coming carefully up the path. "What a stupid name!")

The garden was filled with the smell of rotting fruit. Pears lay about on the paths and wasps tunneled into their ripeness. Audrey stepped timidly over them. She was all white and clean—face, serge coat and socks. Her mother held the William pear in her gloved hand. "You shall have it when we get home," she promised. "Not in that coat, dear."

Sybil sighed sharply.

"Well, if you really mean it, I could slip back home for the big garden-basket," Kathy went on. She was doubtful always and nervous with her sister-in-law. The others had long ago given up calling on Sybil.

"She's had trouble," they admitted. "We can grant her that. But she makes no effort."

Kathy was the only one who was too kind-hearted to give in. Every week she called. "You see, she's all on her own," she would tell the others. "We've got one another, but she's lost everything—husband and son. I try to think what that would mean to me." (Not that she had a son; but she had Audrey.)

"She was like it before," they reminded her. "Before ever Ralph died. Or Adam. Always queer, always moody and lazy and rude. She thinks she's too clever for us. After all, it's safer to be ordinary."

Kathy would try to explain, excuse, forgive and they would never listen to her, for it was instinct which guided them, not reason. "She led Ralph the hell of a dance, anyway," they would always conclude.

Kathy glanced at Sybil now, sitting there on the stone seat, leaning back against the wall, with her eyes half-closed and a suggestion about her of power ill-concealed, of sarcasm, of immunity from human contact. Kathy—the others said she was deficient in instinct—saw nothing she could dislike; merely a tired woman who was lonely. There was nothing against her, except that she had once been brave when she should have been overcome and had spoken of her only child with too much indifference—and as for leading Ralph a dance, she had merely laughed at him sometimes and admired him, it seemed, somewhat less than they had always done at home.

"Well, fetch your basket," she was saying.

Kathy hesitated. "Coming, Audrey?"

"Oh, she can stay," said Sybil.

"Well, mind your socks, then they'll be clean for school tomorrow. I'll be back in a minute or two. Be a good girl."

AUDREY had no idea of being anything else. She sat down timidly on the edge of the seat and watched her mother disappear round the side of the house.

Sybil looked at her without enthusiasm. "Do you like school?" she asked suddenly, harshly.

"Yes, thank you, Auntie."

Sybil's fingers wandered over the seat as if from habit until the tops of them lay at last in the rough grooves of some carved initials—the letters A. K. R. She had smacked him for that, for always cutting his name into other people's property, had taken away his chisel. When she did that, he had stared at her in hatred, wild, beautiful, a stain on his mouth from blackberries or some purple fruit, and a stain of anger on his cheeks. Her fingers gripped the seat.

"So you like school and never play truant?"

"Oh, no, Auntie." A little shocked giggle. The child swung her feet, looking down placidly at her clean socks.

"Thank God I never had a daughter," thought Sybil.

"Would you like some fruit?"

"Mummy said not to in this coat."

"What *would* you like?" Sybil asked in exasperation, thrusting her hair back with a gesture of impatience.

The child looked puzzled.

"A swing? Would you like a swing?"

Audrey's mouth shaped a "No," but, seeing her aunt's look, she changed her mind and smiled and nodded, feigning delight.

She sat down on the swing and put her shiny shoes primly together. Even the seat of the swing was carved with initials. She knew that they were her cousin's and that he was dead, that it had been his swing; she remembered him refusing to allow her to sit on it. She did so now with pleasurable guilt, looking primly round at the clumps of michaelmas daisies, as if she half expected him to come bursting from them in anger. She allowed herself to rock gently to and fro.

Aunt Sybil stopped on her way to the house.

"Can't you go higher than that?" she said, and she took the seat in two hands, drew it back to her and then thrust it far away, so that Audrey went high up into the leaves and fruit. Birds rose off the top of the tree in a panic.

"That's how Adam used to go," Sybil shouted as Audrey flew down again. "Right up into the leaves. He used to kick the pears down with his feet."

"I don't . . . I don't . . ." cried Audrey.

As she flew down, Sybil put her hands in the small of her back and thrust her away again. "Higher, higher," Adam used to shout. He was full of wickedness and devilry. She went on pushing without thinking of Audrey. The garden was darkening. A question-mark of white smoke rose from the quenched bonfire beside the rubbish-heap.

"There you go. There you go," she cried. And she thought, "But what a boring little girl. 'Yes, Mummy. No, thank you, Auntie.' I'd never have Adam tied to my apron strings. I'd push him out into the world. Push him." She gave a vehemence to her thought and Audrey with her hair streaming among the branches flew dizzily away. Frantically now her aunt pushed her, crying: "There you go. There you go."

The child, whiter than ever, was unable to speak, to cry out. She sensed something terribly wrong and yet something which was inevitable and not surprising. Each time she dropped to earth, a wave of darkness hit her face and then she would fly up again in a wild agony. A strand of hair caught in some twigs and was torn from her head.

Sybil stood squarely on the grass. As the swing came down, she put up her hands and with the tips of her fingers and yet with all her strength, she pushed. She had lost consciousness and control and cried out each time exultingly: "There you go. There you go"—until all her body was trembling.

Kathy came screaming up the path.

THE STRONG MAN OF THE BALKANS

ALBERT A. BRANDT

THE Dimitrovs are the Smiths of Bulgaria, and the name Georgi is as common there as George is here. But to the average Bulgarian the name Georgi Dimitrov means only one man: the Premier of the new government, and the protégé and friend of Stalin.

There have been many contenders for the title of strong man in the new Communist-dominated governments of the Balkans. Petro Groza, the land-owner of Rumania; Enver Hoxa, the tobacco-selling teacher of Albania; Josep Broz, the metal worker of Yugoslavia—all these were men with a long tradition of adherence to the Communist party line. At first, it seemed apparent that they were all subservient to Broz, the mysterious Tito of Yugoslavia, who seemed to be slated to become the dictator of the Balkan dictators.

But recently the picture has become much clearer; astute observers are watching not Tito but Georgi Dimitrov of Bulgaria. They believe that the long-awaited dream of pan-Slavism is about to come true: a Balkan Federation, closely integrated with Soviet Russia. And they believe that Dimitrov is the man Stalin has trained to bring this miracle to pass. High in the ranks of the international Communist hierarchy, he has already achieved fame as a world-renowned agitator. His long friendship with Stalin is proof that

he has the unqualified backing of the Kremlin. And his record shows that he has the political acumen and the personal courage to carry through his plans. With the recent announcement from Moscow of the organization of a new Communist International, a long-time dream of Dimitrov's has been realized and his position considerably strengthened, not only in the Balkans but all over Europe. The days of Balkan disunity may be numbered.

AS A MAN, Dimitrov presents a puzzle to the average Western commentator or diplomat. He likes to use perfume and highly-scented hair oil, and he is somewhat fastidious about his clothing. Yet he is a typical Balkan revolutionary, with a passion for intrigue and a primitive instinct for revenge against his enemies. In appearance he is an athletic if heavy-set man, with thick, curly hair which is turning gray and a recently-acquired shaggy mustache. His high forehead and wide features give him the appearance of great frankness and often friendliness. He has a sincere, grandfatherly love for children, and the many pictures in which he is posed with a child or group of children are not the usual press-agent stunts. He likes to have young people around him and attaches great importance to their care, instruction, and welfare.

Mr. Brandt is a former professor of philosophy and the social sciences, speaker on current affairs, and contributor to the American Mercury, Coronet, Liberty, and the British Spectator.

His personal tastes are simple. He lives in a modest villa in a suburb of Sofia where he entertains frequently, but far from lavishly. He likes to have journalists at the dinner table for what he calls a "friendly chat and some instruction."

It is no longer easy for representatives of the British and American press to see Dimitrov. His villa is now surrounded with a fence reaching to the second floor, and there is an armed guard; but representatives of the Communist press are easily received. At dinner, conversation frequently ends with the soup, with Dimitrov taking over from there, explaining his theories and defending his practices. He is always courteous and affable, but his non-Communist guests are sometimes shocked to discover that he can discuss kindergartens and mass murders with the same tone of warm interest in his voice. In his conversations he follows an almost Socratic method, for while he charms his listeners he is likely to strip them suddenly of their defenses and leave them standing mentally nude and helpless before him. He uses facts as weapons, and since he has a mind like a filing case he is a hard man to trap, even when he is defending an indefensible position.

II

THE name of Georgi Dimitrov first caught the attention of the world fourteen years ago. Accused by the Nazis of setting the Reichstag fire, he turned accuser at the bar of the Nazi Tribunal and put Goering and his henchmen to rout. For months police and judicial authorities, storm troopers, and the powerful machinery of the propaganda ministry strained themselves to the utmost to invent evidence against him. They thought that he, as an avowed Bulgarian Communist and political exile from his country, would be an excellent scapegoat. But he had other plans. In his own words, he was "imbued with the indestructible conviction that although fascism was a cruel power it was not a solid one, and it was necessary to take advantage of every opportunity to show up the true authors of the Reichstag fire provocation." He decided that his best defense was to take the offensive against his enemies, and his castigation of the Nazis

was even more pyrotechnical than the fire itself had been.

This turn of events came as a dramatic surprise to most of the world, but not to the Communists themselves. Dimitrov was already well known in international Communist circles and was an idol of the Bulgarian Party members. In their eyes he stood before the Nazi accusers as an example of what a Communist and revolutionary fighter should be. He was taking full advantage of the propaganda opportunity when he said: "I am defending myself as an accused Communist. I am defending my own Communist convictions. I am defending the reason and content of my whole life."

He said afterward that he was certain his conduct at the trial had served "to mobilize the masses of working people of the world on an unprecedented scale." In later interviews he insisted that every one of his steps had been well considered and that he was as much concerned with his own defense as with "winning the first triumph over fascism."

He succeeded in attracting a great deal of attention. All over the world committees were formed for the defense and freedom of the man who had kindled the admiration of millions of anti-Nazis through his condemnation and ridicule of the Nazi leaders. From Chicago alone 120 telegrams arrived in one day, protesting Dimitrov's detention. Millions of copies of his concluding speech were distributed throughout the Balkans. His final words were, "Yes, who does not want to be the anvil must be the hammer. I have dedicated my life to the cause of freeing the common people from slavery. I will be the hammer of the revolution wherever people want to be free."

Through the pressure of world opinion, and the active intervention of Soviet Russia, the gates of the prison were opened for Dimitrov on February 28, 1934. He went immediately to Moscow.

THIS might have been the end of the story for a smaller man, but for Dimitrov it was only the beginning. He had learned his politics the hard way. The son of a poor and class-conscious peasant who immigrated from Macedonia,

he grew up in an atmosphere of political pressure and intrigue, and while he was still a youngster he belonged to bands of revolutionaries and terrorists. He wanted to attend the university, but since there was no money to pay his tuition he took a job as a printer instead. His first move in his new job was to organize a printers' union. At twenty he was elected the representative of the Bulgarian workers on the Sofia City Council, and later to the Sobranje, the Bulgarian Parliament. He helped to form the first Bulgarian Communist party, and soon became its leader. He was imprisoned several times for activities against the government, and he accepted his death sentence and flight in 1923 as the natural climax to his adventures.

No one knows exactly what happened to him during the next few years, but he doubtless was a roving representative of the Comintern. Much of his time seemed to be spent in Balkan countries, but he was also seen in Paris one day, in Prague, Vienna, or Berlin a week later. Whether in the Café du Dôme in Paris or the Romanischés Café in Berlin, he always was surrounded by a group of people eagerly listening to his talk. The subject, invariably, was political. Self-taught as he is, Dimitrov doubtless deserves his reputation as one of the greatest authorities on Marxist theory in the world today. It is futile to contradict him on any phase of the writings of Karl Marx or Lenin, because he can quote whole pages from their works in German, Bulgarian, or Russian.

With this background, and with the eyes of his countrymen on him, Dimitrov's rapid rise in international Communist circles was inevitable. In 1933 he became president of the Communist International. When it became clear that war was imminent he became Russia's most practiced hand at laying the foundation for Communist activities in foreign countries.

Other Bulgarian exiles gathered around him, and he trained them carefully for future activities. He lectured at the Moscow school for future statesmen to such apt pupils as Ho Chi-minh of Viet Nam, Nicholas Zachariades of Greece, Tito of Yugoslavia. His greatest attention, however, was devoted to the education of the

woman who later would play such a great role in Bulgaria's fight for liberation and who would be his right hand in setting up a Communist dominated government. Tsola Dragoicheva, undoubtedly, was Dimitrov's star pupil, and she has more than justified his faith in her.

THE first clear indication that Dimitrov was the *deus ex machina* of future events in Bulgaria came on December 27, 1936. The occasion was the funeral of Assen Zlatarov, a professor of biochemistry in the University of Sofia and a personal friend of Dimitrov's. During his life he was a leading intellectual liberal and defended democratic liberties at the risk of his own safety. By remote control Dimitrov organized a demonstration, and speeches were made at Zlatarov's grave calling upon the people to unite in the fight for the restoration of their rights and freedom. More than five thousand people took part in the demonstration, and the police and army were not able to break it up. Dimitrov called it "the turning point in the struggle of the Bulgarian masses and constituting, so to speak, the first demonstration of the People's Front in Bulgaria."

On December 12, 1937, Dimitrov was elected a deputy of the Soviet Supreme Council of the USSR from the Kostroma area. His election was preceded by a vast publicity campaign extolling his achievements, and after his election the Soviet press published many letters from his constituents, expressing their pride in his representation. The following is part of a typical letter as it was published in *Pravda*:

Dear Comrade Dimitrov: I am thirty years old and today, on December 12, I voted for the first time in my life. . . . I cast my vote for Comrade Dimitrov because he is exactly the person—like the other best people in the world, Comrades Stalin, Molotov, Kalinin, and others—to whom one can entrust oneself completely, the person who will lead me in my fight for Communism throughout the world. Further in casting my vote for you, I voted for Comrade Stalin who admires you and your work, for the Communist party which you make appreciated all over the world, and for my happy life. . . .

On December 27, 1937, at the Ninth Congress of the Communist party in France, Dimitrov was singled out and nominated to the honorary presidium. The

key speaker, Maurice Thorez, leader of the French Communist party, called him "one of the greatest Communist leaders, worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame."

Thus, even before the war, it was a foregone conclusion in the minds of the outlawed Communists of Bulgaria, and in the mind of the average Bulgarian citizen, that if there was a leftist revolution under Russian auspices Dimitrov would be its leader. The Communists were convinced that when he emerged from exile together with hundreds of other political prisoners and émigrés he would take over the government, and set up his own regime.

It was a conviction to which Dimitrov subscribed openly. His last words when he left his native country were: "One day I will return, and the people will greet me as their savior."

THE story of how he achieved his ambition is a peculiar one, and shows the masterly planning which lay behind it. It could have happened nowhere except in the Balkans. It could not have happened at any other time than that of a worldwide debacle like the downfall of the Axis powers. It could never have happened without the tremendous impetus of pan-Slavism behind it, or without the full knowledge and co-operation of Stalin.

Dimitrov never lost contact with Party members, workers, and small farmers during his twenty-three-year exile. Through his underground couriers he forged the Communist opposition forces against the Nazis, after war broke out between Russia and Germany, and he directed them personally in the fight for independence. He never let them forget for a moment that it was he who had kept the fires of resistance burning. He convinced them that he was the spokesman for the antifascist masses the world over, reminding them again and again of the symbolic events of the Reichstag fire. He made full use of his friendship and close collaboration with Stalin, and in his work with the Communist International he forged contacts which made him appear the undisputed leader of the independence movement.

When Dimitrov put Madame Tsola Dragoicheva, his most successful student,

aboard a Russian plane one night in 1942 he knew that the Bulgarian underground was well prepared to receive her. He also knew that his plans could not be in safer hands than hers. She was a pupil and lieutenant of whom he could be proud.

Red-haired, green-eyed Dragoicheva had joined the underground Communist movement at nineteen. Whatever might have been lacking in determination to carry out her difficult career was supplied a year later when her father was brutally murdered by the Bulgarian police for refusing to turn informer. She resolved never to relax until her country was free and the Communist party was in undisputed control. In 1925 she was arrested and sentenced to death, but in a dramatic turn of events her sentence was commuted to life imprisonment when it was proved that she was pregnant. She was later released and banished from Bulgaria, and she also found a haven in Moscow. Here she met Dimitrov and her real career began.

When she parachuted down into a Bulgarian resistance hideout to take over her new duties she lost no time. Her orders were to carry out a terroristic campaign against the Nazis and Nazi-sympathizers, and to complete the organization of the political machine against the day of the Nazis' collapse. Rumors soon began to fly along the underground that Dimitrov's lieutenant, a forty-six-year-old woman with unlimited backing, was organizing an independence movement, and the people flocked to her leadership. The Nazis can testify to the success of her terrorist campaign, and her organizational work was equally successful. After the Germans withdrew, the *Otechstven*, or Fatherland Front, won the election from the last puppet regime. On September 9, 1944, the new government was ready to take over without a hitch.

Dragoicheva's part in this triumph must not be misunderstood, however. She was an able lieutenant and was capable of brilliant improvisations of her own, but the plan behind the entire operation was Georgi Dimitrov's. It was he who gave the orders, even as to the kind and location of the headquarters. Leaders of the people, he said, should not live or work in elaborate surroundings. It was he who appointed

the four men secretaries who, with Madame Dragoicheva, represent the parties of the coalition. It was he who worked out the final strategy for the assumption of power once the grip of the Axis was broken, and it is he who has since been directing a ruthless and autocratic reign of terror over the lives of 6,000,000 Bulgarian people.

III

ALTHOUGH Great Britain and the United States are properly grateful for the antifascist leanings of the new government, there are three main points which have roused their suspicions as to its ultimate intentions. These are:

(1) the terroristic purge which Dimitrov has instituted against what he claims to be the fascist collaborators,

(2) some of the propaganda devices which Dimitrov has used and is using, and

(3) the puzzling relationship between the Fatherland Front, the other Balkan States, and Russia.

The Allied governments do not question the need for punishing ex-fascist collaborators. They are doing the same thing themselves, with worldwide publicity. Nor are Dimitrov's "People's Courts" unacceptable in themselves. In the beginning even the Bulgarian people accepted these Draconic measures as being the natural outgrowth of victory and changing allegiance. But now the question is being raised both within and without Bulgaria whether the Dimitrov-directed purge is in fact confined to ex-fascist collaborators or whether it is being used also as a tool for silencing opposition.

Dimitrov and his associates have protested against these suspicions. Dimitrov has repeatedly emphasized that the *Chistka*, or purge, was fair and that "it was not directed against anybody but collaborators." He has also said repeatedly that most of the names of collaborators were known and recorded long before the end of the war.

It seems certain, also, that he has Stalin's complete approval for the present measures. On September 8, 1944, the following appeared in *Pravda*, official Communist organ:

Contrary to the will of the Bulgarian people, the ruling circles of Bulgaria embroiled their country in the criminal war started by Hitlerite Germany against the democratic countries of the world. . . . The true Bulgarian patriots who have conducted a selfless struggle in the partisan detachments against the pro-German Bulgarian rulers in Sofia know that the time of retribution will come for Bulgarian underlings. Bulgaria must free herself from the clique of all those who have been fascists, or underlings of the German masters.

Nor was it an accident that just one month after the Churchill government set up a regency in Greece, firing squads were rampant in Bulgaria. At that time Leland Stowe wrote: "That is Stalin's reply to Churchill's policy in Greece. You notice that this was timed so the news reached Churchill and President Roosevelt just when they were meeting Marshal Stalin. Of course, swift justice for Bulgarian collaborationists can be no more dissociated from Soviet inspiration and approval than any major act in Greece can be dissociated from London's line."

ONE fact which makes foreign governments suspicious, however, is the size of the purge. By official statistics issued by Dimitrov himself on October 7, 1945, there had been 131 trials of political prisoners and war criminals in Bulgaria up to March 25 of that year. More than ten thousand persons were found guilty and two thousand sentenced to death and executed. In addition, opposition groups complain that the purge is being used to back up widespread political persecution. The opposition Peasant party, for instance, sent a strongly-worded protest to Dimitrov in which it said: "Instead of freedom and civil rights, restriction of freedom and oppression of Bulgarian citizens in towns and villages are increasing under the incitement of the Communists. There are so many threats and acts of violence against Peasant party members that some of them have been compelled to flee from their residences and seek refuge in the communities."

There are many known facts which indicate that these accusations have a basis in truth. Twenty-two socialists have been arrested for circulating an allegedly false report. In the 1944 election period all

opposition speakers were excluded from the radio except for being allowed to read the opposition platform once. The head of the Socialist party was in jail on a seven-year sentence for writing two articles against Communist methods, and the editor of the Socialist paper was also imprisoned.

Many political leaders of the opposition are either in prison or in concentration camps: for instance, Asen Stambolinsky, son of the most famous peasant leader of the Balkans and a chief of the Peasant party himself. Another is Trifon Kunev, who is a leading member of the Peasant party, and a writer and editor of note. Kunev is guilty of publishing an answer to an article by Dimitrov in which he was violently attacked. Kosta Lulchev, Secretary General of the opposition wing of the Social Democratic party was put in a concentration camp in November 1946 because of a statement he made in a letter to the Socialist Second International in which he allegedly slandered Mr. Dimitrov.

The former Secretary of the Peasant party, coincidentally also named Georgi Dimitrov, has been sentenced to death *in absentia* because allegedly "he had demoralized the Bulgarian troops in their valiant fight against the Germans." This Georgi Dimitrov had been a staunch opponent of the Nazis, and there was so much doubt about his guilt that Maynard Barnes, the American political representative in Bulgaria, helped him to find refuge in the United States.

In addition to those who have been disposed of under the semblance of legality there are many who have been removed in outright political murders. Dimitrov admitted that such murders have taken place in a speech in September 1946.

OLD fascist laws suppressing civil liberties are still in force in Bulgaria. A decree for "the defense of the people's authority" proclaims the death penalty for anyone guilty of or taking charge of forming a fascist organization aiming at undermining, weakening, or destroying the authority of the Fatherland Front. The "People's Courts" are appointed by the Fatherland Front Com-

mittees scattered throughout the country; no educational or character qualifications are stipulated for the judges. The official aim of the courts, as expressed by Dimitrov, is "to get even with the former persecutors." But in too many instances the retaliation appears to be limited to those who formerly persecuted the Communists.

The committees are instructed to prefer judges who either have been partisans or active in underground movements against former governments. Most of the judges are thus men who have been imprisoned or sentenced to death at one time or another. "The former condemned," says Dimitrov, "are now those who condemn their former oppressors." To prepare the people for the trials in these courts, an intense statewide propaganda campaign is carried out in the press, on the radio, and in public meetings—under the direction of the ever-present Madame Dragoicheva. Many executions of those convicted in the People's Courts are filmed and sent to Russia for distribution.

Whether such measures were necessary is open to debate. The situation in the Balkans is a peculiar one, and the temperament of the people is strange to Western standards. It may be that the Fatherland Front is, as described in *Izvestia*, March 1946, "a coalition of democratic parties and organizations which deserves credit for its epoch-making services to the Bulgarian people. It conducted three general elections and set up a National Assembly representative of all sections of the population." There may even be two sides to the argument over the ultimate progress, socially and economically, which can be expected from the Soviet-sponsored regime. But there can be no doubt of the human degradation which is being practiced in the ever-present political concentration camps. Mere disagreement with the economic, ideological, or political concepts of the new regime, or the slightest criticism of Dimitrov, is likely to lead to quick arrest.

Another disturbing factor in the present situation in Bulgaria is the wholesale dismissal of professors and teachers who are not avowedly loyal to Dimitrov and his policies. For a number of years a majority of the primary school teachers belonged

to an out and out Communist Teachers' Union. This was finally dissolved, but many of the teachers retained their allegiance to the Party. As a result of the present purge of "questionable" teachers the children of Bulgaria will be left largely in the hands of Communist pedagogues.

Typical is the order which begins by declaring that September 9, 1946, the date on which the present regime came to power, is the beginning of a new era, "a turning point in the historical and cultural life of Bulgaria, and demands a reappraisal of every value we have so far cherished." Dimitrov has given explicit orders to minimize every Bulgarian achievement prior to this date. Everything which came before is to be labeled fascist and evil.

But he has gone much farther along the dictatorial line. He has organized a children's movement, quite similar to the Hitler Youth and the Mussolini Ballilas, the primary aim of which is the indoctrination of children from the age of five years on. The children in this movement have been given the name "Little Septembers," and in their attractive uniforms they are uncomfortably reminiscent of those other children who grew up to provide the manpower for the fascist war machines.

Dimitrov, also, has hopes of salvaging some of the present generation who are opposed to him. The fifteenth edition of the "Official Gazette" informs us of a bill instituting "Educational Labor Camps" in Bulgaria. According to Dimitrov's explanation their foremost aim is to "divert prisoners from their natural urge to indecency and crime, and to educate them for decent work as well as to improve their moral and intellectual standards." The political implication is revealed when it is seen that special educational labor camps are provided for the politically unstable. The people who are incarcerated in these camps "live under their own discipline," but they are well aware of the fact that their only hope of leaving and taking up their lives again is to change their minds and their politics.

selves in the election methods which had given the Communist-dominated Fatherland Front such a resounding majority. The last election was conducted by the "single list" method. That is, the Communists, Agrarians, Social Democrats, and the Zveno, the four parties which make up the Fatherland Front, pooled their candidates, running only one candidate for each post. Since the opposition boycotted these elections, the Fatherland Front naturally won all the 280 seats on its single list. This single list method was widely criticized, however, as being designed to conceal the strength of each party of the coalition. It was claimed that the Communists, although dominating the coalition party, in reality represented only a small minority, and were using both internal and international developments to force their policies on their colleagues.

Great Britain and the United States demanded that the opposition participate, and indicated that they would be pleased if the single list method were abolished. The Fatherland parties, while agreeing in advance among themselves to stick together and take over the government whatever happened, evolved a method which allowed the appearance of ballot voting by using a different color ballot for each party. The opposition Agrarians joined with the Social Democrats and made up a list, and the remaining opposition party, the Democrats, put out a list of their own.

Of the total electorate of 4,558,000 the impressive number of 4,244,000 cast their ballots. The Fatherland Front Coalition obtained 364 mandates, or 78 per cent, and the opposition 101 mandates, or 22 per cent. In the present Assembly the Communists have 277 seats, which makes them the strongest party in the government coalition, and gives them an absolute majority over all parties, government and coalition put together.

What part of this strength was gained as the result of barring opposition speakers from the radio, suppressing opposition newspapers, interfering with opposition political rallies, and frightening voters into the Coalition camp by use of the terrorist campaign cannot be estimated. But the basic core of the Communist party itself, which has probably no more than 500,

WITH such facts known, the governments of Great Britain and the United States interested them-

000 members, is undoubtedly the nucleus around which the Fatherland Front revolves. And although it is not strong enough to sovietize the country, the Communist majority in the Constituent Assembly is in a position to do what it wants to within wide limits.

This power is being extended as rapidly as possible, by means of every trick of the political game. Dimitrov has given seven crucial cabinet posts besides his own to the Communist party. These include the Ministry of the Interior, which means control of the police; the Ministry of War, the Army; of Education, or indoctrination; Finance, including the whole banking and credit system; Commerce; and Transportation. A Communist, Vasil Kolarov, a close friend of Dimitrov's and trained by him in Russia, heads the Parliament. As stated before, Tsola Dragoicheva is the whip for the Fatherland Front, working closely under Dimitrov's orders. Dimitrov himself controls the Federation of Labor. Dimo Kazasov, listed as an Independent, is actually an ex-Socialist who held an important post in the cabinet that crushed Dimitrov's Communist revolution in 1943. Kazasov has been obliged to carry out Communist directives to save his life. His ministry actually is run by Dimitrov, who keeps him in order to prove that he has a truly democratic coalition.

Another ex-conspirator against Dimitrov and the Communists is Foreign Minister Kimon Georgiev, an old associate of Mr. Kazasov. This leader of the Zveno party as well as the invisible but nevertheless still-existing Military League is renowned for having instigated more than one *coup d'état* against the late King Boris. Dimitrov has retained him because he believes that he will be a better contact with the Western world than a Communist. It goes without saying that Georgiev, also, is now taking orders from Dimitrov.

One dissident Socialist received a post, too, that of Minister of Social Policies. The opposition Socialist faction fared very badly in the elections, receiving only nine places in Parliament. The Pro-Fatherland party Agrarians were given three cabinet places; Justice, Agriculture, and Public Works; but Dimitrov has given all of them secretaries who are his old friends, and who

have been personally trained by him in Russia.

Thus Dimitrov, through his Coalition party, has won unquestioned control of Bulgaria for the Communists. The two great questions are, how has it come about and what is the significance for the future?

IV

TO UNDERSTAND Dimitrov and the Fatherland Front, you have to understand the tug-of-war which is going on in the minds of the peasants who make up at least half the total population. Like all Balkan peasants they are poverty-ridden, and they differ from the city dwellers in customs as well as in costumes. Industry, commerce, and banking have never been very important in Bulgaria. There has never been a real business class and few capitalist families. The intellectual class is small and poor. Probably a third of the city dwellers are civil employees. Thus the rivalry between labor and capital is not very important, but the difference between city and country is tremendous. These two groups, one small and one large, are not merely classes—they are two entirely separate ways of thinking. They are two hostile worlds, each distrusting the other, having little in common other than their language.

Bulgarian peasants are neither like the Russian peasants nor the American farmers. They are more individualistic than the Russians, but more collectivist than the Americans. In every Bulgarian village neighbors help each other in a form of voluntary collective labor. They favor collective endeavor generally, but are rigidly for private enterprise.

They have a mania for co-operatives, yet fiercely defend the rights of private property. They have always been for community credits and wholesale buying and selling. They have demanded representative government with free speech and ballot, yet they have also demanded equality of wealth. Their attitude can be summed up by saying that they believe they cannot be free without private property, but private property must be small if the peasants are to be free.

In recent years, however, the situation

for the peasant has become almost unbearable. Half of the peasants in Bulgaria are living on holdings smaller than the minimum for existence. There are few large estates, but vast stretches of land are unfit for agriculture. In Bulgaria there are three or four times as many people living on the same arable acreage as in Denmark. The standard of living has always been low, but now the peasants feel that it is becoming too low. And to add to their troubles the birth rate continues astonishingly high. Italy's birth rate is approximately 100 births per 1,000 women between the ages of 15 and 50. In Bulgaria the rate is 150 per 1,000.

The peasants realize they must turn somewhere for relief, but where? The bulk of them have always followed stubbornly their own Peasant parties, and during the period of Nazi domination they were solidly against collaboration. When the Fatherland Front came to power, they greeted it as a liberator from the Fascist yoke and hoped for great advantages. Now, however, many peasants have become almost as resistant as before because they fear the terrorism of the Bulgarian Communist party. The Communist, they say, will take your cow. The Fascist will leave the cow, but he will take your milk and fodder. This, in simple terms, is their conflict.

As for the industrial workers, they are small in number, and not more than five to ten per cent were unionized before 1945. Coming from the villages, the workers retain their peasant ways of life and are ready to work hard for small wages. They never actually get used to industry but dream of returning to the land in their old age.

The small middle class is enterprising and rugged. Its members are fascinated by money, daring, and power. That makes them tough business men and politicians. A greater percentage of them have lived from the public purse in Bulgaria than in any other country. The farmer who wants to improve his son's position in life sends him into government service. In short, the Bulgarian middle class is largely taken care of by the taxpayer; as a result the middle class politically is likely to be more opportunistic than stubborn.

As for the industrialists, there are so few of them that they form a surprisingly small part of the balance of power in Bulgaria. Their course is to cater to the present government and hope there will be no socialization. But they are in no position to fight or to risk too-open opposition to the Fatherland Front. Few of them are free of the taint of collaboration with the Nazis.

THESE are the people Dimitrov rules; these are some of the reasons the Communists seem to be winning. To do so they are using the strongest weapon in their arsenal: pan-Slavism. Dimitrov, of course, denies that he has any pan-Slavic intentions. He calls the idea ridiculous and reactionary.

But official opposition to pan-Slavism has never been made, and Dimitrov's political astuteness could not ignore such a powerful fulcrum for moving public opinion in the direction of his desires. Affection for Russia has always been strong in the hearts of the Bulgarians. The memory of the Russian wars in the Balkans, which helped the Bulgars to free themselves, is still alive. To the Bulgarians the thought of the Big Brother who protected them from invasion has always been important. They affectionately call Russia Uncle Ivan. Many students and young intellectuals have believed that Soviet Russia was a guard against Germany and Italy; and many a poor peasant has expected more land from a radical regime, believing that its mentor Russia is a country where there are no classes, and where land can be had for the asking.

Soviet trade concessions have had great propaganda value. The peasants have been impressed with Russian films, steamships, airlines, plus a vague conception of Russia's industrial might. Russian victories in the war added the finishing touches.

Naturally, Dimitrov loses no opportunity to point out that, just as Czarist Russia once protected Balkan Slavs and Balkan Orthodox Christians, Soviet Russia is now protecting these Slavs in Bulgaria and in the Balkans generally. He says, in effect, you must co-operate with me because I am the bond between you and Uncle Ivan. I am the emissary of the

Kremlin. I bring greetings from the Russian Slav to the Bulgarian Slav. We are all Slavs together.

The appeal is irresistible. And if it will work for the Bulgarians, why not for the rest of the Balkans? In a recent speech to the central committee of the Communist party published in his own organ he said: "Slav unity must be strengthened more and more against every possible aggression. Slav unity has become a mighty, exclusively important international factor, and soon under Russian leadership will play a gigantic role in solving all international problems."

These are unequivocal words, spoken with the undoubted approval of Stalin and addressed not only to the Bulgarians but to the rest of the Balkan states as well. Dimitrov, the pupil, is beginning to speak with the voice of Stalin, the master. It has long been known that Stalin would like to see a pan-Slavic state, with Russia at its head; but with his common sense of world drama he would undoubtedly prefer to see the movement begin as a popular clamor, with himself in the role of the willing protector. Now it appears that the center of the movement will be Bulgaria, and its voice, Georgi Dimitrov.

Pacific Door

EARLE BIRNEY

THROUGH or over the deathless feud
of the cobra sea and the mongoose wind
you must fare to reach us.
Through hiss and throttle come,
by a limbo of motion humbled,
under cliffs of cloud
and over the shark's blue home.

Across the undulations of this slate
long pain and sweating courage chalked
such names as glimmer yet.
Drake's crewmen scribbled here their paradise
and dying Bering, lost in fog,
turned north to mark us off from Asia still.
Here cool Cook traced in sudden blood his final bay
and scurvied traders trailed the wakes of yesterday
until the otter rocks were bare
and all the tribal feathers plucked.
Here Spaniards and Vancouver's boatmen scrawled
the problem that is ours and yours,
that there is no clear Strait of Anian
to lead us easy back to Europe,
that men are isled in ocean or in ice
and only joined by long endeavor to be joined.

Come then on the waves of desire that well forever
and think no more than you must
of the simple unhuman truth of this emptiness,
that down deep below the lowest pulsing of primal cell
tar-dark and still
lie the bleak and forever capacious tombs of the sea.

THERE GOES UPPER MICHIGAN

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

MY MIND keeps going back to our summer vacation in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan—two weeks this year, not all summer as before the war. The end of a summer is always sad, anywhere; something is dying, and the end of this particular summer in this particular place was especially unhappy, for Upper Michigan is changing fast. Four years ago in a book about Upper Michigan, *Call It North Country*, I wrote that the region was at least fifty years behind the times, a bypassed pioneer island in the stream of civilization, the last Midwest wilderness, where the leading industries are still iron mining and logging, not tourists; where you burn kerosene, not electricity; where only one highway goes through the woods; where you sleep in “camps,” not “cottages” (a holdover term from the great white pine days of the logging camps). Well, if you want to see it this way, you had better look fast.

Even next year may be too late, and certainly in not many years the country around Michigamme is going to look like northern Wisconsin, with girls in shorts on the porches of resorts, with speed boats, night clubs, and slot machines everywhere. The tourists are coming. Never have there been so many cars on the highway. Michigamme, in the nineties a boomtown of 3,000 miners and lumberjacks with 60 saloons, has long since become a village of 300 with a single saloon; but this year they

organized the Michigamme Chamber of Commerce; and a new store—the first in many years—was opened, and from it blared forth horrendous juke-box music, as in a prosperous Indiana farm town; and Clarence Murray’s saloon, a wonderful lumberjack hangout, was remodeling with glass brick and neon; and Maurice Ball had installed inside toilets in his roadside eating place near town, Mt. Shasta, and he had added to his menu of pork chops and hamburger such items as lobster tail and shrimp and T-bone steaks. (We told Maurice that the day he added lobster thermidor we were moving on—but to where? This is the last retreat.) Moreover, somebody on the scent of uplift lodged a complaint against Clarence Murray’s tavern, and the liquor commission closed it temporarily, an obvious injustice, for Clarence, and his father before him, had served his neighbors well.

Though a number of things have contributed to this change, at bottom it is simple—Upper Michigan is the closest wilderness to Chicago and Detroit. Northern Wisconsin has become commercialized, and the fishing has declined, and vacationists who like the woods and good fishing have moved a little north (I did). This was due to happen five years ago. The war delayed it. But now the boom is on.

Oddly enough, it may receive its greatest acceleration from the death of Henry

Mr. Martin and his wife live in Illinois but spend their vacations, as you will see, in the backwoods North Country he believes will soon suffer an influx of tourists, juke boxes, and neon signs.

Ford. Many years ago the great mining and lumbering companies grabbed most of Upper Michigan, and they have hung onto it, refusing to sell what they did not choose to develop. Ford was one, perhaps the biggest; he picked up cheaply vast holdings descended from a plundering land-grant railroad, and he logged some and mined some and sat on the rest. But now, says saloon gossip, this segment of the Ford empire is to be broken off; and if so, thousands upon thousands of acres will be sold, some to people who want to build resorts. That may turn the trick.

AND yet there is a curious thing about these people. There is in Michigamme an old man named E. G. Muck, a man who kept store (as they say it) during the boom days, employing eleven clerks, and who since the mines closed down twenty years ago has never lost faith but has gone out, an old man with a sack, to pick up samples of iron ore from the abandoned range and try to convince the big companies that the mines are worth reopening. He has always said, "Michigamme *will* come back," and one hot day last summer I found him in the big, cool ice house behind what used to be his store; he was chopping a cake of ice out of the sawdust for a tourist, and he stopped at once to tell me, "It looks as though our dream will come true." His eyes were bright. He whispered hoarsely, "They were drilling out at the Ohio location."

The Ohio mine had been abandoned for twenty-seven years, a hole in the ground in the woods by a lake. Mr. Muck whispered of the fabulous richness of the ore they found; and who can say he is wrong, that Michigamme will not come back, and as a mining boomtown? He always has put his faith in iron ore, not in tourists, and there are many like him even though tourists mean prosperity (has not Maurice Ball bought a new car?).

Every so often some economist proves that this whole Marquette Range soon will become a place of exhausted mines and abandoned shaft-houses and ghosts; but actually nobody knows how much ore lies locked in the earth, and the reason for this is simple: ore "discovered" is

taxed high, land which "might" contain ore is taxed low. The great Lake Superior iron ore beds were first discovered here on the Marquette Range a hundred years ago, and the Range led the world until about 1900, when the Mesabi Range was opened in Minnesota; during the recent war the open-pit Mesabi was stripped mercilessly, but production increased little here in Michigan, for these are deep shaft mines and you can only run an ore-skip up and down a shaft so many times a day; and may it not turn out that this will be the last reserve in iron as in wilderness?

A year ago the big mining companies said they might be forced to close their mines forever. This turned out to be not true. They said it because they were being struck. Only once before had their employees struck, in 1895, and the troops broke that strike; and there were no more unions on the Range until the CIO came along. (Iron miners did not respond to the Wobblies' exhortations as did the lumberjacks.) Last year the men stayed home from February to May, the tail end of the large steel strikes (the neglected tail end, as can be said of Upper Michigan generally). It was a very bitter strike. Miners lost their homes. Money lenders grew fat. Discouraged miners left for good. The companies got an injunction restraining the strikers from doing almost everything; and they organized a back-to-work movement. The children of scabs fought in the streets with the children of strikers. One man went back to work and his brother did not, and when their mother died they refused to ride together in the funeral cortege.

There was enormous pressure to have troops sent in. This was resisted by John D. Voelker, the county prosecutor, a complicated man who plays *Clair de lune* on saloon pianos and writes good books and likes to fish so well that he has refused employment elsewhere, to his impoverishment. Voelker knows the character of the miners and he knew that if the troops came people would be killed; to keep order without them he put in jail anybody on either side who committed a violent act. The union won—the first major strike a union ever won in Upper Michigan. The miners have not forgotten the vigor of the

companies' resistance, and you still hear bitter talk. But all this ferment is progress too.

ONE of the pleasantest parts of our vacation last summer, our first in three because of the war, was seeing all our friends again. Many are Finnish: this is the largest Finnish colony in America. All had much to report. Joe Heikkinen, the best woodsman herabouts, a lanky Finn with flat blue eyes and fast silent laughter, reported more deer in the woods than he had seen for many years. Many coyotes, too; and last winter he caught a full-grown timber wolf in one of his traps and it ripped the steel stake from the ground and he had to trail it three miles through the woods, following flecks of blood on leaves, until he chopped it out of a hollow log and killed it. Maurice Ball reported that inflation had hit the north country—Punkin Perry, a strapping lad, had caught a thirty-six-inch northern pike and a Finn in the woods had charged Maurice \$10 to mount it, not \$5 as before the war, and a man at the bar said that for \$10 he should have mounted Punkin Perry. The piles of lumber at Anderson's sawmill beside the road have overflowed the hillside; they are cutting the last of the giant hardwood in this area, for the price of lumber is sky-high; they are "skinning her out right down to the sand."

Earl Numinen, the short, square highway surveyor who also keeps the store at Three Lakes, reported that our boat was still up on Coon Lake—a leaky, treacherous canoe that he and his brother, powerful men, long ago carried over a five-hundred-foot bluff for us; and so one day we walked over the rocky trail and cooked our dinner beside the lake and fished. We got few fish, but that night while we were walking out again—as usual we had stayed too long, hoping the bass would start to hit when the sun went down—the moon came up, and you could find the

trail through the pines and maples without a flashlight, and the moon shadows were very soft on the moss and rocks. Later we went to Numi's and took a *sauna*, a Finnish steam bath in a bathhouse in the woods, and after that we played poker at camp by lamplight. Numi said the loggers' bulldozer had cleared a road to Fence Lake—we used to have to walk—and everybody agreed that all this progress would spoil the fishing.

Cal Olson, our best friend up north, a man of seventy-four who drove team for a grocer during the white pine days, said that now you can drive a car all the way north to Silver Lake. "They've put a road right up through the hardwood," he said; and we remembered when we used to nurse the car over the shifting wagon road on the sand plains beside the Big Dead River, the riotous, tortured river where the riverhogs once drove pine, and how we used to park at the end of the road and hike three miles through the virgin hardwood, the forest dark and cool and clean, to Silver Lake, the best bass lake of them all.

As the country changes, the white pine boys are dying fast. Somebody should write down their story before it is too late; and one night with Cal we took a couple of them, a squat red-faced Irishman and a thin Swede with drooping white mustache and stagged jackpants, to the back room at Jimmy Nardi's, an uproarious saloon in Ishpeming, and bought them drinks and tried to make notes. This year as always Cal spent our vacation with us at camp near Michigamme but he did not go fishing with us every day as he used to, he stayed around camp, tending the fires, his stomach hurting from some ailment he fears to have identified. "Getting old, John," he said. "I'm no bloody good any more." We hope he is good for a lot of years. But people say he doesn't look so well. What they mean is that he is getting that seraphic look that very old men get. And that will be the end of a summer, too.

THE UN BUILDS ITS HOME

EDITH IGLAUER

Illustrations by Donald Mackay and Shih Ting Lo

WALLACE K. HARRISON, the architect in charge of planning and construction of headquarters for the United Nations, recently received a letter from an old friend, an expert on international affairs. "Speaking frankly, Wally," it said, "there's a fifty-fifty chance of having a UN to put into those beautiful new buildings you are putting up."

These days, Harrison hears a good deal of that sort of talk. It makes him hopping mad. "Dammit, we had the same kind of thing after the first world war," he says. "People got discouraged about an international organization for peace and lost interest. But I refuse to believe human beings are so stupid that they won't back up the one hope we have."

Gloomy predictions about the imminent collapse of the United Nations stimulate Harrison's staff to put on more speed. "The faster we get those buildings up, the better people everywhere will feel about the stability and permanency of UN," one of Harrison's associates has explained. "The sooner UN settles down for good, the more people will be willing to believe in it. An international organization is like everybody else. It won't feel secure until it has a roof over its head."

To this end, some four dozen weary architects, engineers, researchers, and clerks, and a stream of advisers and outside experts, crowded each day for almost a year into a tiny suite of offices on the

twenty-seventh floor of the RKO Building at Rockefeller Center in New York. Behind a door marked *United Nations Headquarters Planning*, they designed a world capital to be built on a plot no larger than one thirty-fifth of a square mile along the eastern shore of Manhattan Island. Its seventeen acres comprise six city blocks, running from 42d to 48th Streets and bounded lengthwise by the East River and First Avenue. On this small parcel of land there must eventually be enough buildings to accommodate a Secretariat of possibly 5,000 workers; a General Assembly of more than 3,000 delegates; the press and public; three large Councils which might meet simultaneously; committees and commissions that require small meeting rooms; delegations from a possible seventy member nations; some half-dozen specialized agencies; and the thousands of spectators who will want to come to see their world organization for themselves.

THERE has never been an architectural problem quite like this one; these plans must satisfy fifty-five clients. The League of Nations, faced with the same multiple-client handicap, was eleven years putting up its one building in Geneva, from 1926 to 1937. Even before it was completed, it was too small for the League's needs. After an international competition so loaded with politics that

Miss Iglauer's first report on the mechanics of international living, "Housekeeping for the Family of Nations" in our April 1947 issue, dealt only with the UN's temporary headquarters.

the judges never found the courage to pick one plan, three firms of architects, Swiss, French, and Italian, were selected to work together, which they did so badly that a fourth English firm was finally called in to keep the peace.

As Harrison has said, "With the experience of the League of Nations behind us, anything that we do will be better." It was felt by all interested parties that co-operation, not competition, was more in keeping with the spirit of UN. Early last January, acting under a resolution from the General Assembly, UN Secretary-General Trygve Lie and his Headquarters Advisory Committee, which consists of sixteen United Nations delegates headed by former Senator Warren R. Austin, established the Headquarters Planning Office. Harrison, co-designer of Rockefeller Center, was selected as its director. He was to work with an international administrative and technical staff, and receive advice from prominent architects all over the world.

On July 1, just six months after Harrison's appointment, the ninety-six page report of the Planning Office was put in the hands of Secretary-General Lie. This report to the Assembly of the United Nations contained the plans and preliminary sketches for a tall narrow skyscraper (the Secretariat office building), a low, fan-shaped Assembly Hall, and a conference area along the river including the three Council chambers, five conference rooms, and eighteen committee rooms. These are the buildings on which immediate construction is planned, commencing with the Secretariat skyscraper, to be followed by the conference area, and then the Assembly Hall. Only the outlines of subsequent buildings, for the offices of delegations and for specialized agencies, were sketched into the site drawings. With a private job of this magnitude, an architect's office would take two years to produce anything so definite as this report.

Yet, in addition to the report, the Planning Office was able in September to provide delegates arriving at Flushing Meadows for the current Assembly with a twelve-foot model of the entire world capital, tentatively designed with marble

and huge panes of plate glass for the façades.

"We expect to order steel for the Secretariat building by the first of the year," Max Abramowitz, Harrison's partner in the architectural firm of Harrison & Abramowitz and his deputy on the UN project, explained, "and we'll start excavating after the close of the current Assembly session." With luck, Harrison and his associates think they can have the Secretariat out of its cramped and ugly temporary quarters at Lake Success, Long Island, and in permanent residence on the East River by the summer of 1949.

II

THERE has never been a point when a final scheme has been chosen," one of Harrison's architects said recently, in an attempt to explain how the planning of the World's capital proceeds. "There has never been a time when we've said, 'This is it.' You just can't see one thread developing into a final scheme.

"For example, the forty-story skyscraper planned for the Secretariat may turn out to be a few stories less," he added. "We may find that we should make the length or width of the building five feet more, which would give us more space on each floor. Or we may find we don't have enough money, and then we'll simply drop off a couple of floors." Changes will, in fact, be made until, and probably even after, the last window pane is in place.

It will literally be impossible to point to any one architect or designer and say that his scheme was selected as the final one. The buildings that rise on the UN site, their positions, the general contours of the landscaping, even the approaches and exits, will be the product of many minds—testing, revising, improving, discarding, in a process bound to give the world capital a thoroughly international flavor. Approximately fifty different schemes were worked out by members of Harrison's advisory Board of Design for the site as a whole and for the individual buildings planned on it. Some architects submitted as many as six or seven complete plans.

In the beginning, the planners had four distinct architectural points of view. Some favored a monumental, some a functional, design. Some leaned toward replicas of past styles, others belligerently pushed for a new form of expression. Functional design seems to have triumphed over monumental, on the theory that what is best suited to the actual needs of the workers in the buildings will have its own symbolic beauty. Likewise, those seeking a new mode of expression appear definitely to be in the driver's seat. Everyone seems fairly well satisfied with the trend the plans have taken. Perhaps this is because the plans are based essentially on one of the most old-fashioned ideas in the world. In an age when the person gets a good deal less attention than the platypus, the buildings have been planned around one idea: to make the individual happy.

"The fundamental unit in our planning is the human being," Harrison has said. "We find it practical to provide things that will make him content—light, air, even trees and gardens. That way, we think he'll be made more efficient." This goal has necessitated complicated and involved analyses of the site—its topography, subsurface geology, orientation to summer and winter sun, the length and overlapping of shadows, sewer connections, police precincts, and hundreds of minute engineering technicalities.

At first the planners were stunned by the complexity of their task. They had to design structures not only to house thousands of persons carrying out interlocking and separate functions but to keep them from getting in one another's way. One of the biggest dilemmas, other than moving people through halls and up and down stairways, was where to park the automobiles of the delegates, Secretariat, and press. Plans call for space to park 2,000 cars beneath the Secretariat building. No building has yet been designed with room underneath for so many vehicles. How to get rid of the toxic fumes from the cars without killing off the people in the building? Harrison consulted his chief mechanical engineer, John Hennessy. Hennessy suggested a vertical shaft to be built through the center of the Secretariat

building, probably near the elevators, to carry off the fumes, aided by ventilators and sprinklers. Air-conditioning has been another headache. The overwhelming attitude of Secretariat employees indicated that the only successful international air-conditioning system would have to be controlled largely by the individual. This is the most expensive variety, but obviously the temperature that would most please an Icелander might be murderous for a Brazilian.

ONCE the buildings are up and the delegates are in them, they must be thoroughly protected. As Frank Begley, the UN Security Chief, sees it, security will be divided into three parts: fire, police, and identification. In building the new headquarters, the latest engineering developments will, of course, be used to keep the UN free from fire hazards. Begley plans to keep a small force on the grounds, probably with its own fire-fighting jeeps for wastebasket blazes and other minor mishaps. If there's a big fire, the New York Fire Department will come clanging.

As for police protection, Begley feels that the move into New York from the present suburban location, despite the advantage of having the city police close by, will add infinite woes to his job. The UN will unquestionably become part of every sightseeing trip, with public visitors increasing from the current top average of 1,000 a day to 5,000 daily. It was first thought that a stone wall should be built around the UN grounds, but this was quickly discarded as unsuitable for a world capital. Instead, Begley will add additional plain-clothes men to spot-check within the halls. There will be the same permanent pass identification system as now, but Begley hopes that some kind of landscaped shrubbery on the perimeter will deter people, especially children and panhandlers, from entering the grounds at other than designated points.

To determine what communications would be necessary within the buildings, one of Harrison's researchers prepared a study of every known labor-saving device in the field of a mechanical or electrical

nature. Essential communications requirements for the world capital are speed, privacy, and silence. Brigadier General Frank Stoner, chief communications engineer for UN, likes to rattle off a list of the equipment that he plans to install at the United Nations. "We will have the latest in radio, television, telephone, public address, dictaphones, telautograph, teletype, typewriters, microfilm, facsimile, electric voting machines for the delegates, electric signs, alarms, sprinklers, and, oh yes, a Chinese typewriter with 1,000 characters," he says. Pneumatic tubes will transfer documents within the buildings and one-way glass will be installed in the broadcasting booths so that broadcasters can see without disturbing the delegates. As a final triumph in communications perfection, the Secretary-General will be able to sit at his desk and throw a switch to see what is going on in every conference room and Council chamber.

A GOOD many suggestions have come to Lie and Harrison from outsiders. So far, although they indicate a lively interest in the UN building, few have been of any value. Most of the suggestions have been for war memorials or religious chapels within the site. The Grand Master of Hobby Clubs of America requested that 5,000 square feet be set aside for a workshop to help UN delegates and Secretariat relax. Several people have wanted a central spot on the grounds devoted to symbolic contributions from member countries, for native stones, stained glass windows, buttons from school children, and indigenous trees. Several Americans have wanted a memorial to Franklin D. Roosevelt placed on the site, and a number suggested a UN orchestra, with guest conductors from member countries.

One timid woman wrote to urge that the permanent headquarters be moved to the Rocky Mountains to avoid "tidal waves, floods, and bombs," and a frightened man wanted to transfer the UN to North Africa "because a political murder in New York might start another war." An enterprising business man suggested that he be permitted to operate a minia-



ture railroad on the outskirts of the site to keep sightseers from trespassing on the grass. One letter recommended that nets be slung out from the sides of the Secretariat skyscraper near the top, to thwart potential suicides.

Probably the most striking contribution was someone's notion to construct the Secretariat building in the shape of an upright cross. The exterior walls were to be of glass and aluminum, and at night the cross would be outlined by a "glowing golden band of neon." The horizontal arm of the cross was to be 190 feet across "if the engineering skill of the present day is not too limited," and the height was to be 1,000 feet, "representing the Biblical 1,000 years of peace on earth."

III

VISITORS to the Planning Office in Rockefeller Center who expected smart, rather cushy surroundings were startled by the plain, drab workrooms, filled with a hodgepodge of architects' paraphernalia. To the left of a tiny waiting room were cubicles where research and administrative work was done. Behind was a long, L-shaped room filled with drafting boards. Almost any time, even over weekends and holidays, from two to twenty-five architect-designers bor-



Southwest corner of the UN site

rowed from Harrison's office and from three other leading New York architectural firms sat on high stools painstakingly translating ideas submitted by Harrison and his top advisers into workable designs. On an average day, draftsmen were considering such dissimilar projects as a circular ramp instead of a staircase for one of the meeting-hall areas; a scaled drawing of the grounds demonstrating the amount of free space around the buildings; a cinema to be placed below the Assembly Hall; the underground garages; a library; and the general structure of the skyscraper Secretariat building.

To the right of the waiting room were two cubbyholes and a conference room. In one of the cubbyholes, architect Hugh Ferriss made his "renderings" of the architects' sketches, from which the fifty-five UN clients, to whom the average blueprint is meaningless, could get an idea of what the finished buildings will look like. Ferriss, a former president of the Architects' League, is a grizzled, abstracted man who frequently lay on his stomach

during Board meetings, a cigarette drooping from one corner of his mouth, and calmly sketched a site model under discussion. The public has seen his work in newspapers and periodicals. There was considerable merriment among the planners when *Life* magazine presented an imaginative "rendering" of its own that bore little resemblance to the authentic, careful Ferriss work.

Ferriss's drawings have also had particular value for the architects. If, for example, someone suggested that the Secretariat building be placed at right angles to the East River, Ferriss would make a quick sketch of a finished building, with a realistic landscaping, to show how it would appear in its final setting.

The other cubbyhole was a child's paradise, filled with green plasticene block models of projected UN buildings. Interiors were also modeled to show table shapes, passageways, and levels for observers, press, and public. Every new drawing from the drafting room pinned up on the conference room walls for the

architects to see and discuss was accompanied by a green plasticene model balanced on a flat board set on an upturned wastebasket.

The conference room was the center for UN planning activities. Long and narrow, it was cluttered with drafting tables, site models, and other architectural gewgaws. The walls were covered with drawings and in one corner lurked a strange object resembling a giant blood pressure gauge with an electric light hovering overhead. This was a heliodon, to measure the light of the sun. Nearby was a glass-topped table, with water floating inside plasticene walls, illuminated from below by an electric light. This was pleasantly called a "ripple tank," used to test the acoustical capacity of projected rooms and meeting halls.

WANDERING about in this informal menage were the world-renowned architects selected and called in by Harrison and Lie. They could usually be found bending over a drafting board, talking to one of Harrison's designers, or standing in small groups in the conference room, staring fixedly at a wall drawing. Having no desks of their own, they rarely settled in one spot for more than a few minutes, seeming to be in restless, perpetual consultation.

There are ten members of the Board of Design Consultants, and they shuttle back and forth between New York and such divergent points as Australia, Brazil, Belgium, Canada, China, France, Sweden, the Soviet Union, England, and Uruguay. Technically their appointment was for a four-month period, from February 15 to June 15, 1947, for which they received \$5,000 plus traveling expenses. Several were already here when appointed, and others have come back and forth repeatedly, having commitments at home. Probably the majority will continue to be associated in some capacity or other with UN planning at least until the first buildings begin to rise.

In selecting architects for the Board, two types were ruled out. Harrison was anxious to have the services of the famous Finnish architect, Alvar Aalto. Both the Russians and the Poles objected to using

any architect from a country that had an enemy status or had been an Axis satellite. As one Pole expressed it, it would be impossible to work with those whose fingers were stained with the blood of his Polish countrymen. The Russians simply said that it would show we didn't have enough talent on our side. The UN, they felt, belongs to its members and should be built by them. In a slightly different category were German émigrés, notably Walter Gropius, now at Harvard. When his name and one or two others were suggested, several UN members gently made it clear that the émigrés have been in the United States long enough to be considered as Americans, and that the United States already had its representative in Harrison.

No one pretends that the Board has functioned with perfect smoothness. Sometimes it has seemed as if Harrison's role has called less for architectural knowledge than for the application of cold towels to aching egos. Even Harrison, certainly one of the most even-tempered and amenable men on the Eastern seaboard, has been known to retire with an attack of rattled nerves after an afternoon's meeting in which the egocentric Le Corbusier has monopolized the discussion with an exposition of his views.

Unquestionably the most colorful member of the Board of Design, Le Corbusier, or Corbu, has belligerently stated on more than one occasion that he was sent by the French government "to defend modern architecture." Virtually all the architects on the Board of Design have been influenced by Corbusier's brilliant designs and views on modern functional building, and another Board member, Oscar Niemeyer of Brazil, is considered one of his most successful disciples. There is thus little argument with his point of view, but rather a secretly voiced wish that he would not express it so often and so vehemently, as if he were speaking to a group of high school students. Perhaps Corbusier's experience with the League of Nations, when his plan for the League buildings was chosen over hundreds of others in an international competition, and then ruled out on the maddening technicality that it had been done in printer's ink instead of China ink, has had

a good deal to do with his unwillingness to recognize any other architect's ideas for UN unless he is persuaded that they are an adaptation of his own.

Diametrically opposed to Le Corbusier is the forty-six-year-old Soviet member of the Board, a gentle, witty, engineer-designer, Nikolai Bassov. A specialist in factory design and construction, Bassov achieved great fame in Russia during the war when he shifted huge industrial plants back of the Ural Mountains. He arrived in the United States in May 1946, to serve as Soviet member of the UN Headquarters Commission in selecting a permanent site. Since he was already in the United States, it was a short step from the Commission to the Planning Office.

Where Le Corbusier has been theoretical and given to flights of fancy, Bassov is thoroughly practical. He is always the first to inquire about costs, elevators, utilities, ramps, widths of halls, and traffic circulation. Engineer rather than architect, he has conducted a running opposition to Corbusier's favorite device, the use of concrete *pilotis*, or stilts, to raise buildings off the ground so that the space underneath can be used for pedestrian traffic. This, Corbu feels, gives the building a light appearance, as though it were floating in the air. Bassov refers to *pilotis* as "chicken legs." "It is unnatural for such a heavy volume to stand on chicken legs," he says, "and what is unnatural is always impractical."

SEVERAL Board members do not speak or understand English, which has often made for tough going at meetings. Bassov always uses an interpreter. Corbusier does on occasion, although almost all the architects have enough mastery of French to understand him. The white-haired, portly Uruguayan architect, Julio Vilamajo, designer at Montevideo of some of the finest public buildings in the Western hemisphere, neither speaks nor understands English and has had to depend on the interpreting services of one of Harrison's architects. Oscar Niemeyer, brilliant modern Brazilian designer who has been one of the most active planners on the Board, is most at home in Portuguese,

but tries to limp along with a sketchy knowledge of English.

England is represented on the Board by Howard Robertson, the British architect called in as consultant on the League of Nations Palace. "I was brought in to work on the League of Nations building as a sort of balance of power," he says. "The others were stale, they had been there too long. With the UN it's much better, because the ideas are all coming out in the beginning instead of at the end, as they did at the League, when it was too late."

Robertson's original idea for the UN site was an enclosed, cloistered place, a re-creation of an atmosphere like Oxford's, with the quiet of the courtyard predominant. But he willingly followed along with the final decision to spread the buildings out over the grounds.

Gyle Souilleux of Australia has been particularly useful to the Board because of his specialized knowledge of acoustics. Most of his previous work has been in theater and auditorium building. He warned the Board, for example, that it would be wise for acoustical reasons to stay away from the domed roofs favored both by Vilamajo and Markelius of Sweden for their symbolic representation of the earth's shape. Souilleux has been studying ways of eliminating foot travel for Secretariat employees inside UN buildings. "I got the impression at Lake Success that people were walking down endless miles of corridors," he recently explained, "and my pet idea is to try by the use of many escalators and elevators to cut down the astounding amount of horizontal travel." Souilleux is firmly convinced that because of the distances, and such other discomforts as poor air-conditioning and fluorescent lighting in place of daylight, no one can work at Lake Success more than two years without cracking up.

Sven Markelius, Swedish member of the Board, has made his special concern the areas surrounding the United Nations headquarters. Just two weeks after his arrival he submitted a report with detailed plans for improving not only the neighborhood immediately around the site, but the area visible directly across the river, in

Queens. In the opinion of his colleagues, it was an extraordinary piece of work. "The United Nations Headquarters as the proper center of the whole world's mutual interests must present in itself the dominance and dignity proper for the capital of the world," he said. "The stimulus to the surrounding parts of East Manhattan caused by the arrival of the United Nations Headquarters to this area will cause, if no great efforts are made, an extremely intense development in the very near future. The United Nations site will be enclosed by a gigantic wall of high buildings, which by their compact mass and high dimensions will deprive the United Nations Headquarters of every opportunity for distinction. The whole thing will get the character of a deep box at the bottom of which the United Nations Headquarters will be overshadowed."

To avoid such a catastrophe he made definite zoning suggestions, particularly in reference to the height of buildings on First and Second Avenues, suggested a riverside park belt, and so on. Some of his ideas had a somewhat embarrassing

disregard for heavy real-estate interests in the surrounding areas. Although it will take years to achieve anything approaching Markelius' grand concept of appropriate surroundings for UN, definite interest has already been shown by local agencies in making the UN region a cultural center. The New York Public Library has talked of putting a projected branch building nearby. There have been rumors that the Metropolitan Opera Company may someday build its new home in the vicinity. Even the Consolidated Edison Company, which has one of its huge, somber, square-shaped power plants immediately below the site, has been drawing up plans for a more felicitous façade.

New York City's Board of Estimate late last summer turned thumbs down on a redeveloping scheme proposed by the real estate operator, William Zeckendorf, involving widespread condemnation of land around the UN, rezoning, and subsequent sale to private operators, principally Zeckendorf. The private operators would then presumably build cultural, residential, and business structures more

UN site from the East River



suitable to the UN than the present dismal array of warehouses and gas stations.

As for the opposite shoreline, the New York State legislature has passed a law empowering New York City's Board of Estimate to remove at least the advertising signs which dot the Queens shore, although no action has yet been taken. At the moment, an electric *Pepsi-Cola* hits the spot directly across from the projected site.

AS DIRECTOR of this international menagerie, Wallace Harrison is extraordinarily well fitted for his present job. He was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, the son of a machine shop and foundry superintendent. He left school at fourteen, before receiving a high school diploma, and worked as office boy in various architects' offices, first back home, then in New York, where he took night courses at Columbia. Ten years later he was an associate professor at Columbia's School of Architecture.

His international education began during the first war, when he commanded a submarine chaser in European waters. Before returning to the United States in 1923, he traveled throughout Europe, studying at various schools of architecture. During the recent war Harrison succeeded Nelson Rockefeller as chief of the Office of Inter-American affairs. Rockefeller is one of his closest personal friends.

Harrison at fifty-one is known as a visionary planner who has sometimes made rather fantastic experiments. The expenses of some architects are not over forty per cent of their total fee for a job. Harrison's sometimes run over one hundred per cent. Instead of working with one idea from the start, he may call in full-time model makers to study forty or fifty schemes for one building or one set of buildings. This procedure costs money.

One of the juiciest architectural contracts of all times evaporated when Harrison took up with the UN. William Zeckendorf originally had grandiose plans for a tremendous \$125,000,000 private project to be built on what is now the UN site. He had lined up Harrison as sole architect for the job, and guaranteed

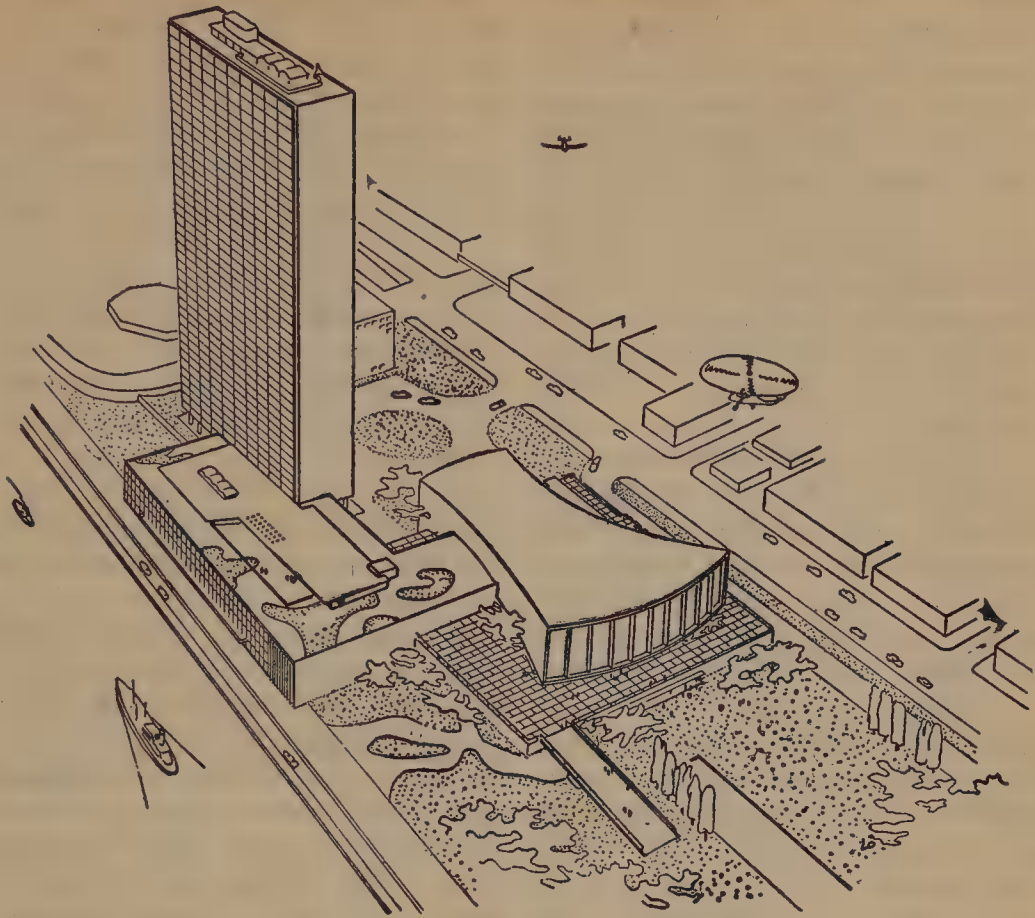
him a rumored six to seven per cent of the \$125,000,000 outlay. Harrison stood to make a net profit of almost four million dollars. As Director of the United Nations Headquarters Planning Office, Harrison's office expenses are paid by the UN on a cost basis. His own salary is \$12,500, and Abramowitz, as his deputy, is paid slightly less. But the firm of Harrison and Abramowitz still takes in tidy sums from other jobs. It currently is working on a new building for Time, Inc. on Park Avenue in New York, and a building for the Aluminum Company of America.

The role of Harrison's partner, Max Abramowitz, has been deliberately played down to avoid any impression of American overweighting in the planning. But Abramowitz is the man who frequently fills in the details of Harrison's "visions"; he drew up, as one of his colleagues described it, "practically every design you could think of" for the UN site before the Board of Design met, even designs that were obviously unsuitable but might contain germs of ideas. It was Abramowitz who recently said to a friend: "The United Nations must have a look all its own," with a character and dignity distinct from any other set of buildings. We are not interested in a replica of a past style. We are a different, new, strong generation, and we feel that it is up to the architects to express the age."

IV

THE site chosen for the United Nations permanent headquarters was until recently one of the least attractive sections of New York. This was the home of the Slaughter House Gang, named for the slaughter houses that have dotted the east side of First Avenue for the past one hundred years. Long before that era of dives and bawdyhouses a peaceful tobacco farm, established in 1639, was the first settlement in the area. The site of the Wilson Meat Packing plant at 45th Street and First Avenue is said to be the place where Nathan Hale made his famous last speech and was hanged.

Ownership of the site was complicated by the fact that Zeckendorf's real-estate firm, Webb & Knapp, owned parcels but not the whole area. There were a



number of options to purchase and some syndicate ownerships. A. H. Feller, General Counsel of the UN, likes to lean back in his chair and think about the afternoon of March 25, 1947, when the UN conducted a little ceremony in honor of the final closing of the title. John D. Rockefeller III and Lie were there, and New York's Mayor William O'Dwyer was expected. The only other person who wasn't there was a man from Chicago, who owned 9/300 of the site and had started by plane from Chicago in a blinding snowstorm. His was the only signature missing. "Luckily the Mayor was late," Feller reminisces, "and just in the nick of time, in walked a little man. 'I'm from Chicago,' he said, 'and I've come to sign some sort of a UN paper!'"

Feller laughs about the one speculator who tried to cash in on the site. He had got wind of the negotiations and bought up a lease on a small brick shack at 47th Street. He promptly asked \$10,000 from the UN for the rest of the lease, but he

didn't know that UN demolition won't reach his shack until after his lease expires. "We're just letting him sit and speculate," Feller says.

Considering the location of the site in crowded Manhattan, there has been relatively little trouble with occupants who must be moved away. The only residential tenants on the site are fifty-one families in an apartment house at the north end. One family bought a house in the country, but the other fifty will cost the United Nations approximately \$300,000 to move to apartment houses several blocks away, which are being purchased and reconditioned at UN expense.

More troublesome was a \$1,500,000 seven-story building constructed by the New York City Housing Authority for its administrative staff at the south end of the site. To tear down this eyesore, a heavy steel and granite building, would mean a \$1,500,000 dead loss to the UN, since it had to buy the building from the Housing Authority. Finally it was decided to move

UN officials housed in the Empire State and RKO buildings, such as the Military Staff Committee and the Planning Office itself, into the building. Someday when finances must not be watched so stringently, the planners hope it will be torn down.

Negotiations with the slaughter houses have been both amusing and irritating. The UN was perfectly willing to sign the only restraint put upon it in attaining ownership of the site: it promised never to slaughter cattle in the area. It has already begun filling in the cattle runs below the East River Drive, through which the packers have been driving steers and sheep coming off barges in the East River.

UN officials still smile at the memory of a speech made by the head of one slaughter house at the close of negotiations. He cleared his throat and said: "Gentlemen, this is an historic occasion." The UN people, expecting just another compliment to the United Nations, were delighted to hear him conclude: "This marks the passing of a landmark which has graced New York for sixty-seven years."

But the UN officials did not smile when Swift & Company, whose slaughter house occupied two blocks on First Avenue,

tried to shift its moving date from July 26 to late fall. "They claimed their meat slaughtering was more important than the United Nations," one harassed negotiator said. Delay would have held up the opening of the site by as much as a year, and Swift & Company was finally persuaded to move on time. For to reroute vehicular traffic, as is now planned, under First Avenue between 42d and 48th Streets through a tunnel, all the steam, electric power, and water lines must first be taken out and moved, and a temporary road must be made close by. Only then can digging for the tunnel begin. This most complicated of municipal engineering operations takes a good twelve months to complete.

Harrison does not permit these inevitable annoyances to distract him. He is possessed with the grandeur of the vision and the importance of the work in which he and his associates are engaged. "Do you know the mood I want to catch in the UN building?" he often says, glancing from his workroom windows in the direction of the site. "I want people to see those buildings and *feel* their beauty, impressiveness, simplicity, peacefulness, and meaning. Above all, I want them to feel their permanence."

To a Candle at an Inn

PHILIP GARRIGAN

THE reckless door will one day open
where once I put my fist to the timber
on a day when the swallows were flying south—

But what I wished there I have forgotten
as what I want here I do not know
as why I shall go where I am going tomorrow—

Only I would be counted thoughtful as the bird
every however I take for the swiftest way
to fly to the south of the mind.

After Hours

BACK ■ year or so ago, when it was still painfully difficult to buy clothes, I made the rounds of the stores I have come to count on in search of an ordinary suit. What amazed me at the time was the variety and freedom of men's styles, which (as Miss Agnes Rogers observed last month) usually move "with glacial speed." There were sports jackets cut square in the bottom in front, with long, tab-like lapels, which seemed to be importations from the West Coast. The materials were of all possible patterns and colors, surely challenging the old assumption that men dress in bleak, gray monotone and leave color to the women. (Is the blue serge suit more monotonous than the "basic black dress"?) What was usually offered to me as a suit had underslung pants and an absurdly long double-breasted jacket, and such being not to my taste I ended up at one store feebly trying to explain to the clerk that I wanted a single-breasted, three-button suit without a wasp waist. "Oh," he said finally, "what you want is our 'Judge' model."

The recent to-do about women's fashions gave me a similar feeling of being out of my time. I had always assumed (and hope to go on assuming) that real chic varies little with the seasons and that really well-dressed women buy clothes good enough to last. It was once Mainbocher's boast that he was the least expensive designer in the business, and he listed famous women whose famous dresses had been bought from him many, many years ago. The recent "shift" in female fashion was so patently engineered, so disgusting to conscientious people within the trade, and so damaging to the Ameri-

can reputation abroad that I should think it would take out of dressing well ■ good deal of the pleasure that women should be able to get from it.

Nevertheless the "new look" is now an accomplished fact, and a familiar sight on the avenues is a woman enjoying the brief, heady intoxication of being conspicuously straight out of *Vogue*. I've always been glad that men were supposed to have better sense. We were supposed to buy less frequently and expect better quality; we were supposed to have less time on our hands and be more essentially conservative. The result was supposed to be that British cloth and British tailoring were our ideals, and I like to think that some of that illusion still remains. But when Mr. Clark Gable, in "the Hucksters," stopped in at Countess Mara's to exchange his black knit tie for a hand-painted one in order to look like a more sincere Huckster-of-Distinction, it must have surprised many Eastern eyes that his heavily-padded, one-button "drape shape" should have been thought worth the trouble. The suit was a dead give-away; the man was an obvious impostor. Such arbitrary delineations apparently do not pertain in Southern California, as I understand from a friend of mine who caused a sensation in Hollywood not so long ago by wearing a seersucker jacket.

East or West, it depends on your preconceptions; and whatever they are they will temporarily stand in the way of sensible, inevitable changes in male garb. The seersucker suit is a good example of utilitarian reform that has really come to stay. If you wore one in New York four years ago people looked at you as

though you had come out onto the street in your pajamas, and so in fact did you look. But there is now a cord-cloth compromise, equally cool and a lot less rumpled-looking, and even seersucker itself is acceptable at nearly any city summer occasion short of a press conference in the Prince Matchabelli Crown Room. (The next step for the city—and *Life* magazine's greatest contribution to the twentieth century—will be shorts, to which I would add only bush jackets and knee-length socks.) But reform for reform's sake alone has never caught on—for which we may all be thankful. Who has since seen the one-piece purple dinner clothes that Elizabeth Hawes put Lucius Beebe into years ago? And what do we have to show for the wholesome, sporty influence that was going to come out of the West and liberate us from the yoke of Anglophile tradition? The two-toned "loafer" jacket, perhaps?

I say this as warning that we may all soon have to take a strong stand. There are rumors and counter-rumors that the clothing industry, having successfully bulldozed the women into entire new wardrobes, is about to try the same trick on the other half of the population. I trust that such a deliberate conspiracy will be resisted stoutly, but at the same time I hope that natural conservatism will not stifle new departures that might make life easier, more interesting, or just more colorful. Men do not dress rationally or even the way they would like to dress, and there is ample room for more freedom and variety—and for the sensible good looks, for instance, that make the Army's one-piece fatigues such a remarkable garment. There should be an opportunity, also, for those who love color to indulge—if only in the privacy of their homes—in such innocent frivolities as canary-yellow tuxedos, bright blazers, and red velvet smoking jackets. Why not? But I have no real hope that clothing reform is moving in any such direction. If the stores are any indication, men have little to gain from any "new look" so far offered. The day is still far off when clothes freedom will be anything but freedom to buy more flashy and grotesque clothes.

Looks Like a Wax Thing

RARELY is a press release irresistible, but one sent me scampering to Macy's recently to convince myself of the reality of the "new three-dimensional photography" called VitaVision. "It represents," the release said, "an amazingly lifelike and human effect which makes you want to reach out to touch a curl, straighten a tie, or feel the skin."

With my hands thrust firmly into my pockets, I made my way to Macy's sixth floor, where I was assured I would find a VitaVision studio that was "architecture, style, and color . . . so skillfully blended that the result is both beautiful and functional." The studio, within earshot of the sheet music department where a demonstrator was thumping a piano, was set off by partitions in the Mies van der Rohe manner, and was swarming with shoppers, mostly women, who had come (presumably) to be transformed into photographs that somebody would want to fondle. Set into the wall of one partition and lighted from behind was a row of color photographs (transparencies) which when you gave them your full attention were, as advertised, astonishingly three-dimensional. The fact that the heads in most of them were about five inches high reminded me fleetingly of the shrunken heads in the Museum of Natural History, but on second look they were more like little polychromed sculptures or much-too-lifelike dolls. There was something slightly uneasy about them, though; they shimmered a bit. Most of the pictures were of pretty women with ingratiating smiles, and it seemed almost rude to stand there staring at them. Their complexions were of the edible sort, and their curls touchable; the few men who had been VitaVisioned looked as though they had spent a good deal of time in the sun.

The reason for this was immediately evident when I got on the other side of the partition. At little tables fourteen or fifteen men and women (mostly women) with uplifted faces were being smeared with movie makeup preparatory to the couple of minutes they would spend in front of the camera. As there can be no

retouching on these pictures, blemishes, crows' feet, and other marks of character are carefully eliminated in advance.

I was allowed to stand at one end of the cramped little studio while a rather flustered and self-conscious woman in her forties had her picture taken. Directly above her head a golfball (Dynamite # 2) was suspended as a plumb line on a string from the ceiling. Behind her was a painted background that faded from pink into blue at the top, and she sat in a shiny red leather chair. She was surrounded by spotlights and floodlights of a perfectly conventional sort, and before the photographer started taking the picture he told her to lick her lips. Her lipstick gleamed under the bright lights.

The camera itself looks like any large portrait camera, but it moves in a perfect arc from right to left, as though it were walking a third of the way around the sitter. To photographers the astonishing thing is that the shutter remains open while the camera (and of course the film) moves. I asked a technician to explain how the process worked, and I started to take notes as he talked. "Don't try to write this down," he said. "It's too complicated." I did gather, however, that there is a "lenticular" screen somewhere between the lens and the plate, so that in effect as the camera moves a tremendous number of separate exposures flow onto the film.

"What happens if the subject moves?" I asked.

"She can open and close her mouth if she wants to," he answered, "and if you walked by the finished picture and looked at it you'd see her mouth move. If you stopped at any one place, you'd see just what the camera saw from the same position."

Near the Broadway entrance to the store as I left there was a crowd of people in front of one of the show windows.

"Looks like a wax thing," one woman said after she had stared at a three-dimensional picture of a blonde in a sweater. A man standing near me seemed to be taking a more critical look, closing one eye and moving his head from side to side. I asked him how he liked it.

He explained how he thought the thing

worked, and his description jibed astonishingly with what I had been told in the studio. "I'm a portrait painter myself," he said, "and I find this rather disturbing." It occurred to me that only a painter, whose business is solving visual problems, could have doped out for himself the theory behind a gadget such as this; but I don't think he need be worried.

Three-dimensional photography will become, once the novelty wears off, just another convention. It is no more real than the usual kind of photography; it merely distorts in a new way. Whether you want little puppets staring down at you from your walls, making you feel you can't in all modesty get undressed in front of your Aunt Emma's protruding face, is another matter. But you'll get used to it, because the chances are that in a few years the people who now subject you to an evening of looking at colored projections of their last summer's vacation in the Rockies will be doing the same thing, this time adding the kind of vertigo that goes with the old stereopticon. Three-dimensional hand cameras for the amateur will be on sale next year, and it is reported that three-dimensional movies are only a matter of time. I don't know how you feel about this, but it makes me take a new interest in those nice flat photographs of nice flat Byzantine mosaics made by men with imagination and a decent respect for keeping a picture in its place.

American Comic

THE latest Bob Hope picture—"Where There's Life"—is not especially funny, and it reminded me most of an old movie shot of a man laughing, but with no sound track, no laugh. All the machinery is there, in Mr. Hope's picture, but when the audience laughs it is only because they have been reminded that he is a funny man. Some gesture recalls an earlier picture; some remark ties in with the familiar Bob-Hope personality that is more present in the audience's mind than in "Where There's Life." The best laugh, typically, is the customary irrelevant reference to Bing Crosby, the private joke that makes no sense whatever to someone who has not seen the previous pictures in the series. Mr. Hope is in the awkward

position of being less funny than his tradition.

It is a good tradition, mind you, and when Hope is quoted in a gossip column as having said, "Things are so tough James Mason has laid off two of his cats," it doesn't occur to you to worry whether the columnist thought it up, whether a press agent planted it with the columnist, whether a gag writer wrote it for the press agent, or whether Hope really thought it up for himself. It doesn't matter, because it is so obviously a "Hope gag." Cartoon ideas that come into a magazine office, in much the same way, can be assigned to an artist—this is an Arno, this is a Partch, this is an Addams. We are all of us accustomed to the idea that being funny is quite hard work, and the fact that many hands participate in the making of a radio show or a cartoon or a movie does not bother us if the final result is fused into a personality we know and like.

In this respect I have the feeling that we are beginning to run short of personalities. Let's go to first causes and start with the decline of burleycue. One of the results of the drying up of vaudeville and the suppression of burlesque is that there is no longer a school for clowns, a training ground in the essentials of the profession where a young man can try out nearly anything on a tough, critical, but enthusiastic audience. (Indirectly, this has had another result in an allied field: what is musical comedy without William Gaxton and Victor Moore? Well, it's Agnes de Mille, and you can have it.) The marks of this training have been evident on our great comedians: Fred Allen, Durante, Bobby Clark, Bert Lahr—all these gentlemen are artists. They can scarcely turn around on the stage without expressing themselves, without making their moods precisely clear; and they would not have lasted this long if they had not had some individuality to express. Today there is only night-club training and movie training, and the results we have so far are Peter Lind Hayes, Keenan Wynn, and Billy de Wolfe—one a mimic, and the other two, if they will pardon me, men of wispy, hysterical little mustaches and absolutely no personality whatever.

Of course, the American comedian is

up against it. Our national specialty is not so much the individual comic as the teams—like the Marx brothers, and Laurel and Hardy in their heyday—who produce humor as a byproduct of social destructiveness, tearing apart an elegant dinner or a quiet suburban evening with the force of their attack. John Grierson calls it "a brilliance of idiocy which is quite easily America's most civilized contribution to this section of the century." But he finds it essentially "frothy stuff," the product of a "national mind which has not yet got down to the job of social criticism." A European might also observe that in America we have no equivalent to Cantinflas in Latin America, George Robey in England, or Fernandel in France—the perfect peasants, the local yokels, whose cosmic frustration comes partly from the very limitation of being "lower class." In that sense, we have had no "social criticism" ever since Chaplin stopped being the little man in the baggy trousers.

What made Bob Hope so typical—and, I think, what made him so popular with the Army—was that he was *above* class and authority rather than in rebellion against them, in a way that made it seem particularly funny in a USO show that he should be dragged on stage by two MP's. It didn't matter to Hope. He personified the American's American—insouciance, unlimited wisecracks, and a touch of polite lechery. So I take no pleasure now in reporting that he has made a poor movie, that he is getting a little flabby, that his leer is somewhat wan. And I wonder if all along there hasn't been this defect in machine-made humor: that when the comedian is never any funnier than his gag-men, one of the two is bound to wear out before the other. Really first-rate talent cannot be subdivided, and the best comedians will always be their own best source of material. The real clown will never be dependent on each of his lines being, as they say, a "sure-fire boff." To return to the example of the cartoonists—nearly anyone can think up an Addams, but only Steinberg can think up a Steinberg.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

PERENNIAL PASTIME: ANNEXING ART

Jacques Barzun

THERE must be a class," said Griswold, "the end of whose lives shall be to search after and reveal beauty and truth, a class acting upon the nation, but acted upon both by it and by all nations and all ages. And we need libraries and learned institutions, and galleries of art. These things are coming rapidly." Who is Griswold and when did he say this? He said it just a hundred years ago, in the Preface to *The Prose Writers of America*, part of which is reprinted in a well-edited anthology just issued by Funk and Wagnalls, *One Hundred Years Ago: American Writing of 1847* (518 pp., \$5).

Griswold was himself an anthologist whose contribution to American letters through criticism and compilation Edgar Allan Poe deemed the most important in many years. According to Poe, Griswold was "a man of taste, talents and tact," but after Poe's death, Griswold wrote his colleague's life and edited his works in the mood of an executioner. Griswold has consequently been rated low as a critic and ungenerous as a man. But the moral of the story is not so simple. Critics keep calling for art, but when art appears they say, quite sincerely, "I didn't mean *that*." The public nods at the mention of "a class dedicated to the search for beauty and truth"—servants of the nation—but public and critic hardly ever recognize beauty at sight and cannot precisely tell what its valuable effect on the nation is.

In spite of this recurrent cycle of expectation and unwanted fulfillment, everyone continues to think that he knows what art is and what it is for. Griswold was not specially obtuse: he was a "man of taste, talents, and tact" doing his best to spur American culture forward despite the Mexican War, in the year of *Evangeline*, *Omoo*, Emerson's *Poems*, and

Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. Writing before the Communist Manifesto, Griswold could not be expected to use the word "class" in its sociological sense, and he held the traditional view that the searchers after beauty and truth exerted a genuine force on the national destinies.

Were he living now, he could discover in a useful collection of extracts from Marx and Engels—*Literature and Art* (International Publishers, \$2.25)—how these products of the mind presumably arise. He would learn the now familiar thesis that the way in which men produce and exchange the means of subsistence determines all forms of consciousness, including of course literature and art. "Determines" has here the sense of completeness and finality, for although mental acts "react upon one another and also upon the economic base," this last "*ultimately* always asserts itself." This is so invariable, according to Marxist doctrine, that all seeming accidents are in the end explicable by economic necessity. Great men are accidents of this type—inevitable, given the conditions. The only variable seems to be the name and address of the historic person. "That Napoleon, just that particular Corsican, should have been the military dictator . . . was an accident. . . . But cut him out . . . and a substitute will be found." Hindsight proves it: "The man has always been found as soon as he became necessary—Caesar, Augustus, Cromwell, etc."

Applied to art, this special law of supply and demand leads to an amusing paradox which Marx and Engels overlook. In art, great men are never "necessary." The actual demand is not for a great man, but for a nice little one, and when the great man comes he has usually the least possible connection with

the "economic base." He flouts it and starves. *American Writing of 1847* gives us a good example in Melville, whose travel book, *Omoo*, was quite popular in its own day. The author could conceivably have gone on producing works with no heavier critical or philosophical ballast; but something happened; an atom swerved, and Melville gave up fame and money to write—*Moby Dick*.

The economic interpreter may seek to ground his thesis in blubber and try to persuade us that *Moby Dick* sprang right out of the whaling industry—"in its decline"—and used Melville as medium. But the difficulty is to make a thing as scatterwitted as an industry write a book. The products of industry are general, commonplace; the products of art are particular, unique. Analytical views derived from the first are too crude to cope with the second. Hence what the Marxian analyst does is to stress general relations, broad correspondences of fact with opinion, hoping that the clear conditioning of one part will be accepted as determination of the whole.

For the prime mover that so many critics have come to call the writer's "society" is either a much narrower or a much vaguer thing than the abstract "economic base." This is very evident in the essays that Mr. James T. Farrell has gathered under the title *Literature and Morality* (Vanguard, \$3). When he attacks the "reactionary" ethics of certain contemporary American novelists because their stories imply a belief in free will, he argues feebly and against his own explicit valuation of the art he attacks. When, on the contrary, he analyzes the direct relations between writers on the one hand and publishers, Hollywood, and radio, on the other, he is lucid, coherent, and convincing: for the economics of art are economic matters, whereas the artistry of art is not economics nor class morality disguised.

Socialism and Superior Brains

As a critic Mr. Farrell is an avowed Marxian. The odd thing is that when Marx and Engels—both cultivated minds—really became interested in a work of art, they wrote, not like Men from Marx, but like esthetes. One merit of the International Publishers' anthology is to have allowed this fine discrepancy to show. "The writer," says Marx, "in no way regards his works as a means; so little are they a means for him and others that, when necessary, he sacrifices his existence

to theirs, and, like the preacher of religion, he takes as his principle, 'Obey God more than men'. . ."

Marx's recognition of Balzac as an artist who could transcend his class, his time, and his own system of ideas, is sufficient to crack the determinist hypothesis, even if we did not have Marx's own output to prove the same thing. Marx had in fact a double doctrine. To prepare his followers for the great fight, he found it expedient to scout individual self-determinism; each man's sensibility was to be hardened and joined to others' until they formed a class armor. Marx himself toughened his hide to the point where he actually enjoyed scornfulness and contempt. But he did not wholly kill his wounded self and he occasionally spoke out of its integrity—as in his protest against bourgeois censorship: "My property is *form*, it is my spiritual individuality. *The style is the man*. And how! The law allows me to write, but on the condition that I write in a style other than my own . . . in the *prescribed expression*! What man of honor would not blush at such presumption and prefer to hide his head under his toga?"

In a word, although the economic base worked on all alike, there was but one Karl Marx. And censorship, even though for the good of the state, violated something superior to the state and to the means of production. This is the reason why a semi-official Marxian study of an artist, such as Alexander Romm's *Matisse: A Social Critique* (Lear, \$3.75) has to swing between loose Marxian formulas and sharp observations of what is to be seen in the painter's canvases. The generalities, unfortunately, are almost always questionable. For instance, the "decline of capitalism" and the "wreck of its ideologies" in the mid-nineteenth century, are made to account for the movement toward Eastern philosophies visible in Schopenhauer and *Tristan*. It's too bad that Schopenhauer's orientalism dates back to 1818—in step with that of the Romantics to whose generation he belongs—and too bad also that *Tristan* is a Celtic legend of which the pessimism is rooted, not in falling profits, but in royal sailboats and love philtres.

Perhaps these errors of formulation could be excused as just another kind of conventional criticism, if the effect were not to split every work of art into craftsmanship and "significance"—this last being reduced to socio-historical data until it becomes one with Bessemer and Ford. Mr. Romm's conclusion,

Ruth McKenney THE LOUD RED PATRICK

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for example, is that "we cannot accept the hedonistic outlook of Matisse . . . and his unwillingness to give an adequate reflection of reality. But . . . powerful, intensive color, his daring and dynamic treatment of form, mastery of the laws of decorative rhythm . . . can and must find a corresponding expression in Soviet art. . . ."

The Freudian "Base"

It is a question whether Marx, had he lived to see his view of intellectual genesis become a penny-in-the-slot guillotine used on the

body of art, would not have been moved to reconsideration. That is at any rate what Freud did in parallel circumstances. He too began with a back-handed dismissal of the artist. All men, he said, have fantasies growing out of the desire for fame, money, and women. But only the artists have the knack of making these very fantasies bring them satisfaction in cash, laurels, and mistresses. The twofold implication was that art was day-dreaming, and that the artist was spurred to his work by lust for the common pleasures. So far Freud's materialism was the same as



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Marx's—both men, in their obscurity, being rather enviously bent on reducing great men to the common size.

Later, in the study of *Leonardo* now reprinted (Random, \$2.50), Freud enlarged his views. Although he still stuck to his false comparison between art and the sleeper's turning away from reality, he disclaimed any pretension to explain art. Rather, psycho-analysis uses art—and very tentatively at that—to explore the unconscious mind of the artist. But even this modest handling of Leonardo's life, notebooks, and paintings is open to a good

many objections. Freud snatches at too many straws, linguistic and biographical. Though one may grant him his symbolism in full, no student of history can for a moment admit such a principle as that if someone is suspected of abnormality or crime, the existence of the charge argues some likelihood of its truth. This is the smoke-and-fire fallacy, which is the vulgarest of vulgar error.

But Freud had wonderful powers of mental regeneration. In the essay on *Dostoevsky* now published together with the omitted chapter—"Stavrogin's Confession"—from *The*



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Possessed (Lear, \$2.75), Freud produced a model of analytic method as well as a masterly portrait of an artist who was also a neurotic. He is explicit about the separation, indeed the complete independence, of the two characteristics. With Freud's aid we see as nowhere else, and we sympathetically understand, what makes so much of Dostoevsky repellent even to well-disposed admirers. The cycle of crime, repentance, and cruelty to self, which generates cruelty to others and forms the fresh crime of a new series—all this Freud shows as legitimate, in fact as fundamental subject-matter for naturalistic art. This is not only because the cycle embraced a large part of Dostoevsky's (and other neurotics') experience, but because it is only an exaggeration of the universal stress of feelings symbolized in the fable of Oedipus.

After reading Freud, *Crime and Punishment* seems easier to swallow, and Stavrogin's confessed perversity regains some of the purgative properties which it undoubtedly had for its author. From that point we can go to *Major Barbara* for the comedic treatment of the same theme, and feel ready to choose the religion that best takes cognizance of our nature. Meanwhile, though Stavrogin's victim and a part of our sensibility have been violated, the nature of art has not; Freud is again explicit: "Before the problem of the creative artist, analysis must lay down its arms . . . the artistic endowment is . . . unanalyzable."

What is still more striking is that the Russian Government seems by implication to concede this inaccessibility of art. For one of the authors represented in this interesting volume is "The Russian Government," which writes a respectful "Note" about Dostoevsky's manuscripts; and unless great art and the passage of time abate the force of "social significance," it is hard to see how the novelist who earned the praise of the Procurator of the Holy Synod as a pillar of Church and State should collect kindred tribute from the enemies of Tsar and Synod.

Art for the Critic's Sake

For one Freud who can enlarge his view of artistic creation there are twenty disciples or simply lay critics who spend their lives looking for a *reduction*; any kind will do and they generally find it—a new *reductio ad absurdum*. So it is a special virtue in Mr. John Hospers' *Meaning and Truth in the Arts* (North Carolina



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Press, \$4) that it combines a very personal search for order with a receptivity to evidence from many sources. Mr. Hospers quotes liberally from Louis Arnaud Reid—the greatest living philosopher of art (though his admirable *Study of Aesthetics* is known to very few) and from Santayana, whose best work has always seemed to me inspired by a natural love of art. All three, at any rate, agree that art is a meaningful experience.

Why this proposition should have to be maintained, any more than the proposition that milk is nourishing, is one of the curious chapters in the history of human vagary. The fact remains that we are barely emerging from the Era of Purism, when art was supposed to mean nothing, do nothing, and be everything. Even Mr. Hospers, clinging to a propositional definition of knowledge, argues that art holds no truth *about* anything, but is true *to* many things. The distinction is like a jurisdictional dispute among trade unions: the philosophers have first claim to "truth about"; the artists must do what they can with "truth to." Meanwhile the layman, who has been listening with both ears or seeing with both eyes, has probably acquired from art a miscellaneous lot of knowledge which he acts on as if it had come to him on propositional wings. What he knows through art is more than mere acquaintance, and if one of the pleasures of literature is "recognition," it is most often recognition of what one had never met before.

What Is Poetry?

But where art is concerned there seems to be a general fear that without fences and traffic lights the *other fellow* is going to be confused. For this reason, among others, Mr. Cleanth Brooks argues against critical relativism. The dozen studies of great poems in *The Well Wrought Urn* (Reynal, \$3.50) seek to establish with finality what poetry is, and thus to provide a standard for measuring the perfection of any poem or poet. A hundred other critics in England and America—as sincere and sometimes as able as Mr. Brooks—have been attempting the same thing, and their books are the painstaking and painstaking record of their disagreements. The end is the same, the method is the same (or so it appears), but the results do not tally. This is what the relativist would expect, but how disappointing for the absolutists, who can show that Donne is a better lyric poet than

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Shakespeare and that Shakespeare is a better lyric poet than Donne; who take T. S. Eliot as Pontifex Maximus or who prove (as does Mr. Yvor Winters) that Eliot is a false oracle; who discard all poets between Dryden and Hopkins, or who allow that Wordsworth unquestionably showed promise.

In following the virtuosity they display, watching the functioning of their standard apparatus—"metaphor," "ambiguity," "working out," and so on—one wonders whether these critics recognize in themselves the influence of Intelligence Testing. Certainly their terminology has affinities with the jargon they despise, both in its vague certitudinousness and in its variability from one practitioner to the next.

Again, the timorous insistence on "logic," "working out," and "certified well-knit" seems like a misplaced imitation of science, not to say machine industry. To suggest this is not to say that poetry, or any art, should be irresponsible and loose. On the contrary, the best is very solid, but it is open to question whether its solidity can be tested by poking here and there with individual crochets. To do so drags us back into the materialistic error and makes us forget that the artist may be simply magnanimous when we call him careless. Mr. Brooks makes his best point when he shows that the "logic" some of his colleagues are looking for is nothing but dramatic logic, that is to say, *psycho*-logic, and hence not subject to testing, except by intuitive judgment, therefore not demonstrable.

The unfailing partner of materialism is abstraction, and the critics of the so-called classical school, despite all their quoting and parsing, are all abstractionists; none more so, perhaps, than Mr. Yvor Winters, several of whose works have been handily brought together in a volume *In Defense of Reason* (Morrow, \$4). His "defense" is of course an attack—proper strategy if one could feel that when he goes about his task with the coolness of a competent butcher he were making room for things he cared for. Conversely, if all that he aims at is to dismiss a number of artists and traditions, perhaps he need not have made the gesture so elaborate. Every age needs to get rid, temporarily at least, of the great names and great works that encumber the foreground: "lump them and drop them" is recognized practice, adding maybe an apology and maybe a handful of reasons. *That* is the really classic tradition; to pose as the embodi-

ment of Reason is a modern and still questionable bit of histrionics: it reminds one of Marx's conviction that he would not write about History, but that History itself would speak through him.

First-Hand Prejudice Best

As one gets nearer to the practicing artists, the intellectual atmosphere noticeably changes. The magnificent volume, *Literary Sources of Art History*, edited by Elizabeth Gilman Holt (Princeton, \$6) brings us in a continuous sequence from the year 1000 A.D. to roughly 1800 the *ipsissima verba* of a host of painters, sculptors, and architects, together with those of their critics who were themselves literary artists—Diderot, Vasari, Reynolds, Cellini, Leonardo, and others. The book ends with Goethe, which we hope may mean the prospect of a second volume covering the last century and a half. The present one includes documents neither literary nor confessional, but which are excellently chosen to illustrate the conditions of art. I recommend the trial of Veronese before the Holy Tribunal as a reference under the perennial heads of debate: realism, doctrinal art, caprice versus inde-

pendence. The truth is that we do not know even the beginnings of what we mean when we speak of the "conditions" of art. Miss Holt's collection should make us recognize that for each artist and each work we must amass more materials than even our conscientious critics are in the habit of looking for.

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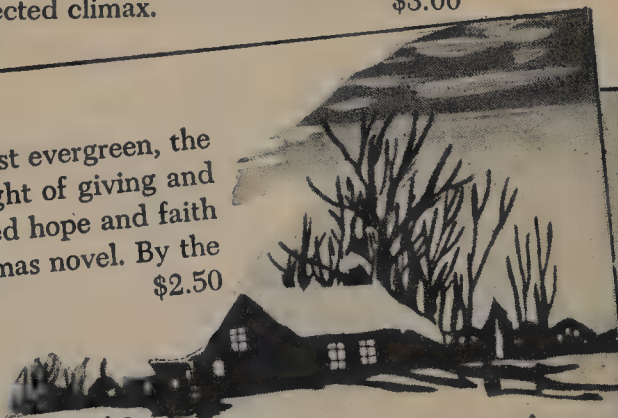
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The late Leo Stein, from long association with practicing artists, was well aware of this complexity. In his *Appreciations* (Crown Publishers, \$2.50) one finds that healthy tone of devotion and clear prejudice which leaves no sting and takes no credit. Sometimes over-articulate (to atone perhaps for his earlier book on esthetics), Mr. Stein is more often humorously alert to the absurdities of the snobs, connoisseurs, and pseudo-critics whom he met on his way. Whether one likes his favorites or his formulas, his book throughout has the appropriate concreteness, and sometimes the wonderful capacity of the artist to skip intermediaries.

In the same vein, when Mr. Ben Ray Redman preaches *The Pleasures of Peacock* (Farrar, \$5) he speaks excellent sense in his usual relucituous way. Peacock is everything that his editor claims for him—witty, lyrical, romantic, educated, gay and at ease. It is only too bad that of the seven novels, five had to be cut. Mr. Redman did the surgery with skill and tenderness, and his summaries are elegant and brief. Still, they replace matter which was invariably necessary to the right balance of each work—often indispensable trifling. Seeing this, which argues perfection, Mr. Redman should not have sought to ingratiate his author by telling us that he hasn't this or that which other writers have. Had it been so, Peacock would be not more but "the less Peacock he," and instead of a unique artist we should have an omnibus of abstract literary virtues.

To say it once again, the abstract and the general (as Blake pointed out) are the death of art. It is because art embodies particulars that it deserves to be called a creation; that is why systems and absolutes falsify it under guise of giving us an explanation; and that is why also a lifelong student of art like John Jay Chapman said very soberly that "we cannot hope to know what it is."

Books in Brief

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

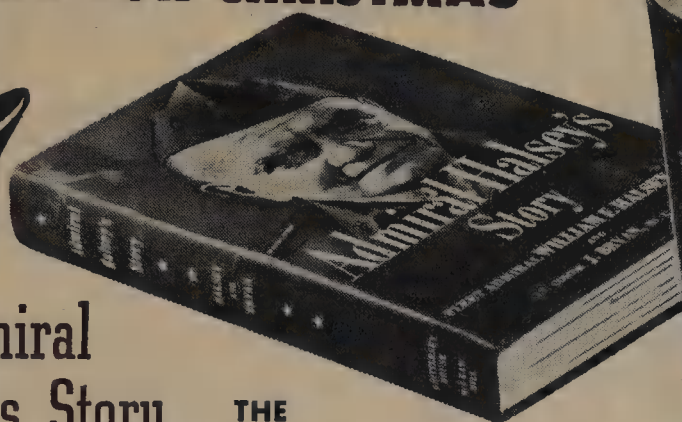
Fiction

A View of the Harbour, by Elizabeth Taylor.

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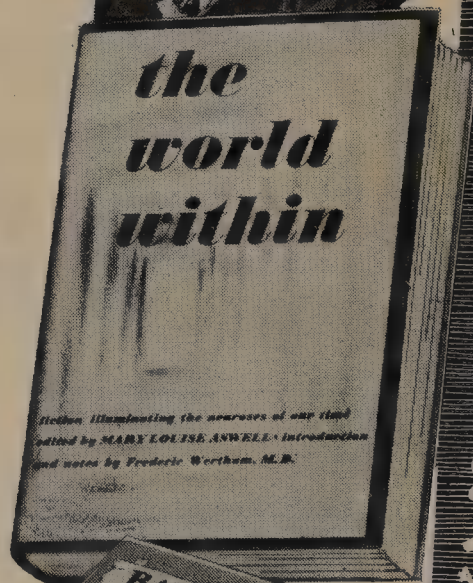
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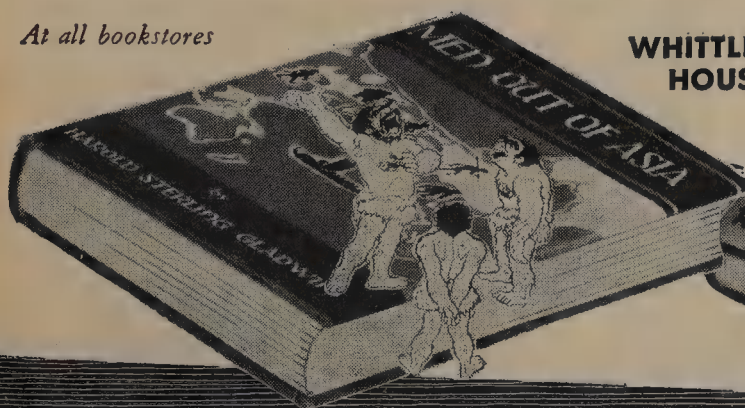
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Friday at Noon, by Benedict Thielen.

Here we have another novel told by the flash method and, alas, less successfully. This time the flashes are flash-backs, as the four grown children of a family, and the wife of one, attend an auction of the family goods. As each object is put up for sale it reminds one or another of them of various parts of life as it happened in the old home. It sounds like a clever device for rounding out a family picture, but it rather outsmarts itself, and the frame—the scene at the auction—becomes repetitious and obvious; while the long, introspective passages occurring in the minds of the characters as they sit there, give the story the obscure and muted effect of something observed under water. It is a pity, for Mr. Thielen writes beautiful, evocative prose, and one longs for the story to come out into the clear in its own right, resenting the interruptions and the constant change of venue.

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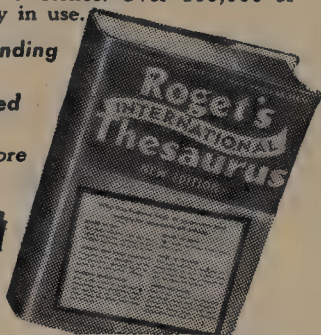
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Non-fiction

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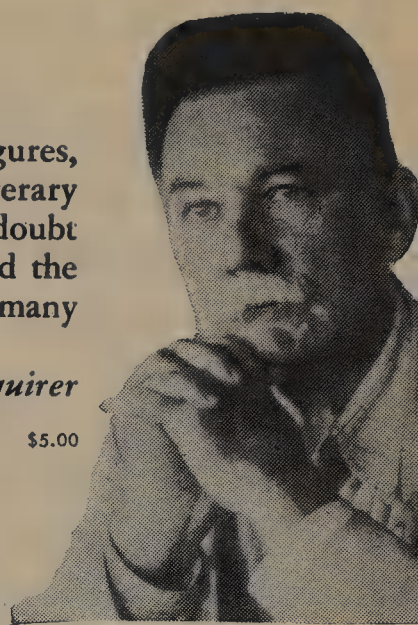
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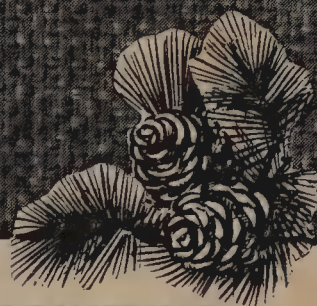
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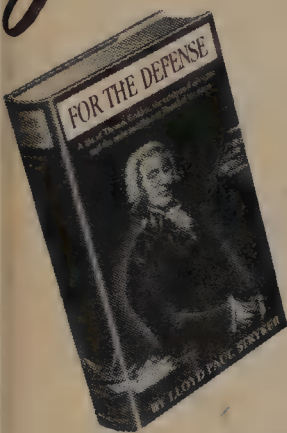
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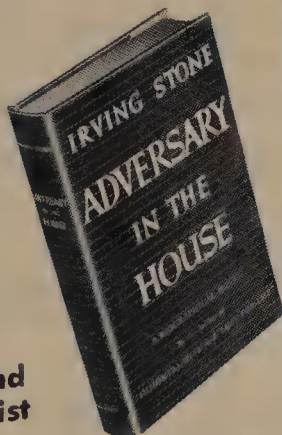
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